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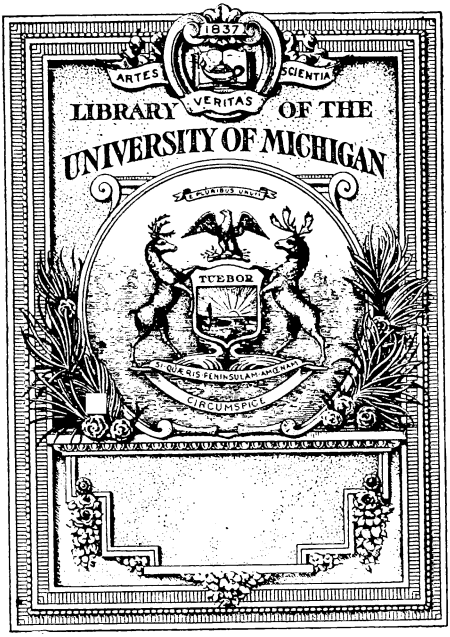

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OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

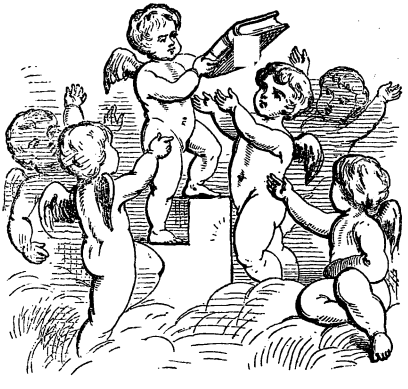
FOR

BOYS AND GIRLS.

EDITED BY

J. T. TROWBRIDGE AND LUCY LARCOM.

VOL. IX.



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HOW STEP HEN "HELPED."

DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.] [See "Doing his Best," Chap. III.

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OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

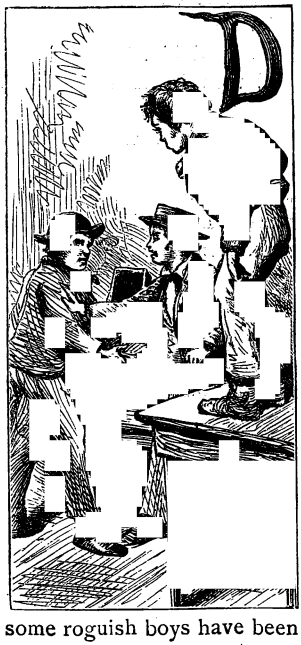
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. IX. JANUARY, 1873. No. I.

DOING HIS BEST.

CHAPTER I.

A SCHOOL-HOUSE THIRTY YEARS AGO.



DEACON CHATFORD reached up to the old-fashioned clock case, opened it, and took out a key.

"Here, boys!" he cried to the youngsters in the kitchen, "which of you is going to unlock the school-house and build a good fire for the master this morning? I guess you are the lad, Phineas!"

"Let the master build his own fires," muttered Phineas. "Masters always have done it in our deestrict, and they will, for all me."

"I 'll do it," said one of his companions, stepping forward.

"I 'll go too, if Jack does!" and Phineas sprang to get possession of the key. A scuffle ensued, for it was already in Jack's hand, and he was not inclined to give it up.

"There, there, boys!" said the deacon, "it 's nothing you need quarrel about. Both go, if you want to. The school-house may need brushing up a little, for though it was left in good order when Annie's school closed, some roguish boys have been in at one of the windows since. I meant to have it seen to, but forgot all about it."

"The day you 've looked forward to so long, Jack, has come at last," said

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Mrs. Chatford, smiling. "I wish Phineas was half as eager for school as you are."

"Maybe I should n't care any more about it than he does, if I had had as much of it," said Jack. "I 've a good deal of lost time to make up."

"You 've been making it up pretty well since you came to live with us, I should think, by Annie's account. She says you can do as hard sums as Phineas can, — and I know you can read as well."

"Ho!" sneered Phineas, enviously; "guess you don't know! You have n't heard me read as well as I can; and as for ciphering, — I can cipher him into the middle of next week! I can cipher his legs off!"

"I hope you won't try," replied Jack; "I 've no legs to spare!"

"Phin 's great at bragging," said the elder son, Moses, good-naturedly. "But if he don't take care, before winter 's over he won't be in sight of Jack's coat-tails, in ciphering or anything else."

Phin, not knowing what else to say, fell back upon a celebrated blunder of Jack's, asking derisively, — "Read the Bible much lately, Jack? Say! do ye remember Joseph's 'coat of many collars'? O Jack!"

Jack paid no attention to this taunt; but, hastily changing his coat and vest, combing his hair, and taking his books and slate under his arm, he started for the school-house, accompanied by Phin.

"There comes old Lion!" cried Phin. "Don't send him back! I tell you! le' 's make him lie down under our seat, and then, if the master goes to lick us, set him on!"

But Jack did not seem to regard this lively idea as altogether practicable. Calling the dog to his side, he began to reason with him.

"See here, old fellow! you 're a mighty knowing dog, but you 're not quite up to the spelling-book; do you think you are? Did n't know we were going to school, did you? 'T would make the children laugh and play, to see a dog at school. Don't be silly. Good by!"

"I believe he understands you!" said Phin. Indeed, the dog, after standing for some time and watching the boys as they went down the road, turned about and trotted homewards, like the reasonable dog he was.

"I 'll be inside the school-house first," then said Phin. "Bet my knife against yours."

"O, pshaw! you know I can run faster than you can. I don't want to get your knife away from you," said Jack.

But Phin insisted. "Come, you don't dare take me up!" He spoke so confidently that Jack, never suspecting the treachery that might lurk behind the wager, accepted it; and at the word "Now!" from Phin, they started. Jack soon outstripped him; and Phin, laughing, fell into a slow walk.

"I 'll have a good fire by the time you get there!" cried Jack from a distance of several rods, and felt in his pocket for the key. Not finding it, he explored his other pockets. "Hullo, Phin! have you seen the key?"

"I saw you put it in your pocket; and now, if you have lost it — "

"You 've got it, you rogue!"

Phin laughed. "Now who 'll be in the school-house first? O Jack! What do you say now?"

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"I say you 're a first-class pickpocket. Never mind. I *will* win the bet now!"

"You can't get in without the key!"

"See if I can't!"

"Hold on!" shouted Phin, as Jack began to run again. "I 'll go back home! I 'll throw the key into the ditch, if you don't wait for me!"

Deaf to these boyish threats, Jack kept on running, and soon reached the old red brick school-house at the corners. It stood a little back from the two roads which there crossed each other; but there was no fence, no yard about it, only a strip of hard-trodden ground before the door, in the angle formed by the two streets. The roadside was the playground. Not a shade-tree was near. Behind the school-house was a field, enclosed by a zigzag fence. This came up to opposite corners of the house, the brick walls of which completed the enclosure, and made a saving of rails.

Jack tried the padlock on the door, and, finding that it could not be opened without a key, took a convenient rail from the fence, and put it up to one of the windows. These were placed high, to prevent school-children within from looking out, and rogues without from getting in. He climbed up the rail, and found that the window-fastenings had already been forced, as Mr. Chatford conjectured. He raised the sash, and, entering head foremost, let himself down by his hands upon a broad desk or counter within.

"O, that ain't fair!" cried Phin, coming around the corner just in time to see the pair of legs disappear; "breaking into a winder! I should think you 'd tried that once too often a'ready! Got took up for it, any way. I bet I 'd be in the *door* first; and here I am! I 'll take that knife, if you please," added Master Chatford, confidently putting out his hand as he came in through the entry.

"You thought I was going to call on you for your knife, and said that to get the start of me," laughed Jack. "But I don't want your knife."

"Do you know, that 's Squire Peternot's lot behind the school-house, and it 's his rail you took? Better look out for the old man; he 's got a grudge against you!" said Phin.

"I was just going to put the rail back and bring in my books," said Jack.

"Put 'em on this desk, and hurry, or some other fellers 'll be here. This is the boys' side, and these are the best seats in the house, — close to the door; we can cut out first when school 's dismissed."

Jack was not anxious to share that privilege with Phin; indeed, he would have preferred *not* to sit with that young gentleman in school. But Phin, notwithstanding his taunts and sneers, had a vast respect for Jack's courage and prowess, and determined to make him his champion that winter against the oppression of the big boys. So, while Jack was preparing to kindle a fire in the great oblong stove that stood on a broad brick hearth in the centre of the room, Phin placed the books on a shelf under the counter, and, to establish still more securely their claim to the spot, set up his slate, on which he had written in a coarse, uneven hand, this notice to all whom it might concern: —

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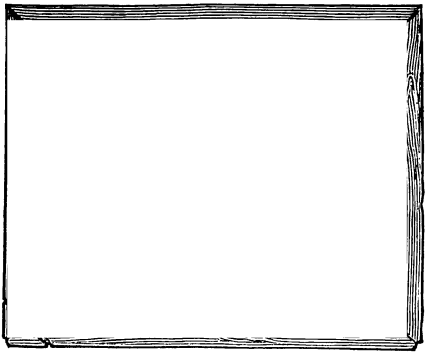

The counter extended about three sides of the room, sloping from a level strip against the wall, and jutting over a bench of heavy plank. The strip was just wide enough to hold inkstands and books, while the counter was designed for a writing-desk. The narrow edge of it also served as the back to the pupils' seats when their faces were turned towards the centre of the room. When one wished to turn the other way, he lifted his legs, made a pivot of his spinal column, whirled about on the bench, to which his trousers assisted in giving a notable polish, dropped his lower extremities under the counter, and was supposed to be absorbed in his studies with his face towards the wall.

Before the bench was a narrow aisle, just wide enough for a file of pupils to pass through; and still inside of that was a low bench for the smaller ones, extending, like the other, about three sides of the room, except where a passage was cut through it midway, for the use of those occupying the seats behind it. This low bench had a back to it, very convenient for the big boys behind to rest their feet upon, — too much so sometimes for the satisfaction of the little ones, who did not like the feeling of muddy boot-soles and square toes against their sides and shoulders. It was considered a point of discipline in those days not to permit the big boys to annoy the small ones in that way.

All this wood-work was of soft pine, which offered tempting facilities to youthful artists for practice with their jack-knives. There was hardly a square foot of bench or counter in which some ingenious blade had not hollowed out an imaginary canoe, or carved coarse images of tomahawks, horses, and canal-boats, — not to mention fox-and-geese boards, and many a hack and cut made in the mere effervescence of youthful spirits, without apparent artistic design.

The foundations of the house having yielded a little, the end walls were diversified by two surprising cracks, running in irregular lines from top to bottom. These had been filled with mortar, making the red brickwork look as if severed by streaks of dingy-gray lightning; and the house had been kept from tumbling by two iron rods passed crosswise through it and made fast outside the walls. The rods served also to encourage in the

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pupils the performance of gymnastic feats; and Phin told Jack that often, in the absence of the master, he had seen a dozen or twenty boys hanging and swinging from them like so many monkeys.

The boys could at first discover very few marks of mischief done by the rogues who had forced the window-fastenings. The master's table was placed legs upward on the stove; and on the blackboard was scrawled this imperfectly spelled and recklessly punctuated sentence: "Multiply cation, Is, vexasion devizon Is, as, Bad, the, rule of, 3 It, pusles Me, and, practis, Makes, Me, Mad."

And now, Jack having succeeded in starting a fire in the stove, a more serious piece of mischief was discovered. The smoke poured out into the room, and, looking up, he saw that an elbow of the pipe was wanting. Search was made for it with tearful eyes in vain, until Phin suggested that it must be "up garret."

Over one corner of the room was a scuttle, the lid of which was imperfectly closed; and Jack, convinced that the missing elbow was there, made a spring for it. From the counter he swung himself upon the iron rod, and from the iron rod he managed to reach the opening above it.

"It 's dark as Egpyt up here!" he cried, pushing back the lid, and thrusting his head into the hole. Getting his feet upon the rod, he stood up, with the upper half of his body in the black attic, and felt all about as far as his hands could reach. Soon Phin heard something rattle; and then Jack cried, "Here it is! catch it!"

Down came the elbow, and after it the old school-house broom. "Here 's something else," said Jack, — "I don't know what. Look!"

"It 's the old iron basin they keep water in on the stove," said Phin. "The shovel and poker must be up there too; I don't see them anywhere."

Shovel and poker were both found; and at last Jack, with dusty coat and tumbled hair, dropped from the iron rod.

"I never should have thought of looking up there for anything," he said.

"Nor I," said Phin; "but one noon two winters ago, some fellers threw the master's hat up there while he was talking with the girls in the entry. He did n't miss it till school was out at night, when all the scholars had gone home; he looked and looked for it, and finally went to his boarding-place with his red silk handkerchief tied over his head. He came to the school-house next morning, with three big hickory whips on his shoulder, — and there was his hat on the table, just where he had left it! It was all a mystery to him, and would have been to this day, I suppose, if he had n't licked the truth out of one of the fellers that looked guilty."

CHAPTER II.

JACK'S FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.

WHILE Phin was telling this story, Jack had placed the table under the opening in the stove-pipe, got upon it, and restored the elbow. Just as he

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was getting down, half a dozen boys with books and slates under their arms came stamping and shouting into the room.

"Hullo!" said one of them, making a rush for the seats Phin had chosen, "I guess not!"

"Not what, Lon Gannett?" demanded Phin.

"I guess Phin Chatford and Jack Hazard *don't* o-c-k-e-p-y this seat! Me and Rant come early a purpose to git it, did n't we, Rant!"

"So did we. Come!" screamed Phin, "let our books be! Jack! Jack! don't let him!"

"Look here, young man!" said Jack, "what right have you to that seat?"

"I 've as much right to it as you have," muttered Lon; — "who be you?"

"It seems I 'm a foolish sort of fellow," replied Jack. "I was so green as to believe Phin when he said there was honor among the boys here, and that if one laid claim to a seat by putting his books in it, the others would respect that claim. *I* don't care anything about the seat."

"Nor I," said Lon. "Come, Rant, le' 's go over in the corner here."

"Don't touch any of my things again!" said Phin, threateningly, replacing his books; "if you do you 'll ketch it!"

"Yes, you feel perty smart now you 've got another boy to back ye!" said Lon. "Say! is it true the trustees have hired that Dinks feller, Peternot's nephew, to teach the school? He 's no great shakes!"

"He 'll make shakes of you 'fore the winter 's out," said Phin, inclined to defend his father's choice of a teacher. "Anyhow, he 's the best that offered himself."

More boys came in, with more stamping and shouting; then the girls began to arrive; and soon the school-room was pretty well filled with pupils, talking, laughing, drumming on the stove-pipe, throwing caps, opening and shutting the windows, playing tag, and making miscellaneous confusion. All at once there was a hush. A young man with a complacent smile and a good many pimples on his face, a large breastpin in his shirt and a heavy ruler in his hand, had entered unobserved. This was Mr. Byron Dinks, the new master.

The boys seemed to feel a sudden need of fresh air, and rushed out to enjoy it. Gathering in a group a few rods from the school-house, the largest among them held a council.

"See that big ruler?" said one. "I should n't like to get it over my head!"

"Who 's afraid?" said another. "I could twist that out of his hand quicker 'n lightnin', and lay it over his own head! He 'd better not begin savage with us!"

"You 'd better be careful how you begin with him," said Moses Chatford, who had just arrived. "Boys can just as well have a pleasant school as a hard one, if they try. Where 's Jack?"

"He went over to Sellick's to wash his hands, after mending the stove-pipe," said Phin. "There he comes. Hullo! what ye laughing at, Jack?"

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"At one of Sellick's stories," said Jack, coming up. "About the rods that hold the school-house together. He says the iron expands in hot weather, or when there 's a hot fire in the stove, and then the cracks open a little; then the cold tightens them up again."

"That 's a philosophical fact," said Moses. "Nothing to laugh at."

"But hear the rest of it. He says he used to go to school in just such a school-house. A master taught there once who could n't govern the school; the children behaved so they drove him almost distracted, and he determined to quit, but he meant to have his revenge first. So one cold day he shut all the windows and the outside door, and built up a rousing fire, and by heating the rods opened the cracks; then he made all the children put their fingers in the cracks; — they thought it fun! But all of a sudden he let the cold air in, and all the fingers got pinched, and all the children were caught! Then he took his hat and overcoat and nobody ever saw him again. The children screamed all together so loud they were heard all over town, and everybody came running, and every parent caught every child by the legs and pulled, but the cracks nipped so close not a finger could be pulled out; and as nobody understood the philosophical fact about expanding the rods by making a big fire, the house had to be taken to pieces to save the children! But I can't tell the story as he did," added Jack.

"One of Sellick's big lies," said Lon Gannett. "Hullo! there 's the ruler!"

"Rap — rap — rap-rap-rap!" went the ruler on the side of the door-post; at which signal the boys went straggling in to their seats.

"A little less noise!" cried the new master, rapping sharply on the table. "Take your seats! School has begun!"

The forenoon was mostly taken up in arranging classes. This was no easy task, as the school contained pupils of every age and degree, from the six-year-old learning his letters, up to the big girl and boy of seventeen and eighteen studying the "back part of the 'rithm'tic" and natural philosophy. To add to the teacher's perplexity, pupils who should have been in the same class had in many cases brought different books, which "their folks" expected them to use, in order to save the expense of new ones.

"Who 's brought g'ographies?" said Mr. Byron Dinks. "Hush! we must have less noise!" Rap, rap! on the table. "All them that intend to study g'ography this winter will step out into the middle of the floor."

About a dozen boys and girls of various ages obeyed this summons, and arranged themselves in a line, toeing a crack before the stove. Some were bright and alert, others were dull-looking, careless, and slouching. A few had complete books and atlases, some had torn books, and some had no books at all.

"Olney's, — that 's right," said the master, beginning with one of the large girls. "How far have you studied?"

"I 've been through it once," she replied with a simper.

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"You 'll go into the first class. — See here, you little shaver!" — turning sharply on a very small boy behind him, — "if you don't keep still I 'll put you into the stove! head first! — Olney's, — all got Olney's? What 's this? You 'll have to get a new one; you can't expect to get along with a piece of a book."

"There 's only twenty-one pages of my book gone," said the pupil thus addressed. "Our folks said I need n't begin to study it till the others got up to page twenty-two, then I could pitch in."

"You 've no book at all," said the master, passing on to another.

"Ma said she guessed mabby I could look over with some other boy till she could get money to buy one," was the answer, with a hanging head.

"So, you 're coming to school, are ye?" said Mr. Dinks, with a sarcastic smile, arriving at Jack. "I hope you will try to behave yourself."

Jack made no reply, but turned fiery red at this insinuating remark.

"'Moses Chatford,'" said Byron, reading the name written on the fly-leaf of Jack's geography. "You 're going to use his book, are you."

"He don't study g'ography this winter," said Jack.

"Well, how much have you ever studied it?"

"I never studied it at all in school."

"What did you study last winter?"

"I did n't go to school last winter."

"Well, the winter before?"

"I did n't go to school then, either."

"When *did* you go to school?" demanded Mr. Dinks in a loud voice.

Jack felt all eyes fixed upon him, while he stammered, — "Four winters ago."

"How much have you ever been to school in your life?"

"About seven weeks."

"How happens it you never went any more? Where was ye brought up?"

"I never had much chance for schooling," said Jack, his spirit rising; "and when I might have gone to school a little more, the master imposed upon me because I was ignorant, and that discouraged me."

Jack looked so straight into Byron's eyes as he said this, that that gentleman changed color in his turn.

"Hush, I say!" as a titter ran round the room. "Can you read?"

"A little."

"Let me hear you. Begin there."

Jack was inclined to dash the book back into the master's face, when he saw the lesson that was given him. But checking the unruly impulse, he read: — "B, a, ba; b, e, be; b, i, bi; b, o, bo; b, u, bu; b, y, by. C, a, ca; c, e, ce; c, i, ci; c, o, co; c, u, cu; c, y, cy."

"That will do," said the master, smiling, while the whole school laughed. "You read very well. Try this paragraph in your g'ography; see if you can read that."

Jack had been afraid that he would be afraid to read before large boys and girls who had been to school all their lives; but now he feared nothing;

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he felt angrily defiant of everybody. He took the book, and read the paragraph through very much as he would have sawed a stick of wood to order; acquitting himself so much better, on the whole, than was expected, that the laughing ceased, and the master looked rather chagrined.

"If you have never been to school, where have you learned so much?"

"At Mr. Chatford's, this last summer," said Jack. "Miss Felton gave me private lessons; and Moses has helped me a good deal."

"So have I," spoke up Phineas. "I 've showed him about his sums."

"You can put him in almost any class, and he 'll do, he 'll come along," said Moses from his seat. "He knows about as much as any boy of his age; and he can learn as fast as anybody I ever saw."

At this moment, the "little shaver" on the front seat, who had made a disturbance before, being at his mischief again, the master suddenly pounced upon him.

"I *told* you I 'd put you in the stove!" Clutching him by the arm with one hand, he threw open the stove-door with the other, exposing a bed of burning coals. "Now you go!"

The child screamed and struggled in a paroxysm of fear, while some of the other children laughed, knowing of course that the master would not execute so horrible a threat. He seemed for a moment intent on stuffing

Snapping the Whip. (See page 11.)

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the little fellow into the fire; then, relenting, he said, "Will you keep still, if I 'll let you go? — What are you laughing at?" turning to another little boy.

"You would n't put him in! you would n't dare to," said the latter, with a knowing smile.

"I would n't, hey? You 'll sing another tune when I 've burnt all the hair off your head!" And, catching up the second boy, Byron swung him in the air, then brought him down head foremost to the very mouth of the stove. The youngster's wisdom forsook him at sight of the glowing coals, and he too began to struggle and scream with all his might. Having established the discipline of the little ones in this humane and pleasant manner, the master dropped his second victim, with a warning to take care how he behaved, or his hair would surely get a scorching, and then proceeded with the organization of his classes.

The interruption had diverted attention from Jack, who was glad enough to sink again into obscurity.

CHAPTER III.

"STEP HEN" TREADWELL AND THE BIG BOYS.

THUS the winter school began. There were twenty-five scholars the first day, but this number was increased to about forty in the course of two or three weeks. Lastly some very large boys, who had been kept at home as long as they could work to any advantage on the farm, dropped in one by one, and took the lead in the out-door sports of the school, if not in the walks of learning.

Jack was placed in the lower classes; and there existed a good deal of prejudice against him at first on account of his early life on the canal. He was no favorite with the master, for obvious reasons. Byron was evidently resolved to see no good in the lad who had had the famous quarrel with his uncle, Squire Peternot, and come off victorious. But Jack, though as fond of fun as any boy, had a motive in going to school which was shared by few. The feeling that he must make up for lost time stimulated his industry; and, being naturally quick to learn, he made rapid advancement, in spite of the master's contempt and neglect.

Out of doors, he was from the first an interesting character. His celebrated escape from Constable Sellick had established his reputation as a lad of spirit, whom it might not be safe to insult. He was regarded with curiosity by the girls, and with admiration tempered by dislike on the part of boys who envied him the fame of that exploit. He made no attempt to court the favor of any one, but minded his own business, and was always good-natured, modest, and independent. The Chatford boys, the Welby boys, and a few others who knew him, accepted him as a companion and playfellow, and the heartiness with which he entered into all their games soon conquered the prejudice of the rest.

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A favorite sport, after the arrival of the big boys, was "snapping the whip." The "whip" was composed of as many boys as could be prevailed upon to clasp hands in a line, with the largest and strongest at one end, and the smallest at the other, for a "snapper." When all was ready, the leaders set out to run, each dragging the next in size after him; then when the whole line was in rapid motion, it was brought up with a wide sweep and a short turn, which was sure to break it in some weak part, and send the little ones flying away, heels over head, into some burying snowdrift. For the end of the "snapper" Step Hen Treadwell was a popular choice; and it was always great fun to see the vast and ever-increasing strides taken by his very short legs as the whip came round, and then his spreading arms, bulging cheeks, and staring eyes, and flying hair, as he spun off into space, and rolled a helpless heap in the snow.

Step Hen was a comical little fellow, about twelve years old, whose droll figure (he was very short and "chunky"), clumsy and blundering ways, and woful want of spirit, had made him the butt of the school. His real name was not Step Hen, of course. It was Stephen. But once, having had the ill fortune to meet with it in his reading lesson, with his fatal facility for blundering he pronounced it just as it was spelled, and became from that day "Step Hen" to his delighted school-fellows. New-comers, thinking the nickname bore some humorous reference to his peculiar style of walking, adopted it at once; and it bid fair to stick to him through life.

Step Hen was often hurt, both in body and mind, by the rough usage of the big boys; but he was so spiritless that a little coaxing or urging could nearly always prevail upon him to join again in their games, almost before his aches were over.

One day some boys bent down a stout little hickory-tree which grew in a corner of the fence near the school-house; and then cried, — "Step Hen! Step Hen! Come and help us! we can't hold it!"

Step Hen felt flattered at being called upon to render his powerful assistance. He ran and caught hold of the bent-down top, throwing his whole weight upon it as if he had been a young giant. Then all the other boys, yelling, "Hold on, Step Hen! hold tight, Step Hen!" suddenly let go. Up went the sapling, and up went Step Hen with it, twelve feet or more into the air, when he was flung off more violently than he was ever snapped from any whip. Whirling over and over, down he came sprawling upon all fours, in the midst of shrieks of laughter, which suddenly ceased when it was found that he lay perfectly still where he had fallen. A recent thaw had swept away the snow, and his head had struck the frozen ground.

"Did n't hurt ye much, did it?" said Lon Gannett, hastily running to him and lifting him up. "Say! guess ye ain't hurt, be ye?" For the boys seemed to think that if they could convince him soon enough that he was uninjured, Step Hen would come up all right.

But Step Hen's head dropped helplessly on one side in a way frightfully suggestive of a broken neck. The boys, terrified, all started to run, just as Jack came rushing to the spot.

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"Water! bring some water!" cried Jack, as he raised poor Step Hen to a sitting posture, and supported the drooping head.

"Water! water!" echoed the frightened boys. "That 'll bring him to," said one. "He ain't killed," said another. "Only stunted," said a third.

Rant Hildreth and Tip Tarbox came running with the school-house pail, slopping its contents by the way.

"Just a little! On his face!" said Jack.

But the boys, in their excitement, — thinking perhaps that if a little water would be good a large quantity would be very good, — lifted the pail and dashed what was left of its contents over both Step Hen and Jack.

Step Hen gasped, opened his eyes, and spluttered, — "Y-y-you let the tree up too quick!"

"We could n't hold it," said Lon. "It got the better of us. Hurt?"

"No, I ain't hurt," said Step Hen, faintly. "Only, — I don't know, — my hand aches."

"You should 'a' hild on," said Rant. "We told ye to hold on. Then ye would n't 'a' fell."

"Could n't hold on," said Step Hen. "Tree went up with such a jerk!"

"They 're fooling you; they let it go on purpose," said Jack. "And it 's what I call a mean trick."

"You do, hey!" sneered Lon.

"Yes!" exclaimed Jack, indignantly. "You big fellows are always imposing on this little chap. Why can't ye let him alone?"

"We 'll take you, next time," said Lon, with a laugh; at which his companions, who had looked seriously alarmed and abashed until now, rallied, and exclaimed, "Yes! if he don't like it, we can take him!"

"No danger!" replied Jack, hotly. "Bullies like you never touch a fellow who has spunk enough to defend himself."

"Better look out what you say, or you 'll get a rap on the nose," said Lon, with a surly grin. "Guess I 've heard a canal-driver talk 'fore to-day; and I 've sent a stun at the head of more 'n one of your sort of blackguards!"

"Come away, Jack," said Moses, who had arrived in time to hear the angry debate, without learning how it commenced. "You 'll get into a scrape."

"You would n't have me leave this boy, would you? They 've nearly killed him, swinging him from that tree; they thought he was dead. I 'm going to stand by him; — I give 'em notice that I 'm going to stand by this little chap after this, and any one that lays hands on him will have to lay hands on me!"

And Jack, having put Step Hen's cap on and brushed the dirt from his back, helped him into the school-house and set him in a chair by the stove where his clothes would dry. Lon and his friends meanwhile stood in a group by the fence, talking in low tones, whittling the rails, kicking the frozen ground, and casting now and then evil glances towards the door.

J. T. Trowbridge.

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SANTA CLAUS.

PART I.

'T WAS a cold, wild night, and the ground was white
With the frost-flowers of the snow;
And the stars looked down on a noisy town
With its streets and halls aglow.

It was Christmas-time, and the merry chime
Of the evening bells rang clear
On the frosty air, as if to declare
'T was the happiest time of the year.

For jolly Saint Nick has a clever trick
Of filling his sleigh with toys,
And swift as a dream, with his reindeer-team,
He visits the girls and boys.

Now I 've heard it said that he has a dread
Of freezing his turn-up nose;
Well, it may be so, for fierce winds blow
And it 's cold where he often goes.

But I think it a ruse, and a poor excuse
For wanting to smoke his pipe;
As every one knows that his pug nose glows,
Red as a cherry full-ripe!

But he 's getting old, and we will not scold,
If we don't quite fancy his ways,
For we must depend on him as a friend,
Or what would we do holidays?

When I was a boy, with what perfect joy
I used to hear dear mother say, —
"We must keep out of sight, Santa Claus comes to-night,
And to-morrow will be Christmas day!"

And I thought the old sprite, when he came in at night,
Had to crawl down the chimney wide;
And that all little boys who wanted his toys
Must hang up their stockings inside.

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Well, one night I slept where the stockings were kept,
All ready for Saint Nick to fill;
There I crept into bed and covered my head,
Determined for once to keep still.

The place for the fire was wider and higher
Than places are made nowadays,
And the fire felt good when the great logs of wood
Were wrapped in a bright ruddy blaze!

PART II.

That night the fire was buried deep
Underneath the ashes, —
Its flashing eyes were fast asleep
Under dull gray lashes.

So long I waited there to hear
Those reindeer hoofs a drumming,
That I began at last to fear
The good saint was not coming.

But suddenly I thought I heard
Footsteps coming near me, —
I never moved nor said a word,
Fearful he might hear me!

The sound increased and louder was,
That first was but a rustling,
Till I felt sure that Santa Claus
Was in the chimney bustling!

I knew he 'd find the stockings there,
But feared he 'd fill the wrong ones,
For I had borrowed sister's pair,
She wore such very long ones.

And so I thought to take a peep
While Santa Claus was near me,
For when he thought I was asleep
I knew he would not hear me.

No doubt you think his merry looks
You 'd recognize instanter;
You 've seen him in the picture-books
With reindeer on a canter!

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That I should know him anywhere,
I felt profoundly certain,
So cautiously, while he was there,
I folded back the curtain.

And then I looked for Santa Claus,
Nor dreamed I 'd see another, —
Now, who do you suppose it was?
Why, bless you, 't was MY MOTHER!

She came and knelt down by my bed
When that sweet work was over, —
"God make him kind and good," she said;
"O'er him good angels hover."

I never told her that I knew
She was my Christmas giver,
For soon she went, as so must you,
Across the Silent River.

And then a little heart was left
Without her love to shield it,
Of almost everything bereft
That happiness could yield it.

And many, many times I 've thought
Of all the thousand others,
Whose little hearts have vainly sought
To find love like a mother's.

And I have thought of what she said
That night when she was kneeling
Beside my little trundle-bed,
Her tender love revealing;

Then I have vowed I would be true,
To all be kind and tender; —
And so I hope at last with you
A good account to render.

To be a rich old Santa Claus
To all it is not given,
But we must all be good, because
'T is that will make our heaven!

Jno. W. Eddy.

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"THE MOTHER OF ALL THE FOXES."

AS foxes grow old they gradually narrow their range. Instead of running over a whole county, they come to confine their trips to a single township, and finally to a single neighborhood.

A young fox lately in my possession broke his chain one night, and, after a couple of farewell *yaps* under my chamber window, set off on his travels. As about four feet of the chain still remained attached to his collar, his track could easily be identified after snow came. A fortnight after he regained his liberty I heard of him in another town distant twelve miles. Three days later he was seen not half a mile away. After hanging about several days, he set off in another direction, when I again got news of him fifteen miles off. But a fortnight after this he was captured, from the chain catching between two stones in a double wall, not more than two miles distant from his old kennel. He did n't like a return to stationary habits at all, and bit savagely at first. It was not until he had been subjected to several sound cuffings that he was disposed to recognize the rights of his former master.

Some years since, a neighboring hillside became the residence of a lady fox that seemed inclined to become a regular citizen, and perhaps "gain a residence." She could be very easily distinguished from all others, not only on account of her superior size, but from her peculiar color. From the usual yellowish-red her fur had turned almost white; for the same reason, I suppose, that a person's hair turns gray.

For more than six years she lived steadily at the den in the hillside, and gave all the people of the neighborhood a chance to know something of her habits and of the manner in which she supplied her larder. Nothing was more common than to see the "old lady" trotting across the fields at nightfall, or, on going out early in the morning, to catch a glimpse of her turning the corner of the barn or shed. For, abandoning the shyness usual to foxes, this one seemed to get tamer on acquaintance, and to make a regular business of picking up old bones and refuse matter about the farmhouses, together with whatever poultry she could handily come upon.

On account of depredations of this latter sort, the thievish old creature was repeatedly shot at, and, on several occasions, chased to her den. Two strenuous attempts were even made to unearth her; once with smoke, and again with shovels. The shovelling party reported that, after digging in eight or nine feet, they came to where the hole led in between two large rocks which stopped their further progress.

Traps were next resorted to; but no skill in baiting or insidiousness in placing them proved of the least avail. This "mother of all the foxes," as the folks came to call her, was fully up to anything and everything of this sort. And so it came to be generally understood that the "old fox" was something to be accepted and endured, like droughts and freshets.

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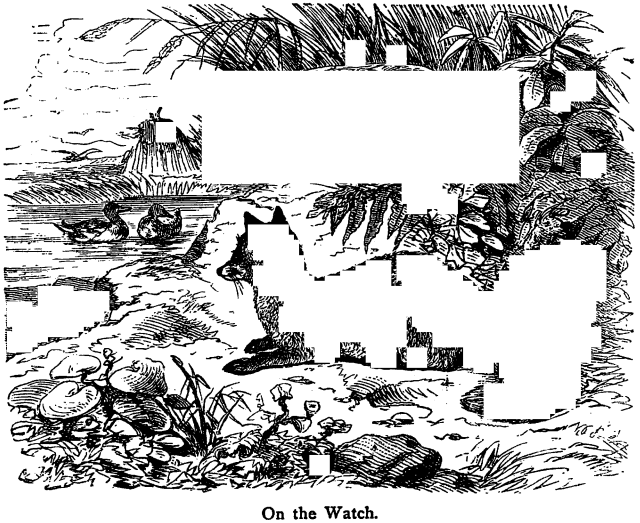
As time passed, the venerable creature profited by this tacit acknowledgment of her providential character, to wax even bolder than before. Obedient to her traditions, my grandmother kept geese in those days. They had their aquatic accommodations in the shape of a small pond about half a dozen rods below the stable. For the space of three summers the dear old lady scarcely got a chance to take a single long breath in comfort for the chronic anxiety occasioned by "that fox." Her list of casualties — carefully and correctly kept, I have no doubt — footed up to seven geese and eleven goslings in these three summer campaigns.



On the Watch.

The fox would creep up, her butter-colored back just visible over the tops of the cradle knolls, sneak from stump to stump to get within ten yards unobserved, then there would be a sudden dash, a sharp squawk, followed by a great quacking and flapping and spattering, through which an experienced observer might detect a *mounted goose* in the background, making off with long leaps in the direction of a certain tall pine stub on the opposite hillside.

During the seventh spring of the fox's residence among us, she began to lay her neighbors under still heavier contribution. The flocks of sheep with their young lambs used to go out upon the bare knolls. Presently numbers of the lambkins began to be missed. Madame Reynard had developed a taste for juvenile mutton. Boys were set to watch. According to their story, the fox would trot confidently into the flock, select what she wanted, shoulder it and trot off, adroitly dodging all "bunts" and other like expressions of ovine disapprobation.

This was intolerable. A neighborhood that had borne the loss of its chickens with a grin, and merely scowled when its Thanksgiving turkeys

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turned up among the missing, or scolded but moderately at the abduction of its geese, would n't stand this throttling of its lambs.

I well remember the bright, crusty April morning when seven of us boys sallied out to storm the old fox in her lair. We had no need of hounds; the den was well known to us all. We went prepared for a sweaty job, provided with crowbars, picks, and shovels. A glimpse of the great marauder's head in the mouth of the hole told us that she was at home.

We fell to work and soon cleared away the loose earth which had fallen in since the last party had carried on their excavations. The rocks which had stopped them were no myth. We were all the forenoon digging around and under one of them, which we mined and blew partially aside with the contents of our powder-horns.

The explosion opened a large gap into the den behind the rocks. And before the smoke had fairly cleared, the fox leaped out, and, dodging our blows, got past the whole crowd of us. But one of the boys caught up a gun that had been laid in readiness, and by a lucky shot laid the old creature low before she had got a hundred feet away. She was by far the largest fox I have ever seen; though gaunt and poor in flesh, the bones were of very unusual size. Her teeth were almost entirely gone, — worn out; and her fur, as stated above, bleached nearly to whiteness.

But the den disclosed a greater surprise. On opening it we heard a queer nuzzling sound, and in a nice little nest in the farther corner espied *fourteen* cubs (pups would be a more correct name). They were not over a fortnight old, seemingly. Some of them had scarcely got their eyes open. That they all belonged to one family and to one litter there could be no doubt.

They were distributed around among us, and with three exceptions kept till their fur became good the next fall.

Eight of them were red; three were mixed grays.

C. A. Stephens.

THE LITTLE SAC'S REVENGE.

"I WISH you would come out to the stile, all hands!" said Fay Lovejoy, thrusting her curly head through the vines that shaded the east porch, very early one summer morning.

Hod and Tom Lovejoy and I forsook our graham gems and breakfast bacon, and the stile was occupied directly.

"Look there!" said Fay, pointing with her trembling little hand across the western prairie.

"Great cornstalks!" exclaimed Hod; "if it was n't a disparagement to his Satanic Majesty, I should say he had started out upon a parade with a band of his most hideous imps and angels!"

"Pooh!" said Tom, with a greater show of practicality; "it 's only old Mo-ko-ho-ko and a crowd of his bedizened Sacs going to town for a spree."

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"What queer, horrid creatures! I 'm going to hide," said Fay; and she jumped quickly from the stile and hid herself in the tall grass below, where she might peep through the fence unseen by the approaching pageant.

Soon the Indians came clattering up to us. Chief Mo-ko-ho-ko sported two ponies, upon one of which he rode, the other being loaded down with such trophies as could not be suspended from his own monstrous bulk. The tawdry finery of the squaws and braves flaunted brilliantly in the morning sun. Numerous small Indians, mounted upon untamed mustangs, careered along like the attendant imps to "his Satanic Majesty."

"There 's a pappoose squalling somewhere. Does anybody see it?" Tom said, while the caravan was sweeping past the stile.

"O, I see it! I see it!" said Fay, popping up her head, forgetful of her intended secrecy. "It 's in a bag hanging from the back of the woman on the speckled pony! Poor tiny creature! no wonder it cries, for that wicked little girl on the next pony is pinching its ears. O, why don't the mother squaw turn round and slap her good?" cried Fay, indignantly.

"There, she 's catching hazy now!" laughed Tom, applaudingly.

Turning suddenly, the mother squaw detected the mischievous little tormentor inflicting her persecuting pinches. With an angry outcry she raised her hand and gave the girl a blow that sent her reeling from her horse and laid her sprawling in the dust. The girl jumped quickly up, however, and, running forward, caught her pony by the tail and attempted to regain her place upon its back. The mother squaw, seeing her design, seized the pony by the mane and led it off on a gallop, leaving the little culprit badly in the lurch. Chief Mo-ko-ho-ko for once was moved to follow the example of a squaw, and the whole company went flying over the prairie. The girl trudged after with the lazy stoicism so natural to the Indian race.

"Ef that thar brat don't hev ter tramp it all ther way ter Lawrence, thirty mile or more, I 'll never bet on an Injin's dander agin, not I," said Jim Graft, the prairie sod-breaker, who was starting off to his work mounted on the cushioned seat of his chariot-plough drawn by two spans of premium horses.

"Rather an imposing spectacle they present. The 'glory of the poor Indian' has n't entirely departed, after all," said Hod, as we returned to the breakfast-table.

"Just wait till they come back this way in three or four days," said Tom. "They 'll be drunk and dirty enough. All their toggery will have been 'swap-peed' for whiskey, and their war-paint will have been washed off in the gutter."

Tom had had the benefit of several weeks' experience in Kansas, having come out from St. Louis early in May. Hod and Fay had arrived only the day before; hence the Sac Indians were a curiosity to them.

Several days passed, during which Fay kept up a constant watch for the return of the Indians. She began to fear, at length, lest they had made a final emigration to some far-off hunting-ground.

"Never fret, fairy lass," said Jim. "They 'll fetch up in good time, drunk

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as fiddlers and naked as circus-tumblers. I 've seen Injuns ride inter town like princes and ride out like paupers."

One afternoon Fay sat upon the stile, beneath the shade of two spreading locusts, busily engaged in transforming Dinah, her monstrous negro doll, into an Indian squaw. She had bestuck her with feathers, streaked her ebony face with scarlet paint, and tricked her out in various ways, producing a comical effect. Perhaps an hour had elapsed, when Fay started suddenly, poised herself erect, and, shading her eyes with her hand, stood gazing intently over the eastern prairie. Next, seizing Dinah, she jumped from the stile and hid herself in the grass. I sat in the house by the window, watching in a state of curious expectancy. Pretty soon a small rider appeared in sight, leading by the mane a speckled pony. From the back of the pony was suspended a saddle-bag, and from the mouth of the bag protruded a baby's head. I readily recognized the little Indian girl and the crying pappoose before described. The girl passed the house in a stealthy manner, placing her hand over the baby's mouth for the purpose of preventing any possible outcry. The entrance to a fifty-acre cornfield lay not many rods away. This the girl approached, and, halting, looked about on every side to see if she was seen by any one. Fay's blue eyes among the bending grasses, and my own behind the vine-wreathed window, were hidden even from the piercing gaze of the little Indian maiden. Dismounting, she unstrapped the saddle-bag from the back of the speckled pony and threw it over her own shoulders, after which she dismissed the ponies by giving each a vigorous kick with her moccasined foot; and then, scaling the fence, she disappeared in the cornfield. Fay came into the house breathless with excitement, and exclaimed, — "The little Indian girl has stolen the pappoose and run away with the speckled pony, just to spite the mother squaw!"

"Very likely," I replied.

"But what 's to be done about it? The baby ought be rescued immediately."

"We can't do anything," said I. "'T would be a hopeless task to attempt to catch a little Indian in a fifty-acre cornfield."

Fay's face grew very solemn. Looking up to me with troubled eyes, she said, impressively, — "But what if the wicked Indian girl should kill the poor little pappoose and bury it in the cornfield?"

The question startled me; but I sought to quiet Fay's forebodings the best I could. She said no more upon the subject, but wandered about during the rest of the afternoon like a perturbed little mortal upon whose conscience rested the murder of an innocent babe. At sunset Hod and Tom came home from a chicken-hunt upon which they had been absent all day. Tom was the first to speak.

"What think we found down in yon ravine, where the redbud bushes grow, and the spring empties into the basin dug in the rock?"

"O, the little Indian baby! It was n't drowned in the spring, was it?" inquired Fay with feverish anxiety.

"No, but it was hanging from a tree," was Tom's reply.

Fay groaned aloud. "Was it *quite* dead?" she questioned in an agitated voice.

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"Bless you, no! 't was kicking and squalling as if it had n't the least intention of 'pegging out,'" said Tom, with a mysterious laugh.

"*Do* gratify our curiosity!" I interposed.

"Here are the facts of the case," said Hod; "the girl had hung the bag containing the pappoose upon the limb of a tree, and seemed to be making preparations to bivouac down there for the night. Tom and I hid in the grass, and saw her feed the baby. What do you think she gave it to suck? Green corn mashed soft between two stones, and tied up in a rag torn from the baby's petticoat."

"How funny and nice! I don't believe she means to hurt the dear little pappoose. I want to go right down and watch her," cried Fay, delightedly.

"Better wait till after the moon rises," I said. "You may scare her off, if you go by daylight. They 're wild as phantoms, these Indian girls."

After moonrise that evening, we all went out past the cornfield, and, crossing the meadow beyond, walked stealthily through the tall damp grass that headed the ravine. We stopped behind a knoll directly above the spring, and, peering into the moonlit ravine, discovered the objects of our curiosity. The saddle-bag still hung upon the bough of a low drooping tree, and the Indian girl was seated on the ground beneath, slowly swaying it to and fro and crooning a low harsh monotone, which, doubtless, was a melodious lullaby in the ears of the sleepy little pappoose.

"What a lovely sight!" said Fay, in a soft, delighted whisper. "She 's tender with the little thing, for all she 's stolen it away to spite its mother."

We went back to the house with minds at rest concerning the safety of the pappoose. Almost before sunrise next morning our little watch-woman, Fay, broke in upon our slumbers by exclaiming, "The yard is full of Indian boys!"

Hod and Tom and I dressed in haste, and went below. As we stepped into the yard, some half a dozen small Indians came springing up the walk to meet us, making eager demonstrations, each seemingly intent on being the first to offer a communication.

"*Sac-ee? Sac-ee?*" said several of the boys at once, in an inquiring tone.

"They 're after the girl. Is it best to put them on her track?" said Hod.

"Wait a moment," said Fay; and she disappeared within the house. Immediately she returned, bringing with her a travelling-sachel, in which was seated Dinah still in her Indian disguise. Throwing the sachel over her shoulder, Fay inquired, "*Sac-ee? Sac-ee?*"

The boys crowded about her with affirmative signs and nods, all answering at once, "*Sac-ee! Sac-ee!*"

"Yes, it 's the girl and the pappoose they 're after, sure enough. Let 's direct them to the cornfield, and see if they will nose them out," said Tom.

Accordingly, we all pointed to the cornfield. The young Indians bounded off with the keenness of a pack of hounds starting upon the track of a hare.

"See, they 're searching for the girl's tracks," said Tom, as the boys ran back and forth along the road, jostling and crowding each other, and bending forward in a watchful attitude. They gained the entrance to the

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field, then, turning, waved their hands inquiringly at us. We gave them the signal to proceed. They scudded over the fence, and were quickly lost to view among the corn.

"Now, then, let's cut around and watch the fun!" said Tom; and we started at once for the ravine. When we arrived at the knoll from which we had made our observations the night before, we found that the girl had disappeared, leaving the pappoose still rocking in its airy cradle and sleeping soundly, fanned by the soft south-wind that swept refreshingly through the ravine.

"She's taken an alarm, no doubt, and left the pappoose to be picked up by chance," said Hod.

"Or fed by the crows. I've *read* about such things," said Fay.

"No signs of the hunters yet! Is it possible they're going to miss? No, yonder comes one of them; he'll be the lucky toad!" Tom exclaimed, as the smallest of the Indian boys sprang suddenly out of the corn and trotted down the meadow toward the lower end of the ravine.

"He's going wrong. I'll whistle and bring him round," said Hod.

"No, let's have fair play," said Tom. "I'll wager the one that bags the game will get an extra pound of bacon or a horn of whiskey for his reward. Jolly! there come the rest; now we'll see hot work!"

Directly after the first little Indian had entered the ravine, the rest of his comrades emerged from the corn almost at the same time, although from different directions. They assembled in a group at the edge of the meadow, and appeared to take counsel together as to the next movement to be made. While they were halting there, it chanced that the pappoose awoke and began a low, fretful murmur, which gradually increased until it swelled into a loud, continuous cry. This reached the boys' ears, and started them again upon the chase. They bounded across the meadow, keeping even pace with each other; but their companion in the ravine had heard the cry, and gained the spot before them. With a shrill, triumphant whoop he announced the victory his own, and secured the saddle-bag just as his comrades came springing down the opposite bank of the ravine. The baffled hunters manifested their disappointment in many ways, but the victorious one was unmolested, as their sense of Indian honor did not allow them to rob him of his booty.

When we reached the house the ponies, which had been left in the road, had disappeared, by which we knew that the boys had arrived before us, and taken their departure with the pappoose.

Late in the afternoon the whole company of Indians came along. Tom's prophecy had proved correct. I have not space to describe their dilapidated condition. The victorious little hunter was nearly invisible, so thickly surrounded was he by a cloud of smoke issuing from the stem of a monstrous pipe that ornamented his mouth. The mother squaw was riding behind another Indian woman, with her rescued pappoose upon her back. She looked wild and haggard, whether from anxiety or dissipation we could not tell.

Theodora.

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THE ADVENTURES OF LITTLE MARTIN KLOVER.

IT seems that little Martin Klover was sent of an errand quite early in the morning, and that he stopped to play by the way, and played half the forenoon. Meanwhile, the whole family decided to go to the woods on a picnic, and they could not wait for Martin, because it was so bad waiting with a baby with its things on and crying to go. But Mrs. Klover left word with a neighbor which road he must take to follow them, and also where he would find his second-best trousers. As it happened, however, Martin came home without being seen by the neighbor, and could not imagine what had become of everybody. He shouted, he rattled the chairs, went down cellar, through all the chambers, even up the garret stairs, but not a soul could he find.

Now in the garret there was an old-fashioned hair trunk, and in that hair trunk was an old-fashioned suit of clothes which had belonged to Mr.

Martin "dressed up."

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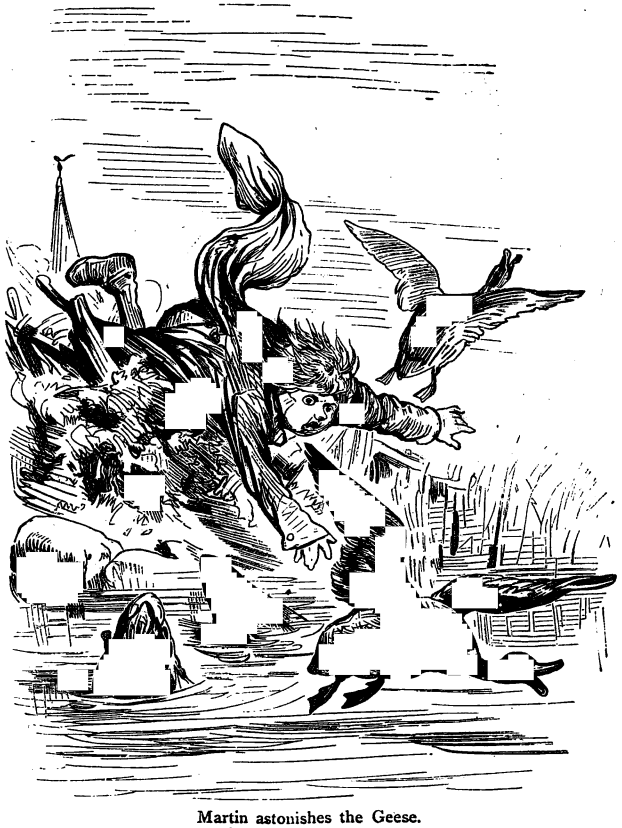
Klover's father, Martin's grandfather. Grandfather Klover came over from Germany with his family when Mr. Klover was a small boy. That suit of clothes was his wedding suit. It consisted of a cocked hat, a long-skirted coat, a figured waistcoat, a standing collar, breeches, stockings, and buckled shoes, and it was the cause of all Martin's bad luck that day. For, in looking after the family, he opened that hair trunk, and no sooner saw those clothes than he made up his mind to put them on and have some fun; and fun he had, and plenty of it, as will be seen presently.

It took a long time to "dress up." The collar would twist in spite of him, and then the coat-skirts got under his feet, and what to do with those was the question. At last he took one on each arm, and in that manner went down into the street, where he marched along, head thrown back, toes turned out, making quite a show with his buckled shoes and his cocked-up hat!

The street boys came running to see, and one little chap picked up an old smoking-cap which had dropped from the coat pocket, put it on his



Martin astonishes the Geese.

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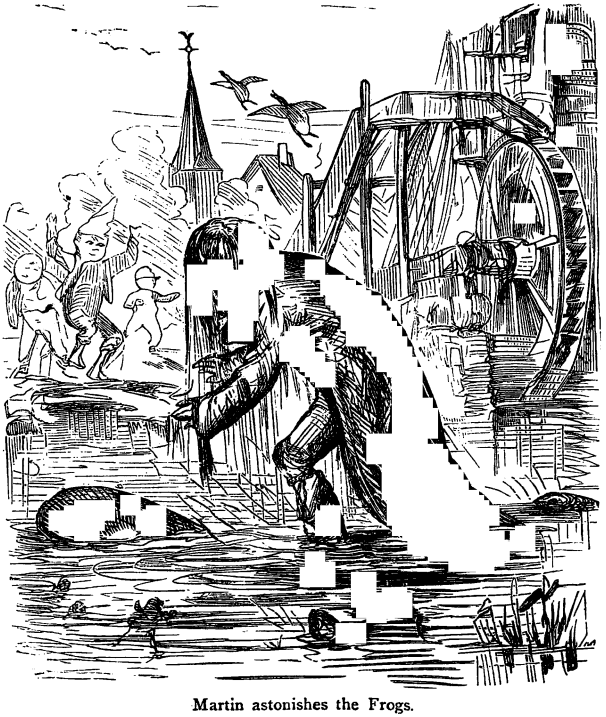
own head, then rolled up his trousers and went marching behind, with a stick over his shoulder. As they passed along more boys came, and more, and more, and more, all shouting, laughing, hurrahing; and by and by some of them began to throw stones.

The boys that threw stones came out of a factory. Martin was by this time about half a mile from home. At last one stone went smash through a window. Then the man came rushing out in his shirt-sleeves, and bawled away at them, "Who threw that stone? I want to know who threw that stone!"

The boys started to run. Some kept in the road, some jumped over into the field. Martin was one that jumped over. He made for the brook, thinking to cross on the stepping-stones. But when he heard the man coming behind, he let go the coat-skirts to run faster, because he thought one of the boys called out, "There he comes with a horse-whip!" But the clothes would not let him run. His knees trembled, and just as he reached the bank one of those skirts flapped between his legs, then he stepped on it, and then — perhaps on account of his knees trembling — he stumbled, and then — went down.

But there's worse to tell. When he went down it was not into grass. O no, it was something very different from grass. For in falling he pitched



Martin astonishes the Frogs.

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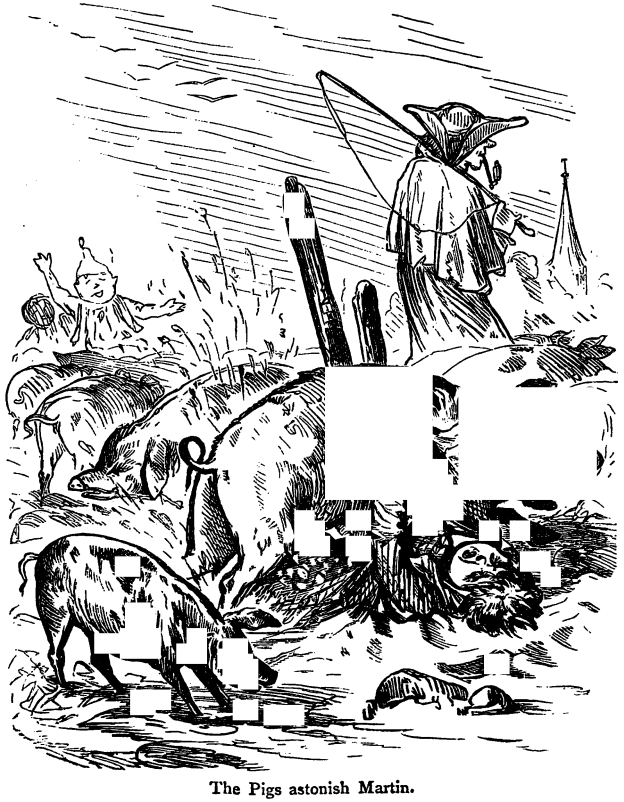
head foremost into the very brook itself. And it is said that his screams were enough to frighten — well, enough to frighten geese, or little fishes, or frogs, mud-turtles, polliwogs, — anything. Geese are mentioned in particular, because a flock of them, swimming near by, flew off in a hurry, squawking as loud as they could squawk, and never really had their senses afterward.

Martin rolled over, picked himself up, and the next thing was to pick his hat up. His hat floated away on a voyage by itself. Many times he was just going to catch hold of it, and each time it slipped from under his fingers. The frogs made fun of him, and the boys hooted, calling out, "A race! A race! Hurrah!" Martin found it hard work, wading with so many clothes on, and was just going to give up when help came quite unexpectedly. A lively little puff of wind happened along, in want of something to do, and it just took hold of the cocked hat and puffed it ashore in a twinkling. O, but that was a jolly young puff of wind! To be sure it had been having a good time with the flowers all the morning.

Martin picked up his hat, and sat down by the shore on a log. This was



The Pigs astonish Martin.

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a little way from the mill. And presently there came along a curious-looking old man. He was ragged, and he had a long nose, and he had a long coat with a cape to it, and a flapping-brimmed hat, and a whip. Martin thought it might be the man whose square of glass was broken, so he lay down behind the log, to keep out of sight, peeping through the coarse grass to see what the old man was doing. He was not doing much, — only lighting his pipe. After that he took some pins off his coat-sleeve, and pinned up the rim of his hat; then walked off smoking his pipe. He was nobody to be afraid of. Martin had better have been looking the other way. If he had been looking the other way, he would have seen coming toward him a dozen or twenty animals of a kind not famous for beauty or for good behavior. Their name, spelt backward, would read, s-g-i-p; forward, p-i-g-s.

Animals of this kind have not very genteel manners, but no doubt they mean well. Their voices are bad, but perhaps they try to say with them what the birds do when they sing. Perhaps they would a great deal rather

Martin's Mother is astonished.

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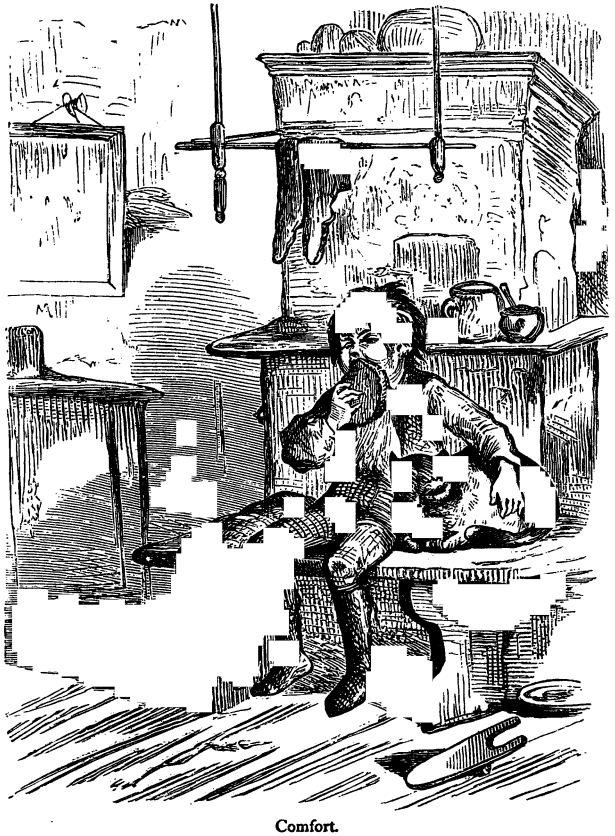
sing it, only they don't know how. Perhaps when the mother pig grunts to her little ones, she says, "Peshious ittle keeters!" and perhaps they understand it so; who knows? And, speaking of looks, it is said that even the ugliest animal has some charm, and no one can deny that a pig's tail curls naturally.

But little Martin Klover, when he saw that company of curly-tails coming, did not stop to think of good looks or good manners. He hurried with all his might to jump and to run. Though, to be sure, that is not very good manners, — to run away when company is coming to see you! It is always proper to rise, however. Martin tried to, but was not quite quick enough, on account of having on so many clothes, and the clothes being wet. Meanwhile, the company came forward at full gallop, being driven on by the boys. Some stopped to smell what that was sprawling and squalling in the mud, and, smelling it was nothing but a boy, walked over him and went their way.

By this time Martin had had fun enough for one day. He got up, poked his hair out of his eyes, and walked, as well as he could, toward home, the



Comfort.

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boys chasing behind, hurrahing, and calling out, "Martin Klover fell down all over!" "And muddied his clothes!" "And let a pig smell of his nose!"

When Martin Klover reached home, it was almost dark. The family had arrived some time before. As soon as his mother saw him, she lifted up both her hands, and did n't know what to say. She never saw such a looking boy. He looked like a drowned boy, and he shivered all over.

Martin had only bare bread for his supper that night, and was left to eat it in a room by himself, that he might think of the mischief he had done. And that he might think the harder, he was placed upon a hard bench. His mother left him three thick slices, but his grandma, fearing he would starve on three thick slices, tucked inside the door a whole baker's loaf. Martin began with the loaf, then went on with the three thick slices. The cat jumped in at the window, and he was very glad of her company. "Good little pussy!" he sobbed. "Good little pussy! *Pussy* loves Martin, *don't* she?"

And pussy mewed that she did.

Mrs. A. M. Diaz.

CHRISTMAS.

HERE comes old Father Christmas,
With sound of fife and drums;
With mistletoe about his brows,
So merrily he comes!
His arms are full of all good cheer,
His face with laughter glows;
He shines like any household fire
Amid the cruel snows.
He is the old folks' Christmas;
He warms their hearts like wine,
He thaws their winter into spring,
And makes their faces shine.
Hurrah for Father Christmas!
Ring all the merry bells!
And bring the grandsires all around
To hear the tale he tells.

Here comes the Christmas angel,
So gentle and so calm,
As softly as the falling flakes
He comes with flute and psalm.

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All in a cloud of glory,
As once upon the plain
To shepherd boys in Jewry,
He brings good news again.
He is the young folks' Christmas;
He makes their eyes grow bright
With words of hope and tender thought,
And visions of delight.
Hail to the Christmas angel!
All peace on earth he brings;
He gathers all the youths and maids
Beneath his shining wings.

Here comes the little Christ-child,
All innocence and joy,
And bearing gifts in either hand
For every girl and boy.
He tells the tender story
About the Holy Maid,
And Jesus in the manger
Before the oxen laid.
Like any little winter bird
He sings this sweetest song,
Till all the cherubs in the sky
To hear his carol throng.
He is the children's Christmas;
They come without a call
To gather round the gracious child,
Who bringeth joy to all.

But who shall bring their Christmas,
Who wrestle still with life?
Not grandsires, youths, nor little folks,
But they who wage the strife;
The fathers and the mothers
Who fight for homes and bread,
Who watch and ward the living,
And bury all the dead.
Ah! by their side at Christmas-tide
The Lord of Christmas stands;
He smooths the furrows from their brows
With strong and tender hands:
"I take my Christmas gift," he saith,
"From thee, tired soul, and thee;
Who giveth to my little ones,
Gives also unto me!"

Rose Terry.

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PATSEY, FLASH, & CO.

THE —th Michigan Cavalry had gone into winter quarters on the "sacred soil" of Virginia, within a stone's-throw of the Potomac. Very neat and pleasant the camp looked; for the white tents were fresh and new, and the broad streets between the company lines were as clean as the gravelled walks of a garden.

It was a bright, sunny morning in November, and Patsey Rooney, sitting on an inverted pail, busily polishing Sergeant Farnsworth's sabre, and singing the favorite camp-song,

> "You sha' n't have any of my cold beans,
> When your cold beans are gone,"

looked as bright and sunny as the day.

Patsey was Irish, an orphan, and eleven years old. This was all that he knew about himself. The spring that the war broke out he left the Orphan Asylum in New York, where he had lived ever since he could remember, and fascinated, boy-like, with the idea of a military life, smuggled himself through to Washington among the baggage of an Irish regiment. But the men were rough, and boys are decidedly in the way in the army, and poor little Patsey found it very different from the "good time" he had expected. In fact, he was so badly treated that the Michigan men, when they came to water their horses at a stream that separated the two camps, noticed it; and one day, when a great savage fellow kicked the boy off the bank into the middle of the stream, Sergeant Farnsworth drew him out on the other side, and Patsey's home since then had been his protector's tent.

He had finished up the "cold beans," and was beginning the second verse, "You sha' n't have any of my hard tack," when Sergeant Farnsworth came up.

"Patsey," said he, "give my horse an extra feed to-day, for the company is ordered out on a scout to-night, and he will have some hard work before he gets back."

"An' is it long gone yez 'll be?" asked Patsey.

"Not very long. We shall probably be back by daylight."

In less than five minutes Patsey was in the hospital, beside Private Bennett's cot, coaxing with all the Irish blarney at his command. "Shure, Misther Bennett, an' yez 'll let me take the horse? It 's the best o' care I 'll take av him, an' I 'll do anything in the wurruld that yez 'll ax me."

"But suppose anything should happen to you, Patsey."

"An' what ud be afther happenin' to me more than to the rest av 'em? Lind him to me this wan time, an' I 'll niver ax yez again."

The determined boy was more than a match for the sick man; and Patsey ran out of the hospital with a satisfied expression upon his little freckled face, which said that he had gained his point.

It was quite dark when the scouting party rode out of the camp, and no

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one noticed in the gloom that the rider of the last horse was considerably under the regulation size for the United States military service.

Tramp, tramp, they went along the broad turnpike that leads out from Alexandria; then tramp, tramp, down a little cross-road towards Bull Run. Their object was to find out whether the enemy were making any movements which would indicate an intention to attack Washington. It was a difficult and dangerous service, and the bravest and best had been selected for it. On and on went the steady tramp, and when it paused the party was within rifle-range of the enemy's pickets. A little cautious reconnoitering in different directions by twos and threes gave the information they sought, and the order was given to return. That part of the road over which they had last come was cut through a bank. On either side rose a wall of earth, thickly covered on the top with trees and underbrush. It was the very place for a surprise. A regiment in this defile would be completely at the mercy of a dozen sharpshooters posted among the trees above. A second time the party passed safely through; then paused to take account of their men. One was missing. "It's Lorton," said a voice; "and he must be in the cut, for I spoke to him there, and he answered me."

"Who will go back to look for him?" asked the officer in command.

"I will." And Sergeant Farnsworth rode to the front.

"I will." And a second horse drew up beside the sergeant's.

"That will do," said the officer; "it is better not to send too many, and if you need help you can have it in a moment."

The two volunteers disappeared in the thick darkness of the defile. They spoke not a word, but moved cautiously forward, until half-way through, when the impatient pawing of a horse arrested them.

"Are you there, Lorton?" asked the sergeant.

"Yes. I was afraid you had all gone on and left me."

"No, the boys are waiting ahead. We missed you just after we got out of the cut. What is the matter?"

"A sort of dizziness came over me; then my horse stumbled, and I fell over his head, and that stunned me. I was just trying to mount again. There, I 'm up now, and we 'd better get out of this as quick as we can, for I heard sounds above on the bank, and I guess the rebs are out after us."

With the last word there was a flash, then several quick, sharp reports from the top of the bank, and a shower of bullets fell among the stones in the road, just ahead of where the three stood.

"We sha' n't get out of this now," said Lorton.

"No, this is the end for us, I think," said the sergeant. They spoke low, but their voices were firm, like the brave men they were. The third one was silent.

They dared not quicken their pace, for fear the horses should stumble on the stony, uneven road; and were compelled to creep along, while death hung over them at every step. Volley after volley was fired from the bank, and answered by the Michigan men ahead on the road, who succeeded in diverting to themselves the attention of the attacking party. At last the

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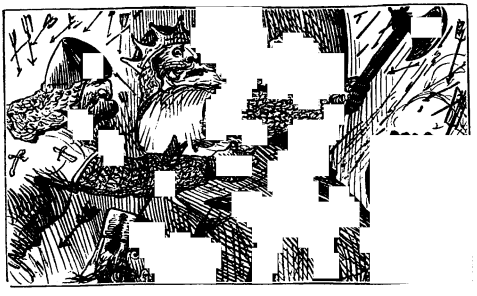
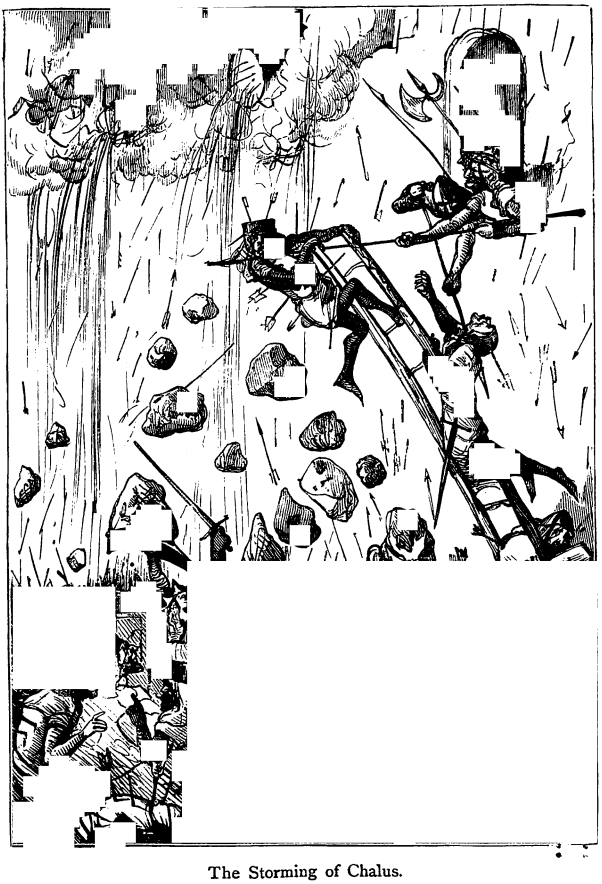


King Richard wounded.



The Storming of Chalus.

From the New Illustrated Poem of "Treasure Trove."

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three stood once more among their comrades, and the officer in command inquired, "Anybody hurt?"

"All right," said Sergeant Farnsworth.

"All right," said Lorton; but the third did not speak.

The sergeant put out his hand to his unknown companion, and asked, "Are you hurt, comrade?"

"Shure, an' it 's not much, sergeant; it 's only me arrum."

Sergeant Farnsworth was dumb for a moment with astonishment, then said, "Is this you, Patsey?"

"Yis, sir."

"How did you come here?"

"Don't be mad wid me, sergeant; I wanted to coom that bad that I could n't rest aisy widout it."

"But what made you go back into that place?"

"Shure, an' I could n't see yez go widout me."

There was no time for further talk. The troop hastened on, and reached the camp with the first glimmer of dawn; and none too soon for Patsey. A bullet had literally ploughed up his arm from wrist to elbow; and he was growing weak and faint from loss of blood. He was at once sent to the surgeon to be cared for; but, after having his wound dressed, he utterly refused to stay in the hospital; and with his arm in a sling went back to the sergeant's tent.

"Clear grit to the backbone," the Michigan men said Patsey was, when they heard that he had been "under fire" and never showed a sign of fear; and he became quite a hero in the regiment.

The colonel's wife was spending the winter in camp, and, hearing of Patsey's adventure, she expressed a wish to see him. He went to the colonel's quarters, and, with a bob of his head and a scrape of his foot, intended for a salute, stood before the lady. She questioned him about himself, and the tears came into her eyes when she learned that he was homeless and friendless. "Do you know how to read?" she asked at last.

"Jist a thrifle, ma'am. They tached us in the 'sylum, an' I kin spell a bit out o' the primer."

"If you have to make your own way in the world," said the lady, "it will help you very much to know how to read and write. If you will come to me for an hour or two each day while I am here, I will teach you. Will you like that?"

"Indade, an' I will, ma'am; an' I 'm thankful to ye."

So every day Patsey wiped his face with his jacket-sleeve, washed his hands in a convenient puddle, dried them on his hair, which got nicely "slicked down" during the operation, and went to his lesson, evidently under the impression that he had made a very elaborate toilet.

The winter passed rapidly away. The suns and winds of March dried the roads so that it was once more possible for troops to move, and the regiment received "marching orders." A day came when Patsey said his last lesson. When it was finished his teacher said, "You have been a good

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boy, Patsey. You have learned very fast, and I am greatly pleased with you. Now I am going to give you a present which I think you will like. I cannot take Flash with me, and I give him to you."

Flash was a mite of a black-and-tan terrier, whose name described him exactly; for he had a way of darting round more like a fire-fly than a dog. Patsey turned pale and red with surprise and joy, and could scarcely gasp out, "Thank 'ee, ma'am." In all his life before he had never had anything that he could call his own; and his warm Irish heart opened wide to take in his new pet. He unbuttoned his flannel army shirt and put the dog inside; and Flash nestled down as if he thought this was just the way that dogs ought to be carried; then, putting out his little red tongue, licked his new owner's face, to signify his entire satisfaction at the change.

"Our rigimint," as Patsey called it, was with that portion of the army that was sent to the Peninsula; and all through the weary, toilsome days of that terrible Peninsula campaign the boy proved himself every inch a soldier. Wherever the regiment went, on scout or in skirmish, close to Sergeant Farnsworth's elbow rode the little figure, with short, bare legs sticking out on either side of the high military saddle; on his head an old soldier's cap, turned so that the visor rested on one ear, to prevent its falling over his eyes like an extinguisher; and peering out from his shirt-bosom a little black head, which nestled lovingly under his chin. Never on any battle-field was a stranger sight than Patsey and his dog. They became known to nearly all the troops on the Peninsula. Even General Phil Kearney, "Phil, the fearless," one day patted the boy on the shoulder, and told him "he would do"; which, whatever it might mean, left Patsey in a state of unmixed satisfaction.

July came, and the Michigan men, accustomed to the cool, fresh breezes of the Northern lakes, were stricken down by the fierce Southern sun, and suffered beyond the power of words to tell. Sergeant Farnsworth lay under his little shelter tent, burning with fever. "I 'd give ten dollars this minute for a glass of lemonade," he said one day. He spoke low to himself, but Patsey heard, and walked away, apparently in deep thought. Suddenly a flash of joy lit up his face.

"Shure, an' I 'll do it, jist this very night," he said. Then he spun round on one foot, like a pin-wheel, as an appropriate method of expressing his feelings. As soon as it was dark, he crept silently to a point from which he managed to leave the camp unperceived by the guard.

Daylight and Patsey came together to the sergeant's tent. Patsey carried a tin cup. "Jist dhrink this, sergeant," he said, "an' ye 'll feel betther."

The sergeant tasted. Lemonade! He seized the cup, drained the last drop, and exclaimed, "God bless you, Patsey. That has done me good already."

"Shure, an' I knowed it; an' there 's plinty more whin ye want it."

Up and down through the lines that day went Patsey, with a pail and a tin cup, crying, "Limonade, tin cints a coop."

"Where did you get it, Patsey?" the men would ask.

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"That 's my business. Av ye want it, take it, an' av not, I 'll go."

The sutler of a neighboring regiment was surprised that evening by a visit from a boy, who inquired if he had missed "a pail an' a dozen o' limons an' some shugar." He had, and would like to catch the thief.

"'T was mesilf tuk 'em," said Patsey; "an' it 's no thafe I am; but I did n't have the money for 'em thin; an' I 've brought it now, an' I 'll take a dozen more limons an' some shugar, av ye plaze." This was certainly rather a doubtful transaction; but, thinking what Patsey's life had been, it was little wonder that he knew no better.

Having once got money to start with, he paid promptly for his supplies, and did a brisk business. After a few days he gave up going round the camp, and established himself under a tree with his pail of lemonade set into a deep hole he had dug, to keep it cool, and his cups arranged on a board laid across a barrel, by way of a table. His price remained the same, "ten cents a cup."

"That 's too much, Patsey," his customers would say sometimes.

"Shure, an' yez 'll pay that for beer, an' this is betther nor that."

When he had to leave his stand, he set Flash on the board, and the little black-and-tan flew savagely at any one who ventured too near. One day Patsey's visitors noticed a paper nailed to the tree, with this announcement, in letters half an inch long: —

Lemonade.

Patsey, Flash, & Co.

"What is the meaning of that?" they asked.

"Shure, an' did yez niver see the loike in the city? Iverybody has 'em there," said Patsey.

"But what has Flash got to do with it?"

"An' does n't he watch the place whin I 'm off, the way no wan can stale from me? Small luck I 'd have widout him."

"And what 's the Co. for?"

"An' is it a fool ye are? Shure, an' it 's the bar'l. What ud I do widout it to hold the boord?"

Far and wide went the fame of "Patsey, Flash, & Co."; and the Peninsula veterans drank enough lemonade during the next month to float a man-o'-war. The pile of currency intrusted to Sergeant Farnsworth's keeping grew daily larger; and Patsey began to feel like a solid business man.

Late in the summer, the worn, battle-scarred army of the Peninsula returned to Washington. Then Patsey asked if he had money enough to buy a suit of clothes. "More than enough," the sergeant said; so the clothes were bought, and still a goodly sum remained. Then Patsey said, "Sergeant, I 'm thinkin' I 'll go into the paper business."

"Selling newspapers, you mean?"

"Yis, sir. Thim that sells papers round the camps makes more money out av it than most anyway."

"And you want to make money?"

"Shure, an' I do, sir; an' I 'd betther take jist what cooms handy."

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"Good for you, Patsey," said the sergeant. "If more would feel so, and go to work at the first thing they find, there would be fewer poor people."

The regiment was ordered to the Shenandoah Valley, and there Patsey went into the paper business. Newspapers brought almost any price in the army. Fifteen, twenty, twenty-five cents, were common prices for New York papers. Patsey would ride to Harper's Ferry, lay in a stock of papers at from eight to ten cents apiece, and make a profit of from ten to fifteen cents on each one. He still carried Flash in his shirt-bosom. His papers, wrapped in an old poncho, to protect them from the weather, were slung over his shoulder; and pinned securely to the front of his cap was the sign, without which Patsey seemed to think he could not do business. Now it said: —

Newspapers.
Patsey, Flash, & Co.

Who the "Co." was this time was never fully determined; but it was generally supposed to be the horse; though this, as he scarcely ever rode the same one twice, must have involved frequent changes in the firm.

Patsey sometimes ran no little risk in his journeys, for the guerillas would often make a dash up a cross-road, and whoever fell into their hands soon saw the inside of a Southern prison. Once he had a narrow escape from them. He was returning from Harper's Ferry, when, from the top of a hill, he saw a body of gray-coated cavalry coming up the road at a tearing trot. Escape was impossible. Quick as thought he unstrapped his package of papers and threw it over a bank, tore the sign from his cap, and rode quietly on. They stopped and questioned him, but he only stared and laughed, and played with his dog, until the leader said, "He 's half-witted. Let him go, men." So they rode on; and Patsey, with strange prudence for a boy, never turned his head to look after them; but, when he knew they must be out of sight, went back and secured his papers, then started his horse at full speed, and never drew rein until he was safe within our picket line.

In the mean time Sergeant Farnsworth had distinguished himself in several engagements, had been two or three times promoted, and was now captain. Here he was obliged to stop. A fall from his horse had disabled him so that he could not ride, and there was nothing for him but to resign.

"Patsey," said he, the day after he had sent in his resignation, "how would you like to go home with me? I have written to my mother about you, and she says you may come if you will."

"Is it to stay, ye mane?" gasped Patsey, scarce believing this could be.

"Yes, to stay with me, and learn to be a farmer; that is what I am at home; and with God's help we 'll make a man of you."

"An' it 's that I 'd like beyant iverything."

The boy, fairly beside himself with joy, fell upon his knees and kissed the captain's hand. Flash, popping his head out for a better view of the situation, uttered a series of short, shrill barks, indicating his entire approval. And so Patsey's future was decided.

Elizabeth Kilham.

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THE CRADLE.

THE barn was low and dim and old,
Broad on the floor the sunshine slept,
And through the windows and the doors
Swift in and out the swallows swept.

And breezes from the summer sea
Drew through, and stirred the fragrant hay
Down-dropping from the loft, wherein
A gray old idle fish-net lay

Heaped in a corner, and one loop
Hung loose the dry, sweet grass among,
And hammock-wise to all the winds
It floated to and fro, and swung.

And there one day the children brought
The pet of all the house to play;
A baby boy of three years old,
And sweeter than the dawn of day.

They laid him in the dropping loop,
And softly swung him, till at last
Over his beauty balmy sleep
Its delicate enchantment cast.

And then they ran to call us all;
"Come, see where little Rob is! Guess!"
And brought us where the darling lay,
A heap of rosy loveliness

Curled in the net: the dim old place
He brightened, like a star he shone
Cradled in air: we stood as once
The shepherds of Judea had done.

And while adoring him we gazed,
With eyes that gathered tender dew,
Wrathful upon the gentle scene
His Celtic nurse indignant flew.

"Is this a fit place for the child!"
And out of his delicious sleep

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She clutched him, muttering, as she went,
Her scorn and wonder, low and deep.

His father smiled and drew aside,
A grave, sweet look was in his face;
"For One who in a manger lay
It was not found too poor a place!"

Celia Thaxter.

ABOUT CONSTELLATIONS.

I DO not believe the youngest reader of "Our Young Folks" will ask what a constellation is. You are all familiar with that singular group of stars in the north called the Great Dipper, or sometimes the Wain or Wagon, and many of you, I dare say, could point out the three stars which form Jacob's Staff, and perhaps the bright cluster called the Pleiades; and then who has not heard of the beautiful Southern Cross, too low down in the southern hemisphere to be visible to us, but said by travellers to be the most magnificent of all the constellations?

But perhaps you do not all know that anciently the whole heavens were divided up into constellations. All the different groups of stars had names, and what is the most singular is, that these were mostly the names of men and animals. On our modern globes and charts of the heavens you will see these constellations represented, and a most curious sight they present, indeed. The whole heavens look on the chart like a vast menagerie of the strangest figures. There you can see the Great Dragon winding his immense length among the stars in the north, and Hercules in the very act of taming the three-headed dog Cerberus with his club; and there is the Scorpion with its ugly-looking body and lobster-like claws, and the Lion and the Ram and the Bull; and you can see, too, the winged horse, Pegasus, and, what will perhaps seem to you the strangest sight of all, the two Centaurs, animals with human heads and shoulders, but with the bodies of horses.

I wish I could show you a chart of the heavens, those of you who have never seen one. I should like to have you see how curious these things look, and then I should like to ask if *you* ever imagined there were such sights to be seen among the stars. But, perhaps, as I cannot show you the whole chart, two or three figures selected from it will answer the purpose very well. These will give you a good idea of the ancient constellations, and I will tell you where to look for them among the stars, so that you can see for yourselves how much or how little resemblance there is to them there.

Our first selection is the Great Bear, or, as it is sometimes called by its

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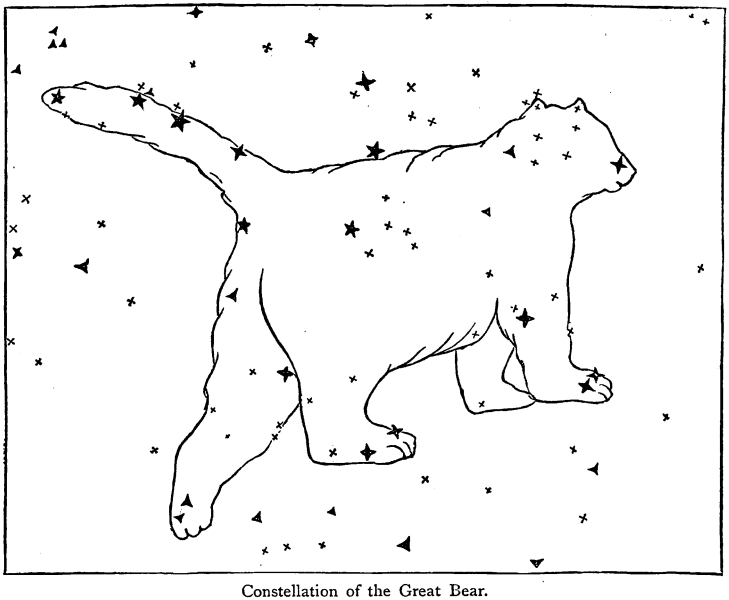

Constellation of the Great Bear.

ancient name, the *Ursa Major*. Did you ever see anything among the stars like that? When you first look at it I think you will be wholly at a loss to tell whereabouts in the heavens this Great Bear belongs. But examine it a little more closely, and I think you will discover something familiar in the seven stars which form the tail and the hinder part of the body. You will easily recognize in these stars the Great Dipper, and now you will have no trouble to find its place in the northern sky; but I will tell you beforehand that you will have to look very sharp indeed to make out the entire constellation. The outlines are *very* indistinct.

The two outer stars in the bowl of the Dipper are called, as many of you know, the Pointers, and point to the North Star. When you have found the North Star, then imagine a line drawn through it, starting from the middle star of the Dipper handle, and carried nearly as far beyond the North Star, and your eye will rest on the constellation of *Cassiopeia*. The North Star lies about half-way between this constellation and the Dipper handle.*

According to ancient mythology, Cassiopeia was the wife of Cepheus, King of Ethiopia. She was said to be very beautiful, and so proud of her beauty that she boasted of being even fairer than Juno, the queen of the gods, or than the beautiful Nereids, or sea-nymphs. This so enraged the Nereids, that they prevailed upon Neptune to send a flood and a ferocious sea-monster, to lay waste the country of Ethiopia. It was finally ordered that, to appease the anger of Neptune and the sea-nymphs, Andromeda,

* It has not been thought necessary to reproduce the figure of Cassiopeia here. — EDITORS.

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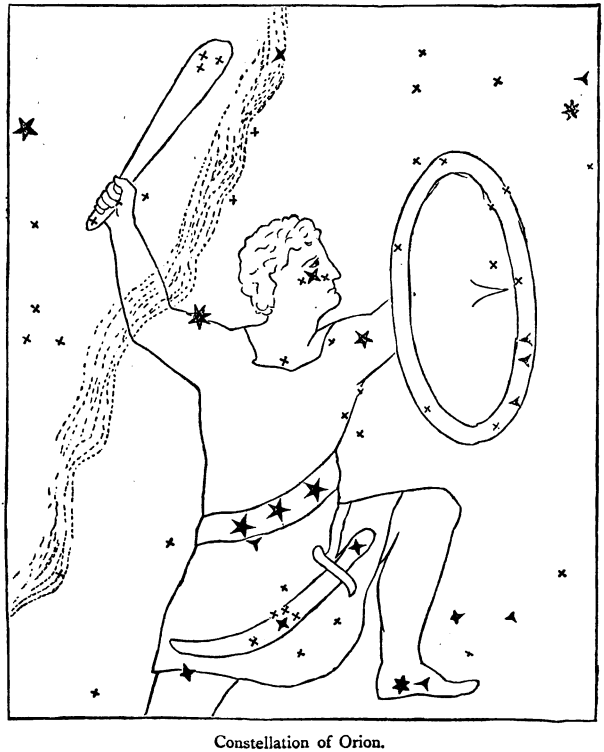
the daughter of Cassiopeia, should be given to this monster to be devoured. This shocking decree was about to be executed; Andromeda was bound to a rock, but just as the monster was coming up from the sea, Perseus, a famous hero, appeared and killed him, and thus rescued the beautiful Andromeda, whom he afterwards married.

I have told you this story with all its hard names merely to show you how these constellations were mixed up with mythology, for Cepheus, Perseus, and Andromeda are all to be found among the constellations, like Cassiopeia, but it would hardly interest you to have them pointed out.

Cassiopeia is represented seated on a throne, or chair of state. This constellation is sometimes called the *Lady in her Chair*, and sometimes simply the *Chair*. I leave you to decide, after you have found it, which is the best name for it.

We will next look at Orion. This is one of the most remarkable groups of stars visible to us, and many of you must already know something about it. It may be seen during the winter evenings towards the south. You can easily find it by means of the three bright stars in the belt, which are sometimes known as Jacob's Staff, and sometimes as the Three Kings.



Constellation of Orion.

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Even those of you who have heard this constellation called Orion will, I think, be somewhat surprised to see such a fully armed warrior as is here represented. You see he carries a sword, shield, and club, and seems to be in a desperate encounter with some unseen enemy.

According to the fable, Orion was a great warrior and hunter, and there are several stories of the manner in which he met his death, all in some way accounting for his having a place among the constellations. One story is that he impiously boasted to Diana, one of the Greek goddesses, that he could kill any animal that she could send against him, whereupon she sent a scorpion, which stung him on the heel and caused his death. Both the scorpion and Orion were then made constellations, to serve as a warning to boasters in the future. Another story is that he was a great friend of Diana, and used to hunt with her, and that she herself one day shot him accidentally, as he was wading with only his head above the water, mistaking him for some strange animal, and that when the waves rolled his body to the shore she bewailed her mistake with many tears, and placed him among the stars.

These stories and others like them, which I might tell you about the other constellations, are, as you well know, the purest fictions; but I think when you have examined these figures carefully, and have seen how very little resemblance there is to them among the stars, you too will want some explanation of them.

To many of you these figures will not be new. You have seen them on the chart, and others even more fanciful, and you have wondered what they were, and why you had such poor success in finding them among the real stars. There is a sort of mystery about them which I should be glad to clear up for you in part. Look for them as sharply as we will, we can see nothing like them. Here and there we may indeed imagine we can detect some faint resemblance to them, but it is very faint indeed, and we are quite sure that *we* should never have thought of looking for such shapes among the stars. How, then, did the ancients come to imagine them?

Would you like to hear how this happened, how men were first led to observe and name the stars, and how in time the whole heavens became marked up in this mysterious way? I think you would much rather I would tell you something about this than show you more pictures which you can find on any chart of the heavens, or tell you stories which you know are not true.

Let us begin by asking a question which you have not yet thought of asking, — What was the *use* of these constellations? When we have answered this, we shall be better able to understand how they came to be imagined in the first place.

It has hardly occurred to you that these strange things, which we never trouble ourselves about, except from curiosity, can ever have had a use, and yet they did anciently have a use, and a very important one it was, too. I doubt whether you could guess it, if you were to guess ever so long. There was, indeed, one use anciently made of the stars with which you are all

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acquainted. Before the invention of the compass, sailors steered their ships by them at night. But the use to which I refer was even more important than this, and led men to be constantly observing the stars. It was this. Anciently the stars enabled men to keep trace of the seasons, and thus, in a manner, regulated the common affairs of every-day life. Farmers told by them when it was time to sow and reap, and sailors, when they could venture with safety to launch their ships and begin their spring voyages, or when they must lay them up in port through fear of the autumn and winter storms. These constellations — I do not mean exactly the *figures*, but the groups of stars themselves and the names they bear — were as familiar to boys who lived two thousand years ago as are the days of the week and the months of the year to you. The stars were, in fact, the almanac of the ancients, for they had no almanacs like ours.

So you see these constellations must have been very useful indeed, although you do not yet see quite *how;* and you can see, too, why we take so little interest in them now, for we no longer have any such use for them. Our almanac, with its correct division of the year, is a much more convenient guide to us, and farmers as little think of looking at the stars to tell when to begin their spring work, as they do of setting up a sundial to tell the hours of the day. This is one of those cases in which new inventions or improvements have left on our hands such curious objects that we almost forget, sometimes, that they ever had a use, but are apt to judge from these old-fashioned things that our ancestors were a very queer people.

And now, having told you this, it would be unfair not to explain to you how the stars were anciently made to perform so valuable a service. I have some doubt about making you all understand this, but we will see.

I suppose you all know what produces the change of seasons; that this change is occasioned in *some way* by the earth's yearly revolution around the sun. You may not all be able to tell exactly in what way, and I am sorry that we shall have to leave this unexplained, but if you know the fact, as I think you do, you already have the key to the use made of the stars.

The earth travels around the sun; this causes the change of seasons; the ancients kept trace of this change by the stars; — put these three things together, and see if you cannot make something out of them.

The explanation is this. At different seasons we are on different sides of the sun, and as night is always on that side of the earth which is opposite to the sun, we consequently at different seasons see different sets of stars, or see them differently situated. If we were to select some particular hour for taking an observation of the heavens, — we will say an hour before daybreak, while the stars are still visible, — we should in summer and winter see opposite halves of the heavens, for you know we always see one half of the heavens at one time. The half which we should see in June is the half which in December is below the horizon, out of sight.*

* This is strictly true only of a narrow belt of the heavens lying midway between the two poles, for the region about the north pole is never out of sight, and that about the south pole is never in sight to us. But the statement is sufficiently correct to assist in forming a clear conception of what the annual change in the heavens is. At the equator it would be strictly true.

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The reason it is necessary to select some particular hour for taking this observation is, that, owing to the earth's revolution on its axis, we really have every night, between sunset and sunrise, a chance to see nearly the whole heavens, all except a narrow strip on either side of the sun. This I can hardly make clear to you, nor is it necessary to do so now. The reason I suggested an hour before daybreak — although any other, if we always took the same one, would have answered just as well — is because this was the hour preferred by the ancients.

This change in the appearance of the heavens takes place gradually as the seasons advance. Every morning we can see in the east a small portion of that half of the heavens which the morning previous was below the horizon, out of sight. New stars will consequently every successive morning be seen in the east, while those in the west will successively disappear. The heavens have thus an apparent annual as well as daily revolution.

This first appearance of a star or constellation in the east in the morning was called its *rising*, and its final disappearance at the same hour in the west was called its *setting*. You must not confound this with the *daily* rising and setting of the stars. The rising and setting of a constellation, as these terms were understood anciently, were its first and last appearance on the horizon at a particular hour of the morning, and took place in consequence of the apparent *annual* revolution of the heavens.

I can hardly hope to have made this clear to you all, but I cannot do better in a short space, and I have at least given you something to think about.

The constellations have each a particular season of the year for thus rising and setting, and the ancients were perfectly familiar with them all, and with all their movements. They knew which rose and which set in the spring, and which in the summer and autumn, as well as you do which months come in these seasons, and you can imagine how very useful this knowledge was to them. Instead of consulting an almanac to tell when to begin certain labors, as our farmers do, they were up bright and early to consult the stars, — to observe the rising or setting of some well-known constellation. For example, we read that among the Romans the rising of *Taurus*, or the Bull, which took place in the later part of April, was the guide followed in planting certain seeds, as beans, and in sowing clover and millet; and that on the setting of Boötes, in the beginning of November, certain winter grains were sown. Orion is another constellation frequently mentioned in ancient books. It was particularly useful to sailors, and is often called "the stormy Orion," because about the time of its setting dangerous storms might be expected.

But I have already said enough to show you the *use* anciently made of the constellations, and I hope you have received some new ideas about them. In another article I shall tell you something of their curious history, — how they were at first simply names for the stars, and how they gradually became mixed up with mythology, and assumed that strange character which has sometimes caused so much mystery.

George S. Jones.

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A DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT.

LOVEY and Kitty were gathering gold. Not illusive to them, surely, but fleeting and rather difficult of accumulation, for there was a merry wind about that tossed their treasure here and there, and tumbled their hair over their eyes when they ran for it.

Down in front of Gid's and Gussie's house there were rubies, and where the sunlight struck across them they glowed like flame; but the old trees at the head of the street showered only pure gold, — no stain or speck of red upon it. Lovey's hair was of this same color, but she liked rubies better, and after a while began to look longingly in their direction. Kitty thought gold was nice enough, and her mother had told her not to go as far as Gussie's house, so she played on delightedly; but Lovey stopped at last, ankle-deep in the rustling riches, and, pushing her hair away, looked up into the yellow trees and the blue October sky, which was just the color of her eyes, although she did not know it.

"There 's a great deal of it to fall yet, Kitty," she said. "I wish it would all come down at once, and cover us all up; we 'd be 'Babes in the Wood,' would n't we?"

"Oh!" said Kitty, stopping short and drawing up her breath. "Lovey Haines, we can *play* 'Babes in the Wood'!"

"How, Kitty?"

"Why, it 's in 'Our Young Folks,' and Winny said it would be *splendid*, and we 'd try it some time. She did n't tell me *edsactly* how, but it 's boys dressed up and hoppin' with bills and a feather duster, and red breasts, — and Winny laughed like everything, an' you don't speak, it 's *pants-o-mine*, you know, you just *do* things!"

"O, but there is n't no boys, Kitty!"

"Well, I know; but if only Gid could come, and Gussie."

"Let 's go and *get* them, Kitty Plummer!" exclaimed Lovey, dancing with delight.

"But mamma told me to stay right at home," said Kitty, sadly, her face falling.

"My mamma did n't tell *me* so," said Lovey, earnestly.

"But she told you to stay here, Lovey, with me, and Marjory 'd take care of us."

"No," Lovey protested. "She said, 'I 'm going to the sewing-circle with Mrs. Plummer this afternoon, Lovey, and you may stay with Kitty.' She never said I *must n't* go to Gussie's house!"

"Well!" assented Kitty, rather doubtfully; and Lovey bounded away.

She danced over the rubies, without so much as thinking of them, and met Gid with a heaped-up basket of apples at the back door.

"O Gid!" — breathless with eagerness, — "we want you and Gussie up to Kitty Plummer's."

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"What for? I 'm busy, Lovey, helping Tom gather apples," he answered, indifferently.

"Well, *any* way, I 'm goin' to ask your mamma"; and, running on into the kitchen, Lovey found the object of her search "preserving" pears, with little four-year-old Gussie pulling at her dress, and teasing for "anover taste."

"Yes, they *may* go a little while," said the tired mother, very willingly, in answer to Lovey's request, making at the same time a pretty little riding-hood of Gussie, by throwing over her head and shoulders a hooded red cape.

"Come, Gid; it 's some fun; Kitty 'll tell you, and we *must* have you," Lovey called; and he followed.

Kitty stood at the gate holding an old red shawl and a feather duster, furnished by Marjory.

"O Gid and Gussie," she called, "hurry up! They 're all gone, an' there 's nobody in our house but Marjory, and we 're goin' to play 'Babes in the Wood,' and you 're goin' to be the robin, Gid, coverin' us up with leaves, and this is what you 're fixed with, only there 's a bill on, and I 've forgot how. It 's in 'Our Young Folks,' and Winny read it."

"O yes, *I* know what you mean," said Gid, laughing. "It 's in the last one.* Get it, Kitty, quick, and let 's *see* how to make the bill."

"It 'll take her two hours to read it, if there 's long words in it," said Lovey, impatiently.

"Why, I know quite big words, Lovey Haines. I 'm 'most a month older 'n *you* are!"

"Yes, and when they let us play 'authors' once, you asked Charley if he had 'Another Trollope,' and he laughed till he rolled under the table," retorted Lovey.

"Ho! I s'pose she meant 'Anthony Trollope,'" said Gid, rather loftily.

Gid is eight years old, and is looked up to by the three little girls as a person of knowledge and experience; an illusion which he makes no effort to dispel.

"There, I 've thought!" cried Kitty, suddenly running to the kitchen again, and coming back with a tin tunnel.

"Fiddlestick!" exclaimed Gid; "I knew all the time what the bill was, only I could n't think. I 've got some good stout strings here somewhere." And, after removing several articles of personal property from his pockets, he brought to light some tarred cord.

"You must tie the shawl round me with this, girls, for the red breast. Tom told me how. Put the handle of the feather duster on my back, there, so. Now tie it round under my arms first, and then round my waist, tight and hard. Can you tie a good hard knot that won't slip, Kitty?"

"*Yes*," said Kitty, tugging at the string.

"There!" exclaimed Gid, after it was done; "my arms ought to have been tied in there out of sight. Who ever saw a four-legged bird?"

* See the number for October, 1872.

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"No, your arms must be *wings*," suggested Lovey. "You never can cover us up with that tunnel bill, and you 'll have to use your hands some way."

"O yes," said Kitty, taking off her little waterproof cape and throwing it over his shoulders. "There, let it hang over your arms. It 'll cover 'em up, and it *looks* some like wings, don't it, Lovey?"

Lovey affirmed that it did.

"Now for the bill," said Gid; and, taking the tunnel in his teeth so that it concealed his nose and a good part of his face, he stooped a little, flapped his wings, and gave a preliminary hop and chirp, at which Kitty and little Gussie fell down among the leaves screaming with laughter.

Lovey did not smile. She thought the "Babes in the Wood" a very affecting story, and was determined to see only the pathetic side of this pitiful robin.

"Why, girls, you *must n't* laugh!" she said. "Now we must be the 'Babes,' and he 'll come and cover us up."

"Where 's your cruel uncle?" said Gid, in a sepulchral voice, holding the tunnel with his wings, and speaking through it, "and your ruffians?"

"O, I forgot!" said sanguine little Kitty, musing a minute. "Well, we can't have only that part where the poor little babes are covered up with leaves, and —"

"And there 'll have to be three babies and only one robin; but he 's a stunner!" interrupted Gid, flapping and chirping again.

"O Gid," cried Gussie, laughing till the tears ran down her cheeks; "you don't sing like a *wobin*, you sing like a *cwow!*"

"Well, begin now," said Gid. "Go out there under the trees by the back yard where it looks more like the wood, and I 'll come from the hedge here." And in a few minutes there were three little forms cuddled down on the leaves, and the robin came hopping from the hedge.

"*Chirp!*" said the robin, stretching his neck, perking, and looking out sidelong.

"O dear me!" said poor little Gussie, exploding with laughter again. "If 't *wa' n't* for that tail, I know I could help it!"

"Be still," said Lovey, severely, mumbling face downward in the leaves. "Do you s'pose the dear little babies snickered when the robins came, Gussie Hale?"

"What did the wobins come for?" asked Gussie.

"Stop!" commanded Lovey.

"Where *wos* the babies?" persisted Gussie.

"Don't talk!" pleaded Lovey. "We 're dead!"

"Who 's dead? *I* won't!" said Gussie, sitting up suddenly and beginning to whine. "I wavver be a wobin. I don' want to be 'is!"

"Is there anybody at home?" said a voice; and, looking up, they saw a gentleman and a lady, with faces of imperturbable gravity, leaning over the hedge.

"No, sir," said Gid, dropping his beak, and twitching vainly at the feather

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duster. If only he had been a babe in the wood, covered never so deep with leaves!

"O, it 's Uncle Nat and Aunt Emily!" cried Kitty, scrambling up and running to meet them.

"Why, is it you, dear little Kitty?" said the lady. "We came from the depot and found the house deserted."

"No, Marjory 's in here somewhere; come right in," said Kitty, bustling away full of a new dignity, and followed by Lovey.

In a remote corner of the garden the robin plucked furiously at his plumage; and later an old red shawl, a tin tunnel, and a feather duster were found where the curtain fell.

Anna Boynton Averill.

A SOOTY THUNDERBOLT.

ONE August night, while our party was in the Katahdin region, our camp was on the crest of one of those long, bare, and rocky ridges to the north and northwest of the main peaks. Formerly this ridge had nourished a growth of lofty pines. Tall, weathered stubs, often fifty and seventy feet high, tower grimly from its ledgy, droughty summit; while hundreds of fallen trunks attest, like ruined columns, to a former grandeur. Only a few dwarfish sumachs, with here and there a green-black patch of scrub-spruce, can now find a root-hold.

Our fire was built in the lee of a large transient boulder of granite which in old glacial times had been pushed across from the "northeast peak." On the lower side of it grew a purple-budded clump of the sumachs, under the palm-like tops of which we proposed to make our "nests" for the night, of the dry brakes that had grown plentifully there last year, but from some cause had not sprouted during the present season.

The afternoon had been hot, the heats of that headachy, feverish sort which characterize a sultry August day. We were therefore not surprised, as we sipped our strong, black coffee, and ate our cold "bite," to hear the dull rumble of distant thunder, and see a dark bank of clouds looming in the northwest, from far over the inky expanse of Lake Chesuncook.

"Shower coming," Wash remarked. "We 're chalked for a ducking, unless we can contrive a shelter with our blankets against the rock," he added.

For the next fifteen minutes we were busy enough, bending the sumach stalks up against the side of the boulder, fastening them with flat stones, spreading the blankets over them, and placing more stones along the edges. Meanwhile, the cloudy mass came rolling grandly on. Night seemed to come with it. The air darkened. Bright lines gleamed far off in the

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gloom of the cloud. The thunder pealed out on a sudden startlingly nearer.

From our elevated position the coming of the shower over the dark forests and darker lake had a sublimity which inspired awe. To see it driving up so furiously, while as yet not a leaf stirred near us, unfolding strange and ghastly tints, and lighted by shuddering fires, the red flush of which shone distinctly down on the distant waters, made altogether a panorama grander than words can portray. Soon a misty wall of falling drops advanced across the landscape, heralded by a solemn, far-borne roar which half drowned the thunder.

We had stood gazing on the scene. A sudden gust plucked wildly at our hats, and tore and twisted the sumachs. The cloud was getting up overhead. Swift, vengeful flashes streamed out, followed by short, sharp peals. Then came a dazzling blaze; a deafening crash and roar burst forth with a hollow, awful rattling of the heavens. My eyes were aflame; but I caught fearful glimpses of a lofty stub, forty or fifty yards to the south of our camp, seemingly a pillar of bright fire. And then we all saw a great ball of flame, blue-bright and wondrous, rolling slowly toward us from the foot of the stub. *Slowly*, I say; for we all jumped away from out its path, and still saw it trundling up, no faster than a football, bobbing over the uneven ground. It touched a rough fragment of granite, a few yards from our shelter, and exploded with a loud *bang*, like the report of an overcharged musket. Squibs and arrows of flame darted about with a strong odor of ozone.

None of us were struck; we had got pretty well off from it ere it burst.

"A fire-ball!" Wash exclaimed.

"A clearly pronounced case of globular lightning!" was Raed's exultant comment.

"Set the stub afire," observed Wade.

Up near the top the slivered old trunk was bursting into blaze. The gusts made forked tongues stream out in the gathering darkness. Momentarily the sheeted, driving rain swept past. We dived into our shelter.

That was the last of the thunderbolt that night; but Raed waked us all at a very early hour next morning, bidding us come out and see where the "fire-globe" had burst against the fragment of rock. A spot as large as one's two hands was blackened. Soot had been deposited, enough to smut our fingers, and bits of a sooty substance lay sprinkled about.

Now if electricity be a mere *force*, as Tyndall and Faraday tell us, what blackened the rock? Where did the soot come from? Was it from substances which this electric *force* had collected in its passage through the air, — aerial particles of metallic and sulphurous dust?

We debated this question quite warmly that morning; but as we came to no very satisfactory conclusions, I shall leave it to the learned *papas* and *mammas* of our younger readers.

Unpublished "Camping Out" Sketches.

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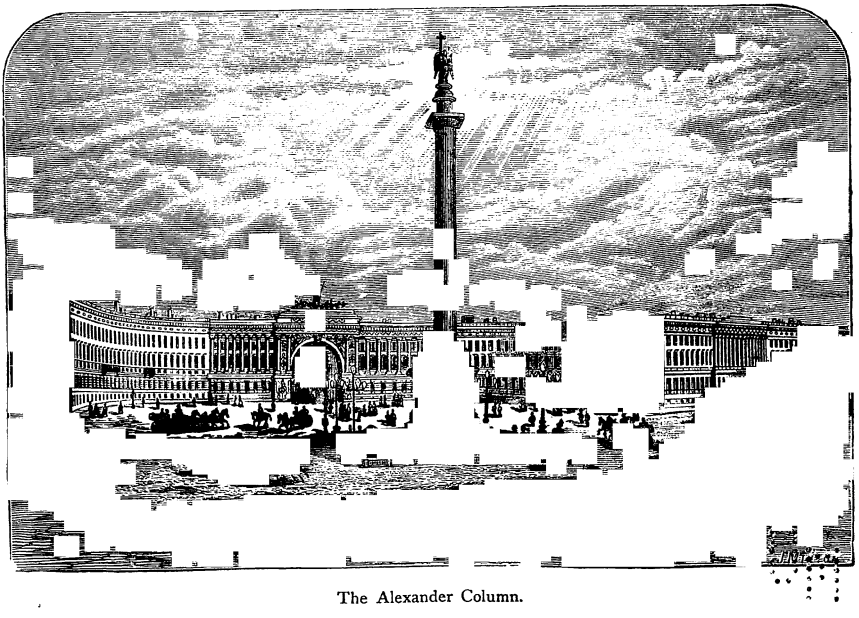
The Nicholas Bridge, &c.



The Alexander Column.

From the New Illustrated Edition of MISS PROCTER'S "*A Russian Journey.*"

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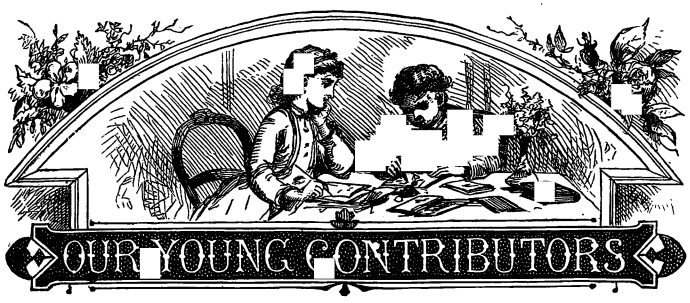

CARL'S PLAYTHINGS.

IN the city there is a street of tall brick houses, in which there are cheap lodgings for poor people. Behind one of these houses there is a little yard, where the noise of the street is only a subdued murmur, and tufts of grass spring up between the stones. It is surrounded on three sides by brick buildings, and on the fourth by a high wall, which in summer is half covered by a climbing honeysuckle that bears curious red flowers.

One June morning this place was in all its glory. In the corner some dandelions were blooming under a broken clothes-basket, pushing their brave yellow heads through the cracks and crevices, and in the fringe of grass along the foot of the wall was a pink clover-blossom. The honeysuckle was full of flowers, but the topmost branch, the most beautiful of all, had been broken off, and lay half withered on the ground. A large humming-top lay beside it, and a battered and solemn little horse on wheels looked on with amazement in his one round eye.

The old clothes-basket belonged to the German washerwoman who lived in one of the tenements, but the playthings were her little boy's. The honeysuckle was his, too. It had grown from a slip that his mother had brought, long ago, all the way from her garden in Germany, and Carl was proud of its strength and beauty.

One day in spring he had gone out to spin his top, and see if the honeysuckle had bloomed. Some of the buds had partly opened, and the air was filled with the fragrance. There was a blue square of sky above the yard, and Carl almost thought he heard a bird singing somewhere.

Looking up at the sky, he saw some one at an open window of the house opposite, — a little girl of five or six, wrapped in a shawl, looking wistfully down into the yard. Her face was white and thin, and the warm wind blew her hair around it, till she looked like one of those quaint old pictures of saints with patient, childish faces, and halos about their heads.

"Come down," cried Carl, — "come down, little girl, and play with me. I 'll let you spin my top ! "

But she only shook her head sadly, and presently the window was shut.

" She is sick," said Carl to himself. " Poor little girl ! "

It was delightful out there in the yard, it was so warm. The grass by the wall was almost as green and fresh as grass in the country, and the honeysuckle had come all the way from Germany.

Carl was looking at his top. It was rather worn and dingy, but then it had a wonderful hum. Except the little spotted horse on wheels, it was his only plaything. Presently he walked slowly towards the window under that at which he had seen

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the little girl. It was so warm that the window was open, and a woman sat there sewing.

Carl stood on tiptoe holding up the battered old top. "See!" he said to the woman: "it is a pity that the little girl up stairs can't come out; this is for her to play with." Then he ran away into the house.

Several days passed before he saw the little sick girl again. She was sitting at the window as before, but she seemed paler and thinner; when she saw Carl she smiled and nodded, and waved her hand to him. Carl was playing with the wooden horse, which he loved almost as well as the German honeysuckle. It was no wonder, for this fiery steed stood proudly on three legs, and was covered all over with round red spots, while amazement, and affection for Carl, gleamed in his single great eye.

Carl had fastened a dandelion on his head, and he was indeed splendid. The sick child thought so, for she stretched out her weak little arms towards him, and cried, "O, the pretty horse! the beautiful horse!"

Carl looked up at the window, and then at the wooden horse on wheels.

"Perhaps she would like—" he began; but then, suddenly throwing his arms around his old toy, whispered softly, "My dear, pretty Fritz, I can't give you up; I want you!"

No doubt Fritz looked much astonished, but the great dandelion fell over his eye and obscured it.

Carl played about the yard in the mild warm air some time, but he seemed to be thinking hard, and presently he began to talk confidentially to Fritz.

"Would you amuse the little girl? Would you be very quiet and good?"

Fritz said nothing, but he stood on three legs with a determined air, like the gallant steed he was, and the yellow flower gleamed on his forehead like gold.

Carl took him up, and carried him to the window, where the woman sat all the time at work. He pushed him slowly in, and, "It is for the little sick girl," he said, speaking very fast and thick.

It was summer now. There had been several hot days already, and the German honeysuckle was covered with flowers.

The little girl in the opposite house was too ill even to sit by the window, and Carl wandered up and down the little yard all alone.

When the topmost branch of the honeysuckle had bloomed, he broke it off for her, thinking that it might perhaps bring something of the beauty and fragrance of the summer-time into her dreary room. It was a fine branch of flowers, fresh and sweet-smelling; but as he gave it to the sewing-woman, he noticed a curious expression on her face. She held the flowers in her hand a moment, and then said, gently, "I guess, little boy, she will not want them now. She is dead."

Without looking into his frightened face, she gave him back the honeysuckle branch, and pushed the old top and the little horse on wheels into his unwilling hands.

He stood there, perplexed and awed, with the playthings in his arms, when his mother called sharply from the house, "Carl! Carl!"

He dropped everything, and ran in.

And this is why, on that June morning, a withered honeysuckle branch and a humming-top were lying on the ground in that little back yard, while a broken little horse on wheels looked pathetically on with his one round, bewildered eye.

Alice C. Osborne, age 14.

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ITALIAN PEASANTS.

In our geographies the people of Italy are usually characterized as a lazy, good-for-nothing set. And that there are lazy people in Italy is undeniable; nay, I will go so far as to admit that the beggars and lazzaroni are about the laziest people on the face of the globe. But there is another class of people, the contadini, or peasants, who may with equal truth be described as the most industrious.

The contadini — as perhaps you may know — are the agriculturists of Italy. Unlike our farmers, however, they do not own their ground or rent it from a landlord, but are employed *by* the landlord to till his ground, and he compensates them for their services by giving them a house rent free, and by dividing the profits of the podere, or farm, with them. Very few poderi, by the by, yield more than one hundred and fifty or two hundred dollars a year; and it is on the half of that sum that the contadino has to support his family, which is always a large one, eight or nine children being by no means an uncommon number. A podere often contains several hundred acres, and you will readily perceive that to cultivate it properly requires an immense deal of labor, particularly if you reflect that none of our modern improvements are known in Italy. Even the plough is used very sparingly, and only on that part of the podere where wheat is raised, — the greater part of the tilling being done with that most primitive of implements, the spade. It is indeed a wonderful, and to unaccustomed eyes rather a painful sight, to see a whole family of contadini, men, women, and children, each with spade in hand, toiling away the whole day long with the thermometer at 90° odd in the shade. Perhaps you will be surprised at the idea of the women sharing their husbands' labors in the field; but, indeed, the contadine (that 's the feminine plural of the noun contadino) are even more industrious than their lords and masters. It is a positive fact that, except when at their meals or in bed, they are always busy at something. When their day's work in the field is over, they either take out their straw platting or their knitting, or else sit down by those old-fashioned implements, the distaff and the spindle. The very smallest children also have to contribute their mite of labor. Almost as soon as they can walk they are made to perform small jobs about the house and yard.

Naturally, they have little or no time for study, and you very rarely meet a contadino who can either read or write, although there are excellent public schools in every village, no matter how small. But then, where ignorance is bliss, you know, 't is folly to be wise, and I really don't see that learning would do them any good. True, they have that fault common to all ignorant people, namely, superstition; but then, who would exchange their blind, unswerving belief in everything they see and hear for the cold, calculating scepticism prevailing in more learned communities? As to morals, they are the most simple, innocent, and guileless people it has ever been my lot to meet. Admirers of George Eliot's novels will remember the character of "Tessa" in "Romola"; and, indeed, she is not an exceptional case, but a type of the whole class.

I have mentioned that the landlord gives the contadino a house free of rent, and this house is indeed a marvel to see. It 's nothing like the comfortable, cosey little cot in which the humbler American dwells, but a great irregular mass of stone (a far cheaper material in Italy than either brick or wood), partitioned off in the interior into a few large rooms. The front door generally opens right into the bake-room, where the huge brick oven is. The reason this oven is made so large is, that bread is baked in it only about once every three months, and, therefore, enough has to be baked at one time to last until the next bake-day comes round. At the side of the

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bake-room is a really immense room, which serves the triple purpose of kitchen, parlor, and dining-room. In the middle of this room is a table of the rudest possible fashion, which, with a few straw-bottomed chairs and perhaps a cheap print or two, is all the furniture it can boast of. The bedrooms are up stairs, and are of somewhat smaller dimensions. At first sight all these rooms appear to be as squalid and dirty as possible; but if you look into the matter, you 'll find that this is not on account of the contadino's want of cleanliness, — he washes and scrubs them faithfully enough, — but because such houses cannot be kept clean. Many of them are nearly a thousand years old, and all the washing and scrubbing in the world won't wash out the marks imprinted by the finger of Time. Then, from some cause which I don't pretend to understand, the chimneys are so faultily constructed that they won't draw well, and the smoke from the oven and the kitchen fire blackens the walls in a way which nothing can efface, besides filling the house with a very unpleasant odor.

Meat is very little eaten by the contadini, being considered too great a luxury for any day but Sunday. They subsist chiefly on vegetables, and a preparation of chestnut flour, which is quite a palatable mess. Butter is not used by them at all, but they spread their bread with olive-oil instead. Even the very poorest of them always have a flask of wine for dinner; and yet, to do them justice, they are the soberest people in the world, and such a thing as a drunkard among them is absolutely unknown.

As to their dress, the picturesque costume which you have perhaps been accustomed to associate with the Italians of the lower classes has long ago been discarded, and the outer man of the contadino now differs very little from that of any other civilized being, except that it 's always as full of holes as a pepper-box. The contadino, indeed, is a great believer in the proverb of "Waste not, want not." He 'll wear the same old coat for years, and when at last it has become so ragged as to be literally unwearable, he 'll hand it over to his better-half, who will manage to make some kind of a jacket out of it for one of her sons; and when it 's become too small for him it will go to his younger brother, and in this way will run through the whole family. When at last all the sons have outgrown it, it will be handed down to the grandsons. After a while it will drop off the wearer's back from sheer inability of the shreds to keep together. But its reign of usefulness will not yet be over. The mother, after having soundly drubbed the last wearer for the shameful way in which he has maltreated his clothes, will cut out all the best pieces, and put them carefully away to serve as patches in other garments whenever needed. Then the remnants will be tied to a stick and placed in the podere as a scare-crow.

It 's just the same way with the clothes of the females; they are all handed down from one generation to another. But then, besides their every-day dresses, the contadine (fem. pl.) have one dress in common, which the simple creatures all unite in believing the most gorgeous thing of its kind ever seen. It is a white muslin dress, with a lace veil, and a wreath of flowers of the same color.

This is worn by all the daughters successively at their first communion and weddings, becoming the property of the one last married.

Being used so seldom, it 's natural that these dresses should last for a long time, and, in fact, it 's not unusual to find one which is over two hundred years old.

Well, then, to conclude, the contadini are a sober, industrious, and honest class of people; not assuredly without their faults, but still, in their own way, very useful members of society.

Wm. S. Walsh.

Camden, N. J.

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THE CANDY FROLIC.

"O DEAR! what shall we do next? I am *so* tired of watching the rain, and I 've played circus until I am tired, and Tom has won all my marbles, and there 's nothing else to do." And Dick sighed disconsolately at the dreary aspect of things in general.

"Well, I 'm sure I don't know," said Bess. "Nor I," echoed Fanny. While little Nell said hopefully, "Ask mamma; she 'll know; she always does." So off started these three restless mortals for the sitting-room, where they poured their troubles into mamma's sympathizing ear.

"Well, my dears," said she, "suppose you make molasses candy. I used to think that great fun when I was a little girl."

"O goody!" said Dick, standing on his head by way of expressing his satisfaction, while the girls declared that mamma had thought of just the nicest plan imaginable, and Nell said triumphantly, "I told you so."

"Now go to the kitchen and ask 'cook' if she will have you there, and then all of you put on big aprons, and I will come and see that you begin right." They did so, and "cook" having consented on condition that she should have some of the candy, they were soon busy at work. Tom and Fanny were deputed to prepare the nuts, while Dick and Bess presided over the molasses kettle, and Nell flew around with a large spoon in her hand, alternately dipping it into the candy and popping it into her mouth, declaring with a wise look that she thought it was n't sweet enough. Things went on very prosperously for a while, although Tom did now and then hammer his fingers instead of the nuts, and Dick and Bess nearly upset the whole kettle of molasses in their endeavors to get it on to the front of the stove. But the molasses was determined to do its best, and boiled with all its might, bubbled, and tried to get out of the kettle, until, after dropping it into water several times, Dick announced, with a solemnity befitting the occasion, that it "was done," and called for the pans. Bess made a frantic rush for the pantry, and brought out two pie-pans, a pudding-dish, and a tin pail; into these the candy was poured and taken to the cellar to cool, while the children sat down and tried to make the time pass quickly by telling stories, until it should be hard.

Just in the middle of a frightful "ghost story," Tom declared he heard a noise in the cellar, and they all hastened to the spot to look after the precious candy. Dick arrived there first, and set up a doleful cry which was followed by a sharp "Scat!" The others followed, and a sad spectacle met their gaze. It seems that Tabby and her three kittens made their home in the cellar, and had accidentally stepped into the pans of soft candy. As it was rather warm, they tried their best to get out, but that was n't so easy as getting in, and there they were obliged to remain, mewing piteously, while poor Tabby ran around in great distress, and in her frantic endeavors to help them had made the noise which raised the alarm.

The kittens were soon extricated by tender-hearted Nell, while the others examined the state of the candy. Fortunately, that in the pail was untouched; "For which, O, let us be thankful!" said Bess.

"But it is so soft!" groaned Fanny. "I 'm afraid it ought to have been put in something more shallow." However, they made the best of it, and carried the rescued candy up stairs, where the whole family were invited to partake of it, which they did, and praised it very highly, although it *was* rather soft, to be sure; but, as mamma said soothingly, "accidents will happen in the best regulated families."

Madge, age 15.

LONG BRANCH, N. J.

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MUSICAL BOXES.

ALMOST the last words I heard before leaving New York last spring were, "Now be sure to see the Musical Boxes when you get to Geneva." So, when I came to Geneva, I went round from one shop to another looking at them; but I did not see anything very remarkable until one day, sauntering along the promenade, I dropped myself into a shop and asked for musical boxes of the pretty, vivacious little French girl at the counter.

After looking at some which were exactly like others that I had seen again and again, I asked for a certain air which they had not in stock. Instantly my little French girl did a most sensible thing; she rushed off in the manner of vivacious French girls, and returned with a small brown card bearing in its centre the picture of a musical box, and below the picture, — *Fabricant de Pièces à musique en tous genres, Rue Pradier, No.* 7. Here, then, was the magical bit of pasteboard that, unknown to myself, was to admit me to the Palace of Musical Wonders.

Directed where to find the "No. 7, Rue Pradier" by the same obliging person, I started on my quest, and came at last upon a shabby workshop full of brass and iron and bare-armed workmen, one of whom put me on the right road by pointing to a door at the end of a long passage. This door bore upon it in broad, black letters, *Salon à vente;* and on opening it I found myself in the salesroom of the factory.

Here, in two small but neatly furnished rooms, were some of those musical wonders that have made Geneva famous the world over. Here were to be bought musical boxes of all kinds, from the child's toy for ten francs to the great piano-like boxes costing five hundred times as much. Round the walls were ranged shelves filled with boxes of all sizes, shapes, and tunes. On the tables, too, were musical boxes; on the mantel-pieces, on the floor, here and there and everywhere, lay the boxes in magnificent profusion, and holding silent within their polished walls no end of pretty tunes.

A salesman who spoke remarkably good English showed us, in company with several others, the remarkable features of the rooms. By one of the windows hung two wicker cages, each containing a canary bird. But what, in the name of wonder, can that thing sticking out at the side be? Presently up comes our conductor, and grasping the "thing" commences turning it. Sure enough, it 's a key, and he 's winding up the little songster, which forthwith begins to sing, fluttering at the same time its tail-feathers, and turning its head from side to side in the most natural way imaginable. This bird would continue, we were told, to sing at intervals for two hours just like a real canary, only better. It cost six hundred francs. Our eyes were next drawn to several bottles and decanters which adorned a sideboard. The guide picked up one of them, and, on his turning it bottom up, it immediately began to play "Coming thro' the Rye." It was intended for wine, and when your guest filled his glass by inverting the bottle, his ears would be saluted with music. It would puzzle any one not in the secret to tell whence the music came; for the bottle is perfectly transparent except in one place, the bottom, which is ground until the glass becomes opaque, and in the hollow of which the musical box is placed.

Next came a cigar and wineglass stand, which played when opened, and stopped when it was closed. Ladies' work-boxes and photograph albums addicted to the same pleasing habits were strewn broadcast over the tables, to say nothing of purses that, when you opened them to take money out, played an appropriate air; perhaps "Coal-Oil Johnny," or "Tommy Dodd."

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Just in front of a handsome mirror rested two porcelain flower-pots containing each a small nondescript vegetable, on which was perched an equally nondescript bird. These, too, were subjected to the winding-up process, and the birds thereupon began shaking their tails, fluttering and whistling in a most surprising and unheard-of manner.

By this time we had arrived at the musical boxes properly so called, and we certainly heard a great variety. During the performance of one of the large boxes, a very stout lady, exhausted by her sight-seeing and hearing, seated herself in one of the handsome arm-chairs that were scattered through the rooms. No sooner had she done so than the air was filled with discord; for she had inadvertently sat upon a musical chair, which instantly began to play a tune, like the famous seats at the Round Table, which filled the air with music when the chosen knight sat upon them.

One of the finest boxes we saw, or rather heard, was one containing a complete orchestra with sets of bells, anvils, drums, and trumpets. To hear this splendid piece of workmanship perform an operatic air was almost equal to hearing a real orchestra. Everything came in with perfect accord. It played the "Soldier's Chorus" from Faust for us; it was simply superb; the rattle of the miniature drums, the blast of the tiny trumpets, were all given to perfection, and with splendid effect.

T. B. Stork.

BABY'S WISDOM AND RICHES.

O YOU grown folks with your wisdom,
You don't know what Baby knows,—
You have never seen the fairies
In the lily and the rose.
You have never heard their whispers
As they hover in the air;
Only Baby hears them ever,
All for him their stories rare.

When you hear the merry robins
Singing in the garden near,
Do you ever know the meaning
Of their songs so sweet and clear?
Ah! when Baby, smiling, listens,
With his blue eyes shining bright,
He can understand their carols,
He can heed their songs aright.

When the butterflies come sailing
Through the air on purple wings,
In his ear they whisper many
Beautiful and lovely things;
And he sees the fairies hiding
In the lily and the rose;
Ah, you grown folks with your wisdom,
You don't know what Baby knows!

O you grown folks with your riches,
Jewels, silver, precious gold,
You are not so rich as Baby,
Treasures great his small hands hold.
For the buttercups are golden,
And the daisies silver white,
And the dewdrop in the morning
Is a jewel diamond-bright.

O you grown folks with your wisdom,
Do not spoil these visions bright;
Soon the world will close around him,
Shutting out the glorious sight.
Soon he 'll mingle in its pleasures,
And forget the fairies' words;
But till then, I pray you, leave him
With the flowers and the birds.

Alice Maude, age 14.

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LOVE IN AMBUSH. — A PANTOMIME.

THIS pantomime can be produced in any room, without rehearsal, and with but very little trouble, by children or adults. If convenient, a waltz should be played upon a piano, and the performers should keep time with it in their motions.

PERSONS AND COSTUMES.

STEPHEN, *the father. Dressing-gown, spectacles, cane, hair powdered with flour, coat, shawl, and hat.*

FRANK, *the lover. Dress-coat, cane, eye-glass, straw hat.*

JENNY. *Calico dress, white apron.*

A table; ironing board, or any other board (or boards pieced together for the purpose) about the size of the top of table; clothes-basket standing on a candle-box; flat-iron; some towels in the basket; a sheet, or large table-cloth; two chairs, a newspaper, sheet of paper, pen, empty inkstand, three envelopes with letters inside.

Jenny enters, places table in centre of room, puts board upon it, spreads cloth over so it reaches the floor, takes towels from basket and irons them, goes to the door, comes back to her work, and repeats this action twice, as if expecting a visitor.

Stephen enters slowly, leaning on his cane, and sits down in a chair at the left of table; unfolds his newspaper, and begins to read. Jenny makes gestures of disappointment, and goes often to the door. Stephen motions to her to attend to her work. She begins to iron, stopping to go toward the door when his eyes are fixed on the paper. She seems anxious to get Stephen away, and takes a pattern of calico from her pocket, motioning him to go and buy some. Stephen feels in his pockets, and shakes his head. A knock is heard at the door. Jenny seems very impatient; Stephen again directs her to work. She takes a letter from her pocket; motions to him that it is time for him to go for the mail. He seems unwilling; the knocks continue. Jenny goes for his hat, coat, and shawl, hastily puts them on him, and pushes him to the door. As Stephen goes out, she pulls Frank in behind his back, and locks the door.

Jenny and Frank shake hands energetically several times; she places two chairs close together; they sit down and look lovingly at each other; Frank kneels down and takes her hand, holding his other hand on his heart.

Loud knocks at the door. They take the board and the cloth off the table, and carry the table out of the room by another door. Frank then places his hands and knees on the candle-box, which is placed just where the table had stood. His head is toward the right. Jenny places the board upon his back, and covers it with the cloth,

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which must reach the floor, so that the table thus formed resembles the other one very closely. She runs to the door, and lets in Stephen, who seems very cold and cross.

He takes off his hat and shawl, and draws a chair slowly up to the left of the table. Just as he sits down Frank kicks away the chair, and he sits upon the floor. He gets up, shakes his fist at Jenny, who motions that she did not do it, as she was very busy ironing. He draws up the chair again, with a like result. Then Jenny holds the chair until he sits down. Stephen opens and reads his letters. Jenny seems to be talking with Frank, who shows his head at right end of table, and seems tired. Jenny motions him to keep still.

Stephen goes for pen, ink, and paper, and begins to write. Frank becomes tired, and moves the table up and down violently. Stephen shakes his fist at Jenny; seems telling her not to shake the table. She continues her work, and when Stephen begins again to write, the table moves again. Stephen gets up, and picks up Frank's hat from the floor; shows it to Jenny, who tries to make him think it is his own. He shakes his head. She then puts it on as if it were her own. Stephen pokes about with his cane, and goes all over the room. When he goes by left of table, Frank kicks him; he falls, then jumps up and pushes under the table with his cane. Frank rises to his feet, throws the cloth over Stephen's head, and runs away followed by Jenny. Stephen pursues them out of the room.

Arranged by G. B. Bartlett.

WORD SQUARE. — No. 1.

A market.
A definite space.
A farmer's duty.
A useful article. *Belle Vannevar.*

CHARADE. — No. 2.

When "shades of night are falling fast,"
My *second* on the fire we cast,
And gather round with book and game;
Then flickers with unsteady flame
My *first*, while on my *whole* it stands,
An emblem of life's wasting sands.

M. S. T.

BEHEADINGS. — No 3.

Behead a craft, and leave a kind of grain. Behead again, and leave a preposition. Again, and behold a kind of drink.

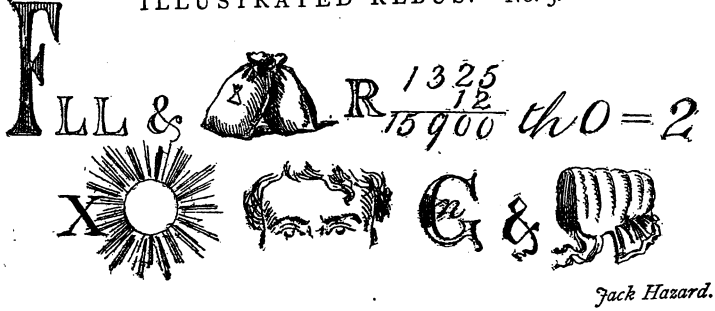
Walter Cushing.

WORD SQUARE. — No. 4.

My *first* is a meeting of sellers for trade.
My *second* is a town where woollens are made.
My *third* is a hard and durable metal.
My *fourth* is for tenants with landlords to settle.

Paul E. Marshall.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 5.



Jack Hazard.

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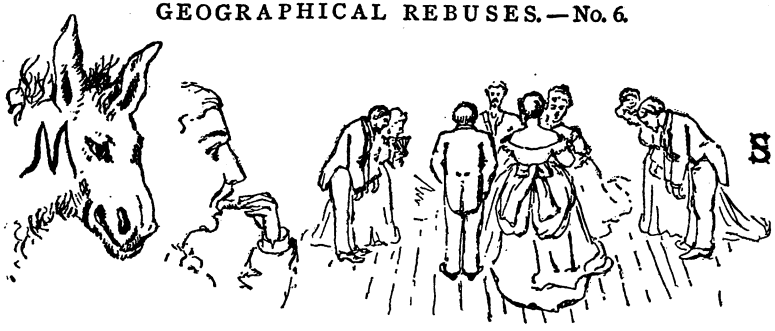
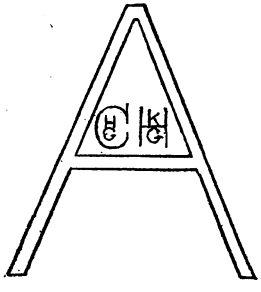
GEOGRAPHICAL REBUSES. — No. 6.



Ed. Ward.

No. 7.



W. Loew.

WORD SQUARE. — No. 8.

Close.
Rest.
Requests.
Quiet. *Ida E. W.*

ANIMALS FOR ANY ONE. — No. 9.

1. What animal would a city like?
2. What animals did Dido like?
3. What animals do English yachtsmen like?
4. What animal does the border ruffian like?
5. What animals would an Irish Pope like?
6. What animal does a bald man like?
7. What animal do we all like for supper?
8. What animals does the miser like?
9. What animal do boarding-house keepers like? *Jack Straw.*

WORD SQUARE. — No. 10.

1. A kind of fish.
2. Crippled.
3. A response.
4. To repair.

Grace and Maude.

ENIGMA. — No. 11.

I am composed of 8 letters.
My 3, 8, 5, is an animal.
My 5, 2, 3, is made from a tree.
My 1, 4, 3, 8, is a girl's name.
My 6, 8, 3, belongs to a boat.
My 7, 4, 1, is something we burn.
My whole is a summer resort.

Mary Hayes, age 11.

BURIED HEROES. — No 12.

1. The Essequibo, one of the rivers of South America, flows in a northerly course.
2. The whole family of the colonel, son, daughter, and wife, were there.
3. It is better that one should suffer alone than all endure the evil.
4. The children's acorn wall is ingenious and picturesque.
5. The King of Beasts bade Cat urge Dog and Rat do their duty.
6. When you have locked the door, come to your dinner.
7. You must put names enough to fill up the list.
8. The blind man has to beg monthly to make up his rent.

Helen F. More.

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A ROLL OF CLOTH. — No. 13.

1. Has Annie ever heard of Iconium? the Biblical Iconium, I mean.

2. We saw a snake while we were in the woods, and were much frightened; but Basil killed it with a stone.

3. If you want something to drive that nail in with, there is a hammer in our kitchen cupboard.

4. I went with Henry Prescott on a trip from New York to Niagara Falls.

5. The drama will be rehearsed to-night; do you know your part, Adela, in Evangeline?

6. When you pass through this thicket, look out for your scalp; acanthas are prickly.

7. I opened the door, and met the butcher bringing ham for dinner.

8. Last night there was a grand revel; veteran and youth were there.

9. You 've got a bite; draw in your line, Nell. *Lillian F. W.*

CURIOUS COMPARISON. — No. 14.

Positive.

The prisoner pays the counsellor, a man
of mighty mind:
"Not guilty!" is the verdict that the jury
soon will find.

Comparative.

But when he 's first accused of crime, how
great is his alarm!
He trembles and he quakes with fright, —
but now he 's free from harm.

Superlative.

In gratitude he spreads the board, and
asks the people all
To join with him in taking cheer within
the banquet hall.

Jack Straw.

ENIGMAS. — No. 15.

I am composed of 11 letters.

My 1st is found in her dimples, where witchery lies.

My 2d in her nose turned up when a beau she spies.

My 3d is found in her locks and wavy curls.

My 4th in the trim parasol she jauntily whirls.

My 5th in the nosegay she bears with the air of a flirt.

My 6th in the velvet that borders her gathered-up skirt.

My 7th is found in her heart, but not in her mind.

My 8th in the ribbons that trail and draggle behind.

My 9th in the damask she daily puts on to her face,

In her diamonds, and in her cards in their ivory case.

My 10th in her eyes and her ears, her fingers and toes.

My 11th in her hands, her knuckles, her rings, and her nose.

The *whole* is a lady whose two-fold fame is complete,

First known in a story, then often seen on the street.

Bessie.

NAMES OF BIRDS. — No. 16.

1. A metal, a letter, and a measure.

2. A color and a letter.

3. A period of time, a preposition, and a wind-storm.

4. To separate, and an elevation.

5. A boy's nickname and a preposition.

Ellie.

ANSWERS.

169. Peat, neat, seat, feat, meat.

170.
I R O N
R I D E
O D E S
N E S T

171. 1. Hayti. 2. Porto Rico. 3. Newfoundland. 4. Bermuda. 5. Zealand. 6. Ceylon. 7. Borneo.

172. "Many a little makes a mickle."

173. Book, nook, look, rook, cook.

174. Cornwallis.

175. Kansas.

176. "Essay on Man," *by* Pope.

177. It 's *rectilinear* (wreck, teal, *in* E R).

178. A little darkey (dark E) in distress.

179. Rheumatic, — attic room.

180. Raphael.

181. 1. H. W. Bellows, H. W. Beecher. 2. Martin Luther. 3. H. B. Stowe. 4. Charles Dickens. 5. William Wordsworth. 6. U. S. Grant. 7. George F. Train. 8. Abraham Lincoln. 9. Thomas Carlyle. 10. Michael Angelo. 11. W. T. Sherman. 12. W. H. Prescott. 13. W. H. Seward. 14. O. W. Holmes. 15. Our Young Folks.

182. Tomsk, Omsk.

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IN answer to many inquiries from distant friends, we are happy to state that the publishing house, from which this magazine goes forth on its monthly visits, was *not* consumed in the great Boston fire. The sea of flame rolled fearfully near us, and at one time it seemed as if all this part of the city must go down in the raging gulf that swallowed granite walls as if they had been pasteboard; but gunpowder, steam fire-engines, and an unlimited supply of Cochituate water at last prevailed.

It was one of the great fires of this continent, — indeed, one of the great fires of the world. In a few hours property to the amount of *one hundred million dollars* was destroyed. The finest business part of Boston, with its truly magnificent blocks, — literally palaces of stone and iron, — was swept away by the fiery tornado. Where towered those proud streets, nothing is now to be seen but tumbled, blackened ruins. Hundreds of prosperous merchants saw all their brilliant prospects vanish in an instant; numbers were made homeless; and thousands of men and women and boys and girls, depending upon their daily labor for support, were thrown out of employment.

But this terrible calamity has also its gratifying aspects; and when we see the glorious spirit of old Boston rising up undismayed, triumphant over disaster, and still more when we see how the heart of the whole country is thrilled with sympathy, — cities vying with each other in sending proffers of aid, — Chicago, so lately herself a sufferer, hastening to succor the houseless and impoverished; — when we witness all this, we thank God for the noble traits of humanity which, often unseen in the day of prosperity, come out in adversity like stars in the night.

The publishers of "Our Young Folks" met with heavy losses in plates, presses, etc., which were in the burnt district; but (as we set out to say) nothing essential to the prosperous continuance of this and their other periodicals was lost. And so we are enabled once more to send out from our comfortable corner a happy, a grateful New Year's greeting to all our friends.

SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.

EDITORS OF "OUR YOUNG FOLKS": —

As we think little benefit is derived from miscellaneous reading, we wish to begin a systematic course; and, as we know of no one more competent to give advice on the subject, we come to you for aid, and would be very grateful for any suggestion you may give us.

Yours truly,

THE "BOOPER LADY,"
"BELLA WILFER,"
"AMY ROBSART."

MONMOUTH, ILL., October 7, 1872.

EDITORS OF "OUR YOUNG FOLKS": —

I am a constant reader of your delightful magazine, and I think, of course, that it is the best one published. . . . .

I would like to ask you what course of reading you would recommend as likely to prove most advantageous to me. I am (as perhaps I should have told you before) thirteen years of age. Although I am very fond of reading, I have never entered upon a regular course. I have usually been in the habit of picking up any book I come across, and if I think it will be a good one I read it, and then lay it aside for another. But I am doubtful as to whether that is the most instructive plan, and I should be pleased to know what you think of it, and what books you would begin on.

Yours truly,

"FRANK."

We have recently received several letters like the two given above; as it is impossible to answer each separately, we will here say a few words to all interested in the important subject of reading.

In the first place, read carefully Rev. E. E. Hale's two papers entitled "How to Read," published in the August and October numbers of "Our Young Folks," 1869. If you have not the numbers, send to the publishers for them. We can add little to the excellent counsel he gives you there. He does not choose books for you, for he does not know each reader's peculiar wants; but he tells you how to choose them for yourselves; and he indicates different courses of reading for persons of different tastes.

A little choice fiction and miscellaneous reading is to be recommended to every one who has the time for it. But no one aiming at self-culture should stop there. Whatever course of general reading you adopt, there are certain books which you cannot afford to neglect. A little history, biography, and popular science are necessary to

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every one. If you wish to make an easy step from romance to fact, read Macaulay's, Motley's, Prescott's, Irving's, Parkman's, historical works, which you will often find more interesting than any fiction. With the history of your own country you will of course acquaint yourself. The lives of eminent men and women are always instructive; and so are good books of travel. Read the poets, not carelessly, but studiously, — especially Milton, Pope, Goldsmith, Wordsworth, Burns, Scott, Byron, Coleridge, Keats, Tennyson, and our own Bryant, Whittier, Longfellow, etc. Master a single play of Shakespeare's, — say The Tempest; get to understand the imagery, the characters, the art of its construction, and to feel the spirit that pervades the whole, and you will already have accomplished a great thing for your mental cultivation. Read the essays of Elia (Charles Lamb), and those of Carlyle if you are up to them. You will have touched the flower of human genius when you have learned to appreciate Emerson.

To many minds much modern scientific writing is as interesting as romance; and to all who have any taste that way we would recommend the works of Lyell, Tyndall, Darwin, and Hugh Miller. Almost every one will find the books in Scribner and Company's Wonder Library both entertaining and instructive.

In conclusion, remember that any book worth reading at all is worth reading more than once. A great help will be found in good books of reference, — particularly a good dictionary, an atlas of the world, and a cyclopædia, in which one should always, if possible, look for explanations of those things in his reading which he does not readily understand.

Lizzie L. Smith sends us the following receipt for making skeleton leaves; it came with an answer to the question regarding leaves and ferns, too late for notice last month.

"First dissolve four ounces of common washing-soda in a quart of boiling water; then add two ounces of slacked quicklime, and boil for about fifteen minutes. Allow the solution to cool; afterward pour off all the clear liquor into a clean saucepan. When this liquor is at its boiling point, place the leaves in the pan, and boil the whole together for an hour, adding from time to time enough water to make up for the loss of evaporation. The epidermis and parenchyma of some leaves will more readily separate than others. A good test is to try the leaves after they have been gently boiling for an hour, and if the cellular matter does not easily rub off betwixt the thumb and finger beneath cold water, boil them again for a short time. When the fleshy matter is found to be sufficiently softened, rub them separately but very gently beneath cold water, until the perfect skeleton is exposed. The skeletons, at first, are of a dirty white color; to make them of a pure white, and therefore more beautiful, all that is necessary is to bleach them in a weak solution of chloride of lime, — a large teaspoonful of chloride of lime to a quart of water; if a few drops of vinegar are added to the solution, it is all the better, for then the free chloride is liberated. Do not allow them to remain too long in the bleaching-liquor, or they become too brittle, and cannot be handled without injury. About fifteen minutes will be sufficient to make them white and clean looking. Dry the specimens in white blotting paper, beneath a gentle pressure. Simple leaves are the best for young beginners to experiment upon; the vine, poplar, the beach, ivy leaves, make excellent skeletons. Care must be exercised in the selection of leaves, as well as the period of the year, and the state of the atmosphere when the specimens are collected, otherwise failure will be the result. The best months to gather the specimens are July and August. Never collect specimens in damp weather; and none but perfectly matured leaves ought to be selected."

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

I did not notice Alice C. Tuck's question about preserving leaves, or I would have answered it before. But if it will not be out of order, I wish this might be inserted in the January number, as I think that it is prettier than any described in the December: —

Put two or three large cakes of white wax into a kettle, placed on the stove where it will be as hot as possible *without* boiling. Dip the bright autumn leaves into this, and then shake them over a paper to shake off any drops. They will dry in a few moments, and, not having been pressed, will keep their natural shape. These will last until the next season.

G. S. T.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

I want to tell you something about Versailles, where I am spending the summer. The palace and park are the objects of the greatest interest; I suppose you all know who built and laid them out; Louis XIV., "le Grand Monarque," whose reign was one of the most glorious for France.

As you enter the main court, from the "Avenue de Paris," you will observe that it is adorned with numerous statues of the warriors and admirals of France, — Turenne, Condé, Duguesclin, etc. At the upper end of the court is the palace, built of red brick and white marble, with those peculiar French roofs which are so common in this country. On the two wings of the palace are inscribed these words: "A Toutes les Gloires de la France." Directly in front of the palace is the statue of Louis XIV. in bronze, on horseback, and larger than life.

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Among the many rooms and halls in the interior of the building is a long corridor, containing all the statues and busts of the kings of France. There is also the "Salle de l'Opéra"; the chapel, beautifully gilded and painted; and the chamber of Louis XVI., husband to the beautiful queen Marie-Antoinette. They were both beheaded in the "Place de la Concorde," in Paris. And there are many other interesting apartments and picture-galleries, particularly the "salon" of the king, that faces the park, which is behind the palace.

The park is remarkable for its fountains, statues, etc. Some of the former are very elegant; such as the "Bassin de Latone," which throws up water to the height of twenty feet, intermingled with a hundred little jets; then again the "Grotto of Apollo," which is very pretty; it represents Apollo in his Grotto, and surrounded by the seven Muses, who are washing his feet and bringing fresh water from one of the many cascades that come out of the rock. But the finest and most beautiful one is the "Bassin de Neptune," which has more than two hundred fountains, each jet above fifty feet in height. It is considered one of the largest and most powerful waterworks in the world. These fountains play once a month in summer, and it is very picturesque to see the colored dresses of the military, and the swarms of people gathered round the many "bosquets" and flower-gardens and waterworks.

There are still the palaces of the "Trianons," where Marie Antoinette had her Swiss farm, and used to amuse herself with feeding the poultry. But now I am afraid of making my article too long, so I will leave the farm and "Trianons" for another time.

FLEMING TUCKERMAN, *age* 13½.

GREENVILLE, N. J., October 28, 1872.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS":—

Will you or some of your readers kindly tell me how to emphasize correctly in reading this passage from "Marmion"?

> "Where's Harry Blount? Fitz Eustace, where?
> Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!
> Redeem my pennon, — charge again!
> Cry, 'Marmion to the rescue!'"

Enclosed please find my contribution toward the prize money. Though I cannot undertake to originate a prize rebus, still I would like to contribute my mite toward the reward of others who can. Could n't you persuade the victorious rebuster to have his or her portrait printed in "Our Young Folks"? I propose that the next prize be given to the individual under twenty years of age who sends in the best original fiction, either prose or poetry. Not a personal, biographical, historical, or geographical sketch, but an article that shall be *purely fictional*, the prize being contributed by the competitors and those who may be interested; the length of said composition being determined by the editors. This idea may not be practicable, but take it for what it is worth, and, if you choose, publish it.

We have taken "Our Young Folks" from the first, and have only one number missing, that containing the poem of "Darius Green," and we have not been able to replace it. If you can kindly tell me how to do so, you will greatly oblige

Your sincere admirer,

CARRIE E. A.

The publishers will send by mail any back number of "Our Young Folks" on receipt of the price, 20 cts.

What do our readers say to Carrie's other questions and suggestions?

Nellie E. Packard. — The publication of Grace Greenwood's "Little Pilgrim" was discontinued several years ago. The phrase, "in apple-pie order," may have originated in an old English custom of cutting the pie-crust, before baking, into curious patterns of crowns, stars, circles, etc.; or it may have been suggested by the nursery-rhyme,

> "A was an apple-pie;
> B bit it,
> C cut it,
> D divided it," etc.;

in which case it would mean "in alphabetical or precise order." We have some recollection of having answered this question before.

Henry P. Day, of Jacksonville, Ill., writes us that he wishes to establish an amateur paper "to which young people shall be the only contributors." All who would be interested in such a scheme, either as subscribers or contributors, should write to him for a prospectus.

Minnie Angell wishes to know how to make an Æolian harp. Cannot some of our readers give her the desired information?

Israel A. Kelsey asks "if any of 'Our Young Folks' can find a word of nine letters from which they can make thirteen words without transposing a letter, — the words to be formed in the same manner as these from the word *hearth:* he, hear, ear, earth, heart, art." He sends a word of nine letters, with thirteen others made from it, which we will reserve until we see whether any one else can do as well, or better.

Ignoramus (evidently a girl this time) asks the following questions; — who can answer them, or any of them, for her?

1. Where to find the lines quoted in *The Circle Benefit* which appeared in the November number of "Our Young Folks," —

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"Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet
Womanhood and childhood sweet."

2. In what poem of Tennyson's these lines are found, —

"Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
Over its grave i' the earth so chilly,
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
Heavily hangs the tiger-lily."

3. Where these lines are to be found, —

"Bind the sea to slumber stilly,
Bind the odour to the lily,
Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver,
Then bind love to last forever."

4. What does "eidola" mean?

5. What is the correct pronunciation of Melusina, and Yosemite?

"*O*" writes: "I often see an interrogation point enclosed in brackets in the middle of a sentence, and do not fully understand its use in such places. Will you explain it?"

The interrogation point is thus used in place of the word "query," or the abbreviation "Qu.," and signifies that the meaning or the correctness of some word, phrase, or statement that precedes it is doubtful.

William sends this rhymed answer to the Charade in our last Letter Box: —

"The boy that Laura D. Nichols had in
Her mind, when she wrote that Charade, was
'*Aladdin*.'"

Grandmamma sends rhymed answers to the Charade, and to Metagrams 169 and 173 in the "Evening Lamp" department, thus: —

METAGRAM NO. 169.

In the far-off days of old,
When the meeting-house was cold,
Our mothers filled the bright tin stove with *peat*,
And we passed it round the pew,
To see what it could do
Toward the warming of both big and little feet.

Peat, with a change of letter,
May make a something better
Than a dried-up bit of bog to give heat,
And if my little friends
Would accomplish all their ends,
They will find it a great aid to be *neat*.

When you 're tired grown with walking,
And would like to stop for talking,
How pleasant is a shady, cool retreat,
Where, beneath a spreading tree,
In a group of two or three,
You may sit and rest upon a rustic *seat!*

When you read a wondrous story,
Of daring and of glory,
How quick the youthful heart begins to beat,
As the bosom heaves a sigh,
And a tear-drop in the eye
Shows the longing to achieve a kindred *feat!*

When the morning school is done,
And, aweary of the fun,
The children from the playground all retreat,
How welcome is the dinner,
How happy the beginner,
Of a nicely roasted joint of juicy *meat!*

METAGRAM NO. 173.

First I am a book,
Then I become a nook,
Next a lover's look,
Anon a noisy rook,
And last of all a cook.

Other answers to many of our last month's puzzles were sent in by Mary Tisdale, John A. Brooks, Lucy Bittinger, Fred H. Johnson, Helen F. Mackintosh, B. Gilbert Colt, Hattie L. Osborn, and Annie Boyd.

MALDEN, November 25, 1872.

EDITORS OF THE "YOUNG FOLKS": —

I have taken your magazine since the first three or four months of its publication, and every year I like it better and better. A few weeks since I was asked if I was not getting too old to take it, but I replied decidedly in the negative; I think that I shall never get too old for that. I know that father and mother and my "grown-up" relatives all admire it as much as I do; and especially do the younger ones of the family hail its arrival with the greatest glee. Such a scramble as there is the minute I get into the house with it! And unless I drop it immediately, I am in danger of being smothered.

Is there no young people's paper that you publish? I have never seen or heard of it, although I have inquired diligently among all my young friends.

Do you know of any book that will teach me ventriloquism? There are a great many sounds that I can very correctly imitate. I think it must come easy to our family; I have two uncles who are skilful ventriloquists, and my sister is not far behind them. If you know of such a book, will you please tell me the name and where I can procure it?

If you come across a particularly spicy piece of poetry, or an unusually comical piece of prose, will it trouble you very much to put it into your magazine? For we are required at school to "speak" every Saturday, and I have almost exhausted my supply of poetry, etc. I think that is the case with a number of girls in the school; and if you would oblige me by so doing, you would also oblige oth-

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ers, as no small number of those who go to our school take your magazine.

Always wishing you welfare and success, I remain,

Yours truly,

N. A. G. SHEPARD.

Answers. 1. We do not publish any paper for young people, thinking it best to concentrate all our energies upon "Our Young Folks."

2. We do not know of any book which teaches ventriloquism. That is something which, we think, must be learned from practice, with, if possible, the aid of a teacher.

3. We think it an excellent idea to publish in "Our Young Folks" short and spicy pieces adapted for speaking, and would like to make this a feature of our magazine, if we could find such as are not already hackneyed. Will any of our readers, who have discovered fresh pieces of the sort, have the kindness to send them to us? We will gladly print them in the "Letter Box," if suitable, and not too long.

NEW BOOKS. — "Camping Out, as recorded by Kit," is the title of a fresh and racy book of adventure by C. A. Stephens, whose career as a writer has been watched with interest by our readers ever since the appearance of his first sketch in Our Young Contributors' department, between two and three years ago. That first sketch, though written by a lad still in his "teens," showed a remarkably steady hand, a sense of humor, and a mind well stored with observation and experience. For a young writer, his style was singularly free from verbiage and affectation; and if sometimes it appeared a little coarse in flavor, it was because he drew his inspiration from actual life amid the scenes he described, and not from books.

"Camping Out" is a record of the adventures of four young fellows in the wilds of Maine, where they met with all sorts of strange and funny experiences with wild animals and wild nature, described in the author's characteristic manner. Live boys will be delighted with the book. The sketch of "A Sooty Thunderbolt," which appears in the present number of "Our Young Folks," is one of these "Camping Out" adventures not included in the volume.

"Dolly's Resolutions, or Letters from Abroad,' by Hannah Maria, is a book more especially designed for girls, and which *our* Young Folks, who have read it, pronounce "splendid." In it some well-written descriptions of scenes in foreign countries are blended with an interesting domestic story, the whole having an excellent and wholesome moral. Published by Claxon, Remson, & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

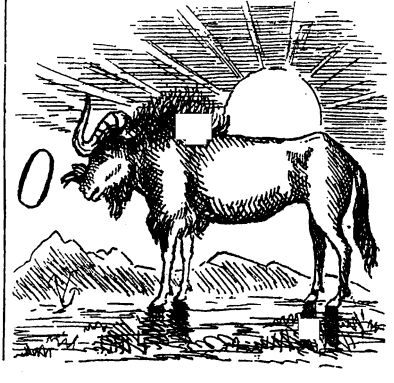
With the publication of "Gareth and Lynette" is completed the most noteworthy series of poems in modern literature, — "The Idyls of the King," by Tennyson. To our more advanced and thoughtful readers, — to all those aiming at a high culture, — these magnificent epic books are recommended as objects of study and enjoyment which they cannot afford to lose. J. R. Osgood & Co., publishers.

Our Young Contributors. Accepted articles: "*What I know about Paper-Making*," by George P. Whittlesey; "*An Excursion to Tivoli*," by S. P. C.; "*Chickadee*," by Eudora M. Stone; "*A Child's Morning Song*," by Morna May; and "*A Question*," by Alice E. Worcester.

Again this month, as usual, this department overflows with the favors of our young correspondents; and the following articles, all of them good, are crowded into our second list, — that of *honorable mention*: — "*What I know about Blue Fishing*," by Bilboquet; "*Faith under the Maple*," by Alice M. E.; "*Flowers*," by Charlotte Lay Dewey; "*A Dream Fête*," by V. C. H.; "*The Week before Christmas*," by C. T.; "*Mt. Washington in the Rain*," by Winogene; "*Lines to my Brother*," by Helen; "*A Good-night*," by Virginia; "*Fontainebleau*," by W. H. Hubbard; "*Under the Ocean*," by Clare; "*Two Literary Girls*," by Edith A. Lane; "*Success in Life*," by Annabel Arnold; "*From Boston to Quebec*," by Will; and "*Picnicking*," by Nellie H. Pettit.

"*Messenger's Landing*" is correctly written but has the fatal defect of being uninteresting. The writer asks, "May I try again?" Certainly; the repeated efforts of young contributors will always be kindly welcomed and considered.

REBUSES designed to compete for the prize offered in our November number continue to come in — slowly — as we close this month's Letter Box. Next month the prize will be awarded. Some of our correspondent's efforts are quite ingenious; and they have convinced us that we cannot apply to rebuses the words of wisdom which declare that there is —



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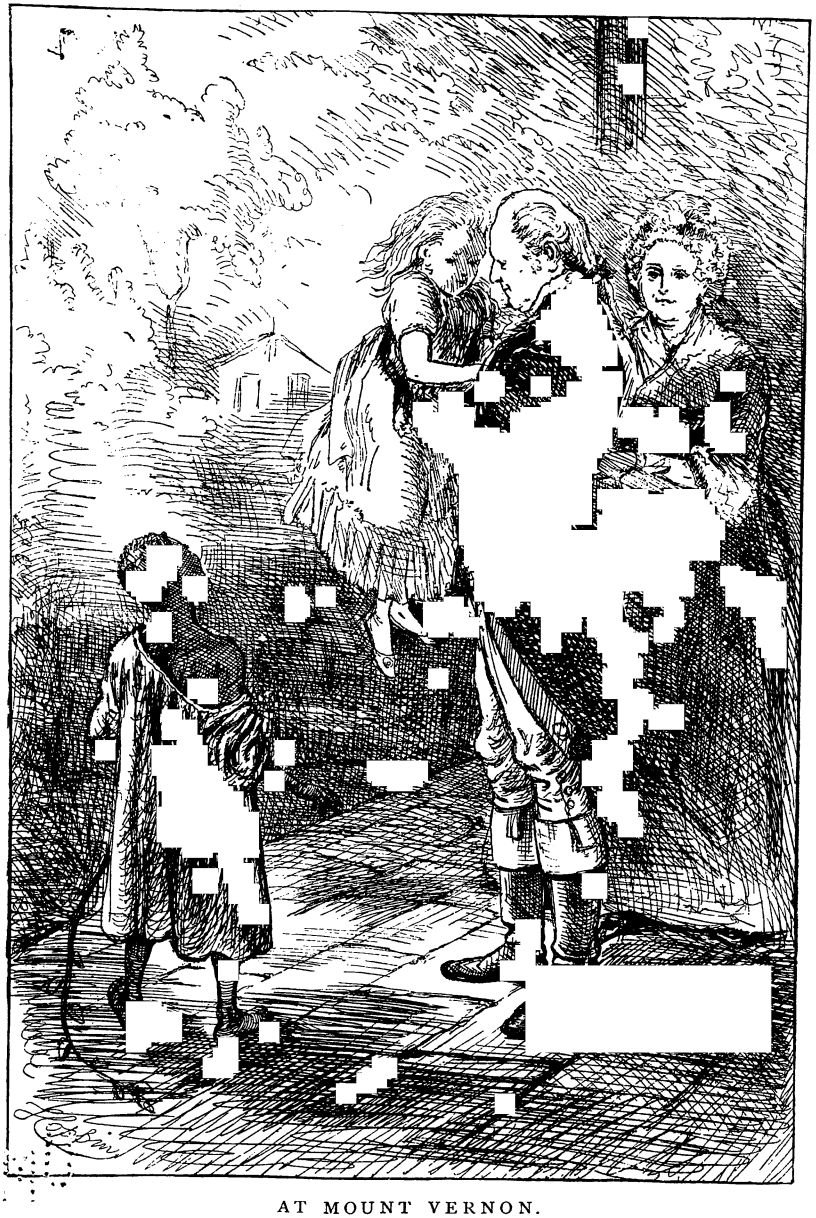

AT MOUNT VERNON.

Drawn by Augustus Hoppin.] [See "Madam Talbot's Story."

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OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

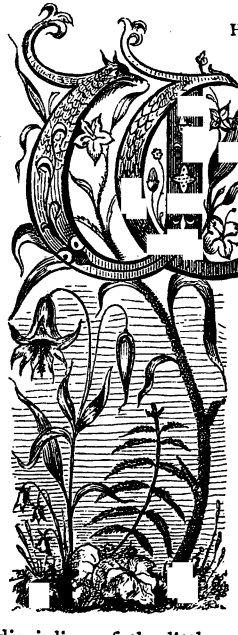
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. IX. FEBRUARY, 1873. No. II.

DOING HIS BEST.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW BYRON DINKS KEPT SCHOOL.



WHEN, on that first Monday morning, Byron Dinks set out, ruler in hand, to take control of the district school, his old uncle, Squire Peternot, had said to him, "I would n't have ye fail this winter, Byron, for any consideration. Remember, you 're in my own deestrict, and 't was through me ye got the ap-p'intment. Your edecation 's good enough; but edecation ain't everything. 'T ain't so much matter how or what ye teach, as how ye govern. Must n't let the scholars run over ye, whatever else ye do. Ye must punish, and let 'em know ye ain't afraid to punish. That 's my fust and last piece of advice to you."

Byron, for once in his life, had taken his uncle's advice to heart. If the necessity of much using the rod is an evidence of weakness in a master, then Dinks was weak enough; though he flattered himself that by his severity he was showing his strength. We have seen how he began the discipline of the little ones; from which beginning he went on to worse and worse extremes. He made use of about all the means of punishment with which he was acquainted, and then invented new, until the aspect of his

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school-room at almost any hour of the day would have been curious to behold. If we would witness a style of school-keeping which prevailed thirty years ago, but which, we are glad to believe, is fast going out of fashion, let us look in upon Byron in his little domain.

It is a bright December morning, and school has just been called. The boys and girls, who were crowding about the stove when the ruler rapped, now range themselves on opposite sides of the room in double rows.

"Rap!" goes the ruler. "Samuel Narmore! whispering?"

"Did n't know school had begun," stammers the culprit.

"What was you saying to Moses Chatford?"

"Not much of anything," — with a sheepish grin.

"Not much of anything!" — sarcastically. "Very important you should break the rules aginst whispering, to communicate not much of anything. What did he say to you, Moses?"

"I don't like to tell," says Moses.

"You must tell! I command you!"

"He said it was n't quite nine o'clock yet."

"What else? You would n't have had any objection to saying that. Out with the rest."

"He said," — Moses hesitates, repressing a smile, — "he said you called school before the time so as to get the crowd away from the stove and have a chance there yourself."

As Moses concludes his explanation, the smile expands into a pretty broad one, and an audible giggle runs around the school-room.

"Samuel Narmore," says the master, trying to maintain his cool and sarcastic manner, but making rather ghastly work of it, "go and hold down that nail in the floor; I see there 's danger of its coming out."

What Samuel is really required to do is to stoop over, crooking his knees as little as possible, and place the tip of his finger on the head of a nail, which shines from the polish imparted to it by numerous shoe-soles and many an unfortunate previous finger. The posture is a peculiarly awkward one to Samuel, who is tall and ungainly. His legs do not conform to the master's idea of straightness; who, to help the matter, gives a resounding slap with his ruler upon that part which the pupil's attitude elevates into undue prominence.

A howl from Samuel, who pitches forward upon one hand, while he puts up the other, either to defend or soothe the injured spot.

"You hain't got your book," then says the master. "Moses, hand his book. Here, take this and look over your reading lesson so you won't miss a word. Must n't neglect business for pleasure. Reuben and Amos, I 'll hear you read. All study; no looking off from boŏks."

Reuben and Amos, two little ones learning their letters, come and stand by the master's side as he sits in his chair by the stove. He points to the page, while he watches the school. Suddenly the ruler is let fly at a youngster whose eyes are seen to wander from his book. It strikes him on the knee, and falls clattering to the floor.

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"Herbert Cone, bring me that ruler!" The ruler is brought by a limping and trembling wretch. "Hold out your hand." The reluctant hand is extended; a blow and a yell. "Take your seat and mind your book," says Mr. Byron Dinks.

By this time the young man who is combining business with pleasure by holding the nail in the floor while he studies his lesson, shows violent symptoms of weakening. Now his tortured finger gives way, and for one desperate instant he rests his weight upon the knuckles of his hand. Now his excruciated legs succumb, and for one blissful moment of forgetfulness he sits upon his heels. Again, attempting to straighten, he quite overdoes the thing, and lifts his finger so far that the nail might come out of the floor, for anything he has to do with holding it down. All this time he dares not glance at the master, but keeps his eyes on his book, held in his other hand.

"Tip Tarbox is lookin' off," says a squeaking voice from the girls' side of the house.

"How do you know, Laury?" asks the schoolmaster.

"I seen him," says Laura.

"How could you see him without looking off yourself?"

"I jest looked one eye off," is the maiden's amusing explanation.

"Jest looked one eye off, and kep' the other on your book, did ye? Let me see how you did it."

More than one eye, and more than one pair of eyes, involuntarily turn to see Laura perform this interesting feat. The result is not wholly satisfactory. She looks up with both eyes, and down with both, and winks and twists, and blushes violently, and at last whimpers, "I thought I did."

"Thought you did! Well, you appear so much interested in his affairs, you may go over and set with him till recess. Take down your apron! Start, if you don't want help from me!"

Help from the master under such circumstances not being thought desirable, Laura drops her apron, but puts up her elbow in its place, to hide her shame, and with a bashful, sidelong gait, goes over to sit with the boys.

Seeing nearly all eyes off their books by this time, Master Dinks relaxes the rigidity of his rule, the more readily as he would not like to punish some of the large girls.

"Tip 's a ticklin' me!" cries Laura.

"O, I ain't!" says Tip, earnestly. "I was jest p'intin' my finger at her to shame her."

"'Tend to your lessons, both of ye," says the master, "or I 'll do some ticklin' ye won't like." Then to the little ones learning their letters: "Can't tell what letter that is, after I 've told you fifty times!" And, holding a turkey-quill by the feather-end, he applies the quill part smartly to the heads of the unhappy urchins. "There! now go and set on the stove-hearth until you can remember that the letter which looks like a snake climbing a pole is R."

"Laury 's a hittin' me!" cries Tip Tarbox.

"He pinched me!" squeaks Laura.

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"Come here, both of ye!" says Byron, with a sinister smile. As the culprits tremblingly approach, not knowing what fate awaits them, he opens his table-drawer, and tells them to put their heads in. "Here, turn your face towards your dear friend Laury; Laury, turn your lovely countenance towards Edward. Now, don't let me hear from you agin till I come and take your heads out." So saying, he closes the drawer upon their necks, ties their hands behind them, and leaves them, standing and stooping in that ridiculous posture, viewing each other's charms of feature by the light that comes in through the opening.

"Phin Chatford 's a cuttin' the bench!" says a small voice from the front seat; among the occupants of which the opinion prevails, that, if punishment is a good thing, it must be a virtue in them to bring each other and their elders to grief.

"Phineas Chatford, bring me your knife!" says the master.

"'T ain't my knife, it 's Jack's."

"Jack should keep his knife in his pocket," says the master, confiscating the same. As he has long been watching for a chance to show his spite against Jack, and as Phin is a son of one of the trustees, this seems, to the mind of Byron, a very satisfactory settlement of the matter.

Jack, however, takes a different view of it. "He said he wanted my knife to sharpen a pencil with."

"O, you keep a knife to lend, do ye? Then I 'll borrow it."

"I don't object to lending it to fellows that will give it back to me," says Jack.

"Sassy!" cries Byron, sharply. "Call me a feller, do ye?"

"I was speaking of the *boys*," answers Jack; "and I said *fellows*, not *fellers*." He is sure of that, the correct pronunciation of that word being one of the many things which his dear friend Annie Felton has taught him.

"You may go and set on nothing against the door," is the master's sentence, Jack hardly knows for what.

It is his first punishment, and his hot heart rebels against it. For a moment he hesitates, his eyes blazing with a fiery sense of the injustice done him. But something within him whispers, "Obey!" Book in hand, he marches to the door, which is closed and latched, and takes a sitting posture with his back against it, but with no other support, — a painful and humiliating position. Since he became the champion of Step Hen Treadwell, he has enemies in school, who are delighted to see him "in a fix"; but, strangely enough, no one enjoys his disgrace more than Phin Chatford.

Master Dinks, walking about the school-room, now takes occasion, as he passes in the rear of young Narmore, to hit him smartly with his ruler, saying at the same time, "Take your seat! what are you here for? You ain't worth a cent to hold down a nail. — Primer class take their places. Toe the mark! Remember the turkey-quill!" which simple instrument of petty torture he warningly waves in the air.

While the primer class is preparing to recite, Byron turns to the urchins

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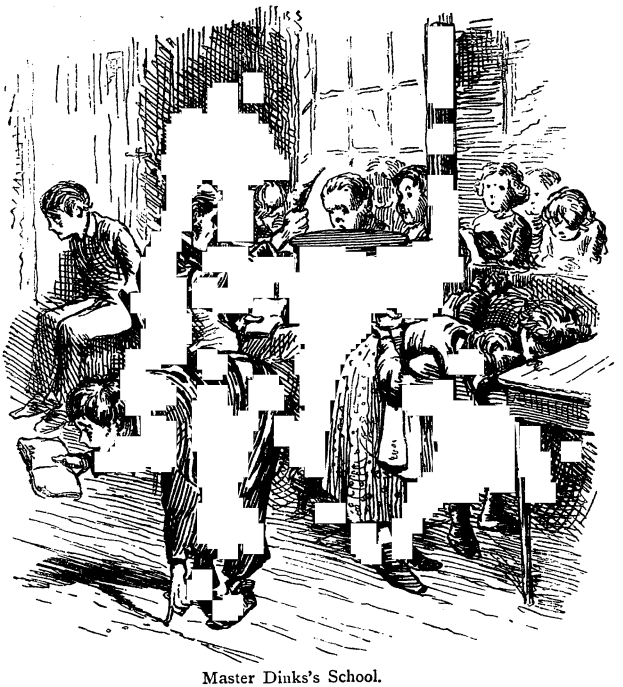

Master Dinks's School.

on the stove-hearth, and, pointing out to them a capital R, asks, "Now can you tell me what letter that is?"

"Snake climbin' a pole!" is the prompt reply.

The turkey-quill is raised, but, luckily for the urchins, there is that in their answer which sets Mr. Dinks and the whole school to laughing, and they get off with a light punishment as they are sent to their seats.

The trials of the primer class are interrupted by a terrible crash, which causes the schoolmaster almost to "jump out of his boots," as Phin afterwards declares. He turns, and sees a ludicrous sight, at which the school breaks forth into a roar.

The authors of this diversion are Laura and Tip, who have carried on hostilities even after their heads have been shut in the table-drawer. First Laura made faces at Tip. Tip returned the compliment. Then Laura made a worse face. Tip beat that, and had a good deal of lip to spare. If her hands had been at liberty, Laura would now have given him a taste of her nails, and perhaps have relieved him of a flaxen lock or two. As it was, she had but one effective weapon left: SHE SPIT IN HIS FACE!

Human nature in the shape of a boy nine years old never could stand that. Tip flew at her, with intent to bite her nose; and the result was that Tip, Laura, table-drawer, table, a pile of books, the master's hat, two apples, and an inkstand all rolled on the floor together.

Jack, from his seat on nothing against the door, springs to right the table

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and pick up the hat and books, and is afterwards allowed to return to his seat — not on nothing, but on something — unquestioned.

Tip and Laura pick themselves up, and are immediately seized by the master, who knocks their mischievous heads together in lively fashion. They are then sent snivelling to their seats.

CHAPTER V.

A NEW "TIE" BETWEEN JACK AND PHIN.

THE effect of Jack's first punishment in school was not wholesome. "If I am to be punished for nothing," thought he, "what 's the use of my trying so hard to behave well?" For it was not so much the fear of penalty which had kept him hitherto in the strait path of discipline, as a certain pride he felt in being a good scholar. That pride was broken down; a public disgrace had been the reward of all his devotion to his studies and his conscientious regard for the rules. He had not a saintly disposition; he was a boy, with all a boy's weaknesses and passions; and I am sorry to say that this injustice left in his heart a burning sense of resentment against Master Dinks.

"Jack Hazard, are you whispering?" said the master, after recess, that very forenoon.

"Yes, sir," said Jack, promptly.

"What was you saying?"

"I said 'I thought so.'"

"Thought what?"

"That is all I said, — 'I thought so': just those words."

"Thought what?" the master again demanded, very angrily.

"That what Phin said was so."

"No nicknames in school!" exclaimed Byron. "His name is Phineas. You know that, and you know the rule."

"Yes, sir; but you just called me Jack, and my real name is John."

"Come here, you sass-box!" cried Mr. Dinks, seizing his ruler. Jack marched straight up to him, and looked him in the face. "Tell me now what Phineas said to you, this instant, before I thrash you within an inch of your life!"

"If I must," replied Jack, — "he asked me if I did n't think you showed partiality to the big girls, and I said, 'Yes, I thought so.' That was all."

Sensation in the school-room. Mr. Dinks turned furiously to Phin. "Step out here!"

Phin did not stir, but looked all about him, as if anxious to discover the person thus addressed. He also appeared much concerned for that person's present comfort and safety.

"Phineas Chatford!" And the master hurled his ruler.

"O, speak to me?" faltered Phin, starting up with a wild look.

"Fetch me that ruler!" cried Dinks, while all the school looked breathlessly on, expecting to witness a tragedy.

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But it took Phin some time to find the oaken missile, which had fallen under the small boys' bench; and by the time he brought it the master had cooled enough to remember that young Chatford was a son of one of the trustees. It is impossible to say what a blistering of hands both youngsters might have received, but for this timely recollection. As it was, however, it would not do to let them off without "making an example of them"; for they had not only broken the rule against whispering, but had made him the subject of disparaging remarks.

"You think I am partial, do you?" said he, regarding the two boys with angry eyes, while he held the ruler behind him as if fearful he might be tempted to use it.

"I did n't say so," whimpered Phin. At that Jack gave such a start, and turned and looked at him with such astonishment and indignation, that the prevaricating youngster suddenly remembered the unhappy consequences of another lie of his, and added quickly, "I — I said — I thought Smith *Marston* was partial to the big girls, and he misunderstood me to say the *master*."

A stranger in the school-room would have been able, at that moment, to select the said Smith Marston from among his companions as unerringly as Joan of Arc discerned her king. It could have been no other than the tall, red-haired, and very red-faced youth, upon whom all eyes were just then turned with visible pleasure.

"Silence!" cried Byron, as a rustle and titter circulated among the pupils. "Whatever you said, it was whispering. Give me your thumbs!"

A stout piece of twine hung over a spike in the wall above the blackboard. One end of this cord he tied by a running noose to Jack's right thumb, which he then drew up high above the lad's head. He then prepared a similar noose at the other end, and made Phin reach up and put his left thumb through it. The second noose was then drawn tight; and there the boys stood before the blackboard, facing the school, with their upstretched hands hung by the thumbs.

The pain was not very great at first, but it soon became tiresome business holding the arms in this way; and when they were suffered to droop, the cord cut.

Phin had recovered from his terror on finding that he was to escape the ruler; and he underwent the first part of his punishment with smiling equanimity. Jack looked stern and determined: he was thinking that, if he ever got big enough, he would seek out Mr. Byron Dinks, and give him a sound drubbing. Many a boy has cherished such feelings of revenge against his master; but I never knew of but one case in which the vengeance was actually executed in later years. A gentleman was once promenading the streets of a certain village in company with some ladies, when a second gentleman stepped up and accosted him: "Your name is Swan. My name is Dixon. You taught school at Ladd's Crossing one winter. I went to school to you, and you licked me unmercifully for a little fault. I always said I would pay you, and I am here to do it." So saying, Dixon beat Swan smartly over

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the shoulders with a stout cane, twirled him about, pitched him into a mud-puddle, and walked off. Many a lad has done just this thing in imagination; but the school-boy wrath of the most of us, it is to be hoped, cools beneath the falling snows of time, until, like Jack, we remember our wrongs with a smile, and take our revenge in a jest. I have heard our hero many a time relate his trials under Master Dinks; but the brier of that rough experience bears to-day only a laughing rose.

"You got me punished!" muttered Phin, resentfully, when the master's back was turned.

"I could n't help it," answered Jack.

"'T was real mean!" said Phin.

"Almost as mean as trying to get out of the scrape by lying," retorted Jack.

"Come! don't pull so hard! I 'll give *your* thumb a jerk!" But Phin soon found that the jerk was as painful to his own thumb as to Jack's.

"That 's right," whispered Jack. "Keep up that motion, and the nail will saw the string in two." A proposal which pleased Phineas.

"Nancy Beman and Sally Buel 's whisperin'!" said a half-grown girl on the front seat.

"And you are talking out loud!" cried the master. Nancy Beman and Sally Buel being two of the girls towards whom he was charged with showing partiality, the manner in which he now passed over their fault, and wreaked his wrath upon the spirit of tale-telling, which he commonly encouraged, did not pass unnoticed. "Come here, Mariar! I 've seen ye playing and whispering half the forenoon," he added, to justify his severity. "Stand here, and hold out these books."

"Mariar," stationed by the table, extended her arm horizontally at full length, supporting on her hand a pile of three books. "Now, don't ye crook yer arm, or let the books slip off!" But even while Byron spoke, down went one of the books to the floor. He replaced it, giving her arm a smart rap. "Put down your other hand! Take your knuckles out of your eyes! Now mind what you 're about!"

But to keep the arm straight, in a horizontal position, with a weight of books in the hand, is not simply a hard thing for a girl of twelve; it is an impossible thing for any person to do for many minutes at a time. The arm will crook, or the hand will rise or sink, to gain some respite for the aching muscles. Byron was probably aware of this, and perhaps his heart relented towards "Mariar," for he soon permitted her to keep her arm in any attitude she chose, provided the books did not fall.

In the mean time Jack and Phin, by keeping up a constant friction on the string when the master's back was turned, had at last sawed it in two. They had been standing for some minutes with their hands at their sides, when he chanced to see them.

"String 's come in two," said Phin, innocently, looking as if he would regard it as a great favor if some benevolent person would replace it.

"Second class in 'rithm'tic," said Master Dinks. "You may take your places," — to Jack and Phin, who made haste to slip the loops off their thumbs and run.

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CHAPTER VI.

HOW JACK GOT INTO A FIGHT.

In consequence of these and other punishments received, Jack soon lost not only much of his own self-respect as a scholar, but his influence among the other boys began to decline.

For a long time nobody had dared lay rude hands on Step Hen Treadwell while Jack was near. But now one noontime, coming out of the school-house, he saw a cap flying in the air from hand to hand over a mob of boys, while one bareheaded, chubby fellow pursued it, screaming, "Give it up! give me my cap!" That little fellow was Step Hen.

Jack rushed into the midst of the crowd, and made a lunge for the cap as it fell to the ground. Lon Gannett rushed for it at the same time, and succeeded in seizing it first. He was about to throw it, when Jack grasped his wrist. "Don't ye throw that cap!"

"You jest le' go my arm, you off-scourin' of the tow-path!" said Lon, struggling to get away.

"Don't ye throw that cap!" Jack repeated, warningly, holding fast.

"I 'll throw it, for all you!" said Lon, trying to take it in his other hand. "Come! I 've been bullied by you long enough. You begun to put upon me the fust day of school."

"Mind your own business, and don't try to bully smaller boys, and nobody

The Beginning of the Fight.

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will trouble you, at least I won't," said Jack. "But I gave notice some time ago that I was going to stand by this little shaver; and now if you run over him, you run over me; that 's all. Drop that cap!"

Jack was so determined and so cool, and at the same time he gave Lon's wrist such a wrench, that somehow the cap was let fall; and Step Hen snatched it from the ground.

"O Lon! O Lon! give up so!" cried half a dozen voices, — one being that of Phin Chatford.

"I hain't gi'n up!" said Lon. "He took advantage of me. Come!" bristling up to Jack. "Ye want to fight?"

"Not particularly," said Jack. "Anything to accommodate ye, though."

"Hit me, if ye dare!"

"I don't know what I should hit ye for, if I do dare. You 've dropped the cap; that 's all I asked."

Lon looked around till he found a small chip, which he placed on his shoulder, and then sidled fiercely up to Jack.

"You don't da's to knock that chip off my shoulder!" he said, tauntingly.

"I 've nothing to do with your shoulder: you may put a pile of chips on it, if you like; I sha' n't take the trouble to knock 'em off."

"Come! le' me see ye touch it! You 're afraid! you 're afraid!" cried Lon. "I dare ye!"

"Look here!" said Jack. "I did n't come out to fight. I don't believe in fighting, unless it 's in self-defence or to defend somebody else. Keep out of my way, and let Step Hen alone, and I 'll give ye a wide berth." And he walked off.

"Why did n't ye pitch into him?" said one of Lon's mates. "You 're bigger 'n he is; you can handle him."

"I did n't want to begin it. I dared him to knock the chip off my shoulder; if he had done it, I 'd have showed ye! Who was it said I give in to him? You 're the feller!" And Lon, feeling the necessity of airing his courage, marched up to Phin Chatford.

"Oh! I ain't! I did n't!" screamed Phin.

"You did! You said I was afraid of him. I 'll let ye know who 's afraid!"

"Help! help! Jack! help!" yelled Phineas, running towards the schoolhouse with Lon at his heels.

"What 's the row?" asked Jack.

Just as he was entering the door Phin dodged past him, screaming, "He 's going to lick me! don't let him!" and, darting into the corner of the entry, behind the door, he pulled the door back against the wall to cover him. Lon grasped the door, and was about to wrench it from Phin's hold, when Jack planted his foot against it.

"Take away your foot!" said Lon.

"My foot is n't in your way," Jack replied. "There 's plenty of room for you to pass in and out. I 'm standing here just now."

"You *are* in my way!" snarled Lon. "I want to git behind this door!"

"What do you want to get behind the door for?"

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"None of your business!"

"That is n't a very civil reply," said Jack, "but I suppose it 's all I could expect from you. See here! leave my foot alone till I give you —"

"A bit of advice," he would have added; but at that instant Lon, seizing his leg, lifted it, and with all his force pushed Jack against the wall.

The proffered bit of advice was lost in the confusion that followed. The battle had begun. A score of pupils crowded to witness it, boys and girls hurrying and shouting and screaming, some rushing in from without, and some rushing out from within, filling the two doorways, and even thronging the entry in which the combat took place.

And now I wish it were my privilege to describe a gentlemanly set-to (if such a thing, without gloves, can ever be called gentlemanly) between our hero and his antagonist, — a few handsome rounds, with seconds, and according to the rules of the ring. But we cannot have that satisfaction for a very good reason, — nothing of the kind took place. We have read of such contests between school-boys of fourteen and fifteen; but who of us ever really saw one?

Lon and Jack fought, as we shall see, not like "gentlemen," but, after the manner of most school-boys, like a couple of young savages.

J. T. Trowbridge.

MORE ABOUT CONSTELLATIONS.

THE annual change in the appearance of the starry heavens, occasioned, as we have seen, by the earth's revolution around the sun, must have been observed in very ancient times, and, although men had a very erroneous idea as to its cause, they could not be long in discovering how closely it corresponded with the change of the seasons.

When their attention had thus been drawn to the stars, they naturally fixed their observations upon particular groups which could be easily remembered, and, as they had occasion to speak to one another about these groups, they gave them names. If you will think a little, you will see how natural, and indeed unavoidable, this was; for without some name how could they speak of any particular stars when they were not in sight so that they could be pointed out?

This is the secret of the naming of the stars, and this very simple and natural proceeding was the beginning of that system of constellations which has sometimes seemed so mysterious, and has given the ancients the credit of having most strange imaginations. Men had to name the stars, because they had to speak about them; but we must not suppose they began by giving to the different groups the names of animals they fancied them to resemble. Ancient observers, I mean *very* ancient observers, had no

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sharper eyes than we, and had quite as little thought of shaping the stars into animals; on the contrary, they seem to have begun by giving them very simple and sensible names, as we would have done had we been in their place.

The formation of these figured constellations was an afterthought. It was the work of a great many generations of men, and took place gradually, like the formation of all mythology, being helped on in many instances, as we shall see presently, by a curious misunderstanding of names which had already been given to certain groups of stars, but whose true meaning had been forgotten. Many absurd and groundless ideas became after a while in this way connected with the stars; but the original constellations seem to have been very simple.

The more striking groups were thus singled out and provided with names in very ancient times, and are mentioned in the oldest books we have. The Great Bear, or rather the seven stars of the Dipper, and Orion are frequently spoken of in Homer, and are mentioned, too, in the sacred books of the Hindoos, and in the Bible in the Book of Job. These are among the oldest of the constellations; but when the practice of observing the stars had once become established, and the more remarkable constellations had been named, other less noticeable stars, or groups of stars, were in time found to be equally serviceable, and in like manner received some appropriate name. And so the work of forming constellations, having started in a very natural way, went on, until in the historical times of Greece and Rome nearly the whole visible heavens had been covered with them.

But the work did not stop here. Modern astronomers found these ancient divisions of the heavens very convenient aids in naming the stars. These they call by the letters of the Greek alphabet, adding also the name of the constellation in which they are found. Thus they call a very bright star in the northern hemisphere *Alpha Lyræ*, meaning the star *alpha*, or *a*, in the constellation of the Lyre. *Beta Orionis* means the star *beta*, or *b*, in Orion. In order to make this system of naming perfect, they had to fix very exactly the boundaries of the old constellations, which were not very clearly defined; and as the heavens were found not to be quite covered, new constellations were added to fill up vacant spaces. So on our charts we find, along with the Great Bear and Orion and other very ancient constellations, such modern company as the Telescope, the Compass, the Sextant, and even the Printing-Press.

Thus the work of naming the stars has, you see, been a very long one, commencing several thousand years ago, and only ending in the past century. It began in the necessity which men were under of speaking about particular stars by which they regulated the affairs of every-day life, and was continued by modern astronomers for the convenience of scientific observation.

And now we come to the most curious part of our subject, — the way in which these constellations originally so simple became by degrees mixed up with mythology, until the system became one vast and extravagant

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fable. To examine this matter thoroughly would require a great deal more space than we have at our disposal. I can only give you a few instances illustrating how a slight and very natural error, when once started, went on increasing in magnitude, until it ended in a very strange misconception.

Let us begin with a simple instance. There is a very small cluster of small but bright stars, with which I have no doubt some of you are acquainted, called the Pleiades. This name, which is Greek, was formed from a word, *pleio*, which means *to sail*, and was given to this cluster of stars because upon its rising, about the first of May, the spring was sufficiently far advanced to make navigation safe. Those who first called these stars the *Pleiades* meant no more than to call them the *sailing-stars*, which was certainly a very appropriate name for them. This is, at least, the most probable meaning of the name *Pleiades*. But it happens that, by a peculiarity of the Greek language, the form of this word is calculated to mislead, and after a while it was thought to mean *children of Pleione;* and so the fable sprang up that these seven stars were the seven daughters of Pleione. Each of these daughters had a name, and the story went on to say that they all, with one exception, married gods, but that one of them married a mortal, of which act she became afterwards so much ashamed that she partially withdrew her light, and became less fair than her sisters. The occasion of the latter part of this story was that, although seven stars were usually reckoned in this cluster, only six were visible, except to very good eyes and on a very clear night.

There were many other ways of accounting for this "lost Pleiad," as it was sometimes called, one of which was that she became wasted away with weeping over the fall of Troy. Thus we get a little patch of mythology, — which I might enlarge for you, for there were many other fables about these daughters of Pleione, — all formed out of a word which meant *to sail.*

This is only one of a great many instances that might be given, in which the names of constellations became invested with fanciful meanings, and so gave rise to curious ideas about them. A very remarkable instance has been pointed out by Professor Max Müller, who has told us so many new and interesting facts about the ancient mythologies. It is that of the Great Bear. Who has not studied this constellation, and tried to trace its outlines, and wondered what the ancients saw in this group of stars to suggest to them the image of a bear? A dipper or a wagon it may be, but a bear it certainly is not.

The account which Professor Müller has given us of the origin of this celestial monster will, I think, interest even some of the older readers of "Our Young Folks." He tell us it is no wonder we have strained our eyes in vain to discover this bear in the skies, for there is none there and never has been. It is all a mistake, and his account of how this mistake originated is this: —

Many hundred years ago, long before the Greeks had settled in Europe, their ancestors lived in Central Asia. They were the ancestors, not only of the Greeks, but also of the Romans, and of nearly all the other races

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of Europe; and from them also descended the Hindoos, who migrated south and settled in India. This very ancient people, who spoke a language from which the Greek and other European languages, as well as the Hindoo language, are derived, had observed the singular group of stars of which we are speaking, and called it the *Seven Rikshas*. This word, Professor Müller tells us, means *bright ones*, and is a very significant name, applied originally to all the stars. The seven *Rikshas* meant originally nothing more nor less than the seven *stars*. But other words for star were also used in these primitive times, and after a while this word *riksha* ceased to be used except in reference to the seven remarkable stars in the north. Let us see what happened. The Hindoos, who had received this name, *Seven Rikshas*, from their ancestors, and knew nothing of its original meaning, confounded it with another word, *rishi*, which meant *poet*; and so these stars came finally to be called by them the *Seven Rishis*, or Seven Poets! These seven *Rishis* fill a large place in the Hindoo mythology, and a story was of course told explaining how they got their place among the stars.

So much for the Hindoo branch of this myth; and now let us see what the Greeks did. They seem to have been equally unfortunate with this word *riksha*. They too lost its meaning; but they had another word, which sounded very much like it, which meant *bear*. This word was *arktos*, which to you does not much resemble *riksha*, but which students of language assure us is really the same word, only changed from long use. The Greeks seem therefore to have mistaken the seven *rikshas* for *bears*, just as the Hindoos mistook them for *poets*, both being misled by a name they did not understand.

How these *seven* bears became transformed into *one*, Professor Müller does not undertake to tell us; but I think you will agree that the explanation, so far as it goes, is too good to be set aside because it is not quite complete. The change may easily have taken place, in time, in a variety of ways.

And now the Greeks, having got a bear (*arktos*) in the heavens, called a very bright star a short distance from it *Arct-urus*, which means *bear-keeper*, and they also called a smaller and somewhat similar group of stars near the North Star the Little Bear; so you see how one mistake opened the way for others, and helped men to imagine what otherwise they would never have dreamed of looking for.

Many other instances might be given to illustrate how the later ideas of the constellations had no foundation except their names; but one other must suffice. It is the origin of the constellation *Gemini*, or the Twins. If you will get any one to point this constellation out to you, — I mean in the actual heavens, and not on the chart, — you will see two very bright stars situated quite close together. You can easily find them again when you have once had them pointed out, for they are very conspicuous, and you will see that they formed, therefore, one most excellent marking-point for the ancients to tell how far the annual revolution of the heavens had advanced. You will easily understand, too, as you look at them, why the ancients, when

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they came to observe and speak about them, called them the *Twins*, as they seem to have done.

But the Greeks had in their mythology two other twins, named Castor and Pollux. The origin of this story of the twins is very curious, but I can only tell you now that they had, at first, no connection whatever with these two stars. Yet after a while these two sets of twins — the twin stars and the mythological twins — became confounded together, so that men thought they were one and the same thing, and always spoke of these *stars* as Castor and Pollux.

These twins were considered the especial protectors of sailors ; and when any one's friends were about to embark on a sea voyage, instead of bidding them a "God-speed," as we sometimes do, he would very likely commend them to "the benign influence of the Twins, Castor and Pollux."

This seems to you a very curious God-speed ; but the idea seems to have originated in the fact that Castor and Pollux, or rather the stars confounded with them, rose about the end of June, the season of all most favorable to navigation.

If you will look on the chart for this constellation, *Gemini*, you will find pictured two twins, little boys they seem to be, lovingly embracing each other, or sitting side by side, for they are not always represented in the same way ; but I do not think that you will now waste your time in trying to find these figures among the stars.

It would be too much to say that *all* the constellations have originated in this way through mistakes. There are some which were, no doubt, suggested by the configuration of the stars themselves, and others were designedly added in later times as companions for constellations already formed. But it is probable that the great majority of those figured representations which you see on charts, and which have seemed to you so mysterious, have no better foundation among the stars themselves than have the Great Bear and the Twins.

I have briefly and imperfectly sketched for you what seems to be the real history of these ancient constellations, in which I know all children take a greater or less interest. I hope I have not spoiled them for you by showing how little reality there is in them. I have had no wish to spoil the poetry and mythology which has grown up around them, and which, indeed, cannot be spoiled, but will always be read with interest, as a portion of the remains of ancient thought. But we do not always want poetry ; and what I have attempted to do is, to tell you the simple and natural origin of this strange way of viewing the stars, and to show you that our ancestors — for we are descendants of that ancient people whom I mentioned as living in Central Asia — were not so visionary as has sometimes been imagined, but were, on the contrary, a very sensible people, who made the best use of their limited means and knowledge.

George S. Jones.

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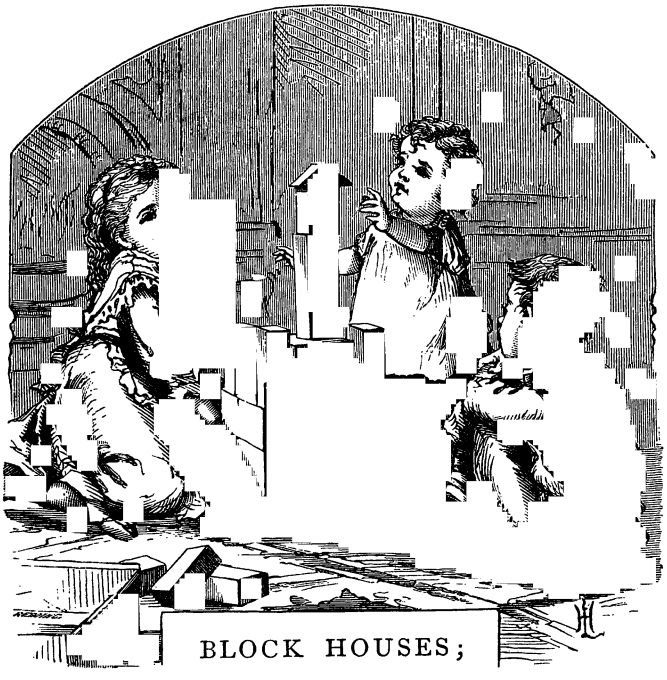

BLOCK HOUSES;

OR, JOHNNIE'S PHILOSOPHY.

SAID Lottie, "Once I built with cards;
What flimsy things they were!
My Christmas box of hard-wood blocks
I quite to cards prefer.

"There 's not a breath of wind that blows
Through window or through door,
But house or yard I built with card
Was blown about the floor.

"Such easy work with blocks to build,
But little pains I take.
Come, Johnnie, you and Baby too
Shall see what I can make."

The work begins, — block after block,
Higher and higher it grows;

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She piles and piles, and Johnnie smiles,
And Baby laughs and crows.

"'T is done!" cries Lottie with delight,
"A church! the towers and all!
'T is plain to see, as plain can be,
Block houses do not fall."

The Baby 's in an ecstasy;
He shakes his curly locks;
On tiptoe stands with outstretched hands,
And snatches at the blocks.

With fists and toes he strikes good blows, —
Who ever knew such fun?
To left and right with all his might
He scatters every one.

"Now there 's a smash!" says sober John,
The little wise-head brother;
"But never mind; I guess you 'll find
That we can build another."

Again the busy fingers work;
Again the tower upstands.
"It is well done," says sober John,
And Lottie claps her hands.

"Hold Baby fast!" He kicks, he screams.
Was ever such a rout!
Mamma comes in: "Why, what 's the din?"
And "What 's it all about?"

She takes the baby in her arms,
And round with him she walks,
Now here, now there, — "Mamma, take care,
Don't come too near the blocks."

Ah! not at all she heeds the call,
So loudly Baby cries;
Along she flirts her trailing skirts, —
The tower in ruin lies!

Encouraged yet by little John,
Once more will Lottie try.
"This time," says he, "I think that we
May build up strong and high."

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But past disaster chills her hope;
The tears dim Lottie's sight;
Her fingers shake; she scarce can make
One block to stand aright.

A leaning tower, and all awry,
Too loosely piled the walls;
'T is scarcely more than raised, before
It totters, shakes, and falls!

"O Johnnie, we no more will build;
It does not last a minute."
She wipes her eyes, but Johnnie tries
To find some reason in it.

His elbows rest upon his knees;
Both hands support both cheeks;
His eye he cocks upon the blocks,
And thus his mind he speaks: —

"To build block houses blocks were made,
That to my mind is plain;
But many a one esteems it fun
To knock them down again.

"Block house to build by fingers skilled
A first-rate play is reckoned;
But if one durst not smash the first,
He could not build the second.

"*There 's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip;*
I 've heard old folks declare it;
And ups and downs all labor crowns:
We 'll laugh, and learn to bear it."

Mrs. A. M. Wells.

WHAT MADAM TALBOT SAW.

DEAR old Madam Talbot's fingers can no longer guide a pen; but some of the stories she tells of her merry and eventful childhood are too precious, because of their truthfulness and national interest, not to be known outside our little home circle. The one I like best, and know almost by heart, runs thus: —

It was my eighth birthday, October 25, 1797, and I was spending it at grandfather's, to me the most pleasant place in the world, because, being

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so far away from my home in Maryland, I had never before visited it, and, according to my notion of such things, it was as grand as a palace.

He lived in Alexandria, an old town in Virginia on the right bank of the Potomac, and eight miles below Washington city, then an insignificant village, with scarcely more than the foundation dug of the now magnificent Capitol. Grandfather was a stage-and-coach builder, and the big yard just behind his stone house was surrounded by blacksmith, trimming, and paint shops, while within it stood great, heavy-looking, new and old family coaches in every condition, from the brand-new with polished panels and silver hinges that shone like mirrors, to the tumble-down and rickety, almost unfit for service. This was long before the invention of cars and railways, you know, so the only mode of travel was in some kind of wheeled vehicle drawn by horses, or on a horse's back; and there were few families in Virginia who did not own at least a barouche or gig.

My playmate during the entire morning had been Anthony Harper, a boy from next door, only two years my senior, and so full of rollicking fun that the very sight of his face, even when in church, would make me want to laugh.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon, when, almost worn out with playing school, dinner-parties, "hot butter beans," and leap-frog, Anthony suggested: "O, let's play battle! You be the Indians, and I 'll be Uncle Wayne fighting you. Whichever party whips 'll tomahawk the other dead, and bury them under the dried leaves. Will you?"

This magnificent idea infused new vigor into me.

"O yes," I said; "that will be the best of all we've done yet. Let's dress up rightly, if you know how. Grandpa's soldier clothes are hanging in the little closet under the front staircase, for you to put on; but what shall I wear?"

"I 'll fix you," said Anthony. "Hunt something red for a frock, till I come." And, darting off like a swallow, he was back again with a piece of broken crockery on which he had daubed patches of black and yellow paint, a coronet of curled pine shavings, and a half-worn turkey-wing stolen from the kitchen hearth, before I had more than one of my short arms thrust through the long one of grandpa's scarlet flannel shirt. When on me, the garment reached almost to my feet. Securing it at the waist with a girdle of bright yellow carpet-yarn purloined from grandma's store-room, and dressing my head with the shavings and turkey feathers until it looked like the body of an angry porcupine, I stood still as a statue while Anthony, with a small varnish-brush, painted half-moons and black snakes over my forehead and cheeks, until I rivalled in ugliness a tattooed New-Zealander.

Armed with the butter-paddle for a tomahawk and the tin handle of an old broken sauce-pan for a scalping-knife, I stood before the admiring eyes of my costumer as magnificent as Tecumseh, and a foe worthy of his steel.

General Anthony Wayne Harper found his regimentals more difficult to manage, as the visor of grandpa's hat would rest upon his nose, and the epaulettes covered his little shoulders like a pair of saddles.

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"You 'd better go and hide, instead of laughing at me; for when I once hear you whoop, and charge on you, you 'll be a dead Indian, sure," he said; for, feeling like a "big brave," I had dared to taunt him.

"What 's to be my name, and where shall I hide first?" I asked.

"You 're a pretty Indian to ask that! Your name 's Rattlesnake, and, hide anywheres in the wide world, I 'll be sure to find you."

Stung by his sneer of contempt, I banged the hall door between us, rushed into the shop yard, and, seeing the heavy door of a large two-horse coach ajar, quick as thought climbed inside. The door swung to and latched, a little fringed curtain of pale blue silk fell over the four small window-panes, and I was alone, with a minute of breathing-time. The coach was roomy, with two high, long seats in it almost as broad as a modern lounge. Pulling off the cream-colored cloth cushion of the front one, it revealed a carriage-box, into which, without much difficulty, I crept, lying curled up as snugly as a caterpillar in its cocoon.

"Whoop! Patsy! Hidie, whoop, Rattlesnake!" soon rang out clearly and very near me. It was Anthony's summons to battle; but no sound from my lips revealed an ambush which he knew, but not I, that grandpa had forbidden boys to enter. Soon the soft dim light and my perfect quiet began to take effect. With the faintest impression of tramping hoofs, and two or three bounces of victory when I had said, "We have met the enemy and they are ours," or something equivalent, I lost all consciousness.

I awoke, how long afterwards I never knew, in the most horrible darkness. Stretching out my feet, I found something hard resisting them; I threw up one hand, but it only grasped empty air. "Mother! mother!" I cried, in my first bewilderment; but no tender voice responded, as so often before, "What is wanted, darling?"

I sat up, and found by groping that I had been lying in a box. The awful fear crept over me that I had been buried alive, and would never again see the blessed light. In my terror I had lost all remembrance of preceding events, and, sitting upright, could only shriek, "Mother! mother! O, come to me! come to me!"

My frantic yells must have sounded like veritable war-whoops, for presently I heard dogs bark, and soon a hound began the most mournful baying I have ever shuddered over in my whole long life. At these familiar sounds I screamed so much louder and longer it is a wonder I was not voiceless forever after. Soon the barking came nearer, succeeded by sounds of pawing and scratching somewhere in my neighborhood, while a gruff voice in the negro dialect I had heard every day of my life, said, "Down wid you, King. Here, Tige! old fellah! hiss! hiss! scatch him!"

Then a bolt was withdrawn, feet pattered around me, the barking came nearer and grew more impatient, a dim light dawned upon me, and before I could discover or realize that I was still in the coach a small door opened, and a lighted lantern held by a black hand flashed before my eyes, followed by a black face with great, rolling white eyes, and the frightened exclamation, "Good Massa in heben! what 's dis?"

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Dropping the lantern, he started back, when in bounded a huge dog, which, after snuffing me an instant, looked at me with its great, sagacious eyes, and licked my face. The touch of his warm tongue reassured me, and, stretching out my arms to the man whose eyes were still rolling in his head like balloons, I said, "O, please take me to mother! What is the matter?"

"Hanged ef I know. I never seed sich a creetur 'fore dis. What is you? Whar you come from?"

Nevertheless, he lifted me out tenderly, while I, sobbing with intense excitement, clung around his neck like a drowning child. Presently we passed out of the carriage-house into some woods (I thought so, at least, there were so many trees), when an old black woman in a blue calico short-gown and head wrapped up in a white kerchief came to meet us, also carrying a lantern. Holding it above her, she looked at us earnestly, then said, "Whar on airth you git dat? 'T ain't no ghos' ob an Injun, Nick, is it? De laws! What sort ob a face! An' all dem fedders! Who — "

My wits had returned in part by this time, and I hurriedly explained: "Anthony painted me. It 's my birthday. We were playing Indians, and I got lost. O, please take me to grandma! I am Rattlesnake."

"De chile 's got los' an' done gone crazy," said old auntie, as, putting down the lantern, she took me in her motherly arms. How I nestled upon her broad bosom!

"No, you ain't no rattlesnake, you poor little los' thing; but I wonder who you is, anyhow. No, Nick, don't 'sturb mistis to-night," as the pair halted where a broad gravelled walk branched to the right and left. "I 'll take her to my room and clean her face fust."

It was not the first time I had been in the negro "quarters" of a Southern plantation, but none that I had ever seen rivalled Maum Rosy's in cleanliness and simple comfort. Never since has my face been so scoured with hard soap and warm water, nor my hair undergone such a pulling, as it did before all traces of my barbaric finery were removed. During the performance I never spoke. Once the head of a little fellow about my own age peeped from under the gay counterpane of a trundle-bed near by, and asked, "Who dat you 'se washin', mammy? Who done come?"

"A *quality* chile, Jim. Shut yer mouf and go to sleep."

For that compliment to my social standing I was indebted to the brown silk dress which she had found beneath the red shirt, — a dress made over for me from one of my mother's half-worn brocades.

"I 'spect you was sleepin' in de coach when I druv off yisterday," said Uncle Nick, who, having entered the cabin, stood regarding me very intently. "Does you 'long to Mr. Ritchie?"

"O yes. He is my grandpa, and I had crept into the coach to hide from Anthony," I eagerly explained.

"Well, you 'se a mighty soun' sleeper for such a young one, *I do say;* for de way we bounced ober dem roads comin' home wa' n't easy, nohow. You see, honey, I know'd de coach was mended, an' jis hitched up and druv

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off, widout once lookin' inside, kase it was long after dark when I got here, anyhow. Laws! won't Marse Ritchie be oneasy?"

"Hush! marster 'll make it all rite in de mornin'. Honey, drink dis yer milk now, an' go to sleep; you 'll git took home bimeby."

Inexpressibly soothed by her tenderness of tone and touch, I again sank to sleep, nor awakened until I heard a murmur of voices near, and some one saying in most emphatic tones, "The poor dear child! No wonder she was frightened nearly out of her mind. Does the General know it yet?"

I opened my eyes upon a lady leaning over me, whose appearance, engraven upon my memory by the vivid impressions of childhood, I can never forget. Tall and stately, with a face full of benignity, she was one to win respect and veneration at a glance. Her abundant gray hair was covered by a thin muslin cap with a high crown, such as you have seen in portraits of Mrs. Lucretia Mott. Her dress was of black silk, cut very low on the breast, while a snow-white neckerchief of soft French lawn lay in narrow plaits over her bosom and shoulders. A small willow basket full of keys hung on her left arm, while a silver knitting-sheath, shaped like a fish, was pinned over her heart.

Kissing me like a benevolent grandmother as she was, and asking me if I felt rested, she took hold of my little hand, and we left the cabin. I had not the remotest idea where I was, or into whose care I had fallen; nevertheless, all around me was larger and grander than anything I had ever seen, save in one hotel at Baltimore. A short walk over part of a broad lawn, smooth as a carpet, and underneath huge oaks whose foliage was rimmed with October's dyes, and we came to the mansion, — a long stone house, with a deep, wide portico in front, supported by eight columns. There were bay-windows, around whose sides coral honeysuckles and ivy climbed, and the whole was capped by a tall, cupola-shaped observatory. An old gentleman of wonderfully majestic presence was standing on the portico, hat in hand, as we came around the side of the house, to whom the lady led me, saying, "General, has Nick told you about this poor little waif?"

"More than an hour ago, my dear; and Ponce is half-way to Alexandria by this time, with a note to Mr. Ritchie, saying we would send the child home as soon as possible. He rode 'Bay,' and I told him not to draw his rein until he got there." Then, with his hands under my arms, lifting me up until my lips were on a level with his, he looked me steadily in the eyes, kissed my mouth, and gently replacing me on the stone floor, said, "She will never forget *this* adventure. Shall we have breakfast?"

"Who were they, and where were you?" I remember asking when I first heard Madam tell this story, quite too impatient to await any more details. She continued: —

They were General and Mrs. Washington, my dear, and I was at Mount Vernon, — then simply the country residence and home of our first President, now the tomb of the greatest and best man America has ever known. I went into the breakfast-room with my little hand firmly clasped by his, and drank my milk, into which Miss Nelly Custis, Mrs. Washington's

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granddaughter, had dropped a big lump of sugar, sitting in a high chair at the General's left. I little dreamed then of the precious privilege and honor I was enjoying, nor thought I would ransack my brain years afterwards for remembrances of the trifling things I noticed that morning.

The table was round and dark, without any drapery; but a small white napkin was spread under each plate. A black man, with a small waiter in one hand, and a towel over his arm, stood behind Mrs. Washington's chair, and I know she asked him if Pomp's foot was well enough for him to go to the mill at ten o'clock. While the General was asking a blessing, I looked across the table towards the wall opposite me, on which was painted a hunting scene that covered all the recess between the mantel and ceiling. Not far from where Mrs. Washington sat was a tall, dark cupboard with doors made of numerous small panes of glass, and filled with Sêvres china. On a long sideboard in another part of the room, I remember seeing a huge china punch-bowl standing, surrounded by an array of innumerable glasses and silver spoons. The plates from which we ate fish were of white china, with a picture in the centre of each representing an angel, dressed in very bright colors, blowing a trumpet, while one foot was poised upon the head of an eagle. This china, I afterwards heard, had been the gift of Marquis Lafayette to Mrs. Washington sixteen years previous.

A half-grown boy, whom the General frequently addressed as "George," sat next Miss Nelly, with whom he laughed a great deal, frequently looking at me, and then saying something in a language I did not understand. He was George Washington Lafayette, spending a few weeks at Mount Vernon with his tutor before he returned to his home in France. The General sat in a high-backed, leather-cushioned arm-chair, whose carved top of dark mahogany rose slightly above his beautiful white head. I remember thinking how kind his voice was, and when he smiled, which was once or twice at something Miss Nelly said, the expression of his entire face changed from grave to almost joyous. Miss Nelly had lovely brown eyes, with little short curls hanging low over her forehead; while the body of her hair was drawn up into a loose knot and fastened upon the very top of her head with a white comb shaped like a butterfly.

Breakfast was soon over, and, Miss Nelly bidding me follow her, I went across a broad hall, in which hung a lamp that looked like a small church, to the drawing-room. A fire was burning in the wide chimney. There was no carpet on the floor, but the dark boards shone as if they were varnished. One great window, that I thought had a hundred panes of glass in it, was open, and through it I saw the General, with his cane in his hand, hat on, and a brown overcoat with broad pocket-flaps, talking to three colored men, who, standing bareheaded before him, seemed receiving orders. A little black boy about my size, with nothing on but a striped linsey-woolsey shirt, was tumbling somersaults in the grass. The General poked at him two or three times with his cane, which made him squirm with laughter. Presently Miss Nelly said, "Would you like me to play for you, Patsy?"

The harpsichord before which she sat was the first one I had ever seen.

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Grandma had a *spinet*, but it was much smaller, and squeaked like a fine, cracked voice. Miss Nelly's sounded full and clear, and I thought the music most beautiful. There were two immense vases on the mantel-piece, painted like the Potichomanie ware nowadays, and between them a candelabra with many candle-holders fringed with pendants of glass prisms around them, which sparkled in the sunlight like hundreds of rainbows. The morning was cool, and very clear. Pretty soon Mrs. Washington came in, and, taking a big bellows with a nozzle as long as a child's toy-gun, which stood inside the brass-wired fender, she began to blow the smouldering fire into a bright blaze.

I felt entirely at home, somehow, for all about was wonderfully cheerful and pleasant; yet, child though I was, I instinctively knew that nothing vulgar or coarse could intrude there.

Being free and unreserved in my temperament, I chatted with the ladies familiarly, — little dreaming what distinguished personages history and coming years would make of them, or how I would one day regard this rare episode in my long life.

A tall mahogany clock standing in the hall with a gilded heron perched on top of it struck nine, as Nick, mounted on a white horse, rode up to a block in the rear of the portico.

"Missus says, bring the little girl up to her, please, Miss Nelly," said a colored girl whom I had not seen before. Following my guide (whom by this time I had begun to love) up a staircase and along a wide entry, we entered a bedroom. I have an indistinct recollection of buff curtains at the windows, through whose parted folds I caught a glimpse of the Potomac River, flowing at the foot of the hill, and of a large, dark bureau, with brass handles tied in loose loops, and a pyramidal top wreathed in acorns and oak-leaves carved out of the same dark wood, and standing between the windows. A closet, quite as large as the bedrooms in a seaside cottage, opened out of this chamber. Mrs. Washington advanced to meet us from it, carrying a plaid shawl of blue worsted and a small straw hat, which had doubtless been Miss Nelly's.

Putting these on me with a motherly fashion peculiar to great hearts such as hers, she said, "The roads are so muddy, little one, we will send you home before Nick, on a pillion. In the basket which he carries is a letter for your grandma and a lunch for you, should you get hungry on the way. You have been a brave girl, but be careful where you fall asleep next time."

It was the General himself who lifted me on the pillion, bidding Nick ride gently; and his beautifully majestic figure was the last I saw, as we slowly rode down the hillside. I heard the tinkle of cattle bells through the woods, and passed a carriage containing two gentlemen which was lumbering up the avenue; then the horse beginning a swift canter, we were soon beyond the precincts of Mount Vernon.

Seventy-three years between my first and last visit to that hallowed spot! Can you imagine a life-link so long; or with what varied emotions I again stood, only last summer, inside the identical room where those kind, soft

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fingers had shawled my youthful form? More than two thirds of a century had elapsed. Nineteen Presidents of these United States had filled their allotted period of public trust and honor, while the ashes of the greatest and best of them all (save one) lay in the marble sarcophagus on the hill-top beneath the shadow of his own loved home. In that very room, now so bare and desolate, he had died; and the only thing within it on which I could fasten a thought was a framed newspaper containing a full account of his death, Saturday, December 14, 1799.

The lawn was there in the more than vernal loveliness of that October morning; but the hundred or more people scattered over it wore the fashion of to-day, and scanned with idle curiosity the belongings of a home, now but the relic of a past century.

The old clock still ticked the flying hours on the first landing of the winding staircase. To me it said, "Then and now, then and now"; and above the locked and always silent harpsicord I leant, a withered old woman, just where the merry little adventuress of only eight years had stood looking up into the blooming face of Miss Nelly Custis. An old brown overcoat, the one I had last seen on General Washington, hung on exhibition behind the glass doors of a huge cupboard, and before an antique mirror in the western parlor stood the very globe over which I had been allowed to pass my childish hands in the General's library, that long-ago morning. Externally, few things were changed. The carriage-house, Maum Rosy's quarters, the walled-in garden, even the ivy and honeysuckle bushes, appeared just as they did to my youthful vision; but when a lad, pulling his mother's dress, said, "Look how often that old woman wipes her eyes," and she replied, "I guess the light hurts them," they little dreamed I was weeping over the tender and blessed memories of my resurrected childhood.

Mrs. Nellie Eyster.

PIGS AND GUINEA PIGS, AND WHAT THEY PAID FOR.

THE spring was uncommonly warm, and there seemed more to be done upon the farm than ever was known before.

How hard the boys all worked — even little Fred doing his share — in the fields and garden, — ploughing, planting, and pruning, getting ready for summer! In the twilight all met upon the pleasant piazza to report progress, and lay plans for the morrow.

"Pigs are out!" screamed Bridget, as they were thus assembled one evening.

They well knew the meaning of her cry: that, tired and warm as they were, all hands must turn out and chase the pigs, — an experience equally trying to the nerves and temper; for, in the arts of determined running, heading the wrong way, doubling, and eluding one's grasp, pigs excel all other animals.

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"Run, boys!" said Mr. Cunningham, — "run, or they 'll be in the garden. How did they get out, I wonder? I thought that wall was strong and high enough to confine an ox!"

Off went the five boys; the rest of the family standing guard over the newly planted garden and flower-beds. What a chase that was! The pigs, revelling in their freedom, ran this way and that, determined only upon one point, — not to approach their pen. In and out, doubling, twisting, slipping away just as one thought he had them, and giving more than one a fall and a bump, — it was full half an hour before the exhausted boys succeeded in driving them in and barring the pen.

"I don't see why you keep pigs at all, papa," said Lillie, fanning herself with her hat, for she too had joined in the pursuit, and was flushed and tired; "they *are* such stupid, uninteresting creatures!"

"Yes, that 's so!" exclaimed Ned, flinging himself down on the boards.

And all the others, heated and cross, expressed emphatic assent.

"That they are aggravating, I 'll admit," said Mr. Cunningham, in reply; "and if a careless boy leaves the bars down, they are quick to seize the opportunity of escape. But they are very profitable, and almost indispensable on a place like this. Now I 'll tell you, boys, what I will do. I 'll give the pigs over entirely to you. You may feed them and take all the care of them, — treat them well, understand, — and, when they are killed in the fall, the money that they bring shall be divided equally among you."

"And me?" said Lillie.

"Well, yes," replied her father, "if you do your share."

After that it was astonishing what interest and importance those pigs assumed in the eyes of the children.

"Where 's the milk for the pigs?" was the constant cry, as three times daily, pail in hand, some one of the five boys appeared in the kitchen.

"Sure, an' the far-ther was the wise man!" was Bridget's frequent comment.

One morning Charlie came in with the news, "There are thirteen little pigs in the pen." Out rushed the children. Sure enough, there they were, squealing already and trying to grunt, although their eyes were not yet open.

They were all

> "Fat and pink like human babes,
> Most promising young swine,"

and the children admired them excessively.

But the old sow, unnatural mother that she was, took a strange dislike to two of her babies, and would not feed them; and, as the children had no idea of losing two pigs for her whim, Charlie took them into the house, where they were cuddled in a warm basket, and fed with a silver spoon.

Under this treatment they thrived splendidly, grew faster than the pigs in the barn-yard, twisted their curly tails into a tighter knot, twinkled their little black eyes more intelligibly, and were always — or so the children fancied — the whitest and most aristocratic-looking pigs of the lot. But, what

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with the meal and the milk, and the buttermilk from mother's churn, they all grew surprisingly, and by and by it was noised abroad that the Cunninghams had some very fine pigs for sale.

"Dew tell!" said one old farmer after another; "what nice pigs them *air!* Chester Whites, air they? Well, now, what 'll yer take for a couple?"

"Twenty dollars," was the prompt reply.

"Twenty dollars! O, now, that 's too much, is n't it? But they *air* nice pigs, no mistake. Guess I 'll take two on 'em."

In less than a week from the time they were offered for sale all were gone, and soon the old ones were consigned to the pork-barrel; and with the money they brought Mr. Cunningham bought for each of the boys and for Lillie a nice watch and chain. The boys all thought that they had made an excellent bargain; but Lillie and Fred, the youngest and wisest of them all, were not content to rest here.

"If we take all the care of the Guinea pigs, papa, may we have the money they bring in?" they asked.

"Yes," said Mr. Cunningham, "but I 'm afraid it won't amount to much."

Little did he know of the foresight of those two!

The Guinea pigs lived upon the barn-floor, and though the great doors stood usually open, the little creatures never ran out.

Even if you took them in your hands and, carrying them out, placed them gently upon the grass, back they would scamper as fast as their little legs could go, and, gaining the sheltering fold of the great barn, would turn and look at you, crying, "Qu-week! qu-week! We know best!"

They were little trouble and no expense, for, with plenty of fresh grass and clover, they almost picked up their living off the barn-floor; and in the winter, when grass and clover were not procurable, they ate bread and milk, grains, and vegetables.

They had warm nests in snug little houses, all along one side of the barn, and in every house, now and then, Lillie and Fred would find a nest full of little ones. Before long there were twenty pairs for sale.

Harry went to town, and, hunting up a naturalist's store, asked what the keeper would allow for the little pets. Seventy-five cents a pair, he said, if they would sell only to him. So the next day Harry took the little pigs to town in a basket, and brought home fifteen dollars to the children.

"Put the money in the bank for us, please, papa," they said. "We 're going to save it up, and by and by perhaps we can buy something that we want with it."

So Mr. Cunningham made a deposit in the savings-bank for them, and before long another and another, for the Guinea pigs were such pretty little pets that everybody wanted them, and they sold so rapidly that Lillie and Fred had quite a flourishing bank account.

Of course it required patience and perseverance to look after them and feed them regularly; but the children were patient and persevered, and the little Guinea pigs never went hungry. Their plump, tailless bodies were sleek and shining, and their little black eyes glowed like bright coals, and

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whenever the children entered the barn they were greeted with a chorus of "Qu-week-week-week!" as their little pets scampered up to be fed.

"What do Lillie and Freddy mean to do with their money?" asked Aunt Carrie one day. "Do you think it a good plan, Charles, to let them hoard it up so?"

"They have an object in view," said Mr. Cunningham, with a smile. "They know what they are about."

"But won't it teach them to be miserly?"

"No, I think not. They do not save the money for its own sake, and, meanwhile, they are learning something of its value."

"But what *can* they mean to do with it? They have been saving it up for nearly three years, have n't they?"

"Yes, about that."

"And what will they do with it?"

"You will know before long," said Mr. Cunningham, smiling again. "They want to surprise their friends."

"Well," said Aunt Carrie, greatly mystified, "when shall I know the secret?"

"In a few days, I think," Mr. Cunningham replied.

Not long after this conversation Freddy went to town with his father, and Lillie went to school in such a state of excitement that to this day I don't believe she can remember whether she failed in her lesson, or not; for the "Guinea-pig money" had been drawn from the bank, and the mysterious purchase was to be made. Mr. Cunningham took Fred to a great sale-stable in the city, where he inquired for Mr. Coleman.

"I want my boy to see the gray pony about which I spoke to you a few days since," said he.

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Coleman. "How do you do, young man? Are you thinking of buying a horse?"

"Yes, sir," said Fred, glancing shyly at his father and reddening with pleasure.

"You 'll be sure to like the gray pony," continued Mr. Coleman. "She is a famous little horse. Brown, tell them to bring up the gray pony."

Brown disappeared, and presently somebody led the horse around.

Fred looked at her breathlessly. He thought that there never was such a perfect horse, so pretty and small, and with such bright, mild eyes, small feet, and long, wavy mane and tail.

"We call her Gypsy," said Mr. Coleman, smiling at Fred's evident pleasure. "She is a nice little horse. Want to try her?"

Fred glanced at his father, who nodded a smiling assent, and Mr. Coleman lifted him upon the horse.

"Thank you," said Fred, taking the bridle.

"You won't fall?" asked Mr. Coleman.

"O no, sir, I ride at home," he replied; and, chirruping to Gypsy, he cantered her back and forth.

"Do you like her?" asked his father, presently.

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Fred looked up, his face beaming with pleasure. "I think she is splendid!"

"Do you think Lillie will like her?" asked his father, laughing.

"O sir, I *know* she will," Freddy answered, leaning over to pat the pony's glossy neck.

"Shall we take her, then?"

"O yes, sir; yes."

"But perhaps you may see some other horse you will like better."

"O no, sir; I 'm sure I sha' n't!" exclaimed Fred, slipping off the horse's back and throwing his arms around her neck. "I shall *never* see a horse I like so well as this one!" and he hid his face in her long, wavy mane, almost in tears at the idea.

"Then I suppose you may call it a sale, Mr. Coleman," said his father, handing over a portion of the Guinea-pig money. "We will go out and look for a carriage, and come back for the horse."

A carriage was quickly found, a pretty basket phaeton, and a neat harness was also procured. At the harness-store a man gave Freddy a nice new whip, but he was sure "he should never want to whip that splendid pony."

Lillie had just got home from school when the pretty turnout came up the driveway.

"O, what a dear little horse! What a pretty carriage!" she cried, dancing around them. "See, mamma, how pretty and crimpy her mane is, and what little feet she has! Do you like her, Freddy? How does she go?"

"O Lillie, she goes like lightning — *almost.* And she 's all our own, — yours and mine. Papa paid for the pha-er-ton, but the pony was bought with the 'Guinea-pig money.'"

"Charlie must put her in the barn now," said Mr. Cunningham. "This afternoon you can go to ride. Do you like your carriage, Lillie?"

"O yes, sir; I think it 's splendid!"

"Do you think 'Gypsy' is a nice name for her, Lillie?" asked Fred, as they all followed the little creature to the barn.

"Yes," said Lillie. "*Is n't* she a beauty?"

Little Gypsy gazed around her new home with mild, inquiring eyes, looked a little afraid of the old horse, and did not seem to know what to make of the children's petting at first. But she soon grew used to them, and learned to know and love them all, and she now feels quite at ease in the big barn where the Guinea pigs scamper about with little idea of their importance. She is so clever and gentle that Lillie drives her alone in the "pha-er-ton," and has fine times taking her playmates to ride.

Fred does not care so much for driving, but goes "horse-back."

Perhaps some day you may meet him, for he lives not far from Boston, and this story is true.

Mrs. S. B. C. Samuels.

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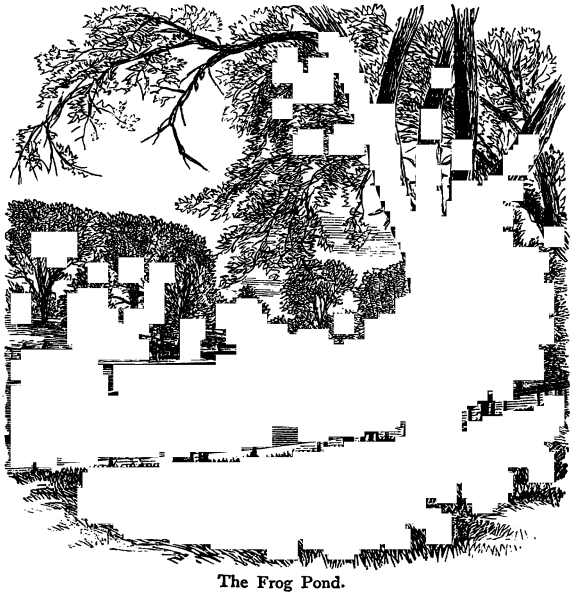
ABOUT BOSTON.

DAVY DRESSER had often been to Boston, and walked or ridden through its streets, and rambled on the Common, and climbed to the dome of the State House for a good view, before he came down with his Uncle George, one day last November, to see the ruins left by the great fire.

He saw much to astonish him, and a few things to laugh at. The good-humor and wit of some of the sufferers, displayed in the business notices stuck up here and there amid the wilderness of fallen walls, broken chimneys, and smoking rubbish, amused him particularly. One sign read, "Two live sparks from these embers may be found at No. ——, —— Street." Another: "Having concluded *not* to occupy these premises, as we had intended to do," etc.; then followed the address of the firm. A third: "Circumstances over which we had no control having compelled us to vacate this stand, we have removed to," etc. Among the things which astonished him most was a volcano of burning coal on one of the wharves; it had then been on fire two weeks, and promised to blaze at least a week longer.

On leaving the burnt district, — after they had got free from the immense crowd of visitors that surrounded it, — they took a stroll on the Common, and sat down on a bench by the Frog Pond. Uncle George then wished to know what Davy thought of it all.



The Frog Pond.

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"It would take about eleven hours to tell half of what I think!" exclaimed Davy.

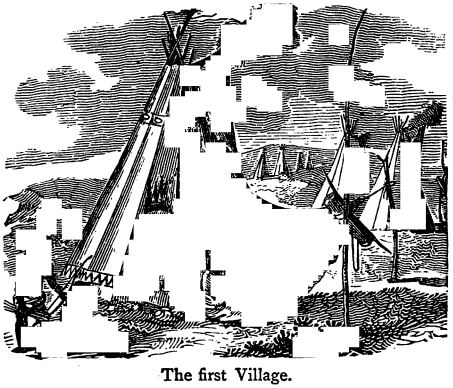
"Well, then, what have you been most struck by?"

"The thought of what has been done by men here! Before, it has seemed to me as if the city had always been. But just now, when we looked across the part that has been burnt over, between Washington Street and the water, then I thought for the first time that this was once all wild country, and that every brick and stone in the great streets and houses had been put there by money and hard work. Then I thought I would give anything if I could see things just as they were here one hundred — two hundred — years ago."

Uncle George smilingly replied, "You would see some curious things indeed! The first human habitations were about as unlike these superb freestone palaces, or those magnificent granite blocks which the fire destroyed, as you can well imagine."

"Log huts!" said Davy.

"Log huts there were; but if we could look farther back than those, we should find only Indian wigwams. There were plenty of wild beasts and rattlesnakes right here where we are. One of the boasted advantages of the place was, that, being a peninsula, the wolves could be easily fenced out! Think of that, with the city before your eyes to-day!"



The first Village.

"When did the white men first come here?" Davy asked.

"I don't remember reading of any before Captain Miles Standish, in 1621, — two and a half centuries ago. He was a famous man in the early history of Massachusetts, you know; and of course you have read Longfellow's poem, — 'The Courtship of Miles Standish,' — founded on an old tradition that the captain sent his trusty friend, John Alden, to court Priscilla for him. Priscilla liked John better than she did Miles, and John liked her; and after he had said what he could for his friend, she asked, archly, 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?' Miles with a few men sailed from Plymouth, entered the harbor, and paid a friendly visit to the Indians; and returned, giving a very favorable report of the country.

"William Blackstone," Uncle George went on, as he walked with Davy up towards Beacon Street mall, "was the first actual white settler. He came here four or five years after Standish, and built the first house in Boston. It was probably quite near where we now are, — on the southwest slope of Beacon Hill. He laid claim to the entire peninsula, which was

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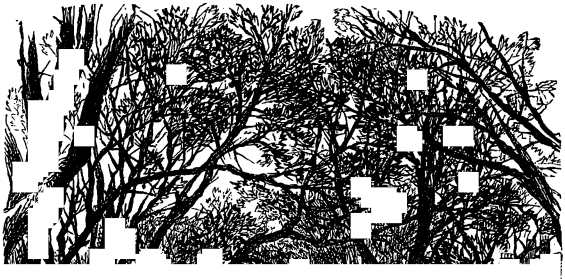
afterwards purchased of him by the town for thirty pounds sterling. He reserved fifty acres near his house, but afterwards sold forty-four acres, which the town laid out as a 'training field.' That training field is now 'Boston Common,' — where we are walking and talking about it. There were very few trees here then, for some reason. Now look at these magnificent avenues of elms, with their arching branches overhead! For many



Beacon Street Mall.

years the Common was used as a cow-pasture, — till as late as 1830, I believe; and Frog Pond was indeed a *frog pond*, though it looks little enough like it now, with its granite rim and its fountain.

"All the lower part, down yonder," Uncle George continued, "was a marsh, in those days; and beyond, where now you see the beautiful Public Garden and all those fine avenues and streets, the Charles River spread out into what we used to call the Back Bay, when I was a boy in Boston."

"There is a good deal more, then, of the peninsula than there used to be," said Davy.

"About two thirds of the present peninsula," replied his uncle, "is made land. The marshes and shallows on every side have been filled and built over; until the peninsula — which, by the way, is a *peninsula* no longer — contains, not only its original six hundred and fifty acres, or thereabouts, but some thirteen hundred acres besides. That is not all of Boston, either, since East Boston, South Boston, Roxbury, and Dorchester have been included in the city limits.

"Do you know," added Uncle George, "that the Boston and Maine

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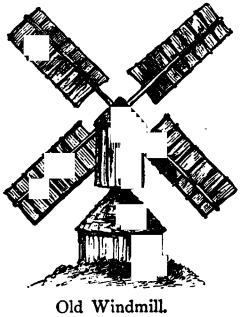
Railroad Depot, where you got off from the cars this morning, stands somewhere near the middle of what was once a *mill-pond* covering fifty acres?"

"O uncle! how could that be?"

"All that part of the city, and the portion lying north and west of it, was a broad inlet of Charles River. It was crossed by a marshy ridge which rose above the water at low tide; over that, there was first an Indian trail, then a causeway built by white men. That formed the mill-dam, cutting off the mill-pond from the rest of the inlet. It is now Causeway Street. On the other side of the pond there was an outlet, called Mill Creek, which flowed into the harbor on the east side of the peninsula."

"Then all that part north of it was once an island!" exclaimed Davy. "The mills must have been tide-mills?"

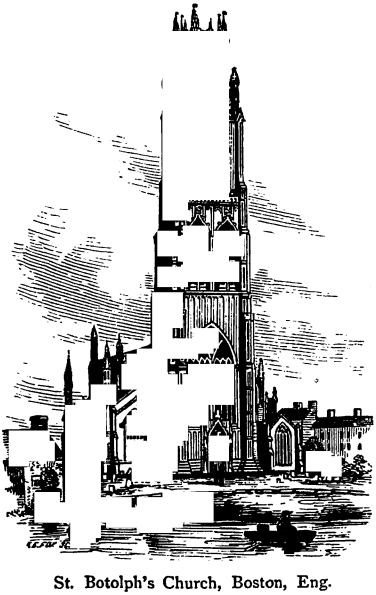


Old Windmill.

"Yes; when the tide rose, it filled the mill-pond; then, as it ebbed, the water was confined and made to do service at the mills. *Water-mills* they are called on an old map I have seen, — to distinguish them from the common mills of the colony, which were *windmills*, you know, of a very quaint fashion peculiar to Boston."

"Where did they get the name of Boston?" Davy inquired.

"It was named by some of the first settlers for their native town of Boston, in England. That was originally Botolph's town, — named after St. Botolph, a Saxon saint of the seventh century. His name is made up of two Saxon words meaning *boat-help;* and he was the patron saint of sailors."



St. Botolph's Church, Boston, Eng.

This curious derivation pleased Davy, who said, "I should think the old saint had come over and patronized the new *Botolph's town* by the looks of the shipping about the wharves! But have n't I heard Boston sometimes called *Shawmut?*"

"Yes; that was the Indian word. Before it got the name of Boston it was first called by the white settlers Shawmut, and then Trimountain, or Tramount, — from which comes the popular modern name of Tremont, — meaning *three-mountain.* But it was not suggested by the three hills for which Boston was noted, — Fort Hill, Copp's Hill, and Beacon Hill, — but

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"Trimountain."

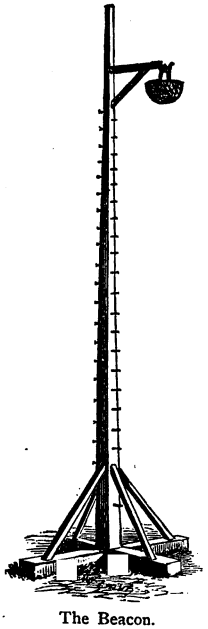
by the three peaks of Beacon Hill before they were shovelled away to fill marshes and coves.

"Why *Beacon* Hill, Uncle George?"

"That came honestly by its name, too," was the reply, as uncle and nephew ascended from the Common, and passed over by the State House towards the Reservoir. "Somewhere near where we now stand there used to be a *beacon*, erected in the early days of the settlement."

"What was the beacon?"

"A huge, basket-like, iron grate, hung from an iron crane near the top of a mast or pole sixty or seventy feet high. Treenails or wooden pins, driven into the pole, formed a sort of ladder to the top. When there was an alarm of Indians, combustible materials, like tar-barrels, carried up and put into the grate, were set on fire. As it was more than two hundred feet above the sea, the blazing signal could be seen at a great distance, so that all the country was roused. This famous beacon stood until after the close of the Revolutionary War, when it was blown down."



The Beacon.

"How did people from the surrounding towns get into Boston before they had bridges?" Davy asked, as they walked on. "Did they all come in over the Neck?"

"That was of course the only thoroughfare," said his uncle, "and that was sometimes covered with water, making Boston an island. By that route, persons coming from Winnisimmet — now Chelsea — had to go fifteen or twenty miles around, and ford two rivers. As there were at first no roads and no wagons, this journey had to be made on foot, with perhaps a lift at the fords on a pair of stout shoulders. The first governor of Massachusetts, John Winthrop, walked from Boston to Salem, in 1631. Four or five years after that there were ferry-boats which carried

Winthrop fording the Mystic.

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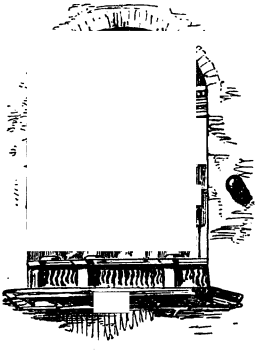
passengers from Boston to Charlestown and Chelsea. For a hundred and fifty years there were no bridges; the first — Charles River Bridge, from Boston to Charlestown — was not built until after the Revolutionary War."

"Hullo!" cried Davy, as they were passing down Brattle Street, "they are tearing the old church down! I wonder what they will do with the cannon-ball."

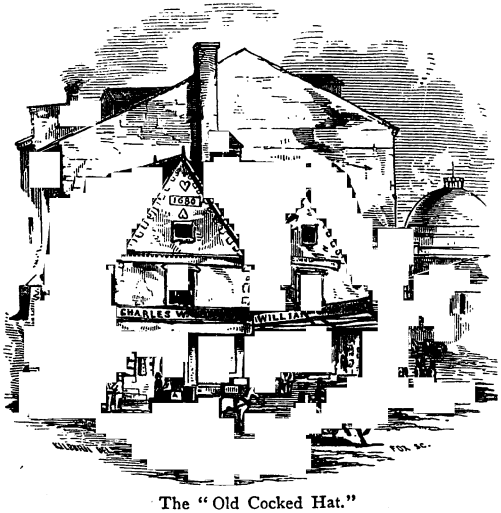
The tower was still standing, and in the front wall, by the arched window over the porch, stuck the historic cannon-ball which, fired by the Americans from Cambridge, struck the church, when Gage's red-coats were quartered in it, during the Revolutionary War.



The old Cannon-Ball.

Uncle George asked a workman what was to be done with the ball when the tower was removed, and was told that it would be placed, in nearly its present position, in the front wall of the new mercantile building to be erected on the spot.

As they went through into Dock Square, Uncle George exclaimed: "I believe in modern improvements, but I miss the quaint old house that used to stand on the corner there. It has been gone a dozen years, and I have passed the spot a good many times since, but I always look for it. It used to be called the 'Old Cocked Hat,' from its resemblance to that quaint old style of head-covering. It was almost two hundred years old, — built in the days of Indian alarms; and, as the fashion was then, its upper stories projected over the lower, for the convenience of pointing a gun-barrel down through the floor at unwelcome visitors, in war-paint and feathers, coming to the door. It was of wood, as all the houses in Boston were until within about seventy or eighty years. I remember some lines written early in this century, which described the town as a 'pyre of shapeless structures,' and went on to prophesy that



The "Old Cocked Hat."

> 'One little spark the funeral pile might fire,
> And Boston, blazing, see itself expire.'

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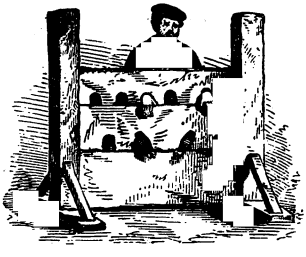
The town has seen many destructive fires since, but, strange enough, none so terrible as that which lately swept away its massy granite blocks and iron fronts, which people thought were almost fire-proof!"

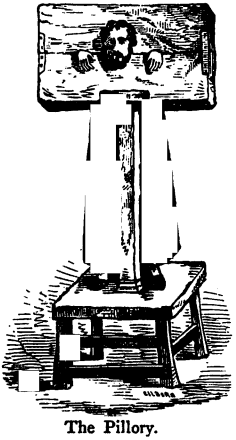
"How queer the old town must have looked!" said Davy, — "the people with their cocked hats, and their houses that looked like cocked hats!"

"Less than a hundred years ago," replied Uncle George, "men and even boys wore cocked hats and *wigs!* Some of the early laws and customs would appear to us now quite as strange as the houses and people. There was a fine of a shilling for taking a chew of tobacco in the streets. To stay at home from church on Sunday, or to speak ill of the minister, was a criminal offence. Officers were appointed to look about in the meeting, during sermon-time, and keep people awake with a long stick, or wand. There were both black and white slaves in the colony, — negroes imported from Africa, and white servants and prisoners of war sold in the old country and shipped to America.

"Somewhere near where we now stand," added Uncle George, as they passed on into State Street and stood in front of the Old State House, "you might often have seen some poor fellow suffering the penalty of idling on the Sabbath, or speaking disrespectfully of a magistrate, or doing something else equally bad, by sitting in the town stocks. The offender was placed on a bench, and his hands and feet confined in holes between movable planks, framed in between two upright timbers. The pillory was a still more uncomfortable mode of punishment. The culprit stood on a sort of stool, and had his neck and wrists confined between two wooden blocks, with his head and hands sticking through.



Sitting in the Stocks.



The Pillory.

"There was a heavy fine for attending a Quaker meeting, or for taking a Quaker into one's house. Any one denying the Scripture to be the word of God was to be publicly whipped, and to pay a fine. For a child to strike or curse a parent, the penalty was death. I remember a laughable instance of a man being fined and banished from the colony for calling a justice of the peace a *justass*."

But we cannot follow the uncle and nephew in all their rambles, and record all their talk, interesting as it might be.* At last they came round

* Readers interested in pursuing the subject are referred to "Boston Illustrated," and "Old Landmarks and Historic Personages of Boston," by S. A. Drake, — two profusely illustrated works, recently published by J. R. Osgood & Co. It would seem almost as if "Uncle George" had been attentively reading the last-named book, so rich in anecdote and curious tradition, before taking that walk with his nephew. — A. H.

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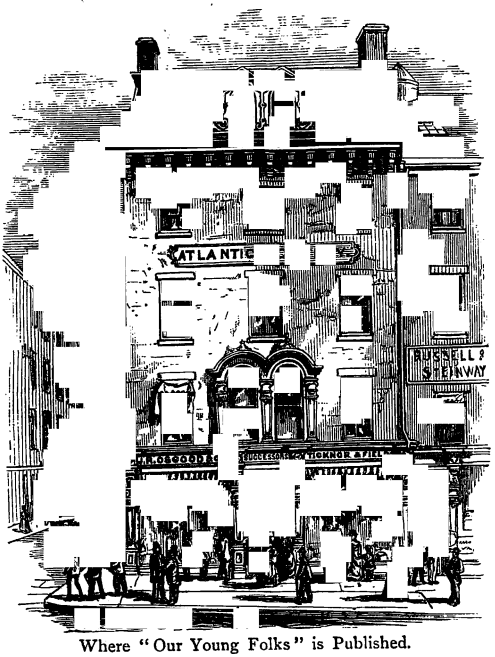
again to the corner of the common, by the Park Street Church, and stood looking across at a granite-fronted building on Tremont Street.

"O uncle!" cried Davy. "See! that is where 'Our Young Folks' is published! I wish we could look in."

"We can," replied Uncle George, hesitatingly. "Certainly, — I want to buy a few books for Christmas, and I may as well do it now. And, let me see, — the magazines. We must have the 'Atlantic Monthly' and 'Our Young Folks' another year, — eh, Davy?"

"O yes! And maybe," said Davy, — "maybe we can see the editors! I bet they are in one of those rooms up there! Won't you ask for them when you go to subscribe for the 'Young Folks' for next year?" he whispered as they went in.



Where "Our Young Folks" is Published.

Augustus Holmes.

LIFE.

DID you ask me what is life, my boy?
Life is an apple red,
Round and mellow, and fair to see;
So you bite through the skin with boyish glee,
But your mouth you fill
With a bitter pill,
For the soul of the apple is dead.
Dust and ashes, the old refrain,
Rings in your ears like autumn rain,
And the morning joy has fled.

Did you ask me what is life, my girl?
Life is a gorgeous flower.

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Its colors are rich and its form is rare,
So you run to pluck it with anxious care;
But the sharp thorns wound,
As you grasp it round,
And its petals fall in a shower.
Ah! much I fear me, my little friend,
Lest your heart on its beauty should depend,
For it blooms but a single hour.

Did you ask me what is life, my boy?
Life is a chestnut burr;
Rough and prickly, and hard to hold,
But watch it close as the nights grow cold,
And some morning bright
'T will disclose to sight
Its nuts in their nest of fur.
A little more patience, and you shall eat
From the opened shells the sweet white meat,
With no ugly thorns to deter.

Did you ask me what is life, my girl?
Life is a bulb close-sealed.
You must plant it deep, and tend it with care,
Till the rain and the dew and the summer air
Their part have done,
And under the sun
Your treasure stands revealed.
But few, my girl, could ever divine
The fair white lily of fragrance fine,
So long in its cell concealed.

But, after all, my boy and my girl,
This thing which we call life
You may make a blessing or make a curse,
Make good grow better or bad grow worse;
For the thorns that tear,
And the blossoms fair,
Grow up in the midst of strife.
The faint-hearts all go down in the fray,
But the strong of purpose shall win the day,
And shall gain the prize of life.

A. I. M.

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THE FLYING BETSEY;

OR, HOW WE MISSED SEEING COMICAL BROWN.

'T WAS the winter we "carried the master out."

That 's the way we used always to designate it. If I remember aright, it was the year of grace 1865. "A very open winter," so the old folks said; by which they meant that there was very little snow. Indeed, there was no snow till near January, and all through the late November and December days the ice-sealed meadows and the lake shone like polished silver under the cold-bright, shimmering sun; and the whole brown earth was frozen hard as granite.

"Dreffful weather for shu-luther," so Deacon Needham used to remark to grandfather every night, and then add, with touching apprehensiveness, that he "did n't b'l'eve that there was goin' to be any sleddin' that winter": the Deacon had a family of five boys and girls "to keep shod," beside "Devil's Steve"; and as he depended on sledding off four-foot wood to pay these "shu" bills, the withholding of the snow bore heavily on his mind.

"Beside Devil's Steve." Perhaps this needs explanation, though the appellation was a notoriously familiar one throughout our neighborhood. As may be inferred, Steve was not the deacon's own son; but he lived with the deacon. Whatever opinion the reader may have already gained of him from this rather profane *sobriquet*, was doubtless abundantly justified by the facts. The deacon had taken the boy at the age of three years to live with him; taken him because he was Parson Hoffman's son, and because the parson had, in dying, committed little Steve to his deaconly care.

A better man than Parson Hoffman never lived; this was the often avowed opinion of the whole community. And his wife, little Stephen's mother, was a quiet, humble body, — like the little brown wife of the bobolink, — who seemed to just fit the great chinks of the minister's heart. So that at the outset Steve had a warm place in the hearts of people, and even when at the age of ten or twelve he had begun to display a freshly budding hardihood, fountains of charity rose and met his deviltries with homely allowance; for was n't he an orphan, and was n't his father good Parson Hoffman? It was not till at the age of fifteen that Steve had dispelled all this wealth of charity; when the epithet of "Devil's Steve," bestowed in the heat of a juvenile row, was seized upon by the whole school district, and devoutly applied at sight ever after.

It may be added that Steve did not at first take kindly to this rechristening. By way of reprisal, he made it a point to knock down all who thus addressed him. This made business lively for a while; but ultimately Steve had to "knuckle under." He took care, however, that the name should not belie him.

"Little Foster" had the school that winter. A college fellow was Foster,

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an undergraduate, teaching to meet his educational expenses, as so many embryo M. D.'s and LL. D.'s are obliged to do near the humble outset of their respective careers. Looking back, I feel convinced that if ever a young man deserved commiseration, it was Little Foster during that winter. In the farther dark corner on the back seat lurked Devil's Steve; next to him "Hog-John" (Davis), so called from a certain porcine cast of countenance, which his contemporaries affirmed was reproduced in his disposition. Then there was "Midge" Edwards, a little, hard-headed pitch-knot of a boy, spry and deceitful as sin itself; his brother Tom; and, finally, at the end of the row next the girls, the present writer, of whom the less said the better. We ranged from fourteen to seventeen, and, with two exceptions, were above middle size. For the benefit of any teacher similarly conditioned, I am bound to say that *moral suasion* and even a painstaking and unselfish discharge of duty were just simply thrown away on us. The only thing we had regard for was superior muscle. When we knew the teacher could handle us and only waited a chance to do it, we were "good scholars" enough, and used to make good progress, especially Steve, who was sharp and keen as a brier. Even at this date there are hundreds of school districts more or less like ours. True, the law provides for the expulsion of unruly pupils; but, practically, the success of the school depends not a little on the physique of the teacher.

It is not, however, of the "carrying out," but of the "Flying Betsey" (our ice-boat) which I wish to speak this time.

The north shore of the lake (its Indian name would but appall the reader) was at no great distance below the school-house. The lake itself was frozen smooth as glass, and as no snow came we had skating there for more than three weeks. Grand times for us boys! Off to the lake every "noon." Ugly times for Little Foster, whose duty it was to keep us at our books.

Ice-boating is, as I am aware, a pretty well established sport in many places, and has been in several instances conducted on scientific principles. Yet it is safe to say that we knew nothing of these experiments, and that our ice-boat was purely original with us. We came easily enough by it, too; for there lay the Betsey — a flat-bottomed batteau — frozen into the ice, where we had last moored it in the fall. There, too, were the narrow thwarts. What more natural thing than for Steve to propose to cut out the boat, lift it on the ice, then thrust a couple of the thwarts under it and set them on half a dozen of our skates. We did this for fun one noon, without a thought as to its being much of an invention.

At first we only shoved it about for sport. I don't remember which of us was the first to propose hoisting the sail, nor does it matter much. During the previous summer we had bought a few yards of "factory cloth," and made some progress in boat-sailing, even with our flat-bottomed craft. Hoisting the sail, we found that with a slight push at starting the boat would glide on with an accelerated motion. This last experiment opened the thing up, and greatly elated us.

"If we can only steer it," says Steve, after we had made a preliminary

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voyage across the upper arm of the lake and brought up with considerable violence against the opposite shore, — "if we can only steer the thing, what 's to hinder striking out with it?"

Nothing that we could see; and visions of triumphant trips down to the "village" at the foot of the lake — distant six miles — suddenly rose in our minds; we could skate back and draw the boat with a line, for it ran as easily as a hand-sled.

Midge had been our boat-steerer on the water, and he at once struck out a plan for steering on ice. He would sit in the stern, with a small pike-pole, and, by a series of judicious *prods* and *drags*, vary the course at will.

That night we prepared the pike-pole, and the next noon went down to try the effect. As usual, a crowd of the smaller boys followed after us, and great was their amusement when, on our first trial, Midge upset the boat and sent us all sprawling out on the ice.

"Never mind," says Midge; "I 'll fetch it next time."

But next time he tipped us over on the other side. In the end, however, he "got the hang of it"; and with Steve at the sail halliards to "let go" at the right moment, we could skim down the gleaming surface for a quarter of a mile, come round without slipping, and run half-way back from our momentum. O, it was *live* fun, and promised better yet.

The next Saturday school did n't keep, and we made our first voyage down the lake.

Through the winter and latter part of autumn the wind blows almost continuously in this country from the west and north. We were generally sure of a wind. On this trip the wind was light; we slid away at fair speed, however, going at times as fast as a mile in three minutes, we thought. That day, as fate would have it, a bundle of flaming hand-bills arrived at the tavern, announcing that "'Comical Brown,' that rib-tickling, rollicking, comical Brown, the Prince of Comedians, was coming to town." This well-known itinerary genius was to hold forth at "Tavern Hall," and a rare treat of fun and joke was bespoken.

All this we learned, and much more, while loitering about the bar-room.

"I 'm coming to this thing," Steve said, with a flourish at the poster. "What 's to hinder all of us coming down in the Flying Betsey?"

We had prefixed the "Flying" to the "Betsey" in honor of her more rapid performances on ice. But Hog-John filed a decided objection by pointing silently at the "Price of admission, 25 cts." This was a staggerer for a time. Not one of us, unless it was Steve, who would always contrive to have a little change somehow, had the desiderated quarter. At length, after some moments of doubt and darkness, Midge brought light by saying, "Tom and me have got some cider. Might sell some o' that here to the tavern, p'r'aps."

Tom consented.

Tim, the bar-tender, agreed to buy ten gallons of us at fifteen cents per gallon. Midge closed a bargain with him on the spot.

We skated home late in the afternoon, facing a keen northwest gale.

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Brown the Comical was advertised for Thursday night.

Monday, Little Foster's tribulations began afresh; we were out of school fully half the afternoon, practising the Betsey, and getting the skates set firmly under the thwarts. As a natural consequence, we soon grew dissatisfied with the speed obtained by the use of our sail. We wanted to go faster. So does everybody, in fact. Progress is nothing but accelerated velocity, either in the mass or the molecule.

"Must have up a bigger spread!" Steve declared.

Tom was not clear as to how we could get more factory cloth. (Cotton cloth was high in 1865.)

Steve said he would manage that, and told us to be on hand that evening.

The moon was in its first quarter that week, and showed a beauteous crescent over the westward hills. After supper and chores we hurried off to the lake, Tom and Midge and myself. Hog-John came a little later. Steve was there before us; and a corn-colored bundle lay on the faintly shining ice.

"What 's that?" Midge asked, giving it a kick.

"O, a couple of the old lady's bed-blankets!" replied Steve. "For more sail, ye know," fumbling in his waistcoat-pocket.

"What did Marm Needham say to that?" questioned Tom.

"Did n't say; did n't know it. Piled away there in her old chest-o'-drawers, ye know. Thought I 'd take a couple. Carry 'em back after we 're done with 'em. Cut a couple of sticks, some o' ye, for a boom an' gaff on t' other side while I sew 'em together," — producing a darning-needle and twine.

The blankets were raised on the other side of our mast, and a spare halliard bent to them. We had now some fifteen square yards of sail; and on starting off this additional spread at once made itself felt in the greater steadiness and ease with which the Betsey sped away. The speed charmed us. We ran three or four miles in a marvellously short time, then skated back.

There is something immensely fascinating about ice-boating; and I only wonder that it is so little practised by our adventurous youth. The ease of the motion, the reckless speed, the shrill buzz of the steel runners, exhilarate one prodigiously.

Tuesday evening was too calm; but Wednesday night there was a smart breeze, with a brighter moon. We ran within a mile of the foot of the lake. We had made some progress, too, for by tacking we managed to ride the most of the way back.

Noons we had to keep the blankets out of sight of the smaller boys. The girls began to come down, and we gave them rides as far down as the "point." But the evenings, when, with the whole *spread* up, we could dart away unrestrainedly, were the real moments of ecstasy.

The only dangerous, absolutely dangerous, portion of our course was off the "great rocks," a mile and a half below the head of the lake, where

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"the point" made out, nearly dividing the expanse into two parts. The "great rocks" were three huge boulders lying close together and rising twelve or fifteen feet above the water, out about a hundred yards from the end of the point. To double this point we had to make a broad curve off to the southwest. Once around here, we could dash down on the main basin of the lake, a broad, roomy expanse of nine or ten square miles. Past the point the wind seemed always to "suck" hardest. We did not deem it prudent on a high wind to run between the point and the rocks, but kept away outside the rocks on a wide curve. Midge's orders (from Steve) were, never to go within ten rods of them; for, venturesome and careless as boys of our age are apt to be, the wondrous velocity awed us into a wholesome fear of running aground. We had sufficient appreciation of dynamics to know that to run ashore would smash us.

A smart gale along the ice could scarcely be reckoned at less than forty or fifty miles an hour, and we used frequently to run, as Steve termed it, "faster than the wind," which we perceived on the slackening of our sails and their bellying the wrong way. Twice we ran what we called three miles in four minutes, as told off on Hog-John's old watch, the accuracy of which is open to some doubt. With a mile and a half of start, we would come down and fly past those rocks with a velocity approximating that of Dr. Meyer's meteorites. Those were moments of mingled delight and terror; even now I cannot but recall them with a thrill of pleasure, so fondly does mind love rapid motion; from which I infer that, as the course of the spheres through space is quickened, the souls of men will rise to higher and better things.

Thursday morning, before school, Midge and Tom wheeled down the cider in a ten-gallon keg on their wheelbarrow. Steve and the rest of us ran down to the ice with them; and we stowed the keg and also the wheelbarrow on board the Betsey; for, on getting down to the dam at the foot of the lake, we should need the barrow to wheel the keg to the tavern. We did not get back to the school-house till they were nearly through "reading in the Testament." All the forenoon we were in a deal of anxiety about the wind, on which our whole project depended. Our plan was to run off at recess in the afternoon, go down the lake before night and get our cider marketed, so as to be in good time for Comical Brown at six o'clock. A rather objectionable programme, certainly, from every point of view.

The wind held, and even rose toward noon. Fortune favored us in this, to get a better hold of us probably. At recess we quietly made off when the bell rang, and were soon at the lake. The Flying Betsey was shoved out on the ice and the sails raised. The cider and wheelbarrow made her heavier than usual; but the wind was now blowing a strong gale under a cold, whitish haze.

"Start her off easy, now," exhorted Steve, bracing his feet to hold the halliards. "And, Midge, keep your eye peeled, sharp! Wind 'll be awful down by the pint."

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Midge grasped the pike-pole. Hog-John took passage in the bow. Tom and I eased her gently out from the shore for several rods.

"All aboard!" from Steve.

We sprang in. The Betsey slid off like a snake, and, getting out into the wind, gathered way rapidly.

Buzz-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z —

Sim-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m —

Faster — faster —

The air roared in our ears.

"Steady, Midge," gasped Steve. "Keep her off!" for we were already nearing the point, and the great rocks, gleaming coldly in the dim sun, were *coming up* with lightning speed. Six — four — two hundred yards, — a sort of nebulosity hung over the next second. Whether a sudden cramp paralyzed Midge's sturdy arm, or a flaw of the wind swerved us to leeward, was never very clear. The Betsey struck the outer rock! Just a quick, sharp crack like a big whip!

That we were not all of us instantly killed is a wonder. That none of us were killed seems to me now to be little less than a miracle. My own experience was a terrific fling up over the rock into the air, and a *wallop* and *scoot* on the ice beyond, all in a heap, face down. When first I got control of my *corpus*, I was more than a hundred feet beyond the rocks, in a dreadfully rattled and shaken condition. Looking around through watery eyes, I saw Steve crawling painfully back toward the wreck. Hog-John sat doubled up with the breath knocked out of him, at a little distance, gasping with alarming sounds. The wheelbarrow was whirring off far below us. As for the keg, that had gone up with the rest of us; and as what goes up must come down, so that came down, — through the ice, — and either sank of its own weight, or passed off under the ice; all we found of it was the hole. Tom and Midge had gone the other side of the rock, and brought up a good deal battered and barked against the inner ones.

We lay there in the wind for full half an hour, moaning and rubbing our bumps and "grazes." Steve could n't raise his left arm at all. Tom could n't bear his weight on his right leg. I had the skin all off my nose and cheeks, a nice plight to sit next the girls in!

That was the end of the Flying Betsey. There was n't a piece of her left but what would have gone into "Marm Needham's" oven.

We made our way miserably back with the dusk. Comical Brown was never the richer for our cider.

Somebody had seen the disaster at a distance, and we met a delegation of people headed by the deacon coming down to see if we were dead. But nobody pitied us in the least. On the contrary, there were those who did not scruple to insinuate that had we *gone after the cider* it would have been no great loss to the community.

For the next week Little Foster had a respite. We were too sore and lame to give him much trouble.

C. A. Stephens.

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CLARENCE SHANK'S ADVENTURE.

"COME, Clarie, it is almost dinner-time, and I want you to run to the depot and get me a time-table of the Erie Railroad," said Mrs. Abram Shank to her son Clarence, on the fifth day of January, 1872.

"I 've my old clothes on, mother," said Clarence, who had been working in coal that morning.

"Never mind, Clarie; put your overcoat on, and run along."

Clarence obeyed, and went out from his father's house, on his way to the railroad station, in the city of Binghamton. Dinner-time came, but Clarence had not returned.

"I don't see where the boy can be," said his father, as he arose from the dinner-table.

"O, he 'll be here before I get the table cleared off," said his mother, anxious to shield her boy. "I dare say the ticket-master was busy, or something has kept him."

Mr. Shank went away to his work. Mrs. Shank left Clarence's dinner upon the table, but it had grown cold, and he was not come. Two o'clock, and still the loving face of Clarence was not seen in his home. As the mother worked and waited, the fear that some accident had come to her son, grew until it became a horror. He might have been injured by a passing train.

A messenger was hastily sent to the railroad station. He soon returned, saying that no accident had happened there, and that Clarence had not asked the ticket-master for a time-table. He could find no person who had seen the lad about the place.

"What can it mean? Clarence would not go away anywhere, for he had old clothes on," said his mother, "and he had had no dinner either. I 'm *sure* he would not run off."

Then the father and the older brothers were sent for, and a family council was held. One said "he might have been carried off on some train." This suggestion seemed very plausible.

"Then we must send the telegraph after him," said Mr. Shank; and he went up to the office, and messages were sent east, west, north, and south over the railroads that centre at Binghamton. The answers came speeding back over the lonely miles of wire, and each one said, "No boy carried off on my train."

When every conductor had been heard from, the father went home. Friends were at his house trying to suggest some new possibility. The coal-pits were searched. Cellars were examined. All night men went up and down a mill-race. They carried lights and thrust their long poles into the dark water, but no one of them stirred the body of Clarence Shank.

Saturday morning came, but not a ray of hope came with it, to tell where the lost one might be.

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No child in all the beautiful city of Binghamton was loved so much that day as was the lost Clarence Shank. Of all the mothers' boys in all the world, there *never* was one like her lost darling, thought the tear-laden heart of Clarence's mother; but neither searching nor lamentation nor tears availed to bring the faintest thread of news.

Saturday night came. Then it was that *somebody* said, "Don't you remember, the Gypsies passed through Binghamton on Friday? Can it be that they carried Clarence off with them?"

The very romance of the thought lent its charm to the new direction of search, and men eagerly offered to start with the dawn of Sunday. The Gypsy band was encamped twenty miles away. They might offer stout resistance; therefore, as Saturday night was intensely cold, all the plans were made with reference to daylight.

Clarence's Story.

Clarence was hungry when he started for the railroad station Friday noon, but that was of little moment. He would come back he thought in a few minutes, and dinner was all ready, waiting for his father and brothers to return from their labor. As he looked into the passenger-room, the ticket agent was busy selling tickets for an out-going train, so Clarence went upon the platform to wait until he could get a chance to ask for a time-table. A number of grain cars were standing upon a track near by. One of them had been used to carry corn, and its floor was strewn with the long, thin kernels that had grown in the far fertile West.

"What a waste that is!" thought Clarence, having in mind the horses at home, and remembering how much they would like to taste the corn. "It won't take me but a minute to fill my pockets," he said to himself; and, with a dexterous leap, he was inside the freight car. In a farther corner of it he stooped down to draw the corn into a little pile, and was filling his pockets, when he suddenly found himself in total darkness. The car was shut, and the fastening-pin was in, and, in spite of cries and knocks that no one heard, Clarence Shank was a prisoner in an empty grain-car that was bound for the Great West.

In vain he shouted, in vain he thrust his stout boots against the doors. The old locomotive engine, puffing away in front, may have felt the thrill in its steam-chest, but no one's heart was touched to open the doors and let Clarence out. So the wheels began to roll, and they rolled faster and faster, and the journey began.

The boy did not know whether he was going east or west. All that he could tell was, that the road was rough and the car jolted terribly. He stood up and clung fast to its sides to keep from being thrown about.

"What will mother think at home?" gasped Clarence, trying in vain to find a crevice out of which he could peep at the surrounding country. *His* country was blackness and darkness just then. The time seemed days, the way endless, and then the thudding rumble grew less and less. The car was standing still. He renewed his knocks and shouts and kicks, but no

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one came, and after a few minutes the old motion began again. He held fast, until his hands were sore from the friction. The tears came and rolled down his cheeks, for he could not let go to wipe them from his eyes. After another hour the train stopped again, and he felt the motion of backing; then all was still in the car, while the great locomotive engine throbbed itself into the distance.

"If I could only see where I am!" thought Clarence. But not a sound was heard. The car was "switched off" somewhere and left; but where was it?

"What if nobody should come and let me out! What if I should have to stay in here till I starved and died!" And then he thought of all the sore trouble his absence would make at home. He listened intently for the sound of a footstep, for he was growing very cold, and he wondered if it was night.

At last they came, the sweetest sounds that Clarence had ever heard, and yet they were but the tramp of heavy feet on frozen ground. The boy forgot to cry aloud, he was so eager in his listening. Yes, they were coming; he could hear voices, as of men talking. Then he knocked with feet and hands; he shouted aloud, but his voice was wellnigh drowned in the dark, close car.

"What 's this?" said one of the men. "There 's somebody stolen a free ride in that car, I reckon." The pin was taken out, the door shoved back, and Clarence was nearly blinded by the full light of day, for it was not yet four o'clock.

He had not been imprisoned quite four hours, but the journey had seemed to him the length of the United States.

"Where am I?" asked Clarence.

"At Barton. Meant to steal a ride, did you?" asked one of the men.

"No, I did *not*. I got carried off," replied Clarence, with indignation.

"Well, you 'd better start back pretty quick, boy. Where did you come from?"

"From Binghamton. How far is it?"

"About forty miles. Take that road!" And the men went on their way, thinking little of their careless words to the boy.

He started, and walked until it was almost dark. Then he reached Tioga Centre. He passed through the village, and went on until it was so dark that he could not see.

A farm-house was near by, but no friendly light gleamed out from it. Clarence thought the folks had gone to bed. He did not like to wake them up; beside, he was afraid they would think he was a beggar boy. Near the barn-yard there was a large stack of hay with a fence about it, to keep the cattle from getting in. Clarence jumped the fence, pulled out some hay, made a berth for himself, crawled in, and, with the summer's red-top and clover for bed and covering, he fell asleep. The tears stole out from his tired eyelids with the last moment of consciousness, after which sleep warmed his cheeks and dried his tears, and sweetly freshened every tired

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nerve and muscle for the great trial of the morrow. There lay between his hay-stack bed and his home thirty-four miles of frozen land, and Clarence was only eleven years old, and had eaten neither dinner nor supper that day.

Light came from over the east, and with a quiver the boy's eyelids opened. He sprang up fully dressed. No smoke curled from the farm-house chimney; nobody was astir so early. He started for the long march. In his pocket was the corn that he had gathered yesterday. Hunger was strong, and the lad ate a few kernels, wondering why horses seemed to like it so well.

At Oswego some boys sent him two miles in a wrong direction. He met an old man who told him he must go back. That made four extra miles to walk.

Clarence cried with cold and hunger and weariness, yet he never thought to beg a ride back by rail, or to ask a piece of bread even, at a house door. "They'll think me a beggar if I do, and I 'd rather go hungry than beg," he thought.

So he pressed on mile after mile, while the day went its round. His cheeks were frozen from the flow of his tears, his toes and heels were touched by frost, but he had reached Union, and that was not many miles, he knew, from home. In all that day he was overtaken by but two wagons. They were so heavily laden that their drivers walked; therefore he could not ask a ride of either of them. It was after dark when the friendly lights of Binghamton were seen.

Clarence thought he could not get home. The last few blocks were longer than the miles had been, and yet he knew if he fell down *there*, somebody who knew him would be certain to find him.

He came dragging himself wearily up to the house. No one saw him until he opened the door. The house was full of friends and kindly souls who were come to sympathize with his mother.

Clarence opened the door and surprised them all. With one shout they cried, "Here comes the lost boy!" while his mother sprang forward and clasped him in her arms.

Clarence was too tired to tell his story, just then. They gave him food, for he had eaten nothing but a few kernels of corn since Friday's breakfast, and had not drunk even one drop of water since leaving home.

Thus ends this *true* story of Clarence Shank's ride in the grain-car. How nice it would be if all the lost children could come home, as Clarence came; if never a hearth-stone remained cold, for the want of the living touch of the little feet that stray and come not again!

Clarence thinks his home a far nicer place than a grain-car on the Erie road; and the roof of his father's house a better shelter, in January, than red-top and clover.

S. P. Prichard.

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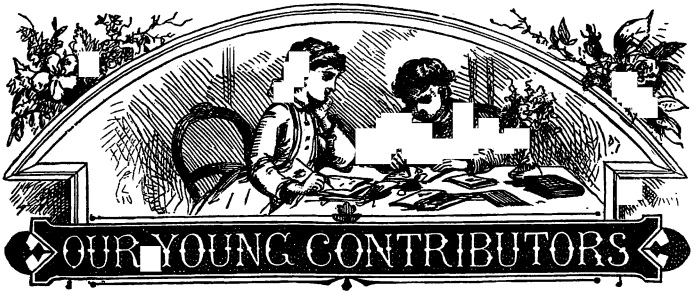

AN EXCITING RACE.

THE ice was splendid. Smooth as glass, not a flaw or break in sight, the frozen current of the river stretched for miles and miles, affording extraordinary facilities for the full enjoyment of that most pleasant of pastimes, skating. To enhance the pleasure of all this, I was to give a skating-party, one of my most cherished desires. I had invited many friends from the city and country, and was in a state of intense anxiety until the appointed day, Friday, came, — my uneasiness not lessened by certain strange remarks made by my parents, who both seemed to be in a secret, but neither of whom would tell me anything about it. In vain I questioned; it was useless; and I was forced to wait until the day of the party in order to satisfy my curiosity. Rumors of a heavy freshet higher up the river had reached my ears, and, when Friday dawned, I tremblingly gazed from my window upon the river; but my fears were relieved by beholding the same unbroken expanse of ice as before.

It was a beautiful day. There were no clouds in the air, and no heavy breeze upon the land. A gentle wind from the south fanned my cheeks as I stepped from the door, and I could not restrain a shout of exultation at the glory of the day and the near approach of my favorite dream. By noon the greater portion of my friends had arrived, and before one o'clock we were all upon the ice, enjoying ourselves to our utmost capacity.

My parents had caused a large tent to be erected upon the ice near the shore, and this was the centre of attraction for a score of happy faces, looking smilingly upon the numbers gliding around. About four o'clock we were startled by the ringing of a little bell, and at once collected at the entrance of the tent. My father was standing in the doorway, and, after the clamoring had somewhat subsided, he held a little case to view, and said, "In this case is a prize, which will be given to him who first skates to the bend" — distant about a mile — "and back."

He opened the case, and all crowded around to see what was within. I beheld, lying upon a bed of blue velvet, a little silver skate about two inches long, upon which was inscribed, "Awarded to the victor in the race held on the 27th of March, 18—." This, then, was the surprise which I had expected so long. In a moment more my father added, "This is to be presented to the winner by the handsomest young lady present, and he is to claim the exclusive privilege of her hand through the remainder of the day." The young lady thus named was a Miss Reynolds, from the city, and, as all eyes were turned toward her, she acknowledged the compliment by a graceful bow.

This announcement created a sensation among the boys, and thirty at once signified their willingness to become competitors in the race. We quickly took our positions,

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and the signal was given. We darted forward, each bound to be the first at the return goal. How soon were some disappointed! Boy after boy dropped behind, amid the shouts of the spectators, and when we turned the limit, only seven remained. We were on the last half-mile. My chum, Harry Brand, and I were leading; and, as we dashed along side by side, the tumult was deafening. We kept side by side, and, as we shot past the goal, the judge shouted, "Even!"

"Another race!" called several boys; and my father stepped forward to ask if we were willing once more to measure our powers. "Certainly," we replied; and Harry added, "Let the race be to the great pine and back" This pine was a huge monster standing alone upon the shore of the river, a last remnant of the primeval forest, and distant from the house about three miles.

"Is it agreed?" asked my father of me.

"Of course," I replied; and it was at once noised around that we were to skate *six miles* to determine the possession of the prize and the belle of the day. We moved forward to the centre of the river, and, at the signal, shot away. We quickly passed the bend, and were lost to sight.

After we had skated thus for nearly two miles, we slackened our pace, and agreed to skate to the pine in a quiet, sedate manner, and reserve our powers until our return. The sun was low in the heavens, and the shadows of the trees which surrounded us (for we had now entered a large wood) extended far along on the ice, moving and waving at every breeze. We passed a stream on the left. "How curiously the ice looks!" remarked Harry. We passed a small river on the right. "The ice seems ready to break," said I; but we still pressed on.

The pine was distinctly visible afar off, with a long straight reach on the nearer side. "Hark!" cried Harry. We paused and listened. A low rumbling and cracking broke upon our ears. The next moment we beheld the ice heave and burst into fragments near our goal, crashing upon the firm ice with fearful power.

"The ice is breaking!" shrieked Harry; and in less time than it takes to tell it we had turned, and were flying wildly back. It was a double race, but the interest in the lesser was absorbed in the terror of the greater. Faster and faster we sped, our ears continually assailed by the ominous crackling and roaring behind, which every moment grew louder and nearer. A tremulous swell disturbed the ice beneath our feet, becoming more and more apparent as we hurried on.

We passed the river on our right; a long dark line extended along the shore from its mouth. We passed the stream on our left; a yawning crack marked its presence. "Faster!" called Harry; and we spurned the ice with our feet until we seemed to fly like a race-horse upon the gallop. We reached the bend. The ice heaved and tossed; on either shore a long line of dark water was appearing, and behind us rushed the advancing doom, now almost upon us. We took a few long strokes; we were opposite the house; and we turned to the shore only to find a broad band of water intervening between us and our destination. "Leap!" I shouted; and I shot through the air, landing at full length upon the ground. Harry stumbled, fell, clutched despairingly at a huge root protruding from the bank, swung for an instant in the freezing water, and then with a desperate effort drew himself upon the shore. We were saved. A shout burst from many throats, and we saw our friends crowding round us. Erelong we rose to our feet, aided by their assisting hands.

The river was a mass of tossing fragments, and far down the stream could be seen the destructive influence still pursuing its relentless course. The freshet and the south-wind had done their work.

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An hour afterward a group might have been seen in my father's mansion, congratulating two youths upon their escape from death; and a skate might have been seen to pass into the hands of one of these boys, while the other claimed the hand of the belle of the day. The boy who received the skate was Harry Brand; the other was myself.

"*Filbert.*"

A VISIT TO AN ALMSHOUSE.

ONE cold morning in January, accompanied by a friend, I visited the city almshouse, situated about a mile and a half from town.

The grounds were beautifully laid out, and the gardens in summer must be very fine. We were met at the door by the matron, who gave us a very cordial welcome, and kindly offered to show us through the house, — an offer which we gladly accepted. We passed down the narrow hall, and entering a door at the right, found ourselves in a long apartment, which we recognized as the dining-room. Everything was plain, but perfectly neat; and from such clean white tables one might suppose that even coarse food would be palatable.

Thence we proceeded into the work-room, which was filled with old and young. Little girls, appearing hardly more than babes, sat sewing their patchwork; and the old men and women seemed to be doing what they could. As we were passing along, our attention was attracted towards an old man, whose silvery locks and trembling frame betokened but a short stay here. The peaceful expression of his face and his "far-away look" assured us that his heart was not here, but rested in that brighter and happier land, towards which he had been so long journeying. We stopped not to question him; but, feeling that he was almost home, we passed him with reverence.

There was another, — a little girl, from whose sunny face even poverty had failed to chase away the sunbeams, — "as merry and mischievous a little waif as ever was sent to be a botheration and a blessing to any almshouse," the matron assured us, pointing with an indulgent smile to a group of children huddled together in a sunny corner, in the midst of whom sat the little girl, busily engaged, not in *plying* but *applying* her morning task — a square of patchwork — to an afflicted toe belonging to a little boy companion. With her great dark eyes sparkling with merriment, and the sunlight weaving golden threads in her hair, she sat surrounded by the plain, uninteresting faces of her companions, like a rare exotic in a bed of thistles. She was a little refugee, the matron said; a refugee from *what?* As we gazed upon the childish group, the prayer escaped us that they *all* might be refugees from sin and want and sorrow.

We passed on; there were idiots, in whose changeless faces intelligence had set no sign; vacant, cheerless tenements of clay, they were unwarmed by love and happy hope. Two old women sat by the fire smoking their pipes, and croning together in broad Scotch and glib-tongued Irish. There were helpless men, whose faces betokened, not that silver-haired age which softens the heart, and perfects the trust, and ripens the goodness of the soul, but the age, alas! of sin and dissipation. Idleness had clothed them with rags, and brought them to the house of the destitute.

Ah, well! they were all God's poor. We passed out into the clear morning air with feelings of relief, and went back to our pleasant homes with softened, pitying hearts towards the homeless ones of earth.

D. M. K., age 15.

OTTAWA, Kansas.

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THE CHICKADEE.

THE birds have all flown to their homes in the south,
The flowers are withered and dead,
The feathery snow-flakes come hurrying down,
And the pleasant south breezes have fled:
But the brave little chickadee, cheery and bold,
Stays with us all winter, not minding the cold.

Though the meadow-lark's carol is sweeter by far,
And the bluebird is gaylier dressed,
Still of all the sweet songs of all the bright throngs,
Little chickadee's song is the best.
For this brave little chickadee, cheery and bold,
Stays with us all winter, not minding the cold.

When the birds have all flown to their homes in the south,
And the snow-flakes have earth gently pressed,
The chickadee comes in the winter to stay,
And that 's why I like him the best.
Yes, the brave little chickadee, cheery and bold,
Stays with us all winter, not minding the cold.

Eudora May Stone, age 12.

EMERSON, Neb.

SACRO BAMBINO.

FRED and I were sauntering along Capitol Hill, in Rome, one morning, each engrossed with his own thoughts. I was far across the ocean again in my own home, telling the dear ones of the wonders I had seen, when Fred brought me to things present by exclaiming, "What on earth is this coming?" I looked up, and there saw what was well calculated to draw forth his astonishment.

About a block off, two old priests were advancing at a snail's pace, one dragging what appeared to be an enlarged toy-cart, the other meekly following it. As they drew nearer, we were better enabled to note details. The priests were clad in long white robes, reaching to their ankles. Over these were black gowns, coming down to the knee. Three-cornered caps of sable hue formed the covering for the head. But, as if to make up for the sombreness of the priests, the "cart" shone forth with dazzling splendor.

A golden chariot with coverlet of velvet, satin, and lace, no wonder it called forth the admiration and adoration of the faithful as it passed along. But while we were watching, it disappeared in the impenetrable darkness of a neighboring church. Wondering what it could be, we resumed our walk, Fred satisfying himself with the remark, "It 's some popish mummery evidently."

Next morning, as I stood at the hotel window, picking my teeth meditatively, Fred came up softly behind me, gave me anything but a gentle love-tap, and shouted at the top of his voice, "Joy to the world, the mystery is solved! Tickets to the

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Bambino, one dollar, United States currency. Get your *chapeau*, and away we 'll go."

"Tickets? Bambino? One dollar?" exclaimed I, bewildered. "Pray, what are you driving at, Fred?"

"Well, my dear boy, simply this, — that, if you will put on your hat, I will lead you to a place where you can learn all you want to know about that little cart we saw the priest dragging through the streets yesterday."

"Then let 's go!" Whereupon, seizing our caps, we started out.

After a short walk we reached the church where we had seen the priests disappear the day before. Fred now informed me that we were standing before the church of the "Ara Cœli," built on the site of an ancient Temple of Jupiter, and belonging to a convent of Franciscan friars.

Pushing aside the dirty leathern curtain, which hangs before every church door in Italy, we found ourselves inside the building, but so blinded by the sudden transition from light to darkness we had to stand a minute to collect our scattered senses. Seeing a priest near by, Fred went up to him and asked if we might see the Bambino. He answered in the affirmative, and bade us follow him. After crossing the uneven floor of the church, and wending our way through several dark and crooked passages, we at last found ourselves in the chapel dedicated to the object of our search. The apartment was as black as Egypt, but the priest mended matters by lighting two enormous candles. He now stepped up on a raised platform, and proceeded to satisfy our curiosity.

First, he pushed up a sliding door, then, mumbling various prayers, he unlocked one or two others, and the Bambino lay before us in all its glory. But our attention was drawn from it to the priest, who was down on his knees, crossing himself and mumbling over prayers in a manner most wonderful to behold. Presently he arose, and, approaching the shrine, took the doll from its cradle, and placed it on a stand covered with a gorgeous red cloth. We now approached to examine. It is a wooden figure, from twenty to twenty-four inches in length, supposed to represent the infant Saviour, and it is gravely asserted that it was carved by St. Luke from a tree of the Mount of Olives. Its dress is made of satin and lace, and it is covered with diamonds, pearls, and gems of every kind from head to foot. Its feet are incased in golden shoes.

Having gazed till we had "got our money's worth," as practical Fred whispered, we stepped back. The priest asked if we would not like to kiss the foot, but we respectfully declined, leaving that inestimable privilege to the more faithful. We were now ready to go, but the priest had to bow, kneel, and mutter all over again, before he could lay it away.

On our way home, Fred told me the chief virtue of the Bambino lay in its healing power, and that it earned as much money as all of the doctors of Rome put together. It had undoubtedly been out on an errand of this kind when we first made its acquaintance.

"Well, Fred, what are you knitting your brows over now?"

"O, I am out of patience, to see how these poor superstitious people are humbugged, and made to believe all this nonsense by those wily old priests! But I suppose faith in something is better than faith in nothing." And I don't know but Fred was right.

"*Bilboquet.*"

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AT THE FAIR.

THE children crowded around the table where the nuts and candy and fruit were sold. Of course they did. They did not care for the tidies and sofa-pillows and other knick-knacks which adorned the fancy tables; and the mysteries of the "Art Gallery" offered no attractions to them; and, though they laughed at the funny-looking gypsy woman, they had no desire to know what their fortunes would be; neither did they indulge in the mild forms of gambling which so excited their elders. So the candies and the fish-pond were all that were left to them, and, of the two, the former had far the greater attractions.

Of all the waiters at this table there was one who was the children's special favorite. I don't think the charm lay in her curly hair, or merry brown eyes, or in the dimples that came and went so cunningly when she laughed and talked, or in the dainty white dress, with its blue sash and bows. The secret of it was, that Miss Vannie loved children dearly; and children are never slow in recognizing their real friends.

Among the noisy little group who gathered about the tables, going and coming as they made their purchases, or had teased a little more money from papa, Miss Vannie noticed one forlorn little chap, with a wistful look in his great blue eyes that went straight to her heart. Though he was often jostled aside by some impatient little comer, he stuck to his post as if unwilling to lose sight of the dainties he so longed for. After watching him awhile, she leaned over the table and asked him his name.

"My name's Bertie Harris. You keep store, don't you?" he replied, readily enough.

Then Miss Vannie picked out the fairest of the apples and pears and peaches, and the choicest of the nuts and candy, and put them in little paper bags. Then, taking out her pocket-book, she paid for them, and gave them to Bertie (who had been watching her intently), saying, "Here's something for you, Bub."

Was n't "Bub" delighted then! The other children gathered around with exclamations of surprise and admiration, and Miss Vannie, looking on, enjoyed it all.

Bertie soon found a seat, and was so absorbed in his goodies, that for a time Miss Vannie lost sight of him. But as she was taking an ice-cream, and cooling her flushed cheeks at an open window, she felt a hand pulling at her dress, and there was Bertie, with a weary look on his dirty little face.

"A big boy telled me to go 'way," he said.

"Why don't you go and find your mother now?" suggested Miss Vannie.

"She ain't *here*. She's to home," he replied, with some surprise.

"But who came with you?"

"Nobody did n't. I come alone."

Miss Vannie thought it strange that so young a child should be allowed to go to such a place by himself. She resolved to take charge of him for the rest of the evening, and, taking his hand, said, "Come and help me tend table, won't you?"

When installed behind the table, Bertie was very much in the way, though he flattered himself that he was doing wonders. For a time he was contented and happy, but soon a new attraction presented itself. A boy showed him a jumping-jack that he had caught in the fish-pond.

"How much are you going to give me for helping you?" he demanded.

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Miss Vannie, astonished at the mercenary spirit of the little fellow, did not reply at once, and he went on, "'Cause I want to fish now."

Having got the money, he went off, and Miss Vannie soon heard his shouts of laughter from the other side of the room.

But as she was in the midst of making change with a man who was in a violent hurry, he came up again. He had seen the "guess cake," and wanted to guess how much it weighed, and would n't she give him ten cents? So the little pocket-book had to come out again.

Bertie balanced the cake-basket carefully on his fingers as he had seen the others do, and then "*guessed*" that it weighed "five pounds and eleven ounces," and if any one had been looking he might have seen a queer, amused smile on the man's face as he made a memorandum of it.

When every one who wanted to had guessed, the man made a little speech. He said, "Ladies and gentlemen, the cake weighs five pounds and eleven ounces. It was guessed by Master Bertie Harris, though several others came very near it. Master Bertie, I congratulate you." And there was a general laugh as Bertie scrambled forward to get his prize. He soon came for Miss Vannie's congratulations, and a paper to wrap his cake in.

Later in the evening, when nearly every one had left the hall, Miss Vannie assisted in putting away the remaining articles, and in counting the money taken in at the table. Then she put a little worsted hood over the pretty curls, and covered the white dress with a soft white shawl, and was just starting for home, when she happened to think of Bertie. She hunted all about for him, and had just decided that he must have gone, when she found him asleep, half-hidden by the draperies of the fancy table, with his precious cake clasped close in his arms.

With some difficulty she succeeded in making him understand where he was, and what she wanted. When this was done, she took the hand of the tired, cross little fellow, and they went to the head of the stairs, where they found some one waiting for Miss Vannie.

It was a dark, cloudy night, and the shade of the tall trees on either side of the street rendered it still darker. Bertie clung close to Miss Vannie as they walked toward the upper end of the village where his father lived.

The house was dark and still when they reached it. In answer to their knocks, a window was thrown up, and a startled voice called out, "Who 's there?"

"We 've brought your little boy home."

"My little boy! He 's been abed and asleep these six hours!" was the indignant reply.

"No, I ain't; I 've been to the Fair," Master Bertie spoke up here.

The door was soon opened, and the little runaway welcomed home again.

Bertie interrupted the enthusiastic and very incoherent account of his adventures that he was giving to his father, to shout after his *escorts*, "Good by! I 'm coming again."

He was soon fast asleep, dreaming over the excitements of the evening. This was Bertie's experience at the Fair.

C. E. M.

FRYEBURG, Maine.

THE YOUNG LEXICOGRAPHERS.

LITTLE Tessa Love had come to visit my little sister Cella. They were great friends, and two brighter, sweeter children could not be found anywhere. This par-

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ticular day was a burning hot one in July, and they went out to play under a large oak, taking with them all their movable toys. I followed them at a respectful distance with a book, intending to "keep an eye" on them while pretending to read; it was delicate work, for they would have been highly indignant if they had imagined they were being *minded!* I sat down on the other side of the tree, and opened my book; they prattled on like two young magpies, and I listened.

"I 've taked the head off my china doll again, Cella, and put it on the little body."

"You should n't say 'taked,' my dear," said Cella, patronizingly; "'tooked' sounds much better."

"O, pshaw! I don't speak French!" answered Tessa, scornfully.

"French!" exclaimed Cella, superbly; "that ain't *French*, it 's 'rithmetic!"

"Well, any way, I 've tooked it off and demented on the other with glue."

"O, then your doll will be crazy now," said Cella, wisely, "for I heard Molly say that crazy Tim was a poor demented creature."

"My Busy Bee crazy!" screamed Tessa in alarm; "then I 'll pull it off again!"

"You 'd better," said Cella, with provoking calmness; "it might be dangerous." And off came the "demented" head once more. Tessa surveyed the decapitated body with tearful eyes, and mournfully said, "What 'll I do now?"

"O, never mind," Cella said, soothingly, "we 'll get Berttie to *sew* it on."

"I wish I had n't ha' done it now!" Tessa answered, remorsefully. "The poor dear did n't look a bit crazy."

"O, it does n't always show," said Cella, sagely. "If you had left her alone, she would have been sure to scratch out the eyes and punch the nose of every doll we have, in the night; they always break out in the night time." And she shook her auburn curls.

"I 'll put her away now; the dear pet must be dreadful sick." And with many a tender word and fond caress she laid her treasure in her little sack, and, having tied it with her hair-ribbon, left it to repose at the root of the tree, while they both ran away to see the hens. I followed them into the barn-yard, where Tessa's peace of mind was soon restored by the cackling of the fowls and a successful hunt for eggs.

"Tessa, look at that fine old chandelier!" said Cella, pointing to one of the lords of the barnyard.

"Where?" inquired Tessa, looking up at the ceiling of the shed, in vain, for the object mentioned.

"O, I don't mean the *glass* one," Cella replied. "See here!" and she pointed more emphatically to the fowl which she chose to designate by that extraordinary epithet.

"Goodness gracious, Cella, what *are* you talking about? Why, that 's a *rooster!*"

"O, that 's only his common name; *chandelier* is a great deal more polite!"

The dear child was so confident that she was using the right word, that I had n't the heart to correct her, and so remained unobserved. They wandered off together, and for a short time I lost sight of them; presently, just as I was beginning a search, I heard Cella calling out, "Come, Tess, there 's papa, I know him by his white banana hat! Let 's go and meet him." And slipping their arms around each other's necks, they skipped away to the garden gate, where a hand was given to each, and the misnamed Panama placed playfully on Tessa's golden curls; and I, seeing them in safe keeping, returned to the house, where I concluded to write down one of their many funny conversations for the amusement of "Our Young Folks."

Berttie Clark, age 17.

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ACTING CHARADE. — VOWEL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SUZETTE, *a young girl.*
STEPHEN LOUT, *lover to* SUZETTE.
GRANDMOTHER *to* SUZETTE.

ACT I. — VOW.

SCENE. — *A room in a cottage. In the centre of the floor a table, on which are a pan of apples, a knife, and plate.* SUZETTE *in holiday dress looking from the window.* GRANDMOTHER *with a broom in her hand regarding her with anger.*

GRANDMOTHER. Come here, you jade! what are you doing there,
When all this pan of apples is to pare,
With sights and heaps of other work to do,
That, mercy knows, I never shall get through?
Is that the way you mean to spend your days,
Getting such saucy, idle, lazy ways?
Has that girl got an ear upon her head?
I 'm sure she has n't heard a word I 've said.

(SUZETTE *turns around and makes up a face.*)

She 's looking for that silly-pated fool
That comes home with her from the singing-school.
He 'd better not come here again to-night,
For if I happen just to get a sight
Of his round head inside this cottage door,
There 's a new song I 'll teach him how to roar.
Suzette, I say! Pray, how long shall I speak?

SUZETTE. I 'm sure I don't care if you talk a week.

GRANDMOTHER. You don't go out of doors for *that* to-night.

SUZETTE (*in great alarm*). Why, grandma, do you think that would be right?

GRANDMOTHER. Faugh! that palaver now I understand;
Just draw a chair up that side of the stand,
And pare away as quick as you can wink.

SUZETTE. I 've done enough for one day, I should think;
You knew that I expected to go out,
And now to go and get that work about,
Just at the time when I expect to rest,
When I have put on all my Sunday's best,

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I think it 's just as mean as it can be ;
And if you think to get that out of me
You 're much mistaken, for I tell you now,
I won't touch one of them, and that I vow.

GRANDMOTHER. Such impudence I never heard till now !

(*She holds up her hands in horror.*)

But since you 're in the humor, Miss, to vow,
You 'll make one that perhaps will spoil your sleep,
But one that I intend that you shall keep.
Promise you will turn off that Stephen Lout ;
There, don't turn that way and begin to pout,
You 've got to vow you 'll give him up.

SUZETTE. I can't.

GRANDMOTHER. I tell you now you must.

SUZETTE. I say I sha' n't.

GRANDMOTHER. We 'll see whether you 'll come to terms or not.
I vow you sha' n't stir one step from this spot ;
You need n't toss your head and laugh and sneer ;
You think perhaps your Stephen will come here.
I 'll lock the door and take away the key,
The window is too small for such as he.

(*She goes out and locks the door after her.*)

SUZETTE. You cross old bear ! I think you 'll get your pay,
We 'll have a pleasant reckoning some day.
If you could only see what I can show,
I guess you would n't be so fast to go.

(*Takes a key from her pocket and holds it up.*)

ACT II. — L.

SCENE. — *Room as before.* SUZETTE *sitting disconsolately by the stand. Door unlocked and partly open.*

SUZETTE. How can I pass the time away, I wonder,
Till Stephen comes. I think I 've made a blunder
In vowing not to work, for, to my sorrow,
I know I 'll have it all to do to-morrow.

(*Takes up the knife.*)

I 'll do it any way, I 'll pare and core,
But then she 'll think 't was 'cause she locked the door ; —
I won't, I vow.

(*Sits a moment thinking, and then claps her hands.*)

O, I know what I 'll see !
It 's who my future husband is to be,
For some one told me just the other day,
That if I 'd pare an apple smooth — this way,

(*Taking up an apple and beginning to peel,*)

And have the skin quite whole without a break,
Then twist it round my head three times, 't would make,

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When I should drop it, the initial letter
Of one who loves me, though I 'm sure no better
Than I love him, that is, if it should tell
The truth by making it the letter L.

(*She takes the peel, and swinging it around her head three times lets it fall, then gets down upon her knee to examine it.*)

ACT III. — VOWEL.

SCENE. — SUZETTE *on the floor as in last scene. Enter* STEPHEN, *who looks over her shoulder before she sees him.*

SUZETTE (*starting up*). O, how you frightened me, you came so sly!
I was so tired waiting, I — that is — I —

STEPHEN. You thought you 'd look into futurity,
And find out who your husband was to be;
But if you ask me I can tell you best,
Not only the first letter, but the rest
About his name, and that his heart is true,
And filled brimful of honest love for you.

(*He puts his arm around her waist. She turns aside and plays with her apron.*)

He 's here beside you now; what do you say,
Will you consent to marry him some day?

(SUZETTE *hesitates, and then turns around and is just about being kissed, when she perceives her* GRANDMOTHER *in the door. She starts, and makes a little motion to* STEPHEN *to stop.*)

STEPHEN (*not understanding*). A?

(SUZETTE *again makes a motion for him to look behind him.*)

STEPHEN. Eh?

SUZETTE (*turning round boldly*). I —

GRANDMOTHER (*trembling with rage*). O, you!

[*Tableaux in present position.*

L'Etranger.

NOTE. — The door and window of the cottage should be at the back in full view of the audience. The exclamations at the last should have the full vowel sounds.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 17.

E. J. P.

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GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

No. 18.

We went to a river in Germany to get dinner. The bay in Southern Africa was covered with a sea in Russia cloth, and it was furnished with an old and broken country in Asia. When dinner was ready, the landlady, who looked like a river in South America, made a noise with a river in Montana. Then the bay in Alaska served a river in Idaho which had too much East India islands in it, and a river in Minnesota which savored too much of a classic land, which gave a city in Egypt a pain in the city of France. We had some Pacific islands made of a village in France, which were quite good; we had also a city in Africa bread; and for an island on the coast of Maine we had a river in South America and a river in Africa. In the midst of our dinner we were disturbed by a river in Russia running across the table. We then went to take a cape of North Carolina on a city in Minnesota, which was quite a sea near China. As it was a country in South America, I put on a country of Africa. A city in Australia put on a lake in California veil, fastened with a river in British America, also a city in Hindostan shawl. Then a Maryland cape began his cape of Washington Territory, and a city in Australia declared that she would not be islands in the Pacific with him. Our river in British America was much disturbed by the appearance of a strange island in the Irish Sea. A cape of Alaska had a river in Mississippi ring. I had a river in Canada bag, made of a city in North Africa. In a little while we went down to a city in Kentucky. There we bade a cape of Greenland.

Julia J. Stimson, age 10.

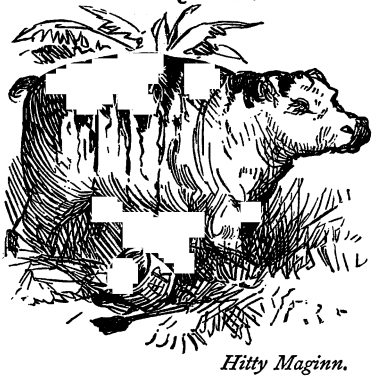
METAGRAM. — No. 19.

First, I am a company. Change my head, I am part of the body. Change again, I am one third of the earth. Change again, I am found on the seashore. Change again, and fairies use me.

Wesley.

PRIZE REBUS. — No. 20.

A Dinner-Table Question.



Hitty Maginn.

CURIOUS COMPARISON. — No. 21.

Positive.

He shifted his wearisome load,
As he strode down the dark, long road.

Comparative.

In what place would he sell
All his goods of shell
And of wood? Who can tell?

Superlative.

He fitted a belt on a beautiful girl,
Emblazoned with gold and amber and pearl:
All the rest of his goods, with a rapid whirl,
Were cast away by a cruel churl.

Jack Straw.

ANAGRAM BLANK. — No. 22.

Words of 5 letters.

John after eating ——— ——— ——— a long ———, and has a good ———.

"*Two Whites.*"

ENIGMA. — No. 23.

My first is in lair, but not in den.
My second 's in vale, but not in glen.
My third is in green, but not in blue.
My fourth is in cry, but not in mew.
My fifth is in ewe, but not in lamb.
My sixth is in pork, but not in ham.
My seventh is in Spain, but not in France.
My *whole* is the name of a popular dance.

Callie G. Quint.

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WORD SQUARES. — No. 24.

1. A title.
2. Employed.
3. Sharp.
4. A girl's name.

Callie G. Quint.

No. 25.

1. Royal.
2. A girl's nickname.
3. A poetical name for valley.
4. Helped.
5. A manufacturing city in England.

Lucy Bittinger, age 13.

ENIGMAS. — No. 26.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 17, 6, 16, 9, is a luscious fruit.
My 4, 15, 11, appertains to a lock.
My 7, 2, 12, 14, is one deficient in intellect.
My 1, 8, 5, 10, is a part of the ear.
My 7, 3, 13, 9, is a digit.
My *whole* is a well-known proverb expressing caution.

M. F. T. K. S. S.

CHARADE. — No. 27.

My First.

I am noiseless and delicate, soft, white, and pure,
Yet able long journeys with ease to endure:
I 'm a child of the North, and I shrink from heat,
I fly without wings, and depart without feet.

My Second.

Though powerful, I yet may be moved by a breath;
I often save life, but often cause death.
On the round cheek of childhood I daily appear,
And sometimes I hang from the proud beauty's ear.

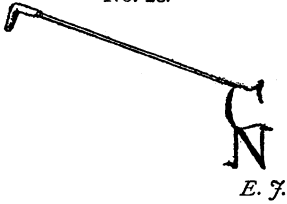
My Whole.

In soft white hood and mantle green,
This modest little maid is seen;
Though frosty winds may whistle shrill,
She thrives, and smiles upon us still.

Laura D. Nichols.

GEOGRAPHICAL REBUSES.

No. 28.



E. J. P.

No. 29.

E. J. P.

ANSWERS.

1.
M A R T
A R E A
R E A P
T A P E

2. Candlestick.
3. Boat, oat, at, t(ea).
4.
F A I R
A I R E
I R O N
R E N T

5. Longfellow, Lowell, and Saxe are put down by some, though equal to Tennyson, Browning, and Hood. [(Long F L *low*) (*low* L) (and) (sacks) (R *put down by* sum) (tho') (equal) (two) (ten *nigh* sun) (brow N *in* G) (and) (hood).]
6. Massachusetts. (M, ass, a chew, set, s.)
7. Hong Kong in China. (H *on* G K *on* G, *in* C H *in* A.)
8.
N E A R
E A S E
A S K S
R E S T

9. 1. Mayor. 2. Dux. 3. Cowes. 4. Colt. 5. Bulls. 6. Hare. 7. Welch rabbit. 8. Eagles. 9. The Phœnix, because it rises from its hashes unconsumed.
10.
C L A M
L A M E
A M E N
M E N D

11. Saratoga.
12. 1. Boone. 2. Nelson. 3. Ethan Allen. 4. Cornwallis. 5. Decatur. 6. Havelock. 7. Putnam. 8. Egmont.
13. 1. Calico. 2. Silk. 3. Merino. 4. Cotton. 5. Delaine. 6. Alpaca. 7. Gingham. 8. Velvet. 9. Linen.
14. Fee; fear; feast.
15. Dolly Varden.
16. 1. Goldfinch. 2. Blue Jay. 3. Nightingale. 4. Partridge. 5. Robin.

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THE PRIZE REBUS.

FOR the benefit of new subscribers, we will state that at the request of correspondents, who wished to get up a PRIZE REBUS among themselves, the following terms, suggested by them, were published in "Our Letter Box" last November: — Each rebus sent in for competition to be accompanied by the sum of ten cents; and all the money thus contributed to be given as a prize to the author of the best rebus; the decision being left — rather against their will — to the editors.

There were not many competitors for this prize, as was to have been expected; and no rebus sent in appears so decidedly superior to the rest as to make our choice easy. The best of all, in some respects, was by one of our Young Contributors; but a quotation from Mrs. Hemans which it claimed to illustrate proved to be a *mis*quotation, and so it had to be thrown out.

After a careful sifting, two were left, — one by Hitty Maginn, and the other by William H. Dabney, Jr., — both good, but the latter seemed rather too easy, and the former, though witty and ingenious, *almost* too difficult. In balancing between these two, we have concluded to give a prize to each, in this way: —

The whole amount of money contributed is three dollars and twenty-five cents, and this we award as follows: —

First Prize, to Hitty Maginn, St. Louis, Mo., $3.25.

To this we add an equal sum, as *our* contribution to the pool, and award it thus: —

Second Prize, to William H. Dabney, Jr., Mass. Institute of Technology, Boston, $3.25.

Hitty Maginn's Rebus is given in this month's "Evening Lamp." The other will appear in our next.

Y. L. D. — We have never seen a translation of Madame de Pressensi's "Rosa," yet there may be one.

Phonex, Jr. — "The American Home Book of In-Door Games, Amusements, and Occupations," is the best recent work on the subject with which we are acquainted. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

Many Inquirers. — It costs $1.00 to bind a volume (twelve numbers) of "Our Young Folks" in the usual style. Send your magazines to the publishers, or to our New York agents, E. P. Dutton & Co., and they will return them in a beautiful book. Or send 50 cents for a cover, which can be mailed to you and put on by any book-binder.

EDITORS OF "OUR YOUNG FOLKS": —

I have now unbounded confidence in the sagacity and penetration of Our Young Folks. Often have my pet puzzles, my strongest positions long deemed impregnable, been carried by storm by them. Thus confiding, I propound the following charade: —

My first is a letter;
My second a word;
My third is a beast;
My whole is a bird.

I do not give the answer to it for several reasons. One is that I do not know it. No answer as yet exists. The charade struck me just as it is, but I feel convinced that there must be some sort of an answer to it, for it sounds all right. I have no doubt that one of Our Young Folks will cut the knot and thus make a debtor for life of

Yours truly,

JACK STRAW.

P. S. If I find out the answer myself I will immediately forward it. J. S.

We have discovered an answer, — yes, two answers, after a little reflection; but we withhold them for the present, and wait to see what Our Young Folks will say to Jack Straw's riddle.

A Western correspondent sends us this puzzle, cut from an old scrap-book. Who can solve it for him?

"A headless man had a letter to write;
It was read by one who had lost his sight;
The dumb repeated it word for word;
And he was deaf who listened and heard."

G. K. Peirce (age 13) asks: —

1. In a discussion can there be harmony without unity?
2. What is the origin of "Thanksgiving" day?
3. Who wrote "Samuel Slick"?

Answers. 1. Certainly, if by unity you mean oneness of opinion. Varieties of opinion, advanced in a noble and true spirit, make harmony in a discussion, like chords in music; sameness of opinion makes monotony.

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2. The first New England Thanksgiving was observed by the Pilgrims, when, after a season of severe privations, they had gathered their first harvest.

3. "Sam Slick" (not "Samuel") was written by Judge Haliburton of Nova Scotia. He died in 1865.

Israel A. Kelsey's word of nine letters, from which thirteen other "good dictionary words" are formed, is *sheathing;* and the words are, *she, he, sheat, sheath, heath, heat, eat, at, thing, thin, hin, in, ing.*

Our Young Contributors. Accepted articles: "*Self-Forgetfulness,*" by Nellie G. Cone; "*In the Fog,*" by C. J. Hedrick; "*Sunshine and Shadow,*" by Eudora M. Stone; "*An Adventure in a Steeple,*" by W. F. P.; "*Royal Highnesses,*" by W. S. Walsh; and "*At Twilight,*" by Willie Wilde.

And here is our list for *honorable mention:* "*The Blue-Coat School,*" a description of Christ's College, London, by Mark S. Hubbell; "*A Visit to the Moon,*" by Ethel; "*A Thanksgiving Party,*" by Fred; "*Ole Bull,*" by H. Hardy; "*The Blush Rose,*" by "Ruhtra"; "*Sam's Autobiography,*" by M. M. C.; "*Peace and War,*" by Mary C. Sinclair; "*The Beautiful Gate,*" by Edith Grant; "*The Little Queen,*" by Foy; and "*Stopping Places,*" by Louis Webster. "*Nothing New under the Sun,*" by Mabel Loomis.

"*My Bramleigh Ghost*" and "*Honey Bees*" show various talents in the writer, — especially a certain freedom of fancy and expression, — but they are somehow unfinished. Does not the writer see that many of the lines are rough and unrhythmical?

Ruby Vernon's sketch of "*New Year's Eve*" is pretty well written, but — since she asks our opinion — we are compelled to say that it indicates no special talent in the writer.

"*A Midnight Adventure*" is an exciting narrative, but it has not the air of probability.

"Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea" is the surprising title of a still more surprising book, translated from the French, and published in America by J. R. Osgood & Co. It describes a voyage in search of a mysterious and terrible sea monster, which proves to be a submarine vessel, that dives to the bottom or rises to the surface at the will of its commander, lights up the deep by a wonderful electrical apparatus, sails around and under the fastest steamship moving at full speed, and is capable of striking a blow with its beak that will pierce the strongest hull. The teller of the story, lost overboard from his ship, is picked up by this vessel, and afterwards makes his voyage of *twenty thousand leagues under the sea* in her, — and a marvellous voyage it is. The book is of course an extravagant fiction, but it is so well written, and so profusely and superbly illustrated, that it must take rank as one of the most unique and entertaining romances of the sea since Robinson Crusoe.

C. A. Stephens has followed up his admirable little "Camping Out" story with two more volumes of the series, "Left on Labrador," and "Off to the Geysers," which continue the adventures of Kit and his friends with unflagging interest. These books are to be cordially commended for their naturalness of style and healthy tone, and the vast amount of information pleasantly conveyed in the course of the narrative.

We are sure that every one who reads the interesting little story of "Clarence Shank," in this number of our magazine, will be glad to see the following letter received from the writer's sister.

WATERBURY, Conn.

EDITOR OF "OUR YOUNG FOLKS":—

Your letter making inquiries with regard to the truthfulness of the story of "Clarence Shank," was received on Saturday; and as my sister is in New York, I reply for her.

The story is *true* in *every* particular; and occurred while my sister and myself were visiting in Binghamton. We saw a little sketch of the boy's adventures in the Binghamton daily newspaper, and were so interested in the statements that we determined to ascertain if possible the truth of the story. We sought out the boy, and found him to be a bright little fellow of eleven years, still suffering from his frozen feet, and looking quite sober over his adventures. He told his story to us, not without much urging on our part, however, and gave us a few kernels of the corn which he had left in his pocket, and which was the only thing in the way of food that the child had tasted from Friday morning till Saturday night. Hoping that Clarence may read his own story in "Our Young Folks,"

I remain, very respectfully,

FLORENCE C. PRICHARD.

NEW YORK, December 16, 1872.

DEAREST "YOUNG FOLKS":—

Your January number for 1872 (which I have just received) eclipses if possible its predecessors, and was right welcome.

I will try to answer the questions advanced by "Ignoramus." The first quotation,

"Standing with reluctant feet," etc.,

is taken from Longfellow's beautiful poem entitled "Maidenhood." The second,

"Heavily hangs the broad sunflower," etc.,

is from Tennyson's song, the first lines of which are,

"A spirit haunts the year's last hours
Dwelling amid the yellowing bowers."

The third,

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"Bind the sea to slumber stilly," etc.,

is taken from Campbell's song,

"How delicious is the winning
Of a kiss at love's beginning," etc.

I have given the first lines of the poems, for the reason that some books have the songs indexed by the first lines.

Yours truly,

CHARLES HUNTINGTON.

Answered also, in whole or in part, by "Fidèle," J. H., and Guy Livingstone.

Allie W. Wheeler also answers "Ignoramus," and says with regard to the first question: "By the way, 'Ignoramus' misquotes the line,

"'Womanhood and childhood fleet,'—

not *sweet*.

"2. Webster defines *Eidolon* as 'an image or representation, a form, phantom, or apparition.' *Eidola* is the plural.

"3. Mel-oo-see'nah and Yo-sem'i-te."

ELIZABETH, N. J, December 2, 1872.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS":—

I have taken your magazine ever since 1868; and I think every number becomes more and more interesting. I don't know what I should do if I did not get it at all. I have 1868 bound (not the year, but the magazine), and I know people who would read it, but would not subscribe to it because "it was too 'babyish.'" I should like to ask a few questions, if you would be kind enough to answer them.

1. Do you ever pay for enigmas, word squares, etc.?

2. Why is it I never see the versions of the picture stories?

3. Are the names of the persons who send the answers to the puzzles, placed in order,—those who send the greatest number first, the next best after that, and so on?

I hope you will excuse me if I ask too much.

HELEN F. MACKINTOSH.

Answers. 1. Our "Evening Lamp" is a sort of social circle where our young friends get together—figuratively speaking—and amuse each other. Their labor is its own reward.

2. Versions of the Picture Stories are apt to come in late, after the "Letter Box" is too full to make room for them. Early and good versions we shall always be glad to print.

3. Yes, that is our rule, though we are not always able strictly to adhere to it, many answers coming in after our lists are made up, and just as we are returning the last proofs to the printer.

Nellie S. Sheldon asks Our Young Folks the following questions. Who can answer them, or any of them, for her?

1. What was Harmonia's fatal collar, or, rather, why was it fatal?

2. What woman in mythology is represented riding on a tortoise?

3. Who was the "Grand Panjandrum"?

4. What is the origin of the expression "We can cry quits"?

DEAR EDITORS:—

Will some of your Young Folks please answer these questions through the "Letter Box"?

1. Why will a fire just started burn better in a warm stove than in a cold one?

2. Why are newspaper reporters sometimes called "Jenkins"?

3. Does the crown of England fall to the eldest child or to the eldest boy?

4. What *is* the "Grand Anti-Tobacco Army of Boys and Girls," mentioned in the "Letter Box" in 1871? Is there such a society now, and where is it?

If you think these worthy of a place in the "Letter Box," please put them in, and oblige

"AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL."

N. A. T.—The price of Maynard's "Naturalist's Guide" is $2.00. Published by J. R. Osgood & Co.

Hatty E. Wells.—"Will you tell me in the 'Letter Box' the meaning of Tennyson's 'Lady of Shalott'? I cannot quite understand the poem."

Tennyson's poem is founded on a legend of the days of King Arthur, and in his hands the mythical "Lady of Shalott" becomes a maiden absorbed in her own sweet dreams, and weaving her own free fancies, until the love of Lancelot comes to trouble her heart and destroy her life. Tennyson has again used the same subject, following more closely the ancient legend, in that most beautiful and affecting of all the Idyls of the King, "Elaine."

H. B. Barton.—"John Anderson, my Jo," is one of Burns's most popular songs. There seems to have been an old air of the same name, to which the poet wrote the well-known words. "My Jo" is a term of endearment.

THE earliest and best answers to our last month's puzzles were sent in by T. L. R. R., Grace Shreve, Charlie Knight, Lottie and Harrie Carryl, Allie W. Wheeler, H. P. Rosenbach, Mary, Charles A. Clark, Jessie Lovell, Lizzie Grubb, Charlie E. C.

"NOTHING NEW (GNU) UNDER THE SUN": of course it was,—the answer to that rebus which closed our "Letter Box" last month. Guessed by W. S. H., Charlie Knight, and others.

And now who can read—and follow—this excellent rule of conduct for the New Year?

O O, O O.

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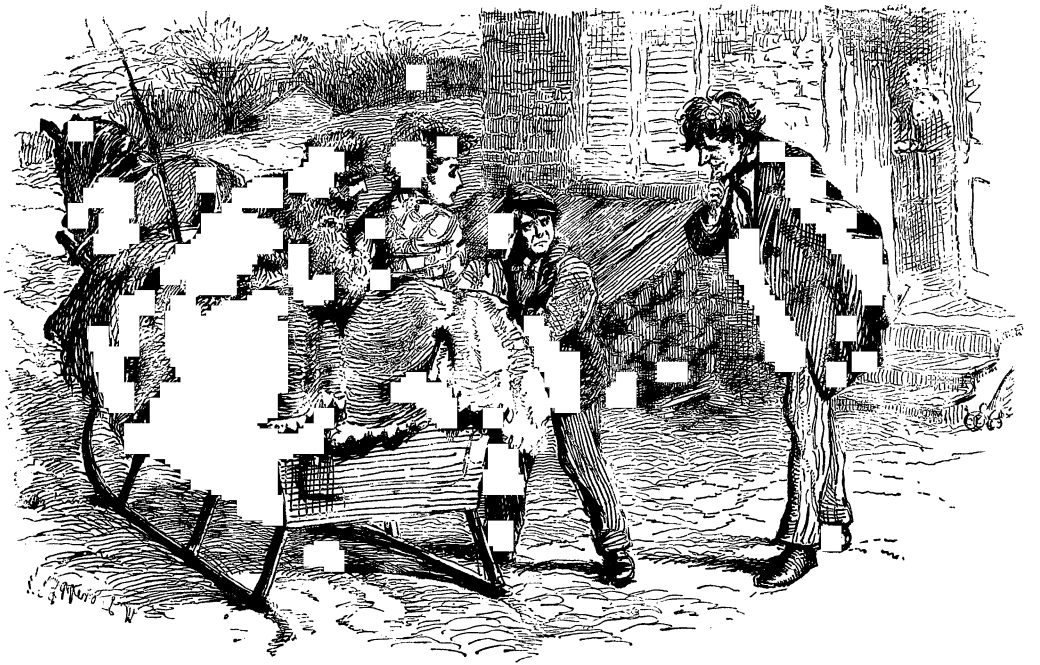

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.] [See "Doing his Best," Chap. VIII.

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OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. IX. MARCH, 1873. No. III.

DOING HIS BEST.

CHAPTER VII.

MASTER DINKS TAKES A HAND.

FIRST, Lon tackled Jack. To save himself from falling, Jack clutched Lon by the collar.

Lon, lifting Jack's leg, at the same time butted his head into Jack's stomach. Jack responded by bearing heavily down on Lon, with one arm clasped under his breast and the other tightening across his throat.

Lon bit Jack's arm, the furious teeth finding flesh through coat and shirt-sleeve. Jack thereupon entangled four or five fingers in Lon's hair, took a twist or two, and bereft the parent scalp of a handful.

Howls from Lon. "Let go, then!" from Jack.

The thing was growing serious. Phin came out from behind the door, and with pale and excited features looked wildly upon the combat he had caused. The girls shrieked; the boys prompted and cheered.

"Now's your chance, Jack!" "Throw him over your shoulder, Lon!" "Hands off! fair play!"

"Stop them! stop them! Jack will get hurt!" cried a piercing voice. "O, don't let them fight any more!" It was the voice of Phin's little sister Kate, who ran back into the schoolroom, shrieking with fear and distress.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by JAMES R. OSGOOD & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

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The combatants in their struggle had staggered two or three times across the entry, when both fell together over a pile of wood at the end of it. They rolled off, and Lon came uppermost.

Jack "turned" Lon. Lon "turned" Jack.

Jack, being under, managed to draw up one foot under Lon's breast; the crooked leg suddenly straightened, and away went Lon, over backwards. Both sprang to their feet, and clinched again; they tumbled and rolled and turned each other, and at last tumbled out at the door.

That was the last tumble. Jack was uppermost. He had Lon down, and was choking him to make him say he would give up and behave himself in future; and Lon was gasping and sputtering, "Help, Jim! Ase, pull him off!" when up walked Master Dinks.

"What are you doing here?" And he seized Jack by the shoulder.

"Nothing, only fighting a little," said Jack.

"I 'll give you fighting enough!" said Master Dinks. "Get up, and go into the house."

Jack jumped quickly to his feet, followed more slowly by Lon, who went limping after him into the school-room.

"Stand out there in the middle of the floor till I 'm ready to settle with you," said Byron.

And there they stood, after the school had been called to order, a sad and yet ludicrous spectacle. Both were covered with dust from head to foot, their hair wildly tumbled, their clothes torn, their faces scratched, and smeared with dust and blood. Poor Jack felt himself disgraced forever; he hung his head, and shed tears of shame and despair.

He had plenty of time for reflection before the threatened settlement came. Dinks kept the culprits standing there at least an hour, in their wretched plight, before he deigned to notice them. Jack meanwhile tried to comfort himself with the thought that he had acted in defence of Step Hen and Phineas; that he had not wanted to fight, but had waited till he was actually attacked. Yet he could not help asking himself, "Was n't I a fool to interfere? Why should I get myself into a scrape by trying to protect *them?* Little thanks will I get for my pains, especially from Phin! He 's grinning now in his seat. Why did n't I let Lon thrash him?" Then something would rise up from the depths of his heart, calm and strong and sweet as the voice of conscience itself, whispering, "Perhaps you did n't take the wisest course, but you meant well. It would have been the part of a coward to stand by and see the strong tyrannize over the weak." Then that voice would be silent, and his doubts would return, until poor Jack was hardly able to distinguish right from wrong, or generous self-devotion from reckless folly.

I suppose Master Dinks had all this time been considering how he should deal with so heinous a crime. At last he took a knife from his pocket (it happened to be Jack's knife), and said, "Who will go up into the woods and cut me four good whips?"

"I will!" "I will!" And at least half a dozen boys sprang to their feet.

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"Smith Marston, you may go."

Smith was accordingly despatched with the knife, and the offenders were again left to their reflections.

"Lay them on the table," said Byron, when the whips came. "Boys may go out, — all but the two on the floor."

The sight of the whips had called up a stubborn and desperate spirit in Jack. "Let him lick me! I can stand it," thought he. "'T won't be the first time I 've been punished for nothing. I 've tried to *do my best*, but it 's just the same, whether I do right or wrong."

He had noticed that Smith deposited the knife with the whips; and now, pretending to step aside in order to let the boys pass him on their way out, he quietly moved over to the side of the table. A few moments later, he leaned carelessly on the table, covering the knife with his hand. When he removed his hand the knife was gone.

The boys were called in, and the girls had their recess. Then Master Dinks took the four whips, and seasoned one after the other in the fire, passing them quickly over the glowing coals. This process was perhaps designed quite as much to terrify the culprits, and to impress the other scholars with the awfulness of what might at any time overtake them, as to toughen the supple birch. The whips were then laid on the table again, and the girls were called in.

"Now for that settlement," said Master Dinks. "When boys fight, I believe in giving them enough of it. Off with your coats."

The coats were reluctantly laid aside. Byron inspected the whips, trying their strength and elasticity, and switching the air.

"Which of ye began it?"

"He did!" cried Jack, with swelling heart. He was going on to explain just how the thing occurred, when the master stopped him.

"Never mind about that. It takes two to make a bargain, and it takes two to get into a fight. Take these whips." He placed one in the hand of each boy, and made them face each other. "You say 'Lonzo began it. So 'Lonzo may strike first. Then you may strike. I 'll keep tally. If you don't do the business up thoroughly for each other, I may have to take a hand. 'Lonzo, begin; and don't be dainty."

Lon gave Jack a gentle stroke over the shoulder, which Jack repaid as gently. The lookers-on giggled, and even the actors in the little drama had to laugh.

"Harder than that!" said the master. "I 'll show you!" And he gave each a stinging cut across the back.

Lon had not dared strike a hard blow before, being pretty sure of getting as good as he gave. In the rage kindled by the master's birch, however, he ventured a more vigorous stroke. Jack returned it with interest. That warned Lon to hit more lightly. But now the master's whip struck in, playing so lively an accompaniment to their duet, that each, driven to desperation, furiously avenged his smart on the shoulders and head and ears of his antagonist. Thus the spirit of fight, instead of being subdued, was

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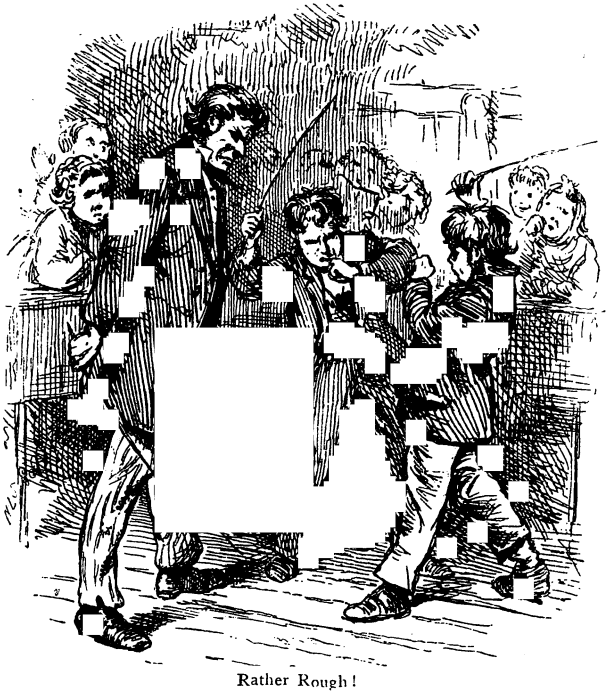

Rather Rough!

so inflamed in them that when their whips were used up they would have gone at each other with their fists, if the master had not stopped them.

"I 'll finish up for you, if you have n't had enough." And he gave each a final polishing off with a fresh whip. "Now you may put on your coats. I hope you 've had fighting enough to satisfy you for one while. Those were pretty good whips, Smith. What did you do with the knife?"

"I laid it on the table with the whips," said the red-haired Smith.

"There 's no knife here. Has anybody taken that knife?"

"I seen Jack Hazard take somethin' off f'm the table and put it in his trouse's pocket," said the telltale Laura.

"Have you that knife, Hazard?"

"It 's my knife; I saw it lying there, and I took it."

"Give it to me."

Jack hesitated: his eyes blazed like fire through his tears. Dinks seized his ruler. Then Jack, though with rage and rebellion in his soul, handed out the knife.

"You would have got this back again in good time if you had n't taken it," observed the master, turning it in his hand, and finally laying it again upon the table. "You are a bad boy; not conquered yet, I see. You will stay with me after school to-night. Now go to your seats."

To reach their seats it was necessary to pass the master; and they knew

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pretty well what he had stationed himself in their way for. Lon went first; and just as he passed Dinks gave him a kick in the rear. Jack followed. A multitude of wild thoughts seemed to rush through his soul in an instant of time, — all his wrongs, his disgrace and shame, and the threatened penalty still awaiting him. He had often thought, in calmer moments, that he could never bear a kick from the master, who had a habit of dismissing offenders in that way; and now his heart was full.

He passed on, however. Up went the Dinks foot to administer the parting kick, when, quick as a flash, Jack whirled, caught the uplifted leg in the very act, and overthrew the master with a great downfall and a mighty crash. He then darted to the table, where he took his knife; then to the entry, where he got his cap; then out at the door like a deer.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

MASTER BYRON DINKS, falling in a ridiculous attitude, sprawled helplessly on his back for a moment, with his legs on the stove-hearth and his head under the table, then scrambled upon his feet, and looked confusedly around for his escaped pupil and his ruler.

"He run out!" squeaked the telltale Laura.

That was evident enough; and Master Dinks, grasping his ruler, but without waiting to put on his hat or part his hair, ran out too.

Now Jack might easily have got away, for he was a lively lad on his legs, and it is not probable that Master Dinks would have ventured upon a long race. But just as Jack in his strange plight and headlong hurry leaped out at the door, a lady and a gentleman in a sleigh drove up to it.

"Jack!" said the lady, putting aside her veil, and showing a sweet face full of surprise and anxiety.

Jack stopped, stared wildly, and, after some hesitation, staggered up to the sleigh. "O Miss Felton!" he began; when a consciousness of his wretched situation overcame him, and his pent-up feelings broke forth in a sob.

Annie, astonished at his disordered clothes, his smeared and swollen features, and his bursting passion, began soothingly to question him, while she softly put back his straggling hair under his cap. Before he could get voice to answer, out rushed, with brandished ruler and flying hair, Master Byron Dinks.

One avenging hand had already seized Jack's collar, while the other bore aloft the oaken weapon, when the gentlest voice in the world said, "Mr. Dinks!"

"I — I beg your pardon, Miss Felton! I was n't aware —" stammered the schoolmaster, overwhelmed with embarrassment.

"This is my brother, Mr. Dinks," said Annie. The brother, a big, burly fellow in buffalo-skin coat and cap, looked out with a merry twinkle from

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the depths of his enveloping fur, and saluted Byron. "We are going to visit Aunt Chatford," Annie added, "and I thought you would be kind enough to let Cousin Kate ride home with us."

"Cer-cer-tainly," gasped poor Mr. Dinks, hardly knowing what to say or how to act. For, if the truth must be told, he was an ardent admirer of Miss Felton, whose good opinion he prized more than that of any one else in the world; and he could not help feeling that he was in a ludicrous position. "W-w-won't ye come in?"

Miss Felton declined the invitation with thanks, but said that she hoped to visit the school before long. "I have taught here, you know," said she, "and I feel a deep interest in my pupils. What is the trouble with Jack? He never went to school to me, but he has been my private pupil; and I always found him so docile and good a boy, I am amazed that he should ever have any trouble with his teacher."

"I 've found him the worst boy in school!" exclaimed Byron. "I punished him this afternoon for fighting, when he flew at me like a tiger, pushed me back against the table, and ran out of school. Go back and take your place, sir, and I 'll settle with you to-night."

Byron's hand had slipped from Jack's shoulder, when he found himself confronted by Annie Felton; but he now attempted once more to take the lad into custody. Jack sprang round the sleigh.

"He 's told one side of the story, but there 's another side! He never asked how I came to fight; and after he had abused me all I could bear, he went to kick me. I ketched his leg, and capsized him." And Jack laughed nervously at the exciting recollection.

"Caught, not *ketched*," said Annie, with a smile.

"I should say you served him right," remarked the big brother, with a look of mingled fun and contempt at Mr. Dinks.

"I — was sure any reasonable man would say so," began Mr. Dinks, uneasily. "For I — "

"I mean that *he* served *you* right," the big brother pleasantly explained. "A master who kicks his scholars is n't fit to be in a school-room, and I don't blame him for running out. Hop into the sleigh, Jack, and ride home with us."

Out of pity for Mr. Dinks, who turned red and sallow in streaks at this speech, Annie said, "Forrest, you are too bad! Excuse my brother, Mr. Dinks; he does n't mean — "

"Yes, he does," interrupted the big brother. "Is there anything in the school-house you want, Jack?"

"Yes, my books."

"Go in and get 'em. We 'll wait for you."

Jack's heart leaped with joy at these friendly words from the brother of his best and dearest friend; and I am afraid he enjoyed a little too keenly the proud triumph of marching back into the school-room, coolly gathering up his books in sight of the wondering pupils, and marching out again, past the glaring eyes and trembling ruler of Master Dinks, who hungered for a

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good blow at him, but refrained from indulging in that luxury out of respect to the lady and her big brother outside.

"Katie," said Byron in a half-choked voice, "your cousin, Miss Felton, is waiting for you in a sleigh; you can go home."

"May I go too?" cried Phineas, springing to his feet. "Our folks said I might be dismissed."

"Go along!" said the master, crossly. Rap, rap! "The school must come to order!" Just then a wad of chewed paper, commonly called a "spit-ball," struck him on the pimpled forehead, and stuck. He started back, put up his hand, and demanded, "Who throwed that?"—in the confusion of the moment relapsing into the idiom of his boyhood.

"Rant Hildreth did,—I seen him!" was piped from the front seat.

"Randolph Hildreth, come here!"

"I meant to shoot it at the stove-pipe, and it slipped," was Rant's anxious explanation, as he obeyed. "All the boys was throwin', when you was out, an' some o' the gals tu!"

Jack did not wait to hear the result of the inquiry into these disorders, but hastened, books and slate in hand, to rejoin his friends in the sleigh. Phin, already there, leaped in, and occupied the place offered to Jack.

"Come! we can make room for you too," said Annie, noticing Jack's disappointed look.

"I don't believe there 'll be any room after Kate gets in," said Phin.

"In that case you 'll have to get out and hang on behind," said Forrest Felton, "for I have already asked Jack to ride with us."

"Don't mind me; I can walk. Here, Kate!" And Jack helped the child into the sleigh, pulling the buffalo-robe up over her. "Go ahead!"

"Let me take your books, if you walk," said Annie; and, as she insisted, he gave them to her. "Phineas," she added, as they rode on, "it was hardly fair in you to crowd Jack out after we had invited him."

"O, he can walk," replied Phin, with a careless laugh.

They reached the Chatford house, and, almost before the greetings between the visitors and their relatives were over, Phin cried, "What do ye think 's the news? Jack got a fighting to-day with Lon Gannett, and the master made 'em lick jackets before the whole school, and then he went to kick Jack as he was taking his seat, and Jack got hold of his leg and upset him under the table; and Jack 's turned out of school, and here 's his books!"

"Is this so?" exclaimed Mrs. Chatford in great astonishment. "It can't be true!"

"Yes, it is, every word of it!" crowed Phineas, as if it had been the best news in the world.

"O Phin! how can you speak so?" remonstrated little Kate. "You know it was by trying to keep Lon Gannett from fighting you that poor Jack got into trouble; and you ought to be more sorry than any one else."

"Huh! I was n't afraid of Lon Gannett! I can lick Lon Gannett with my little finger!" And Phin went on to brag.

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CHAPTER IX.

IN THE EVENING.

In the mean while Jack trudged along the slippery sleigh-track with a heavy heart. To be thus left behind was a grievous disappointment to him; not that he cared so much for the ride, but he needed the friendly presence and support of Annie and her good brother. His passion, and the glow of triumph which Forrest's kind words inspired, had had time to cool; and he began to consider the results of the day's bad business.

"Of course," said he, "it 's the end of my going to school, — and this after all my hopes and plans! when I meant to be doing my best!" He knew well that, even if he wished, he could never return to the scene of Master Dinks's tyranny except at the cost of some terrible punishment and humiliation. Still he could not bring himself altogether to regret what he had done. "That last kick was too much! I never could stand that!"

On reaching home, he quietly washed and brushed himself, then took the milk-pails from the pantry and went out to do the evening's chores. He watered the horses, he fed the swine, he foddered and milked the cows; and by the time he came in to supper, carrying his two brimming pails of milk, his heart, though by no means free from trouble, was resolved and strong.

The Chatford family were so busy and so happy in the reception and entertainment of their guests, that Jack's unfortunate adventure seemed to have been forgotten; and it was not until the whole family were gathered in the evening around the sitting-room fire that Mr. Chatford said, "Well, Jack, what 's the news with you to-day?"

Jack started, his heart gave a sudden jump, and his color changed.

"Not very good news," he replied, forcing a smile.

"So I hear. How happens it you can't get along any better at school?"

"I don't believe it 's all my fault. I did my very best until the master began to punish me for things I was n't to blame for; then I got discouraged."

Jack paused to catch breath, and gather strength from Annie's gentle eyes fixed upon him, and her brother Forrest's pleasant smile, and Mrs. Chatford's anxious, motherly look, and then went on: —

"He seemed to have a spite against me from the first; and I happened to be one of those he thought he could abuse as he pleased, and nobody would interfere. Children of parents well off, especially children of the trustees, hardly ever get punished; but we poor fellows have to take it!"

"It 's very easy," said Mr. Chatford, gravely, "to accuse a teacher of partiality. But even if what you say is true, is that any excuse for your conduct? I am one of the trustees of the school; you are a member of my family; and if I pass over this affair, it will look as if I upheld you in your resistance to the master's authority. Are you prepared to go back in the morning and ask his pardon?"

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"No, sir!" answered Jack, with a swelling bosom. "I have made up my mind; I never can do that!"

"You prefer to lose your schooling?"

"Yes, sir, if I must. It will be no use for me to go to Master Dinks's school any more."

Jack's voice faltered, and it was a great relief to him to hear Forrest Felton, in his cheery tone, speak up: —

"Do you think, Uncle Chatford, that a master who makes a practice of kicking his scholars is to be tolerated?"

"But does he make a practice of it?" said the cautious deacon.

"Ask Moses!" cried Jack, vehemently.

"Of course he does," said Moses. "Not a day passes but he gives the toe of his boot to one or two."

Then Jack blazed up. "I had borne all I could! I turned on him, — I caught his leg and threw him over! And I would do it again!"

"'T was the neatest thing I ever saw," said Moses, laughing; "and I never was so tickled in my life. Dinks got just what he deserved; that 's what every one thought."

"Reminds me of a sarcumstance happened when I was a youngster and went to school to a man by the name o' Colt," said Mr. Pipkin, the hired man, from his corner. "He used to kick. One day he kicked one o' the Ryder boys, — Dan; sassy feller; spunky as a bull pup. Dan wheeled about an' looked him square in the face. 'Kick when you 're a Colt,' says he, 'what 'll ye do when you 're an old hoss?' The master was so took back he never said a word, by hokey! but jes' let him take his seat. We made a joke on 't, an' said the Colt had got his Ryder that time!"

"I think if I had been the Colt, that Ryder would have got thrown," said the deacon. "A master must maintain his authority."

"Father never will hear anything against a teacher," remarked Moses.

"Well, well! I believe in discipline," replied Mr. Chatford.

"That 's just it; and you 're so afraid of saying a word that might encourage rebellious notions in us boys, that I believe you 'd let a master cut the little shavers' ears off before you would even give us a hint of what you thought of it. I wish you could just look into Dinks's school, some days! Talk about discipline! he has no more discipline than a butting calf."

"Did Rant Hildreth get licked for throwing the spit-ball this afternoon?" asked Phineas. "Took the master square in the forehead, and stuck!" he explained to Mr. Pipkin, with a giggle.

"No; Rant told of others who had been throwing spit-balls, and they told of more, till by and by Dinks had a row of about eight fellows and three girls on the floor. He was going to ferule 'em all, till it came out that Nancy Beman had thrown spit-balls across to the boys half a dozen times to-day. Of course he could n't think of punishing her; so he let 'em all take their seats. He did n't kick 'em; he 's cured of kicking for one while, I guess!"

"It seems you gave the master one good lesson, for the many he had

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given you," Forrest Felton said to Jack. "The school ought to pass you a vote of thanks."

"Don't talk in that way, Forrest," said the deacon. "Dinks ain't the worst teacher that ever was."

"You should have seen Dinks give Step Hen Treadwell a lesson in addition the other day," said Moses. "Step Hen is a stupid fellow at figures; and for some blunder of his the master sent him to the blackboard and told him to add up six ciphers. He took the chalk, frightened half to death, and wrote down a column of six naughts, drew a line under 'em, and went to adding 'em up. 'Quicker 'n that!' says Dinks, hitting him a crack with the ruler. 'How many does it make?' 'Six!' bellows Step Hen; and he hurries to write it down. 'No, it don't!' Crack with the ruler! Step Hen howls out, 'Makes one!' rubs out the six and writes down one. 'No, it don't!' Crack, crack, crack! 'Add 'em up again!' Step Hen yelled, and rubbed his smarting legs, and concluded that six ciphers added together made five. Then he thought perhaps they made four. Of course he got a licking for every blunder. It was getting so bad I thought the big boys ought to interfere, when Dinks, to humiliate Step Hen, called up our little Kate, and told her to show him how to do the sum. Tell him about it, Kate."

"I felt so bad for the poor boy!" said Kate, all aglow with the recollection of the scene. "I should have been frightened myself if I had n't had so much pity for him. So I said, 'Six ciphers stand for six nothings, don't they? Now he don't want you to tell how many ciphers there are, but how much they make, added up.' He kept whimpering he 'did n't know.' So I said, 'Suppose there are six of us boys and girls, and he asks how much money we have. I have nothing, you have nothing, and so with all of us.' 'O, I know now!' says he. 'Six nothings make — nothing!' And he turned round to the board, and added up his six ciphers, and put a cipher under them, — and O, how glad I was!" cried little Kate, clapping her hands again with joy at her success.

"Why, Kate!" said Annie Felton, delighted, "you are a regular little schoolma'am! But" — her face saddened immediately — "I am so sorry for — Step Hen, as you call him! Stephen Treadwell is one of the best little boys in the world. And not so stupid, either; though I found it sometimes took a good deal of explanation to make him understand things. Mr. Dinks must be a very poor teacher, as well as a cruel-hearted man."

"Don't say it before the boys, if you do think so," interposed the deacon.

"After what has happened to-day," she replied with spirit, "I think the truth may be spoken even before them. For my part, I should like to hear Jack's story. I trust him, and you trust him; we all know Jack by this time."

"Yes, I believe Jack is a truthful boy, and means well, whatever mistakes he may have made," added the deacon, discreetly. "Come, boy! let 's hear what you have to say for yourself."

J. T. Trowbridge.

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THE UGLY OLD TOAD.

I.

WHEN Lottie Harford was a very little girl, — she is almost a woman now, and is telling me this story herself, that I may tell it to the Young Folks, — so, then, when Lottie was a very little girl, she lived in a pretty country place, about six miles from a large city, with her mother and her brother Walter; for her papa had been dead a long time, so long that Lottie could not remember him at all.

But Mrs. Harford loved her little Lottie very dearly, and Lottie loved her mamma very dearly too. And she was an amiable, tender-hearted, good lady, although she certainly did spoil Lottie a good deal, and allowed Walter to do pretty much as he liked with his little sister, and with everybody and everything else about the place, for that matter.

Now, Walter was a clever young fellow of twenty-one, a little of a quiz, and fond of a quiet joke, but also very fond of his little sister, and not always wise in the manner of showing his fondness.

Among other ways he had of entertaining little Lottie was that of telling her fairy stories. And this was all well enough; but when she would look up into his face with her large blue eyes, and ask, "O Walter, but were there ever such fairies and magicians?" Walter would smile, and answer, "I should n't wonder, Lottie." And if Lottie would exclaim, as she often did, "And perhaps, brother, there are some still left!" her brother would smile again, and say, "Yes, perhaps there are; who knows?"

Now this was n't right in Walter; but he thought it was a good joke, and that no harm could ever come of it.

One summer evening Mrs. Harford and Walter and Lottie were sitting on their piazza in front of the lawn. Mrs. Harford was reclining on an easy-chair, but Walter and Lottie were seated on the low step of the porch, with their feet on the gravel-walk. Walter had been telling Lottie a fairy tale, as usual, in which the fairy had taken several queer shapes, — among others, that of a great spotted toad, — and Lottie was thinking deeply about it, no doubt, when suddenly out from under the porch hopped a large, hump-backed toad, with great black eyes, and a paunch as fat as that of Mr. Punch; and, sitting up on his hind legs, he looked mildly at Lottie, and winked with both eyes several times.

Lottie, who was n't a bit afraid, stooped down as if she were going to pat him on his knotted head; but Walter said, "Don't touch it, Lottie!" and Mrs. Harford cried, nervously, "O, what a horrid, ugly old toad! Come up here, Lottie! Walter, do drive the hideous thing away!"

"Don't, Walter! please don't hurt it!' exclaimed Lottie. "Why, mamma, it may be a fairy!"

"Nonsense, my dear! I wish, Walter, you would n't put such notions into Lottie's head." So saying, Mrs. Harford went into the house and up to her chamber.

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"Brother," said Lottie, in a half-whisper, still watching the toad which had now hopped out into the gravel-walk some distance, "it *might* be a fairy; might n't it?"

"O, certainly, it *might!*" answered Walter.

"How I wish it was!" exclaimed the little girl. "Would n't it be nice? I 'd be very kind to it, and then, you know, it might grant my wish."

"And what would you wish for, my dear?" asked her brother, gravely.

"O, I don't know!" said Lottie. "Yes, I do! I 'd ask it to give me a goat and a little wagon, like Edith Warne's. Do you think it could, Walter? I mean if it *was* a fairy, you know."

"I 've no doubt it could," said Walter. "Suppose you try, Lottie."

Lottie looked at him to see if he was in earnest, but Walter kept a serious face, and repeated, "Try, Lottie; it can't hurt you."

So Lottie got up, and stepped softly out on the walk, until she came very near the old toad, who was just then eagerly watching a large black ant which he expected to have for supper in another minute. Then she stooped down and timidly stroked the old toad's head with her tiny forefinger once or twice. Toady did not budge, but only swelled himself out a little more, and shut his eyes as if he rather liked it.

So Lottie took courage, and, touching the toad's head once more very gently, she said, "O dear old toad, I love you very much, though you *are* so ugly; and if you are really a fairy, I wish you would give me a white goat and a little wagon with green cushions, like Edith Warne's, and I will always be good to you, and thank you very much."

The old toad made no answer whatever, but merely gave a quick little jump forward, whipped out his slender tongue, caught the ant on the end of it, and drew it into his mouth again so quickly that Lottie was n't certain whether she had seen him do it or not.

So she waited a moment, and then, getting no satisfaction from the toad, went back to Walter, and said, "Do you think he can be a fairy? Do you think he understood me? Why did n't he answer? He would if he had *really* been a fairy; would n't he, brother?"

"Ah, I can't tell, my dear!" replied Walter. "Fairies are queer folks, you know. Perhaps he was too busy to answer. If I were you, I would go to bed now, and wait for to-morrow. Perhaps the old toad will think about it before then." So Lottie determined to go to bed, and kissed her brother good night, saying, as she went up stairs, "O, if it should only turn out to be a fairy, just think!"

I am afraid that Lottie was very restless for a good while after she had lain down in her little bed at the foot of her mother's large one. But her mamma always forbade her to talk upon going to bed, and so, though she tossed about a great deal, she was silent.

II.

When Lottie arose next morning — and you may be sure the sun was not up very long before her — she thought of the toad the very first thing,

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even before her prayers, I am afraid, and hurried through her toilet that she might run out and see if there was any sign of the goat and the wagon with the green cushions. She put on her gypsy hat and her little overshoes, — for there had been a heavy dew, — and away she tripped. First she went out on the piazza, and peeped under it to see if her dear old toad was visible. But she only saw a big gray spider that made her jump back with a little scream. Then she went down to the stable where Walter kept his saddle-horse, and looked in. But there was only Prince, the horse, and Spry, the terrier dog, to be seen there.

From there she went to the barn-yard, but nobody was there except Hugh the gardener, who was just going to let Hannah, the Alderney cow, out to pasture. She did n't like to ask Hugh if he had seen anything of a white goat and a wagon with green cushions, for fear he would laugh at her; so she ran away again, and looked into the tool-house, and into the corn-rack, and even into Spry's kennel; and finally she went to the gate, and took a long look up and down the road. But nowhere was there the least sign of the fairy goat and wagon.

Lottie came back to the house quite disappointed, and even a little bit cross, so that she hardly spoke a word until after breakfast, when, as her brother was about to ride into town, she followed him to the stable, and said, "I think the toad was nothing but an ugly old toad, after all, brother, for he has n't brought me any goat and wagon at all."

Walter, who had one foot in the stirrup, laughed, and replied, "Ah, Lottie, I think you must ask him three times. Three is always the magic number, you know. I 'd try him again, if I were you."

"Would you? But how shall I — "

Walter, however, was cantering off, and she had to leave her question unasked. So she walked slowly back to the house, pondering by the way, till suddenly an idea seemed to strike her, and she ran swiftly up to the piazza.

When she reached the steps, she stooped down close to the spot where the old toad had come forth, and, placing her rosy mouth almost under the step, she repeated her request of the previous evening twice, and in nearly the same words, adding, however, by way of a climax, "And if you don't do it now, I shall think you are nothing but an ugly old toad, and I sha' n't love you a bit!"

That was a very long day to Lottie. Her mother was more unwell than usual, and could not be disturbed, and Walter did not return to dinner nor to tea. And, to make it worse, it began to rain just after dinner, and did not clear off till Lottie was ready to go to bed. So she saw nothing more of the toad that evening, and did not even have a chance of kissing her brother good night, as he did not get home until Lottie was fast asleep.

But Walter came into the room and saw his mother, and had a pretty long talk with her before he persuaded her to let him have his own way in something. However, she finally agreed; and then he kissed her, and went to bed himself.

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III.

The sun and Lottie were up again pretty nearly together the next morning; but when she looked out of the window, behold! it was raining as hard as ever it could, and she thought, "O dear! O dear! even if the goat and wagon have come, I can't see them. How I hate the rain!" And Lottie did not look the least amiable through her tears. But before breakfast was over, the good-natured sun showed his broad, bright face through the clouds, and Lottie's eyes looked clear and smiling again, as she tripped up stairs for her hat and overshoes.

As she came down into the hall, a strange vision flashed upon her; she thought she saw something white pass rapidly by on the gravel-walk beyond the open hall door, and then a dark object seemed to stop right in front of the piazza.

Lottie's heart gave a great leap, and her lips parted in a wild cry, as she almost flew along the hall and out upon the porch.

Yes, she saw it! There it was! O! O!! O!!! There, right before the steps, at the very spot where she had asked the dear, good old toad for it, stood the loveliest white goat, all harnessed to the sweetest little wagon, just like — O no! ever so much prettier than Edith Warne's!

O! O!! O!!! Was it true? Could it be true? Was the ugly old toad really a fairy? Were this lovely, lovely, lovely goat and this beautiful wagon hers — her own? O! O!! O!!!

For some moments she could do nothing but dance and clap her hands, and scream with wonder and delight.

At length she turned to Hugh, who stood grinning by the goat's bridle, and, "O Hughey, where *did* you find it?" she asked.

"In the barn, Miss Lottie. It comed in the night. I guess the fairies brought it."

And Hugh laughed a great haw! haw! and looked as if he knew more than he chose to tell about it.

Brother Walter and mamma were soon brought out to see the gift of the old fairy toad, and then Hester the cook, and Annie the maid, and George the waiter lad; and even Spry, the terrier, was called on to admire it, which he did by wagging his tail and barking violently.

And then Lottie must get in and try it; and round and round and round the gravel-walk she drove, feeling as if she were riding in a dream all the time; and then she must drive Spry, since the larger folk could not get into the tiny affair; and Spry jumped out as fast as he was put in, and barked louder than ever; and, dear me! I could n't begin to tell you what a time there was. But the end of it was, that Lottie firmly believed in the magical power of the ugly old toad, and neither Walter nor his mother thought it necessary to undeceive her.

And so, for at least two weeks, there was n't a happier little girl within a hundred miles than Lottie Harford.

But young folks are a good deal like older folks, after all, "only more so,"

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as the boys say; and when Lottie had owned the goat for a fortnight, and had shown her equipage to her little friends, especially to Edith Warne, and had driven round the gravel-walks till she was tired of them, and had had her five dolls out driving over and over again, and been upset once by running over the garden-roller, she began to grow rather indifferent to the pleasure, and to neglect Chip (this was the name Walter had given the goat, on account of a strange fondness the little beast had for eating bits and shavings of wood out of the carpenter-shop) little by little.

And then she suddenly remembered her friend the ugly old toad, to whom she had behaved quite shabbily, not even going to thank him for his gift. But I am sorry to say that she was not reminded of Toady by her gratitude, but rather by her curious desire to make use of him again. For Edith Warne had been to spend the day with her, and had brought a beautiful little curly-haired dog, as white as snow, who stood up on his hind legs, and walked about with a piece of cracker on his nose in the most comical way, until you said, "One, two, three, catch!" and then he gave his head a quick twist, and caught the cracker in his mouth. And Lottie was very jealous of Edith's having such a wonderful dog, and resolved to beg her friend the fairy toad to bring her one just like it.

But first she thought she would consult Brother Walter about it. So, as her brother was smoking his cigar under the great catalpa-tree, Lottie came and sat down by him on a little camp-stool, and, "Brother," said she, "do you think the old fairy is still here?"

"What old fairy?" asked Walter; for he was thinking of something else, or somebody else, whom *he* thought quite a young and charming fairy.

"Why, the ugly old toad, of course! I 've never even thanked him for my goat and wagon, and I 'm rather tired of that now, and I should like a little white dog, O, so much! Do you think he 'd give me one, if I were to beg him three times very, *very* nicely?"

Walter reflected a moment before he replied. Then, however, he said: "Well, I should n't wonder. You might try him again. But if I were you I would only ask him once each day, for it may be harder for him to find you such a dog than it was to get you the goat. You know the second wish is always harder to obtain than the first, in the fairy tales."

"So it is," said Lottie; "and the third the hardest of all. I wonder what I shall want for my third wish. Well, I 'll ask for the dog, at any rate."

Walter merely smiled, and said, "Go ahead, Lottie! I wish you luck."

Lottie got up and went to the porch, and looked under it, and first she thought she would wait till she saw the old toad come out in the evening; but then she thought she could n't, and that it might rain, or he might not come out, so she knelt down and made her request as before. And, sure enough, she saw nothing of the old toad that evening, nor the next day, nor the next, though she repeated her petition the three times that made the charm complete, and went to bed the third night in a fever of expectation.

Nor did the fairy disappoint her this time; for when she awoke next morning she heard scratching at the door, and, jumping out of bed, she ran in

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Lottie and the Toad (see p. 140).

her little bare feet across the matting, and opened the door, and behold! there was a lovely little white dog, with curly hair, tied by a pink silk ribbon to the door-handle.

Of course there was the same great joy and delight over this new wonder as there had been over the goat and wagon; and poor Chip's nose was put completely out of joint by the graces and tricks of Fairy, as the little dog was christened by Lottie herself.

And this charm lasted a full month, during which Lottie again forgot all about the ugly old toad; or, at all events, she never thought to thank him for his renewed goodness, nor did the old fellow happen to make his appearance to claim her gratitude.

IV.

One bright, cool day in September, however, as Lottie and Fairy were taking a walk on the wayside in front of the house, she beheld a little girl on a lovely little black pony with a long, sweeping tail, riding gayly down a hill in the distance, accompanied by a man on a great brown horse. Lottie looked, and rubbed her eyes, and looked again, as the two riders came near and nearer, until they cantered right up to where she was standing, and then she was sure it was Edith Warne and her father's coachman, William. She knew the horse that William rode. It was one of Mr. Warne's carriage horses.

But she had never seen the pony before, and when Edith told her that

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her papa had given it to her that very morning, Lottie was so confused between admiration and envy that she could hardly congratulate her little friend.

In a few moments, however, she recovered her gayety, and, speaking the thought in her mind, she said, "Well, Edie, I 'll have a pony too, very soon!"

"Will you? Who 'll give it you? How soon? Will it be a black one with a long tail like Daisy?" asked Edith, somewhat doubtingly.

"The fairy toad will give it to me," replied Lottie, confidently; "and it will be any color I please, and have a tail twice as long as yours has, too, if I like! But it may be very hard to get, and perhaps it will take a whole week."

"O Lottie!" cried Edith, "you don't believe that poor old toad really gave you your goat and your dog, do you?"

"Yes, I do! I know he did! Walter says so, and I 'm sure he knows a great deal more than you or anybody else about it," said Lottie, stoutly. "And he 'll give me a pony, too; you 'll see if he won't!"

Edith laughed (she was two whole years older than Lottie, and had no faith in fairy stories), and said, "O you silly little thing! I know all about it, but I promised not to tell. And I don't believe you 'll get your pony, either; there now!"

Lottie's brow flushed, and her eyes filled with tears. "I don't care what you believe!" she exclaimed; "and I think you 're a naughty girl, and I wish you 'd go away. I don't love you a bit, and I sha' n't ask you to come in!" And she turned away indignantly, and left her young friend in the road. Then Edith looked sorry for a moment, and was about to ride in at all events; but William said something to her, and laughed, and then she nodded and laughed too, and so they rode on.

Lottie went straight to her brother, and told him about Edith's pony, and what she had said, and asked him if it was n't true that the toad had given her the goat and the dog, and if he — Walter — did n't think he — the toad — would grant her third wish, and give her the pony too.

But Walter was very much puzzled, and did not know exactly what to reply. He did not like to own that he had deceived his little sister, and at the same time he did not think it proper that she should have the pony. So after a little while, he said, "I 'm afraid, Lottie, you ask too much of your fairy friend. You are too small yet to have a pony, and you should be content with the pretty goat and wagon to ride in. Fairies don't like little girls to be unreasonable or envious, and they sometimes punish them when they ask for things they ought not to have, you know. If I were you I would wait till next year, and then, if you have been a very good girl all the time, you can ask the old toad for the pony, and if he is able to find such a one as you want, I have no doubt he will give you one."

But Lottie put up her lip and pouted, and really looked uglier than the toad for a few moments, as she said, in a whining voice, "I 'm not too little, brother! I 'm 'most as big as Edith, and she has a pony, and I want

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one too, now, and I won't wait till next year, and I think it will be real mean in the fairy if — and Edith said he was n't a fairy at all, and that she knew all about the goat and the dog — O, I *will* have the pony!" Here she began to sob, and even stamped her little foot with anger and impatience, while Walter looked at her with a mixture of reproof and perplexity.

How it would have turned out I 'm sure I can't imagine; but just then Hugh, who was mowing the grass around the house, suddenly uttered a loud "Hello! what 's that?" And, stooping, he picked up something from the swarth he had just cut down, and held it up. "Why, it 's a poor old toad, I declare!" exclaimed he, pityingly.

Walter and Lottie both started, and ran quickly up to the gardener. When they got there, they saw a great wrinkled toad lying on the grass in the agony of death. Hugh's keen scythe had cut the poor thing quite in two, and it was a sad and sorry sight to see its large black eyes opening and shutting spasmodically, as it slowly breathed its last.

"O Walter!" cried Lottie, now weeping more violently than ever, but with very different feelings, — "O Walter! Walter! it is my poor, dear old fairy toad! I know it by the great spot on its head! O, what shall I do for it?" And she sat down on the grass, and was about to take the mutilated thing into her lap. But her brother prevented her, saying, "It is no use, Lottie, the poor toad is dead. Let it be, and come with me. I 've something to tell you."

And taking her by the hand, he led her to the house, and, going into the study, took her on his knee, and told her —

But I really cannot remember all he told her. It must have been rather difficult to tell in the beginning, for Walter stammered and "hemmed" a good deal at first, and grew quite red in the face. But after a while he went on more smoothly, and before he had quite done Lottie's tears were all dry, and she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him, and said, earnestly, "O yes indeed! I do love you very, very much! And I don't care a bit about the foolish old toad, for I 'd ever so much rather have you and mamma give me things than ask a fairy for them. And I 'm glad there are no fairies, after all, brother; for I think getting things so easy makes me greedy, and jealous of everything that other little girls have, — don't you?"

To which Walter answered, in rather an unsteady voice, that it was very natural she should wish to have what her little friends had, but —

"But I 'm not old enough to have a pony, am I, brother?" interrupted Lottie. "For Edith is really two years older than I am, though I am 'most as tall as she is; and next year you think I *will* be big enough to ride, don't you? and then, if I have been a real good girl, I may have a pony, may n't I? with a long tail, longer than Daisy's, if you can find one; and I shall know it came from you, dear brother, like the goat and the wagon and the dog, — I sha' n't call him Fairy any more, though, — and not from the ugly old toad."

Walter thought, on the whole, that he had got out of the scrape very nicely, and I think so too; don't you, my dear Young Folks?

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They did not, however, stop reading and telling fairy stories, for all that; only Lottie began to understand them better than she ever had done before, and though she no longer believed in fairies, or enchanters, or even giants, yet she was somehow conscious that she had learned a useful lesson from the incidents connected with the UGLY OLD TOAD.

C. D. Gardette.

GRACIE'S KITTY.

GRACIE'S kitty, day by day,
Moped beside the fire, and pined;
Would no longer frisk or play,
Or the worsted ball unwind.
Gracie coaxed, "Play, kitty, do!"
Kitty answered sadly, "Mew!"

All in vain were dainty fare,
Bread and milk all warm and new,
Downy nest and tender care,—
Thinner, weaker still she grew,
Could no longer run or purr,
Lay in bed, and would not stir.

Gracie trailed her long white gown
Down the stairs at early light,
Wondering "if kitty 'th grown
Any better over night";
Found poor kitty cold and dead
In her pretty basket-bed.

Gracie made another bed
Where the morning-glories climb;
With red rose-leaves lined and spread,
And perfumed with pinks and thyme.
Rarely has a human head
Found so soft and sweet a bed.

Gracie's little tender hands
End at last their loving task;
Sobbing by the grave she stands,
Then she lifts her face to ask,
While the slow tears downward roll,
"Mamma, where ith kitty'th thoul?"

Elizabeth Akers Allen.

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YOUNG ABE.

IN the winter of 1818 the good people of Elizabethtown, Kentucky, were one day surprised by the reappearance of a man who had left that part of the country some time before; and the rumor flew rapidly from mouth to mouth, "Tom Linkhorn has come back!"

He was a man of medium height, tremendously thick-set, muscular, round-faced, and jolly. He was known in that part of the country as a shiftless fellow, fond of a joke or story, and formidable in a fight, but too lazy to get a decent living and provide for his family. He likewise enjoyed an unenviable notoriety as "the man that bit off Abe Enlow's nose." Enlow was a bully of the district, who, happening to rouse the wrath of the lazy and good-natured Tom, had found his match in him, and lost at once his reputation as a fighter and the important feature above mentioned.

The bad fame of this exploit, together with his "bad luck" generally (lazy folks are always having "bad luck"), had induced "Tom Linkhorn" to emigrate to Indiana two years before. He had taken his household goods down Salt River on a flatboat (which, with his usual ill luck, he upset on the Ohio, spilling everything into the water), and had afterwards come back for his wife and two children, packed them upon two horses, together with what was left of his worldly possessions, and disappeared in the wilderness, out of which he now reappeared alone.

His old neighbors, seeing him pass, were inclined to stop him, hear his stories, and "swap jokes" with him. But Tom had come back on "business." He walked straight to the little log-cabin of the Widow Johnston, whom he had courted before his marriage, but who had rejected him to make a better match. Her husband had since died, and she was the mother of three fatherless children. No doubt she was glad to see an old friend, though I should think the "business" he had come on must have surprised her a little. His wife had lately died, and he had two children who were motherless.

"You see, Mis' Johnston," he said, "I have no wife, you have no husband. I 've come a purpose to marry you. I 've knowed you from a gal; you 've knowed me from a boy. I 've no time to lose; and, if you 're willin', let it be straight off."

"Tommy, I know you well," was the reply, "and I have no objection"; — Tommy having given color to his proposal by a glowing account of his present worldly prospects.

The marriage took place the next morning, and the late Mrs. Johnston and her three children set out at once with her new husband for his home in Indiana. Great must have been her disappointment and chagrin on seeing what sort of a home that really was. It was in the depth of winter; and the house — a log-cabin of the roughest description — was surrounded by woods. Its floor was the bare ground. It had neither window nor door, — an opening in one side, which was never closed, answering in place of both.

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Rude three-legged stools were the only apology for chairs. Poles stuck in the cracks of the logs in one corner of the cabin, and supported at the other end on crotched sticks sunk in the earthen floor, served as a bedstead. A quantity of leaves, old clothing, and skins, spread on boards, which rested on the poles, answered for a bed. The table was a broad slab, in the four corners of which holes had been bored for the hewed legs.

This one room served as bedroom, kitchen, and parlor. There was a loft above, for the children, who climbed up to it on a row of pegs driven into the logs, — like the rounds of a ladder with only one side-support. The scanty furniture of the hut was in keeping with everything else about it. It was the home of shiftlessness and poverty, where the new-comers had looked to see at least decency and comfort.

Many women, in the place of the second Mrs. Linkhorn, would have turned about and gone back with their children to the comfortable Kentucky cabin, leaving lazy Tom and *his* children to their miserable lot. But pity for the two little ones, Abe and Nancy Linkhorn, if not a sense of duty to their father, inspired the heart of the late Mrs. Johnston with a noble resolution. She determined to stay, and make the best of a bad bargain. The furniture she had brought with her, though that of a poor Kentucky widow, seemed truly luxurious in Tom's floorless and windowless abode; and she immediately set to work improving the condition of the family.

She made Tom — who was a sort of carpenter, if you will believe it — put down a floor, hang a door, and fit a window. At the same time she clothed little Abe and Nancy in some of the garments of her own children, and made them comfortable at night in warm beds, such as they had never known till then. Before, they were dirty, ragged, shivering, and neglected; now, a door kept out the winter winds, while a bright fire blazed in the cabin, and, better still, they had a warm home in the new mother's great and loving heart. In short, she made human beings of them, who had seemed little better than savages before.

Of the two Linkhorn children, Abe was the younger. He was then nine years old, — having been born on Nolin Creek, near Elizabethtown, in Kentucky, in the year 1809. His mother's maiden name was Nancy Hanks; she was tall, dark, and slender, and probably an excellent woman in her way, though unequal to the task of making much of a man of Tom Linkhorn. Dying there on the rude bedstead of poles, in the Indiana wilderness, she had left her orphans to be cared for by this stronger and nobler, if not better woman, who in that humble sphere was to have the making of a great man in American history.

Tom Linkhorn — or Linkhern, as the name was called in Indiana — could neither read nor write, until his first wife, Abe's mother, taught him to sign his name. He had always made "his X mark" before. It does not appear that his literary accomplishments went any farther than this; and, having himself lived in ignorance all his life, he saw no necessity for educating his children. Their new mother thought differently; and in the new order of things Abe and Nancy were, before long, sent to school. She took a great

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liking to Abe, who returned her affection with all the ardor of a heart hungry for love. In after years, whenever he spoke of his "saintly mother," and his "angel of a mother," — as he often did, — he always meant, not her who gave him birth, but this woman, to whom he owed all that made life of any value. She herself, later in life, could not speak of him without tears.

Her own son, she said, was a good boy, but Abe was kinder, better, truer. "Abe," she averred, "never gave me a cross word or look, and never refused to do anything I asked him. I never gave him a cross word in my life. His mind and mine — what little I had — seemed to run together. He was dutiful to me always, and I think he loved me truly."

This relation between mother and son, in that lonely log-cabin, was very beautiful. Our readers will, no doubt, be glad to see the portrait of this excellent woman, and we give it here.

Little Abe's Second Mother.

The school to which the children went was in a little log school-house a mile and a half away. It had no windows, — only holes cut through the logs, in which "greased paper took the place of glass." The roof was just high enough for a man to stand under it without hitting his head. Here Abe learned to read, write, and cipher. Young as he was, however, he had to help his father so much of the time that only a few weeks in the year

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were left for school; and his biographer tells us that "all his school-days added together would not make a single year."

In personal appearance Abe was ludicrously tall and lank, and sallow-skinned. His body was thin and wiry, his legs and arms were prodigiously long, feet and hands large, and all his movements awkward and ungainly. He wore a 'coon-skin cap and buckskin trousers. As buckskin, when it has been wet, will shrink, and as Abe was out in all sorts of weather, his buckskins clung tight to his long legs; moreover, as he was all the while growing taller, while they were growing shorter, several inches of bare shin, thin and blue, was exposed between the ends of his trousers and the tops of his shoes.

At fifteen he went to school to a man who taught "manners"; and it must have been a funny sight to see tall and gawky Abe brought in by a companion, taken around the school-room, and formally "introduced" to the grinning boys and girls.

At seventeen he had reached the amazing height of six feet and four inches. He had long since left school and begun to get his living in the world by hard work. When not employed at home, he was hired out to the neighbors, who paid over to the father the boy's scanty wages.

But Abe had had a taste of knowledge which would not let him rest in ignorance. His father had not taught him to like hard work; but he did love a book, and, wherever he was, at every chance he could get he was reading or studying. In the winter evenings he sat in the chimney-corner, and ciphered on the wooden fire-shovel, by the light of the blazing logs. When the shovel was covered with figures, he would shave them off with his father's "drawing-knife," and begin again.

"He read every book he could lay hands on," says his step-mother; "and, when he came across a passage that struck him, he would write it down on boards, if he had no paper, and keep it there until he did get paper. Then he would look at it, rewrite it, and repeat it. He had a copy-book in which he put down all things, and thus preserved them."

He borrowed books of everybody who had them to lend. Once he borrowed Weems's "Life of Washington" of a neighbor named Crawford, and kept it on a shelf made of a clapboard laid on two wooden pins. "But just behind the shelf there was a great crack between the logs of the wall; and one night, while Abe was dreaming in the loft, a storm came up, and the rain, blowing through the opening, soaked his precious book from cover to cover." Crawford compelled the poor boy to pay for the damaged volume, which he did by "pulling fodder" for him at twenty-five cents a day, — a meanness for which Abe took an amusing revenge by composing ballads and jokes about a dreadfully misshapen nose which Crawford had the misfortune to carry, and which he could not show afterwards at any public gathering without exciting laughter.

Abe was distinguished for his good-nature, his love of jokes and stories, and his benevolent heart. He was always ready to help others. Here is a little anecdote of his school-days which brings him vividly before us. One

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day the schoolmaster had put out the word *defied* to a large class of boys and girls, all of whom had missed it. "D-e-f-i-d-e," "d-e-f-y-d-e," "d-e-f-y-d," — it was spelled in all sorts of ways except the right one, until the master, in a terrible rage, told the class they should stay in their places day and night until *defied* was spelled correctly. The rest of the school were dismissed. One little girl had got it "d-e-f-y-e-d," when, chancing to glance at Abe at the window, waiting to help his mates out of their trouble, she saw him put his finger to his *eye*. With that hint she spelled the word, and the class was let out.

Abe delighted in composition, and while at school he began to write essays against cruelty to animals. He was pained by the conduct of the boys, who were in the habit of catching terrapins and putting coals of fire on their backs. "He would chide us," says one, "tell us it was wrong, and write against it."

He early showed his talent for public speaking. When he was fifteen, he began to preach little sermons to the children, taking a text, and reading a hymn. One day his step-brother, John Johnston, threw a terrapin against a tree, and crushed its shell. Abe saw its sufferings, and preached upon the spot a sermon against cruelty, "contending that the life of an ant is as sweet to it as ours is to us."

Old "Tom Linkhern" did not believe in Abe's spending his time in this way, and treated him so badly that the boy preferred "hiring out" to the neighbors to working with his father at home. All considered it a great treat to have "Abe Linkhern" come and work for them, he was so good-humored, so obliging, and so full of entertaining stories. He was prodigiously strong also, could throw the best man at wrestling, and do a bigger day's work, when he set out, than anybody.

Some of his feats of strength, vouched for by his old neighbors, are almost incredible. He could carry a load sufficient for three ordinary men. One day he was seen to pick up a chicken-house, which must have weighed not less than six hundred pounds, and quietly walk away with it. At another time, seeing some men, who were building a corn-crib, preparing levers upon which to raise and carry some huge posts, he shouldered the posts one after another, without help, and bore them to the place where they were wanted.

Game was plenty in that region, — deer, squirrels, wild fowl, — but Abe seems to have loved a book better than a gun.

The people of the neighborhood were generally rude and uncultivated, many of them belonging, like the "Linkherns," to the class of poor whites of the South. A dish of pared potatoes passed around among company, to be eaten raw, like apples, was considered a treat. The belief in witches was common. "If a dog ran across a man's path while he was hunting, it was regarded as a sign of terrible luck, unless he instantly hooked his two little fingers together, and pulled with all his might until the dog was out of sight. If a horse breathed on a child, it would have the whooping-cough. Everything must be done at certain times and seasons, else it

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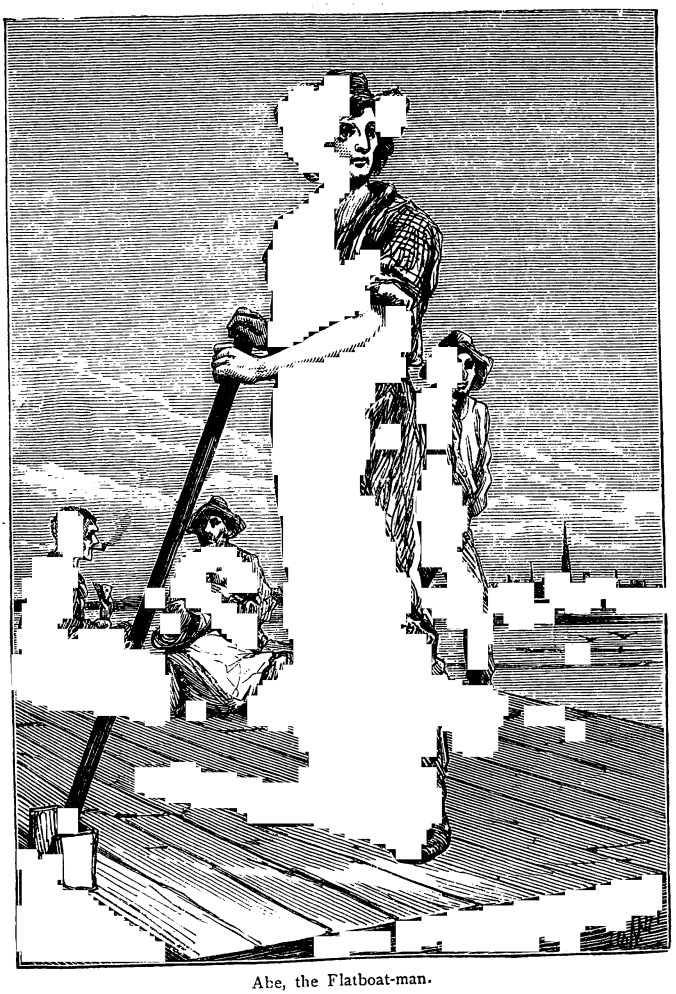

Abe, the Flatboat-man.

would be attended with bad luck. Trees must be cut for rails in the early part of the day, and the fence must be made in the 'light of the moon,' or it would sink. Potatoes must be planted in the 'dark of the moon,' but trees and plants which bear their fruit aboveground must be put out in the 'light of the moon.' Soap must be made in the 'light of the moon,' and stirred only one way, and by one person."

Such were the people among whom Abe was brought up; and the wonder is, not that he showed some of their coarse and peculiar traits, in after years, but that, emerging from such surroundings, he should ever have arrived at distinction.

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In his seventeenth year he worked nine months for a man, at the mouth of Anderson's Creek, for six dollars a month. He managed a ferry-boat which plied across the creek and the Ohio River; did farm-work and chores about the house; ground corn in a hand-mill; built the kitchen fires in the morning before the folks were up; turned his hand, in short, to anything required of him, and usually read and studied till midnight. Owing to his tremendous strength, he was an invaluable hand at hog-killing and rail-splitting.

Beautiful as was the relation between Abe and his step-mother, he and old Tom never got along well together; and when Abe was nineteen years old he resolved to strike out for himself, and see the world. He accordingly got a situation as a hand on a flatboat, going to New Orleans. He was a "bow-hand," and his business was to work the "front oars." This was the beginning of a new life to him, but it came near having a tragical end.

One night when the boat was laid up against the shore, a little below Baton Rouge, he and his companion, who were fast asleep in the little cabin built on the stern, were startled by the sound of footsteps on board. "They knew instantly that a gang of negroes had come to rob, perhaps to murder them." His companion, thinking to frighten them away, shouted, "Bring the gun, Abe! Shoot 'em!" Abe brought no gun, but, rushing out, fell upon the negroes with a bludgeon, fought them furiously, drove them off, and then, casting loose the flatboat, escaped down the river. In this combat Abe received a scar which he carried all his life.

But Abe was not yet of age, — his father still had a claim upon him, — and he did not leave home "for good," and begin life for himself, until two years later. This was in 1830, and he was then twenty-one. The family had in the mean while moved to Illinois, and settled on the north fork of the Sangammon, ten miles west of Decatur.

Abe, then, having broken up fifteen acres of land for his father, and split rails enough to fence it, took an affectionate leave of his good step-mother, whom he never saw again except at intervals, but whom he never forgot. His father died not long after, — his sister had died before, — and his mother was left poor. Abe sent her money as soon as he had any to send, and continued to do so all his life. He wrote to her, and visited her whenever he could; his last visit being paid to her after he had become the most famous man, at that time, in the world.

Abe worked about at "odd jobs" until he received what was considered by him a splendid offer of fifty cents a day, and twenty dollars at the end of the trip, for going once more with a flatboat to New Orleans. He was to start from a point near Springfield; but on arriving there with two companions, who were to make the voyage with him, they found that the flatboat was not yet built! Abe thought they could build one; and, procuring an axe, walked into the woods, and began to slash away at the big trees. The timber was quickly got ready, and rafted down to Sangammontown, where it was sawed, and the boat finally built.

While they were at Sangammontown, a juggler gave an exhibition in the

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village. He called for a hat in which to perform his feat of cooking eggs. No hat was forthcoming. At last a long, lank, gawky fellow in the audience handed up a broad-brimmed, shabby felt hat, with the humorous remark, "Mister, the reason I did n't give it you before was out of respect for your eggs, not care for my hat."

The dry way in which this was spoken "brought down the house." The speaker was Abe.

As soon as the flatboat was finished, it was brought down to the landing, loaded with corn, hogs, pork in barrels, etc., and started on its trading expedition down the river. It must have been a happy time for Abe. He was his own man now; the world was before him; he was "full of joke and jest," and he had jolly companions.

They had not gone far, however, when they came very near losing both boat and cargo. She stuck on a dam in the river, the forepart projecting over it several yards, the hind-part settling down and filling, and the lading all sliding back. Nothing but Abe's presence of mind and ingenuity saved them from utter wreck. He rigged up a machine for tilting the boat forwards, — having first bored a hole in the bottom which projected beyond the dam, for letting the water run out, — and afterwards lifted her over.

This, and other experiences as a flatboat-man, led to the invention of an "improved method of lifting vessels over shoals." It was patented, and a rude model — evidently whittled out with the young flatboat-man's jack-knife — may still be seen at the Patent Office in Washington. The name of the inventor, written upon the bow in a bold hand, is "Abraham Lincoln"; — for Abe, as we should have said before, had long since reformed the corrupt spelling of the family name, "Linkhorn" and "Linkhern" really standing for that which he was afterwards to make illustrious.

We have now, following his biographer,* sketched the boyhood and youth of this remarkable man, — which was all we set out to do, — and here we must leave him. How he continued to improve his mind at every opportunity; kept a grocery at New Salem; surveyed land; wrote deeds and contracts for his neighbors; read law, sitting astride a wood-pile, or lying on his back on the grass "with his long legs up a tree," to the astonishment of his acquaintances; went into politics, and, becoming the most popular man in Illinois, as well as the readiest speech-maker, was sent to Congress, and afterwards elected President of the United States; how he guided the Vessel of State over perilous obstacles, of which the young flatboat-man never dreamed; and how, at the close of our great civil war, he became a martyr, — all this we pass over; nor do we think it necessary for us to point out the moral which every intelligent boy will draw from this sketch of the great man's early years.

Augustus Holmes.

* The Life of Abraham Lincoln, from his Birth to his Inauguration as President. By Ward H. Lamon. With illustrations. J. R. Osgood & Co. One of the most remarkable biographies ever written, by which the obscurely born son of "Tom Linkhorn" is rendered the best-known public character of modern times. We are indebted to it throughout for the facts here related of the life of Young Abe.

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A TALK ABOUT ELECTRICITY.

NEAR the close of a sultry day in June, large masses of cloud loomed up above the western hills, while rumblings of distant thunder, louder and still more loud, announced the rapid approach of a "thunder-storm." The Leslie family had just seated themselves around the tea-table, when the rain began to fall in torrents; and suddenly a blinding flash seemed to fill the room with fire, instantly followed by a crashing peal.

Willie, the youngest, began to cry; but his father promptly assured him that nobody was hurt, and since he had lived to hear the thunder, there was nothing he need fear. "If we had been struck by the lightning," he said, "we should not have heard the thunder, nor known what hurt us."

But the child, glancing timidly out at the window, in the direction from which the sound had seemed to come, anxiously asked, "Is n't it out there now by the gate?"

The little fellow had conceived the childish idea that the thunder was some terrible creature that had come down from the woods on the hill. The storm passed on to the eastward; the lightning became less vivid and the thunder more distant, till at length the rain ceased, and the setting sun, smiling upon the retreating clouds, pencilled upon their gloomy brows the ever-welcome "Bow of Promise."

"Now, father," said Charley, "you promised a long time ago to tell us something about electricity, which you say causes lightning and thunder, and does many other curious things. Is n't this a good time to do it?"

Mr. Leslie readily assented, but suggested that Charley should first go out and learn, if possible, where the lightning had "struck," and whether any damage had been done by it. The boy went, and soon returned with the report that a large tree at no great distance off had been shivered to fragments; that the lightning had passed from that to another tree; that a hunter had been thrown down by the shock; while a neighbor's house near by had narrowly escaped, the window-screens and bell-wires having been melted.

When all were gathered in the parlor, Lizzie asked, with great simplicity, "Father, what do people mean by a thunderbolt? When anything is struck by lightning, does an iron bolt come down from the sky?"

"No, my dear," said Mr. Leslie, smiling; "nothing of the kind, though it is not strange that many people have thought there was. When a shaft or ball of electric light is seen coming from the clouds, it is easy to imagine it a bolt of red-hot metal. The ancients, who knew little of electricity, naturally enough supposed that the gods, who were thought to live somewhere up in the sky, were throwing fiery missiles at each other, or at men who had offended them. Hence we read of the 'thunderbolts of Jove,' or Jupiter, and of the 'hammer of Thor,' by which was meant nothing more than what we call lightning."

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"What *can* it be, then, that strikes trees and houses, and sometimes kills people?" urged Lizzie.

"Yes, that is just what I want to know," added Charley.

"And that is what I am going to try to tell you," replied Mr. Leslie; "but you will need to give very close attention in order to understand anything about it. Did either of you ever hear slight snapping sounds when you combed your hair on a cold, dry morning?"

"*I* have," said Charley; "and once, when it was dark, I saw little sparks of fire in Willie's hair when it snapped."

"I have seen them on my pussy, too, and I was afraid her fur was going to catch fire," said Willie, eagerly.

"These snappings and sparks," resumed Mr. Leslie, "were real thunder and lightning, on a very small scale. But you did not find any red-hot iron about them. The same may be produced in many ways. Here is one." Mr. Leslie took the glass chimney from a common kerosene lamp, and rubbed it briskly with the silk lining of his coat. "Now," he said, "this may not give a spark that can be seen in a light room, but you shall see what it will do." He held it over some small bits of paper lying on the table, when the children were surprised to see several of the bits leap up and cling to the glass for a few moments, and then fall back. He continued: "If I were to take a large plate of thick glass, so fixed that it would not touch any good conductor, — I will tell you what a conductor is, presently, — then, if I should rub it briskly enough, it would give off a spark that would make you jump, should you put your finger near it. This would be precisely the same thing, in a small way, as being struck by lightning. One kind of electrical machine is made by suspending a large round plate of glass on an axle through its centre, like a grindstone, with a crank by which to turn it, and a rubber to press against each side. A few turns of this machine will produce 'lightning' enough to throw you prostrate on the floor, should you touch the glass or any metal connected with it.

"But here is another way of getting nearly the same thing." Mr. Leslie took from his desk a stick of sealing-wax, and rubbed it quickly on his coat-sleeve; then, holding it over the scraps of paper, they manifested the same affection for it that they did before for the glass. "The same result may be produced with a cake of resin, and several other substances."

"Now," he continued, "this mysterious something which shows its presence in these curious ways is called electricity. But there is a singular difference between that produced by means of glass and that produced with sealing-wax or resin. The first is called *positive* and the other *negative* electricity. If two articles become charged with the same kind, they repel or push each other apart; but if one becomes positively and the other negatively charged, they attract, or draw each other together."

"Can you tell us, father, what this word *electricity* comes from?" asked Ada, who had lately begun the study of language. "Is it in any way related to our words *elect* and *election?*"

"I suspect it is a near relation. It is derived immediately from the Greek

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word *electron*, which is the name for amber, a kind of fossil gum in which this peculiar attraction was first noticed; but it is probable the name of this gum was made up from two words, *elco*, to attract, and *thriz*, a hair, or *thrion*, a leaf, because amber seemed to draw or *elect* such light articles."

"But," interposed Charley, "I don't yet get any idea of *what it is* that goes from one hair to another on my head, or from the glass to the hand, or from the clouds to the earth. Is it a fiery fluid, or what is it?"

"That is just the point of difficulty," replied his father. "The great Dr. Franklin, who was the first in this country to draw lightning from the clouds, by means of a kite, and found it to be the same thing as the electricity from a machine, thought there were two distinct fluids, consisting of some peculiar kind of material which had no weight, and which he distinguished as positive and negative electricities. Others have thought there was but one fluid, which had two different conditions.

"But scientific men have been carefully studying the matter ever since Franklin's day, and they now tell us that they are not able to detect any kind of material substance passing in the electric current, — except, indeed, such particles as may be torn away from the points of discharge, or gathered up in the air. Nor does it manifest any heat, unless it meets with resistance. But they find that a peculiar agitation, sometimes very violent, takes place in the particles of any substance lying in the path of this current; and that if there is a resistance to this motion, — that is, if the substance is not a good *conductor*, as they call it, or if, being a good conductor, it is not large enough for the current, — then heat is produced, and often light.

"So scientific men are coming to think that electricity, instead of being a fluid, or two fluids, is merely a peculiar *state of matter*, or *mode of motion* in the particles of matter, caused by a *force* that is not matter. But just what this force is, or why it acts as it does, no one seems to understand. So, probably, the most we can do at present is to learn what we can of the curious ways in which it acts, — how it can be kept from harming us, and how be made useful to us."

"But," said Charley, after thinking intently for a few moments, "how *can* anything that is not hot itself make other things hot, and set them on fire?"

"Did you never see a horse's shoe strike fire on the stones in the street? and do you not know that the axles of railway-cars and other carriages will become hot — sometimes red-hot — if not kept well oiled? and did you never read of travellers or hunters in a forest, when they had no matches, kindling a fire by rubbing two dry sticks together?"

Charley had seen or read of all these things, but had not thought much about how they were done. His father continued: "Motion suddenly stopped, or partly stopped, by friction, always produces heat. If the quick motion caused in the particles of any substance by the electric force is partly interrupted by any means, the substance itself may quickly become very hot.

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"Now, in some substances, such as copper, iron, and several other metals, electric action appears to take place very easily, and hence these are called *good conductors*. But in other substances, like glass, resin, dry air, etc., there seems to be a resistance to electric action, and these are called *poor conductors*, or *non-conductors*. Water is a pretty good conductor, but not nearly so good as iron. When the electric force attempts to act in any of these poor conductors, or non-conductors, it meets with such resistance that heat results, just as when two pieces of dry wood or iron are rubbed together hard."

"Well, all this is very curious; but will you please explain just how this wonderful force acts when it snaps in my hair, and when it shivers trees to pieces, and sets houses on fire?" asked Charley.

"Let me first tell you," said Mr. Leslie, "that the electric force is produced by rubbing together almost any unlike substances; but if one or both of these substances should happen to be a good conductor, like iron, the force is carried off and dissipated, so that you see and feel nothing of it. If, however, both are non-conductors, like glass and silk, the force seems to collect on the surface, and shows itself by a spark, or by attracting light articles.

"Your hair is a non-conductor; the friction of the dry wind, or perhaps of the comb, produces electricity in small quantities on the ends of some of the hairs. These are then positively electrified, as it is termed; and when other objects which are negative are brought near them, the force passes from one to the other with a spark and a snapping sound. When the air is full of moisture or water, this, being a tolerably good conductor, carries off the electricity as fast as it is produced. Hence it is not perceptible in damp weather.

"Dr. Livingstone, the great African explorer, states that the hot, dry winds of the deserts sometimes produce such quantities of electricity that a bunch of ostrich feathers held against the wind for a few seconds becomes as strongly charged as if attached to a powerful electrical machine, and will emit a sharp crackling sound when clasped by the hand; while the clothing will give out a luminous appearance on a slight rubbing.

"A scientific gentleman once climbed to the top of one of the pyramids of Egypt, accompanied by two Bedouin Arabs as servants. While standing on the summit, he found that his hand would emit electric light whenever he extended it upward, much to the astonishment of the Arabs. He then pointed his finger toward a metallic button on a gourd which he carried with him, when a succession of sparks flashed from the button. This so terrified the superstitious Bedouins that they fled down the steps of the pyramid and disappeared in the desert, never returning to claim their wages. They thought their employer must be some dreadful conjurer, who had power to control and play with the lightnings.

"Now as to the tree. The electric force always follows the line of the best conductors. A green tree is a much better conductor than air, and the moisture or sap in the tree is much better than the wood. When an

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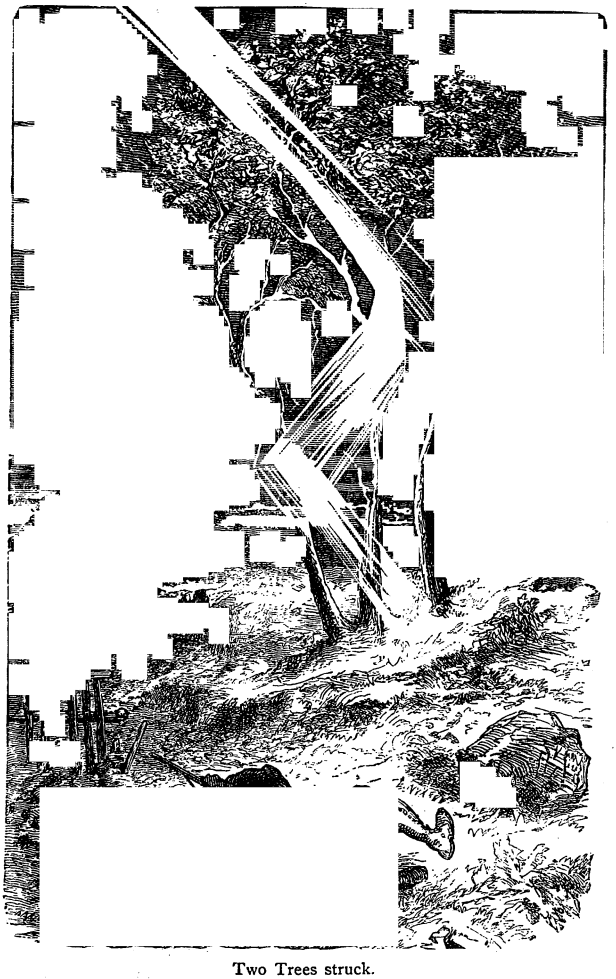

Two Trees struck.

electric discharge from the clouds to the earth takes a tree in its course, it sometimes finds a sufficient conductor in the sap just underneath the bark. This, by the heat which is produced, is in some cases instantly converted into steam, stripping off the bark in its path down the trunk. Sometimes the electricity penetrates to the heart of the tree, or among the layers of wood, and, suddenly changing the moisture to vapor, causes an explosion which rends the trunk into splinters.

"But how does lightning set a house on fire? I have said that it always makes its path through the best conductors it can find. If there is a bit of iron or other metal within reach, it seeks it out. Sooner than pass

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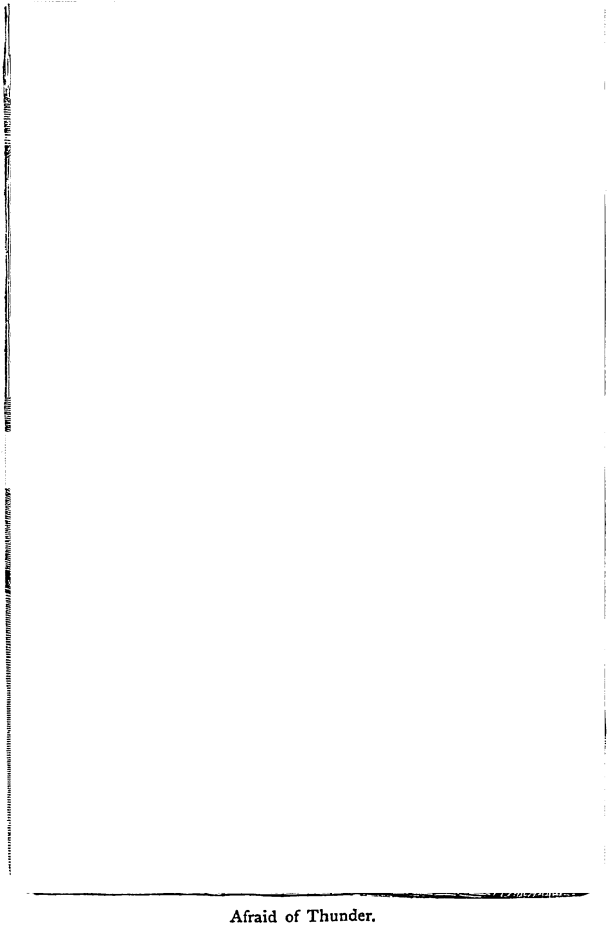
through a single inch of water, even, it will travel four hundred million times as far through iron wire, if this is at hand. But if a powerful current tries to pass through a small wire, or a nail in a building, the metal instantly becomes heated and melts; and if this melted iron happens to fall on anything which kindles easily, the building is soon in flames.

"From this you will understand the use of lightning-rods on buildings. They should be made of copper or iron, large enough not to melt under a powerful current, and should enter the ground deep enough to reach earth that is always moist.

"The human body and the bodies of animals are better conductors than trees, and this makes it dangerous to stand near a tree in a thunder-storm. I have read somewhere of a French peasant protecting himself from light-



Afraid of Thunder.

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ning by getting under a glass bell, — a rather ludicrous situation, I should think.*

"Lightning often seems very capricious in the feats it performs. A church at Antrasme in France was once struck by an electric discharge which passed down the tower, following a very crooked path, and entered the aisle, doing a great deal of damage. It melted the gilding of the picture-frames, blackened the faces of the statues of saints, melted some rods of tin in the vestry, and at last passed out through the floor of a side chapel, boring two holes as smoothly as would a gimlet. This damage was very carefully repaired, and all traces of it removed. Twelve years later the same church was again struck, the discharge following precisely the same track, repeating the same damages, and boring holes in the same spots in its exit. This seems to show that its whole course was governed by exact laws, from which it could not deviate, — and this, no doubt, is always the case."

"But what makes so much of this 'force' — if that is what we must call it — up in the clouds? How does it get there?" asked Lizzie.

"I have already said," was the reply, "that this force is produced by friction. Two great currents of air, blowing in different directions, as they often do, may be said to rub against each other, and in that way immense quantities of the force are supposed to be developed, as we produce small quantities by rubbing glass. It appears to be absorbed by and stored up in the vapor of the clouds, until these become strongly or positively charged, and then they must discharge themselves into the negative earth. When the air near the earth is full of moisture, the electricity is conducted silently down, and is not noticed; but when the lower stratum of air is comparatively dry, then the force descends in what we call thunderbolts, leaping to the best conductors it can find on its way."

"But," inquired Ada, "why does it take the zigzag course we often see it have when darting through the air? Why does n't it go the shortest way?"

"That, I think, must be because it takes the line of the greatest moisture, which probably is not at all times evenly distributed through the air."

"Some people say," remarked Charley, "that they have seen the lightning strike upwards from the earth to the clouds. Does it ever really do so?"

"Upward discharges, no doubt, occasionally take place, when the earth happens to become positive to the clouds. Continuous electric flames rising from the tops of prominent objects are sometimes seen. Once when an army of Roman soldiers were marching to battle, their spears were seen tipped with fire. This was thought to be a certain sign of the favor of the gods, but it was probably an electrical phenomenon of the kind we are speaking of. Similar flames have been repeatedly seen issuing from the tops of masts on ships at sea, and they are called the *Fire of St. Elmo.*

* See "The Wonders of Thunder and Lightning," a little work full of curious anecdotes and pictures illustrating this subject. It is one of Scribner, Armstrong, & Co.'s famous "Wonder Books."

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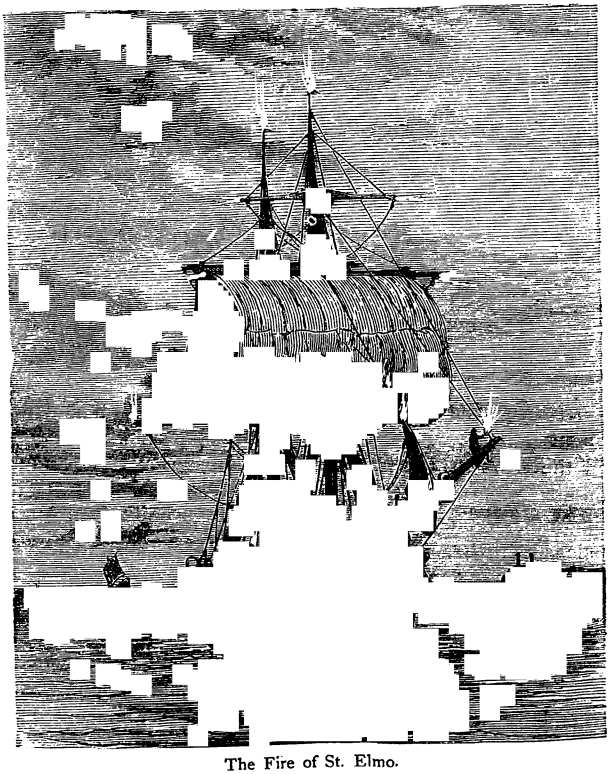
It is stated that such a light appeared, on one occasion, at the mast-head of the vessel in which Columbus made his voyage for the discovery of America, and it was thought an omen of success. A more recent instance occurred in March, 1866, when the captain of a vessel sailing in the English Channel observed during a storm a blaze of light, not only at the top of the mainmast, but at the end of every yard. The flame at the bowsprit was the most vivid; and the captain, who understood its nature, but wished to study it more closely, climbed up and extended his hand toward the blaze. Instantly the current changed its course so as to pass through his body, and the flame streamed from the ends of his fingers. But it produced no shock, and no sensation of heat; nor was any sign of fire left on masts or spars, though the flame continued for hours.

"Electric currents, not sufficiently strong to be seen, are doubtless often passing upward to the clouds. A photographer in Berlin, on taking a photograph of a statue in a public square in that city, — it represented an Amazon holding a lance pointing to the sky, — found to his surprise a streak in the negative, extending upward from the point of the lance. It was made, evidently, by an electric current invisible to the eye.



The Fire of St. Elmo.

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"Lightning itself sometimes makes pictures. A sailor was once struck by lightning while sitting on a box near the foremast of his vessel, mending his clothes. On the foremast had been nailed a horseshoe, for the purpose of 'keeping off witches.' When the clothing was removed from his body, an exact image of this horseshoe was found imprinted on the sailor's back, as if it had been tattooed. In other instances, images of leaves, and even of whole trees, have been formed upon the bodies of persons affected by electric shocks. In such cases it is supposed that fine particles are actually torn by the electric force from the object which forms the point of discharge, and carried to the surface where the picture is made.

"But these curious feats of this mysterious and powerful force are no more wonderful than are the ways in which it has been tamed and trained to work for man. What was once a cause of wondering terror to mankind has now become a most useful servant in many of the arts, and a swift message-bearer from city to city and from continent to continent, until it has brought almost the whole world into one neighborhood. Possibly at no distant day it will light our streets and dwellings, move our carriages, and propel our machinery."

"O father, do tell us how they make electricity carry messages on the telegraph wires!" said Ada, speaking for the others. "I never could understand it."

"It is too late to-night," was the reply; "but we will take that for the subject of our next talk."

N. A. Eliot.

GUSSY'S COASTING.

THERE is one evening in Gussy Hale's life that she will remember as long as she lives, and that is the evening she went sliding with Gid on Maple Hill.

She carried as happy a little heart there as ever beat in a baby bosom, and brought it home with her too. Her fingers ached desperately, to be sure, and the tears came through her nose unaccountably, and there was a bruise on her forehead; but all this was of no account whatever.

Evening after evening she had heard the joyous shouts, and watched the darting sleds, with her face pressed against the pane, and her whole soul in sympathy with the noisy throng, until she was struck dumb with joy by her father's announcement that she should go, for once, with Gid. Her mother began to protest mildly with a "Now, William!" and Gussy was kept quivering in suspense for five minutes while the subject was discussed. Her father urged that the evening was fine, and that Gideon was fully competent to take care of his little sister; and her mother consented finally, with many cautions to Gideon, and with a promise from him that he would slide her five times, and no more.

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Gussy is a most unwieldy little dancer, but she usually expresses intense joy by a kind of clumsy gymnastic feat which Gid calls dancing. She hops as high as she can raise her fat little body, comes down solidly on her heels, or loses her equilibrium recklessly and rolls in glee. Upon hearing her mother's decision, she betook herself to her favorite exercise with such zeal, and laughed and sang, and hugged and kissed them all by turns so rapturously that it did their hearts good to see her.

It was such a new and wonderful experience, however, to be out under the cold, brilliant moon and the winking stars, walking with Gid among the shadows, — the houses, steeples, trees, and fences all unfamiliar in the weird light, — that she grew quite still and awe-struck.

While they climbed the hill, the coasters came dashing past them, — boys and girls, large and small, but none so small as she. In vain she looked for Kitty Plummer or Dovey Haines. Meg Cameron was there with her superb new sled, the "Queen of the Hills"; but Meg was ten, an only daughter, and far too proud to care for little four-year-olds. While Gid settled Gussy comfortably on the sled at the top of the hill, Meg, adjusting her overshoe, looked on scornfully.

"I should think your mother would keep such babies at home."

Gid's eyes flashed, only nobody saw them. There was always war between these two. She hated him because he was the only boy in school who would not reply to her taunts; and he despised her because she was saucy, and was a girl. If a boy went beyond the bounds of forbearance, it was sometimes extremely gratifying to force him up to the mark, and exact fair play according to the school-boy standard. A girl could be equally exasperating, and at the same time be exempt from the deserved punishment, thus becoming doubly obnoxious.

He only stood up silently now, and waited until the "Queen of the Hills" was on her way; then, as he glided after, with his chin over Gussy's shoulder, he whispered, "Never mind, Chick, she 's only a *girl!*" And Gussy was altogether too young and too happy to resent this implication.

Meg's fling was only one of the little pricks which children as well as grown men and women have to endure; and a little triumph followed it too, for old Pointer distanced the "Queen of the Hills," and all the boys set up a shout at the sight.

"That slide counts one, and 't was a good one; was n't it, Gussy?" shouted Gid, triumphantly tugging her up the hill again.

"Yes!" piped Gussy back, for all the coasters conversed at the top of their lungs; "I *never* went so fast! We-we-went 's fast as the *wailwoad!*"

This time all the sleds came up at once, and were to start together for a race; but Gid, mindful of his mother's caution, waited till they had all gone down, and then started alone with Gussy. With all her delight, she was a little timid as yet, and grasped the sled tightly, cautioning him to "go stwait."

"I shall go straight, Gussy," he assured her. "See, I drag my foot so, and steer just as true as a dart."

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"I may *skeer* some time, may n't I?" she questioned, catching her breath as they began to go faster; and his answer was lost in the huzzas at the foot of the hill.

"This makes two!" he said, turning the sled and climbing back. "We can have three more. Can you keep tally, Ducky?"

"Yes," she answered, looking up at the stars; "I wish 't was forty-'leven! as many as the stars is; don't you, Gid?" At this moment a sled came dashing down and, swerving like a flash to avoid another sled coming up, grazed Gid's in passing, and interrupted her star-gazing by rolling her off into a drift.

"Are you hurt, Gussy?" asked her brother, catching her up.

"No-o!" she answered, rather uncertainly; "only I b'lieve my elbow 's full er snow!"

"Never mind a little snow; if that 's all, we 're all right again." And, tucking her down on the sled, he pranced off with her so comically that she soon forgot the overturn in her merriment at his antics.

Now the road was very wide, and in the exact middle of the sliding track was a gigantic "jounce," which the boys affected and the girls shunned. Gid, although he slid carefully on the slides with Gussy, was aching to plunge over that identical jounce. And he secretly resolved that, after he had given her five slides, he would put her in Lucy Snow's care, and go down once jollily.

The next slide the boys all hitched their sleds together, Hugh Cameron ahead, in spite of Meg's protestations, and steered straight for the jounce, shouting, "Clear the track! Train 's coming!" and only Gid and Gussy remained behind.

Just as the train got swiftly under way, the cry of "A team! a team!" was raised, and Gid saw with surprise a horse and sleigh at the foot of the hill.

The snake-like train gliding down the hill with the uproarious cries of "Turn out! Hold on!" frightened the horse, which plunged out of the road on one side, while the snarl of sleds piled up on the other.

"Whoa, here!" called out a peculiar voice, which the boys immediately recognized as the voice of an eccentric old codger who lived two or three miles from the village. "What yer dewin' here, yer catermeounts?"

"Minding our own business," retorted Hugh, from whose face the blood was dropping. "This hill is for us boys to slide on, and nobody but greenhorns ever drives through here, either!"

"Sho!" drawled the old man, calmly, getting back slowly into his sleigh, and turning his horse. "Then, seein' 's I don't set up for a greenhorn, boys, I guess I 'll go back. Sorry, though, that I sp'ilt your slide."

This was certainly rather unexpected, and called forth a chorus of apologies from the other boys; but Hugh, somewhat hurt and very much ashamed, went sulkily home, followed by Meg, and sorrily soothed by her triumphant "I told you so."

Gussy's remaining three slides were delightful successes, for old Pointer

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was a prodigy of speed, and the cheers which invariably followed their wild progress were very exhilarating to Gussy.

"*Now*, Chicky," Gid said, after the fifth slide, "you stand here a minute with Lucy, and see us boys go all hitched together once. O, you 'll say it 's fun! You watch, and when the head boy gets to the jounce, and hollers '*Hoop, la!*' you 'll see him pop; and then the whole train 'll go popping after him, right up into the air and down with a *chunk!* and then we 'll go home."

Gussy danced with delight by Lucy's side, but said nothing.

The Pointer was generously swapped for Bob Thayer's "Dexter," and Bob went head boy and Gid hindermost. Each boy hitched the rope of his rear neighbor's sled to his own, and lay flat, face down. The word was given, and the train had begun to move from the hill-top, when Gussy broke from Lucy, and, running with all her speed, flung herself forward, and came down like a bomb upon her brother's head and shoulders.

"*O Gussy!*" he screamed, helplessly, — for her fifty pounds held him down like a nightmare, — "get off! Get off!"

"*I* can *skeer*, Gid!" shouted the little plague, sticking in her toes sturdily, and swinging the sled off in spite of him. They were now going like the wind.

"Boys!" bawled Gid, frantically, "stop! hold on! *don't* go over that jow-ow-ounce!"

But it was too late; the jounce was reached, the popping process already begun.

His outcry had only set the boys to "snubbing" and jamming up together, and at every pop there was a crash. When Gid's sled struck, Gussy popped off into space, and he was inserted endwise in a snow-bank on the opposite side of the track, so thoroughly frightened at the thought of Gussy's probable damages that he did not think of himself. All that could be seen of that rash infant was a pair of red socks kicking vigorously but noiselessly; but it turned out, when she was pulled up where she could breathe, that she was very slightly injured.

"Dear little heart!" exclaimed Gid, pityingly, rubbing her smarting forehead with his rough, wet mitten.

"No matter, Gid," she said, resolutely trying not to sob. "That sled don't *skeer* so well as Pointer, does it?"

Several of the boys were hurt, but none seriously, and they all laughed heartily over the catastrophe. Bob Thayer's nose excited some derision among the scholars for a few days, but he bore it good-naturedly.

When the jolly coasters were all gathered in their respective homes, and the hill stood white and silent in the moonlight, Gid, sitting in the flickering firelight, rehearsed the main incidents of the evening to an interested auditor far more entertainingly than they are related here.

Anna Boynton Averill.

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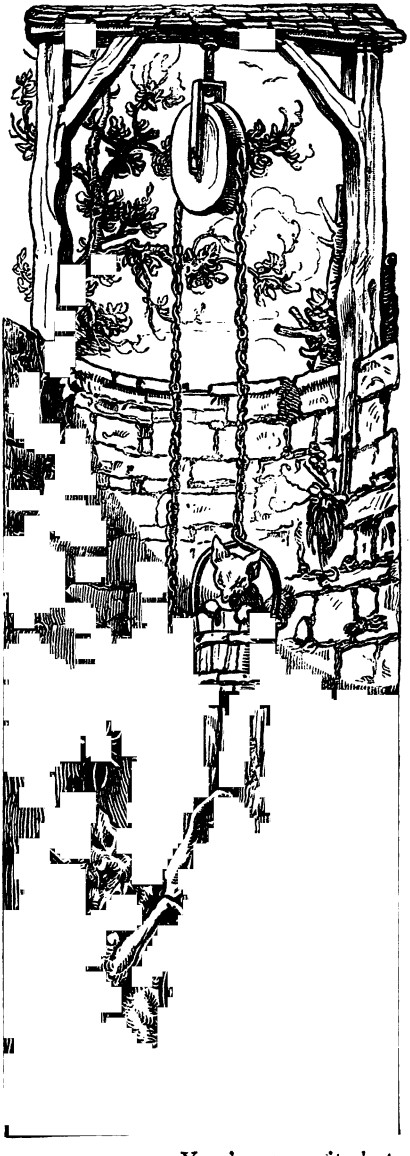
THE FOX IN THE WELL.



SIR REYNARD once, as I 've heard tell,
Had fallen into a farmer's well,
When Wolf, his cousin, passing by,
Heard from the depths his dismal cry.

Over the wheel a well-chain hung,
From which two empty buckets swung:
At one, drawn up beside the brink,
The Fox had paused, no doubt, to drink,
And, putting in his head, had tipped
The bucket: Fox and bucket slipped,
And, hampered by the bail, he fell,
As I have said, into the well.
As down the laden bucket went,
The other made its swift ascent.

His cousin, Wolf, beguiled to stop,
Listened astonished at the top,
Looked down, and by the uncertain light
Saw Reynard in a curious plight,—
There in his bucket at the bottom,
Calling as if the hounds had got him!

"What do you there?" his cousin cried.
"Dear Cousin Wolf," the Fox replied,
"In coming to the well to draw
Some water, what d'ye think I saw?
It glimmered bright and still below;
You 've seen it, but you did not know

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It was a treasure! Now, behold!
I 've got my bucket filled with gold,
Enough to buy ourselves and wives
Poultry to last us all our lives!"

The Wolf made answer, with a grin,
"Dear me! I thought you 'd tumbled in!
What, then, is all this noise about?"
"Because I could not draw it out,
I called to you," the Fox replied.
"First help me, then we will divide."

"How?" "Get into the bucket there."
The Wolf, too eager for a share,
Did not one moment pause to think; —
There hung the bucket by the brink,
And in he stepped. As down he went,
The cunning Fox made his ascent,
Being the lighter of the two.

"That 's right! ha, ha! how well you do!
How glad I am you came to help!"
Wolf struck the water with a yelp;
The Fox leaped out: "Dear Wolf," said he,
"You 've been so very kind to me,
I 'll leave the treasure all to you; —
I hope 't will do you good! Adieu!
There comes the farmer!" Off he shot,
And disappeared across the lot,
Leaving the Wolf to meditate
Upon his miserable fate, —
To flattering craft a victim made,
By his own greediness betrayed!

J. T. Trowbridge.

THE STORY OF FLORINDA.

A PARTY of small cousins were spending New Year's at Grandma Bowen's, and while waiting for tea they begged her to tell them the story of Florinda, — some because they had never heard it, others because they had. The old lady was more than willing. "Yes," said she, "we Bowens ought to keep alive the memory of Florinda, the faithful hired girl; and I will tell you the story just as your grandfather told it to me, and just

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as his grandfather told it to him, and as *his* grandfather told it to *him*. Your grandfather's grandfather's grandfather remembered Nathaniel Bowen very well, and *his* father, — Nathaniel Bowen's father, — the first Mr. Bowen of all, came over from England in the bark Jasper, more than two hundred years ago. He brought his family with him, and they settled in this very place where we live now. The country was covered with woods then. Indians, buffaloes, deer, wolves, and foxes had it pretty much to themselves.

"But if I am going to tell the story," continued the old lady, suddenly raising her voice and sitting straight in her chair, "there is something to be done first, so that we may seem to see just how they lived in those days. For instance, carry out the furniture, and the stove, pictures, carpet. *Make believe*, you know. Then tear the house down, leaving only this one room, and let this one room pass for that one-roomed hut. But knock away lath and plaster; the walls must be made of logs. The same overhead. Cut square holes for windows, and hang wooden shutters inside. One of the holes may have four small panes of glass. Cover the others with oiled paper, — there was no glass made in this country then. Let a stone chimney run up through the logs overhead at one end, and at the other end a ladder, leading to a loft. The fireplace very large. And now, to furnish the hut, bring in a bed, a meal-chest, a large, heavy clothes-chest, a spinning-wheel, a bench or two, and a few chairs. Can you *see* that hut now?"

"And the *stumps!*" cried one little fellow, who knew the whole story.

"Yes, Gussy," said the old lady, looking pleased, "and some stumps of trees, sawed off short, for the little ones to sit on.

"There was one house beside in the valley, and only one, and that belonged to a man named Moore. It stood nearly an eighth of a mile off in that direction" (pointing). "Four miles off in *that* direction" (pointing the opposite way), "at the Point, called then Mackerel Point, there were some dozen or twenty houses, a store, and a mill. No road between here and the Point, only a blind pathway through the woods. Those woods reached hundreds and hundreds of miles!

"When Mr. Bowen had lived in this country a little more than a year, his wife died, leaving three children, — Philip, not quite eleven; Nathaniel, six; and Polly, three, — and to take care of these children, and to keep his house, he hired a young girl named Florinda LeShore, who came over from England as servant in some family. This Florinda was born in France, but had spent the greater part of her life in England. She was only fifteen years old, — rather young to take the care of a family. There were so few whites in this country then, however, that Mr. Bowen was glad to get even a girl fifteen years old. I suppose he little thought she would be the means of saving the lives of two of his children.

"Florinda hired out to Mr. Bowen some time in November. On the 29th of December, as Mr. Bowen and Mr. Moore were saddling their horses to go to the store, word came that they must set out immediately for a place about fifteen miles off, called Dermott's Crossing, to consult with other settlers as to what should be done to defend themselves against the

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Indians, for there were reports that in some neighborhoods the Indians were doing mischief.

"So the two men turned their horses' heads in the direction of Dermott's Crossing. It was woods most of the way, but they knew the general direction of the bridle-path, and thought they should make good time and be back by noon of the next day. Florinda baked corn-meal into cakes, and put the cakes and some slices of bacon into the saddle-bags, along with the corn for the horse. They were to return by way of the store, and bring provisions.

"Two days and two nights passed, and they had neither come nor sent any message. By that time there was not much left to eat in either house. Florinda and the children slept both nights at Mrs. Moore's. Mr. Bowen said it would be better for them to sleep there. He did not fear any actual danger, — the Indians in this neighborhood had never been troublesome at all, — still, in case anything should happen, Mrs. Moore's house was much safer than ours. It was built of heavy timbers, and its doors were oak, studded with spikes. The Indians never attacked a strong house like that, especially if guarded by a white man with fire-arms. Mrs. Moore was a feeble woman. She had two little children, and her brother was then living with her, — a young man named David Palmer, at that time confined indoors on account of having frozen his feet badly.

"On the second morning, Philip said to Florinda that he would take his hand-sled and go to the store and get some meal and some bacon for themselves and Mrs. Moore. Florinda felt loath to let him go. It was a long distance, the snow was deep, — no track, and woods nearly all the way. But Philip said that he was n't afraid; the oldest boy ought to take care of the family: and at last Florinda said he might go. There seemed no other way. For, unless he did, they might all starve, especially if there should come on a heavy snow-storm.

"Philip had a hand-sled made of barrel staves. He took this hand-sled, and took a shovel to dig his way through the drifts. Mrs. Moore had him start from her house, because she wanted to be sure he was well wrapped up. She felt badly about his going, as well as Florinda. There was danger of his losing his way, and there were other dangers, which neither of them liked to speak of. He left home in good spirits, about nine o'clock in the morning, on the thirty-first day of December, promising to be back before evening.

"Florinda spent the day in spinning and in other work for the family. As soon as it began to grow dark, Mrs. Moore sent her little boy over to inquire. Florinda sent word back that Philip had not come, and that she should wait until he did come, before going over to Mrs. Moore's.

"After the boy had gone back, Florinda barred the door and shut all the window-shutters but one. She left that open, so that Philip might see the firelight shining through. The children began to cry because Philip was out all alone in the dark woods, and Florinda did everything she could to take up their minds. Nathaniel told afterward of her rolling up the cradle-

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quilt into a baby for little Polly, and pinning an apron on it, and of her setting him letters to copy on the bellows with chalk. He said she tied a strip of cloth round his head, to keep the hair out of his eyes when he bent over to make the letters. He remembered her telling them stories about the people in France, of their outdoor dancings and their grape-pickings; and that, to amuse them, she took from her clothes-box a spangled work-bag, that was made in France, and then took out a funny high-crowned cap her mother used to wear, and put the cap on her own head while she went on spinning, to make them laugh; and that when little Polly wanted a cap too, she twisted up a handkerchief into the shape of a cap for her; and remembered her stopping her wheel very often to listen for Philip. He always spoke of Florinda as a sprightly, bright-eyed girl, who was pleasing both in her looks and her manners.

"At last little Polly fell asleep and was put into bed. Nathaniel insisted on waiting up till Philip came, and Florinda humored him. He laid his head on her lap and dropped asleep there, and slept till she got up to put more wood on. It was then nearly twelve o'clock. Nathaniel woke in a fright. He had been dreaming about wolves, which made him cry.

In the midst of his crying there came a tap at the door. Florinda made no answer. Then a voice said, ''St! 'st!' Still she made no answer. Then the voice said, softly, '*Florinda?*' It was the young man David Palmer, Mrs. Moore's brother. He had crawled all the way between the two houses, to see if they were safe, and if they would not come over. Florinda said no, that she had plenty of work to do, and was not afraid, and meant to stay and keep a good fire agoing for Philip. The young man told her the window-shutter ought to be shut, to keep the light from shining out, in case any Indians might be going through the woods; that when Philip got within half a mile of the house he could keep his course by the brook. Florinda closed the shutter. He then told her something, in a tone of voice too low for the children to hear, which made her look quite thoughtful. He pointed to a knot-hole in the shutter, and she hung a shawl over it. Then he dried his fur mittens a few minutes longer at the blaze, and went back to stay with his sister.

"When the young man had been gone a little while, Nathaniel climbed up and looked through the knot-hole, and told Florinda he saw a fire in the woods. Florinda said she thought not, maybe it was the moon rising, and kept on with her spinning. By and by he looked again, and said he did see a fire, and some Indians sitting down by it. Florinda left her wheel then, and looked through, and said yes, it was so. She kept watch afterward, and saw them put out the fire and go away into the woods toward the Point. She told Nathaniel of this, and then held him in her arms and sang songs, low, in a language he could not understand. By this time it was pretty near morning.

"On the back side of the hut, near the fireplace, there had been in the summer a hole or tunnel dug through to the outside under the logs. It was begun by a tame rabbit that belonged to Nathaniel. The rabbit bur-

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rowed out and got away. The children at play dug the hole deeper and wider, and it came quite handy in getting in firewood. This passage was about four feet deep. They called it the *back doorway*. When winter came on, it was filled up with sand and moss. No doubt Florinda planned exactly what to do in case of an attack, as she spent the latter part of that night in taking the filling from the *back doorway*. The outer part was frozen hard, and had to be thawed with hot water. Nathaniel helped carry the water. When this was done, she took the work-bag out of her clothes-box, and put into it Mr. Bowen's papers and the teaspoons. (Among the papers were deeds of property in England.) Little Polly waked and cried, and both children complained of being hungry. There were a few handfuls of meal left. Florinda baked it into a cake, and divided it between them. She said a great deal to Nathaniel about taking care of little Polly, — told him that, if any bad Indians came to the door, he must catch hold of her hand and run just as quick as he could, through the *back way*, to Mrs. Moore's. Her chief care, then and afterward, seemed to be for the children. And when danger came in earnest, she made no attempt to save herself; her only thought was to save them.

"While she was talking to Nathaniel, in the way I have said, they all heard a step outside. It was then a little after daybreak. Some one tapped at the door, and a strange voice said, '*A friend, open quick!*' She opened the door, and found a white man standing there. This white man told her that unfriendly Indians were prowling about, to rob, to kill, and to burn dwelling-houses, and that two were known to be in that very neighborhood. The man was a messenger sent to warn people. He could not stop a moment. This was on the morning of the 1st of January. As soon as the man had gone, Florinda double-barred the door, raked up the fire, put on her things and the children's things, and got ready to go with them over to Mrs. Moore's; gave them each a bundle, and took one herself. But before starting she opened the shutter a crack and looked out, and saw, it was supposed, the two Indians coming toward the door, for she flung down her bundle, snatched the children's away from them, hung the work-bag round Nathaniel's neck, whispering, '*Run! Run! You'll have time! I'll keep them out till you get away!*' all the while pulling at the clothes-chest. He heard the Indians yell, and saw Florinda brace herself against the door, with her feet on the chest. '*Run! Run!*' she kept saying. '*Take care of little Polly! Don't let go of little Polly!*'

"Nathaniel ran with little Polly, and on the way they met the young man, David Palmer, creeping along with his gun. He was coming to tell Florinda to hurry away. He saw by the looks of the children that something dreadful had happened, and just at that moment heard the yells of the Indians and the sound of their clubs beating in the door. David Palmer said afterward that it seemed to him he never should reach that house. And when he had almost reached it, his gun failed him, — or, rather, his hands failed to hold it. He started without his mittens, and his fingers were stiff and numb from creeping over the frozen snow.

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"He threw the gun down, and went on just as fast as a man could in such a condition, almost without hands or feet, and presently saw two Indians start from the house and run into the woods, dropping several things on the way, — stolen articles, some of which were afterward found. He listened a moment, and heard dogs barking, then crept round the corner of the house. The door had been cut away. Florinda lay across the chest, dead, as he thought, — and indeed she was almost gone. They had beaten her on the head with a hatchet or a club. One blow more, and Florinda would never have breathed again. David Palmer did everything he could do to make her show some signs of life, and was so intent upon this that he paid no attention to the barking of the dogs, did not notice that it was growing louder and coming nearer every moment. Happening to glance toward the door, he saw a man on horseback, riding very slowly toward the house, leading another horse with his right hand, and with his left drawing something heavy on a sled. As the man on horseback came nearer, it proved to be Mr. Moore. He was leading Mr. Bowen's horse with his right hand, and with the other he was dragging along Mr. Bowen on Philip's hand-sled."

"*Philip?*" cried two or three. "Did *he* come?"

"No — yes — that is, he came at last. He had not come, though, at the time of their finding his sled. Mr. Moore found the sled, or, rather, Mr. Moore's dog found it, as they were riding along. Those two men had a good reason for staying away, though such a reason can hardly be called *good*. Coming home from Dermott's Crossing, Mr. Bowen was taken sick. They knew of a house a mile or two out of the way, and went to it. There was nobody there. The family had left on account of the Indians, but Mr. Moore found some means of getting in. Just as soon as Mr. Bowen was able to be bound to his horse and carried, they set out for home, but had to travel at a very slow pace. When they had almost reached home, Mr. Moore's dog, in racing through the woods, stopped at a clump of bushes, and there he sniffed and scratched and yelped, and made a great ado. Then Mr. Bowen's dog did the same. Mr. Moore hitched the horses, and went to see, and found Philip's sled among the bushes, with a bag of meal on it, and a shoulder of bacon. Mr. Bowen being then weary and faint, and much travel-bruised, Mr. Moore put the bag of meal and the bacon on the horse, then covered the sled with boughs, and laid Mr. Bowen on top of them and drew him along. It was supposed that those dogs barking so frightened away the Indians. Philip himself left the sled under those bushes. That day he went to the Point he had to wait for corn to be ground, which made him late in starting for home. He heard a good many reports concerning the Indians, and thought that, instead of keeping in his own tracks, it would be safer to take a roundabout course back; and by doing this he lost his way, and wandered in the woods till almost twelve o'clock at night, when he came out upon a cleared place, where there were several log-huts. The people in one of these let him come in and sleep on the floor, and they gave him a good meal of meat and potatoes. He set

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out again between four and five in the morning, guided by a row of stars that those people pointed out to him.

"A little after daybreak, he being then about quarter of a mile from home, in a hilly place, he thought he would leave his sled, the load was so hard to draw, and run ahead and tell the folks about the Indians. So he pushed it under some bushes, and then, to mark the spot, he took one of his shoe-strings and tied one of his mittens high up on the limb of a tree."

"One of his *leather* shoe-strings!" cried the little boy, who knew the whole story.

"Yes, dear child," said the old lady, looking pleased again, "one of his leather shoe-strings, and then he ran toward home. Just as he came to the brook he heard some strange sounds, and climbed up into a hemlock-tree which overhung the brook, to hide out of sight and to look about. He lay along a branch listening, and presently saw Nathaniel, with the work-bag around his neck, hurrying toward the brook, leading little Polly, and was just going to call out, when, happening to glance over the other side, he caught sight of three Indians, standing behind some trees, watching the two children. Little Polly was afraid to step on the ice. She cried, and at last Nathaniel made her sit down and take hold of a stick, and he pulled her across by it, crawling himself part of the way. Philip moved a little to see better, and by doing this lost sight of them a moment, and when he looked again they were both gone. He heard a crackling in the bushes, and caught sight of little Polly's blanket flying through the woods, and knew then that those Indians had carried off Nathaniel and little Polly; and without stopping to consider, he jumped down and followed on, thinking, as he afterward said, to find out where they went and tell his father. Philip was a plucky fellow, as you will find presently. His pluck brought him into danger, though; and if it had not been for an Indian woman, of the name of Acushnin, he might have lost his life in a very cruel way. This woman, Acushnin, lived in a white family when a child. She had a son about the age of Philip. It was perhaps on account of both these reasons that she felt inclined to save him. But I must not get so far ahead of my story.

"Philip, by one way or another, kept on the trail of those Indians the whole day. Once it was by finding the stick that little Polly dropped. Once it was by seeing a shred of her blanket. Another time it was by coming across a butcher-knife the Indians had stolen from some house. And he had wit enough to break a limb or gash a tree now and then, so as to find his way back, also to take the bearings of the hills. When the Indians halted to rest, he had a chance to rest too.

"At last they stopped for the night in a sheltered valley, where there were two or three wigwams. He watched them go into one of these, and then he could not think what to do next. The night was setting in bitter cold. The shoe he took the string from had come off in running, and that foot was nearly frozen, and would have been quite, only for his having tied some moss to the bottom of it with his pocket-handkerchief. The hand that had no mitten was frozen. He had eaten nothing but boxberry plums

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and boxberry leaves. It was too late to think of finding his way home that night. He lay down on the snow, and as the Indians lifted the mats to pass in and out he could see fires burning and smell meats cooking. Then he began to feel sleepy, and knew nothing more, after that, till he woke inside of a wigwam, and found two Indian women rubbing him with snow. He did not see Nathaniel and little Polly. They were in another wigwam. There were two Indians squatting on the floor, one of them quite old. Pretty soon another came in, and Philip knew he was one of those that carried off the children, because he had Florinda's work-bag hanging around his neck. He thought, no doubt, from seeing it on Nathaniel's neck, that there was the place to wear it. Philip suffered dreadful pain in his foot and hand, but he shut his mouth tight, for fear he might groan. He said afterward, when questioned about this part of his story, that *he* was not going to let them hear a white boy groan.

"It was probably seeing him so courageous that gave them the idea of offering him to their chief's wife for adoption. It was a custom among them, when a chief's wife lost a male child by death, to offer her another, usually a captive taken in war, for adoption. If, after seeing the child offered in this way, she refused to adopt him, he was not suffered to live.

"Now, one of those two squaws in the wigwam, the older one, was the *Acushnin* I spoke of just now, and she felt inclined to keep Philip from being carried to Sogonuck, which was where the chief lived; so next morning before light, when the Indians all went off hunting, she sent the other squaw out on some errand, and then told Philip, in broken English, what was going to be done with him, and that it would be done in two days, and told him in a very earnest manner, partly by signs, that he must run away that very morning. She bound up his foot, she gave him a moccasin to wear on it, she gave him a bag of pounded corn and a few strips of meat. Philip found, from something she said, that the Indians supposed him to be a captive escaped from another party, and thought it would be better not to mention Nathaniel and little Polly, for fear the squaw might suspect he would send people to get them.

"When the young squaw came in, the old one set her at work parching corn, with her back to the door, then made signs to Philip, and he crept out and ran. After running a few rods he came unexpectedly upon a wigwam; and he said, in telling this, that his heart beat so he could hardly breathe. There was a noise of some one pounding corn inside, and when that stopped he stopped, and when that went on he went on, and so crept by.

"As soon as it began to grow light, he went along without much trouble, by means of the signs on the trees. But as he got farther on, there being fewer of these signs (because they came so swift that part of the way), he took the wrong course, — very luckily, as it proved, for by doing so he fell in with two men on horseback, and one of these carried him home.

"As they came near the house, Philip saw by the chimney smoke that there was some one inside, and began to whistle a certain tune.

"Up to this time Mr. Bowen had not been able to shed a tear; but the

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moment he heard that familiar whistle, he fell down on the floor and cried like a little child.

"Florinda scarcely noticed Philip, — seemed dull, stupid, indifferent. It was found that she had no clear recollection of anything that took place after Mr. Bowen's going to meet the council. Indeed, even after she was her own self again, she never could recall distinctly the events of those few days, — which was perhaps quite as well for her."

"And did those two ever get found?" asked a small listener.

"Yes, Philip described the place, and that very night a party was sent out which captured the Indians, and brought back Nathaniel and little Polly."

"And the work-bag?" "And the papers?" "And the teaspoons?"

"Yes, all. Florinda had half the spoons. She was married, not many years after all this happened, to David Palmer, and Mr. Bowen gave them to her for a wedding present. One of those spoons has come down in the Palmer family, and is now owned by Mr. Thomas Palmer of Dermotville.

"And here is one of the three that Mr. Bowen kept," continued the old lady, going to a corner cupboard and holding up a small, thin, slim teaspoon, very oval in the bowl and very pointed at the handle. "This was given to your grandfather's grandfather's grandfather by Mr. Nathaniel Bowen himself. Nathaniel Bowen was your ancestor. Your grandfather's grandfather's grandfather remembered him very well, as I told you at the beginning. You may be sure that this story is every word true, for the Palmer family have the account of it in writing, copied from the account which David Palmer wrote down at the time it happened."

Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz.

THROWING KISSES.

GIRLIE on the stairway, mother up above;
Girlie's eyes and mother's full of tender love;
Girlie's little fingers throw a hurrying kiss
Right to mother, loving, fearing not to miss;
Mother throws one downward to her Golden-hair;
Girlie cries, "They 're meeting, mother, in the air!"

By and by the girlie stands all, all alone,
Looking sadly upward for the mother, gone
Up the heavenly stairway. Girlie, standing here,
Knows the mother surely, surely must be near.
If she throws her kisses up the golden stair,
Will they meet the mother's half-way in the air?

Minnie B. Slade.

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THE FALL OF A "ROCKING-STONE."

ENGLAND is not the only country that can boast of rocking-stones. New England has several, of which Maine has at least two in its settled lands, with nobody knows how many in its wild lands. If the Druids had held sway here in olden days, we might, perhaps, have thought these stones to have been set up by them. As it is, we can but term them freaks of Nature during that bleak old glacial epoch when ice and granite fought so many hard battles with each other.

One of the two mentioned above is in the town of Windham, on the southeast side of Canada Hill. It is of granite, eleven feet high, eighteen feet long, and nineteen feet wide across the middle. Some of those mighty glaciers which used to crawl like huge reptiles from the mountains down to the sea must have pushed it along and tilted it up here. Its weight has been estimated at two hundred and twenty tons; yet so nicely is it poised, that two men can *rock* it without difficulty.

The second, which is not nearly so good a rocker, is situated in the eastern portion of the township of Avon, Franklin County. This is also of granite, thirty feet long, twenty feet wide, and fifteen feet high. It must thus contain about nine thousand cubic feet, which will probably weigh not far from six hundred and thirty tons. It is thought to have come from Mount Abraham, ten miles to the northward, — all the drift bowlders of New England have been brought from some ledge or mountain to the northward.

To these I would wish to add another which was thrown down by our "exploring party" while we were at Mount Katahdin.

The northwest side of Katahdin is not nearly so precipitous as the south side; yet there are many "spurs" too steep even for the black spruce to find root-hold.

One glowing September day, just as the vast area of forest to the northward had grown glorious with red and golden tints, we had climbed to the ledgy shoulder of one of these lofty spurs and halted for a rest. After lunch, and while the rest of us were stretched on the shoal, mossy soil, which here scarcely made pretence of clothing the granitic nakedness of the mountain, Raed had wandered off to "geologize" a little, as was his wont. Presently he came hurrying back.

"I say, fellows, there 's a genuine rocking-stone out here!" he exclaimed.

"That so?" from Wade, raising himself on one elbow.

"Yes; a veritable old Druid! and the best of it is, it 's right on the very brink of the 'slide.' I do believe we might start it to rolling!"

We were up at that, and, following him off for twenty or thirty rods along the *slide*, as we termed the steep side of the spur, we came to a large cobble-shaped rock, poised lightly on the rough ledge. "Just see here now," Raed verified; and, pushing with his hands, he succeeded after a few efforts in getting it to *rock* several inches, to and fro. As he continued the impulses, the top of the stone erelong described an arc of fully a foot.

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"All put your hands on now, and let 's see whether we cannot topple it over," he advised.

We all pushed at it; but though we could somewhat accelerate its rockings, we still found it impossible to throw it out of balance.

"What we want is a lever," said Wash; "a big heavy *pry*."

Raed ran back to where we had left our lunch-bucket for the hatchet. While he was gone, Wade took out his pocket-rule and made a rough measurement of the stone. It was five feet three inches in height, its extreme length was a trifle over eleven feet, and its width seven feet and an inch. Wash hastily computed its weight to be upwards of sixty thousand pounds.

Raed came back with the hatchet, and we all four went off to a hollow, three or four hundred yards to the northeast of the spur, to cut a *pry*. A poplar about six inches in diameter at the butt was selected and felled, after a vast deal of hacking. Trimming it up twenty feet, we cut it off. The butt-end was then sharpened to a wedge shape.

A jolly load it gave us, back up the steep side. After getting breath, a stone was rolled along for a fulcrum. The upper side of the bowlder offered a good chance to thrust under the pry. Lifting hard, we raised it over the fulcrum stone, and shoved it under. It was now in position for prying. If we could tip the rock over, it would strike far enough down the ledgy side to roll; and, once rolling, it would not stop short of the foot of the spur.

"Ready, now," pronounced Raed; "but look out the pry does n't slew round and *sling* us off."

Going along to the elevated end, we leaped up, and, catching hold, climbed upon it. Wash walked up from the fulcrum and sat down astride. We all got astride, and then began "teetering" slowly up and down. The immense leverage thus obtained made the huge bowlder rock and grind heavily. Harder and harder we "jounced." Wider and wider it rocked. Suddenly it *tipped*. Down we fell, pry and all, sprawling on the moss and boxberry, then jumped up and ran forward to see it go.

Bump, bump! Grind, grind! The whole spur was jarred, and shook beneath the heavy *jolts*. At first it merely turned clumsily over; but, gathering headway with every somerset, it soon began to bound as it rolled. Dirt and stones flew from before it. An earthquake could hardly have jarred and rumbled louder.

Bound, bound! in a cloud of leaves and sticks! White whiffs of rock-dust flew up from the crushed ledges, and sulphurous fumes rose to where we stood. Wade declared he saw sparks! Farther down it took still longer leaps, rising in mighty curves, twenty, thirty, fifty feet, till with a vast crash it went into a dense growth of spruces a thousand feet below.

"By Jude!" exclaimed Wash. "What a grand spectacle! Why, fellows, that 's worth all the circuses that ever trooped out of New York!"

"And yet it is but the merest effort of gravitation," Raed observed, "one of the simplest acts of that strong force. Every similar rock on earth possesses the same power, if rolled from a similar 'slide.'"

Unpublished "Camping Out" Sketches.

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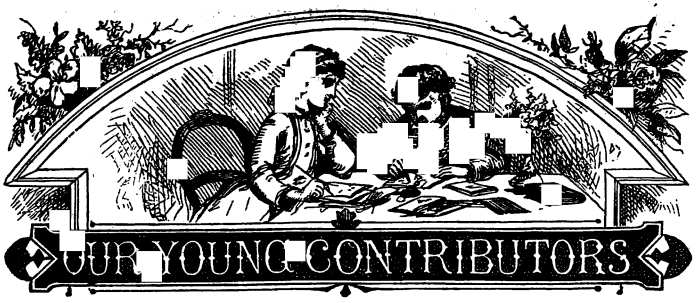

SUGAR-MAKERS' SONG.

IN yonder wood,
There long has stood
An old brown arch of stone.
Its form is jagged,
Its sides are ragged,
Its ashes rudely strewn.

O'er its lone walls
The shadow falls
Of the ash-tree by its side,
As toward the sky
It towers high,
And spreads its branches wide.

On either hand,
A broad deep band
Of maple-trees extends;
While swamp with ledge,
On the western edge,
In strange confusion blends.

Our feet sink low
In the yielding snow,
As we tap the goodly trees;
While the sap drops slow,
With silvery flow,
Keeping time to the warm spring breeze.

O'er the arch all day
We boil away
The sap which the maples ran;
And, as we sip,
We slowly dip
The sweet from pan to pan.

While at work we sing,
And the wild woods ring
To the sound of voices shrill,
Till the sun sinks to rest,
Far down in the west,
Behind the wood-crowned hill.

Above us, high
In the starry sky,
The silvery moon is shining;
While far below,
On the crystal snow,
Are the shadows intertwining.

The deepening shades
Of the forest glades
Seem figures strange and dark;
And down by the rill
That flows to the mill
We hear the lone fox bark.

Our camp-fire bright
Throws a cheery light
On the trees that round it stand;
And our voices ring out,
With laughter and shout,
Far over the wooded land.

So there we stay
Till break of day,
Till the sun in beauty rises, —
Till the golden light
Of the morning bright
The slumbering world surprises.

Charles S. Trench.

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HOW WE WATCHED THE GRAPES.

"Look a here, Bubby," cried Jack Hill, "let 's stop this game for a few minutes; I want to ask you a question."

"Well, what is it?" I inquired in an abstracted manner, at the same time bending over the billiard-table, and making a shot at an easy carom, which, with my usual ill luck, or, if the reader likes the word better, my usual unskilfulness, I missed.

"What I want to ask is, how 'd you like to stay up some night and take Cecco's place at watching the grapes. I 'll have my double-barrelled gun, you know, and Cecco 'll lend you his gun, — I saw him to-day and he said he would, — and O, would n't it be fun if we could only see some robbers and empty a barrel or so into their carcasses, hey?"

I confess I was not much influenced by this brilliant inducement, but after a time I consented. Jack was jubilant.

"I guess the governor 'd be rambunxious, as usual, if I was to ask his permission," the dutiful son remarked; "but he 's going away for a few days next week, and mother won't hinder me, *I* know."

The above conversation took place in the billiard-room in the country-seat of the Hills, an American family in Italy, with whom I was spending a few weeks of my vacation. Jack was an only son, and was about eighteen years old. Of course his age, and the dignity consequent to a few straggling hairs on his chin (barely visible through a miscroscope), would have prevented him, under ordinary circumstances, from treating one of my tender years with anything but lofty condescension; but as there was no one else in the neighborhood to associate with, he sometimes honored our house with his presence, and invited me to return the visit at his. To indemnify himself, however, he always affected to treat me in a patronizing manner, and called me "Sonny" and "Bubby."

Well, the day at length came round when Mr. Hill was to leave home, and the old gentleman little knew with what delight his departure was viewed by that young scrapegrace, his son. Jack talked over all the objections of his mother — who was a mild little woman — with as much ease as he had already talked over mine, and the evening found us on our way to Cecco's podere, which was just adjoining the grounds of the villa.

We found Cecco seated at his doorstep, and sucking a short pipe in a contemplative manner. On catching sight of us, he at once jumped up, and, after making each of us a bow in the polite manner customary to all contadini, and wishing us a *felicissima sera*, he went into his house and brought out a great rusty blunderbuss, which he handed to me. I took it with some trepidation, as it was the first fire-arm I had ever handled.

Cecco offered to stay up all night and help us watch the grapes, but we would n't hear of such a thing; and I guess the poor fellow was glad of a chance to get one good night's rest for the first time, perhaps, in many weeks.

We roamed around the podere for some time, amusing ourselves with shooting at the bats that flitted to and fro above our heads; but, dark coming on, the bats became scarcer, and at last disappeared altogether. The great town clock struck successively nine, ten, eleven, and still not a thief did we come across. All was as still and silent as the grave.

By and by we got tired of roaming bootlessly around, and, sitting down close to a blackberry-bush, we endeavored to beguile the time by conversation. But, not being

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used to late hours, we soon became sleepy, and it was not long before I was suddenly startled by my own head falling heavily on my breast. Hastily opening my eyes, and rubbing them vigorously to rub the drowsiness out of them, I looked around me. A few yards off I saw Jack in a recumbent position.

"Hello, Jack!" I ventured to whisper.

A mild snore was my only answer.

I got up and paced up and down for a few moments, in the hope of shaking off my drowsiness. Then I sat down again, and — Well, that's the last I can remember. How long I slept I know not; but I was suddenly awakened by a rough shake, and I heard Jack's voice exclaiming, "Hello! I say, you youngster! Wake up!" (Another vigorous shake.) "There 's thieves here. Hush, now, don't make any noise."

I drowsily raised myself upon my elbow, hardly hearing or understanding what had been said; but I had no sooner opened my eyes, than they met a sight which banished all vestige of sleepiness from them in a twinkling. Through the bush we could distinctly perceive two figures, a man and a boy, a few hundred yards off, busily engaged in filling a large basket with grapes.

"Is your gun loaded?" asked Jack.

"It 's all right," said I.

"Then fire away!"

Bang! bang! went the two guns. "Corpo di Bacco!" shrieked the thieves; and out we rushed from our cover. The distance between us had been much too great for our fire-arms to inflict any injury on the depredators, so we were not at all surprised when they each took hold of a side of the basket, and ran off in as lively a manner as possible. Then there ensued an exciting race. The speed of the pursued, it is true, was impeded by their basket; but then Jack, also, had to carry his gun (which still contained a load), and although I had thrown aside my single-barrelled fire-arm immediately after discharging it, my small size prevented me from being much of a runner. Besides, we were not so familiar with the ground as they seemed to be. So long as they stayed in the open podere, however, we gained somewhat on them; but when they darted out into the road, and were leading us into a neighboring wood, the odds were rather on their side, and in all probability they would have escaped, but for an unlucky stumble on the part of the younger Italian. Before they could recover themselves we were within shooting distance.

"Let go *guelly corbelly*," shouted Jack, in the charming Italian of which he was a master, as he levelled his gun.

I doubt whether the two gentlemen addressed understood the full import of his words, but the gesture which accompanied them needed no translation. They hesitated for a moment, but the glistening barrels and Jack's determined air seemed to decide them; and, dashing the stolen fruit to the ground, they made off, — whither we neither knew nor cared. All we wanted was their booty.

"Guess the shortest way home 'll be through that 'ere podairy," suggested Jack. So through "that 'ere podairy" we went, bearing our trophy with us. The chase had led us away over a mile from Cecco's premises, but we were in the highest spirits, and felt as if we could walk several times that distance if necessary.

"By Jingo!" exclaimed Jack, with a gleeful laugh, "I never saw a cheaper-looking individual than that 'ere youngster when —"

At the instant a big hand was placed upon my shoulder, and a gruff voice exclaimed, "Aha! my boys, I 've caught you at last, have I?"

I looked up, and found we were in the clutches of a tall, raw-boned countryman,

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who looked at us with anything but favorable eyes. He evidently thought we had been thieving on his premises, a suspicion which was greatly strengthened by our basket of grapes. In vain we protested our innocence. He had caught us on his grounds with the fruit in our possession, and that was quite proof enough to his mind.

"Go on in front now, and don't stay jabbering here!" he cried, giving each of us a rough shove.

"No, you don't, neither!" wrathfully yelled Jack, driving his clenched fist square into the clown's face, a home thrust which I followed up by a vigorous kick on the shins. The fellow staggered a little at the unexpected attack, but, instantly recovering himself, he seized Jack in his great brawny arms as though he had been a mere infant. He laid him on the ground, and secured his arms behind his back with a stout thong, notwithstanding all his struggles. I was disposed of still more easily.

"Now," he exclaimed, with a grim chuckle, "I guess you'll come where I want you to, eh?"

In fact, we found further resistance would be useless, and so we followed our captor, Jack beguiling the way with a torrent of abuse, poured forth with more volubility than correctness, against "that darned come-to-dinner," as he persisted in calling the contadino, who evidently did n't understand a word that he said.

In a short time we arrived at the peasant's house, and he led us into the oven-room, evidently with the intention of locking us up in it until morning. But a difficulty presented itself. The doors of the room were not fastened by means of lock and key, but by strong bolts on the inside. These were effectual enough, therefore, for keeping outsiders from getting *into* the house, but were useless for the purpose of preventing any one from getting *out* of it. The peasant, however, was not to be nonplussed in this way, for, glancing his eye around the room, his face suddenly brightened up as if he had got an idea. And he had got one. Dragging us up to the huge brick oven, he actually made us get into it, in spite of our remonstrances. Of course you understand that there was no fire burning at the time. Then he took a chain which was lying on the ground, and fastened the great iron door of the oven, leaving a small chink, however, for air. Here he left us, and went out to resume his watch over the grapes. We kicked and struggled for a short time, but finding we could n't do any good that way we desisted, and determined to make the best of circumstances. The oven was a very large one, and although not high enough to stand up in, we could lie down in it at full length with the utmost ease. In this position, therefore, we remained for many dreary hours, "a prey to the most conflicting emotions," as the dime novels say. At last, daylight began to creep into the window, and we soon heard confused noises, as though the inmates of the house were getting up. We yelled out at the top of our voices, to attract their attention, hoping that at all events they would let us out of the oven. Then we heard footsteps, as if some one was hurrying down stairs; then the door of the bake-room was burst open, and a boyish voice exclaimed, "Hello! who was that calling?"

"Why, here we are, in the oven."

Then a noise as of some one undoing the chain, and the iron door swung heavily round on its hinges. "The signorini!"

"Beppe!"

In fact, it was no other than young Beppe, "the butter-boy," as he was familiarly called at the Hills, from the fact of his furnishing their house with that indispensable article. His astonishment was prodigious at finding us in this predicament; but

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when we told him our story, he was very much concerned at the conduct of his father, the man who had nabbed us, declaring, however, that if he had only known who we were, he would n't have done what he did, etc., etc. In the midst of the palaver, who should come in but the old fellow himself, accompanied by Cecco? The latter, it seems, had grown uneasy at not finding us anywhere about his podere, especially when he discovered the gun which I had left behind me, with the barrel empty. He had started out in search of us, therefore, and had luckily fallen in with Beppe's father. On questioning the latter as to whether he had seen anything of us, he had told him the story of our capture; and, putting this and that together, they had both come to the conclusion that we were the missing lads.

Beppe's father was even more profuse in his apologies than his son had been, and he really seemed so abashed that Jack himself forgot all his vows of vengeance and readily forgave him.

I heard no more of the matter till many weeks after I had left the Hills to return home, when I received a letter from Jack, at the close of which was the following: —

"P. S. — I suppose you remember the old coon who shut us up in his oven that night we went out to watch the grapes? Well, last Saturday, which was the close of his vintage, he sent me round by Beppe a basketful of magnificent grapes as a peace-offering, I suppose. Father saw them, and of course he got the whole story out of me in a short time. You ought to have heard him laugh! He wanted to pay Beppe, but he would n't take anything; so father sent to town and got a bully little single-barrelled gun, which he 's going to give him as a Christmas present."

Wm. S. Walsh.

CAMDEN, N. J.

SHOES.

SHOES are very ill-used articles. Almost everybody is "down on them." They are made to tramp about from morning till night. At first, new shoes resent such treatment, and their soles cry out within them, or rather squeak out, at every step. They doubtless would use their tongues if they could, but they are always tongue-tied. But at length, after much ill usage, shoes grow patient, and forget to tell their wrongs.

Shoes are very short-lived, seldom lasting a year; but when old, and no longer fit for active service, instead of being allowed to rest in ease and comfort, they are kicked away into some dark corner of the garret, there to spend the remainder of their days among dust and cobwebs.

Leather shoes are made of shoe-leather. Shoes have been used as dwelling-houses, for we have it from Mother Goose's own lips that "there was an old woman who lived in a shoe."

Shoes have only one toe apiece. Sometimes they are copper toes. Shoes often have toe-nails that hurt the toes of the wearer.

Some shoes have two soles, an inner sole and an outer sole. Shoes that have two soles are the best shoes. Shoes often have caps, but they are worn on their toes. Shoes are small in stature, being but a foot long.

Though shoes have no minds, they understand all people except those that are bare-footed.

Goody Two Shoes.

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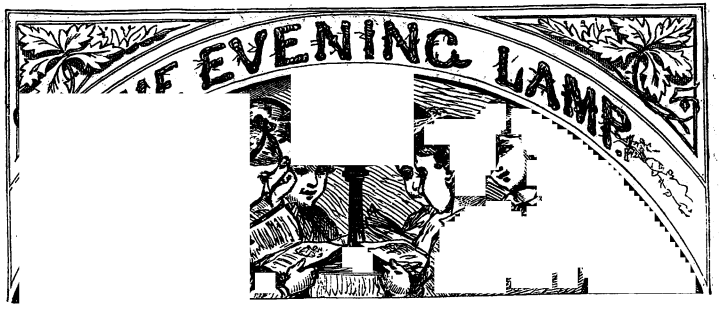

IMPROMPTU CHARADE. — "PHANTOM."

CHARADES are much more difficult to act than plays or pantomimes, as they require for their success the power of carrying on a brilliant impromptu conversation, which is the soul of a charade. For this reason those for which the dialogue is written in full usually appear very insipid. I shall therefore offer a few plans or skeletons of good ones, leaving them to be endowed with life by the genius of the actors. In all words used for this purpose the pronunciation, and not the spelling of the syllables, is to be considered. Take for example "PHANTOM."

SCENE I. FAN. — A brilliant ball; couples enter and promenade about the room, four of whom form a set and dance with spirit. Others engage in conversation on the usual topics of society, criticise the dancers, etc. Then all waltz faster and faster, until one lady grows faint and is supported to the sofa by her companions, all of whom fan her with fans, newspapers, fire-shovels, and pieces of furniture.

SCENE II. TOM. — A spinster sits very upright by a round table, dressed in rustic style. Her lover kneels before her in an awkward manner. He offers her his heart and hand, which she seems inclined to accept, and they discuss their plans for the future amicably, until she stipulates that she must have a quart of cream every day for Tom. He is of course indignant at this extravagant demand, and desires to know who Tom is. She explains that Tom is the name of her favorite cat. He declares that he hates pets, and that no cat can live in his house. She says that she would rather give up him than Tom, and points to the door, exclaiming, "Love me, love my cat," as he exits sheepishly.

LAST SCENE. PHANTOM. — An old lady sits in an arm-chair. The lights are turned down very low. A company of children of all ages come running in, and beg the old lady to tell them a story, which, after much urging, she consents to do, if they will keep very still. They gather around her, and she proposes to tell them some facts from history; but they demand a ghost story. She then begins a tale of a beautiful young girl who many years ago lived in this very house. Her lover went out in pursuit of a party of savages who had threatened the village, and was never heard of again. She describes in thrilling tones the grief of this lady, who wandered about distractedly in search of him who never came, until, heart-sick and despairing, she wasted away to a shadow, and slowly died of sorrow. For years and years the ignorant believe that she has wandered about the house where her young dream of love so soon faded into despair.

Rising up, the old lady points to the door, exclaiming, "I can almost see her now, my long-lost great-grandaunt!" A loud noise is heard, a tall figure draped in a sheet glides in; over her face a fine muslin handkerchief is drawn very tightly, to give a skull-like effect. The Phantom glides toward the old lady, who falls into its extended arms. The children scream with all their might as the curtain falls.

G. B. Bartlett.

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WORD SQUARES. — No. 30.

1. Kind of fowl.
2. A number.
3. A bird.
4. Performing.
5. Kind of music.

No. 31.

1. What the deaf man does not.
2. A female name.
3. A law term.
4. To beat back.
5. Scotch for snuffing the candle.

Bilboquet.

CHARADE. — No. 32.

In the bright pleasant meadows, where the breeze
Is cool, with all her lambs beneath the trees,
My *first* is sometimes found.
Crossing the mill-stream's path, again 't is spied,
As over it the limpid waters slide
With a swift rushing sound.
When information we desire to gain
From any friend who kindly will explain,
My *second* then we do.
In wealthy homes where all is pomp and ease,
Draped in rich folds upon the walls one sees
My *whole* brought out to view.

M. S. T.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 33.

Noynek.

SUNKEN ISLANDS. — No. 34.

1. He sold me an acre terribly dry and sterile.
2. Do you rub a ham as I do, with salt and pepper?
3. Is October mud as bad as ever?
4. Order a tin can, diameter ten inches.
5. Eric and I ascended the mountain.

"The Happy Four."

PRIZE REBUS. — No. 35.

Wm. H. Dabney, Jr.

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ENIGMAS. — No. 36.

I am found in the farm, in the mine, in the street,
In the hills, in the walk of the people you meet.
I am firm, I am feeble, I 'm large, and I 'm small,
I am strong, I am long, I am short, I am tall.
In the farm I obstruct, in the street I can aid;
I am bought, I am sold, I am useless in trade.
I 'm a stone; I 'm of wood, I 'm of iron, or rails;
I assist a man's eyes when his vision fails.
I can walk, I can spring, I can jump, I can run,
I am found in the darkness and seen in the sun.

Jack Straw.

No. 37.

The answer contains 12 letters, and is a city in the state of 11, 6, 3, 1, 7, 2, 5.

The remaining letters, numbered 12, 8, 9, 4, 10, is plunder.

Ruthven.

No. 38.

My 1st is in come, but not in go.
My 2d in quiver, but not in bow.
My 3d is in present, but not in now.
My 4th is in tree, but not in bough.
My 5th is in violet, but not in red.
My 6th is in mattress, but not in bed.
My 7th is in hand, but not in wrist.
My 8th is in cord, but not in twist.
My *whole* is a river, easy to be seen,
If you look on a map of the "Old Thirteen."

"*Sixpence.*"

No. 39.

My first is in glove, but not in hand.
My second is in sea, but not in land.
My third is in friends, but not in foes.
My fourth is in bud, but not in rose.
My fifth is in summer, but not in fall.
My sixth is in narrow, but not in tall.
My seventh is in arch, but not in bower.
My *whole* is the name of a favorite flower.

Florence E. D.

METAGRAM. — No. 40.

First I am an article of jewelry. Change my head, and I appertain to the eye. Change again, I am often used for amusement. Change again, I am a useful part of dress.

Kate, age 12.

ANAGRAM. — No. 41.

CHARACTERS FROM DICKENS.

1. Ernest D. Hoadley, A. B.
2. Abby R. Grendau.
3. Dr. Eben M. F. Cooley.
4. Sam J. Lerry.
5. George J. Ray.
6. Rev. A. L. Olny, D. D.
7. Adela Storr.
8. S. Owen Polard.

Fannie and Annie.

PUZZLE. — No. 42.

1. What am I?
2. I am like a pugilist. Why?
3. I am like a sentinel. Why?
4. I am like a prisoner. Why?
5. I am like a lock. Why?
6. I am like a good boy. Why?
7. I am like the railroad from the summit of Mount Washington. Why?
8. I am like a bankrupt's affairs. Why?
9. I am like a runaway. Why?
10. I am like a carriage. Why?

Jack Straw.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADE.

No. 43.

Carefully study the following words,
And there you 'll find two well-known birds.

1. When the day has changed to night,
   In the darkness I give light.
2. I 'm roaming about in the thinker's brain;
   For me he strives with might and main.
3. The fallen leaves, the birds' long flight,
   All show that I am here with frosty night.
4. Now I 'm large, and now I 'm small,
   Ever obedient to your call.
5. Over hill and grassy mound
   Hear my far-reverberated sound.
6. On the wide sea dreadfully I roar;
   The brave ship sinks to rise no more.

Henry P. Day.

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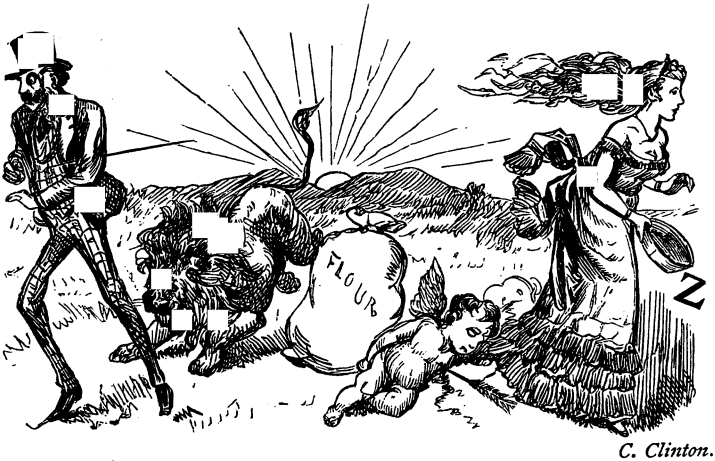
ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 44.—A BOUQUET.



C. Clinton.

WORD SQUARES.—No. 45.

1. What money makes one feel.
2. Unoccupied.
3. A bivalve.
4. A plant.

Hugh M. Clarke.

No. 46.

1. Chief commodity.
2. Articles of furniture.
3. Most capable.
4. To delight.
5. A party to a contract.
6. High regard.

G. W. J.

ENIGMA.—No. 47.

I am composed of 23 letters.

My 16, 7, 17, 9, 12, a person does every day.

My 23, 20, 8, 3, is a marine fish.

My 18, 4, 11, is part of the body.

My 23, 6, 14, 13, 8, is used in making whiskey.

My 8, 7, 22, 9, is a bird.

My 1, 20, 4, 15, is an animal.

My 19, 2, 10, 21, 17, 14, 5, 18, is a mineral.

My *whole* is one of "Poor Richard's Sayings."

Harry.

ANSWERS.

17. Coming events cast their shadows before. [(Comb *in* G) (E V ents) (ka's T) (T hare) (s hay do's) (B F *o'er*).]

18. We went to an "Inn" to get dinner. The "Table" was covered with a "Black" cloth, and it was furnished with old and broken "China." When dinner was ready, the landlady, who looked like an "Amazon," made a noise with a "Big Horn." Then the "Cook" served a "Salmon" which had too much "Spice" in it, and a "Pigeon" which savored too much of "Greece," which gave "Alexandria" a pain in the "Brest." We had some "Sandwich-es" made of "Ham," which were quite good; we had also "Graham" bread; for "Desert," we had "Madeira" and "Orange." In the midst of our dinner, we were disturbed by a "Bug" running across the table. We then went to take a "Lookout" on "Stillwater," which was quite "Blue." As it was "Chili," I put on a "Nubia." "Adelaide" put on a "Tule" veil, fastened with a "Ribbon," also a "Cashmere" shawl. Then "Charles" began his "Flattery," and "Adelaide" declared that she would not be "Friendly" with him. Our "Peace" was much disturbed by the appearance of a strange "Man." "Elizabeth" had a "Pearl" ring. I had a "French" bag made of "Morocco." In a little while we went down to "Bowling Green." There we bade "Farewell."

19. Band, hand, land, sand, wand.

20. Why tip a pot o' mustard over? (White hippopotamus tarred over.)

21. Weigh, way; where, ware; waist, waste.

22. John after eating *Kate's steak takes* a long *stake* and has a good *skate*.

23. Lancers.

24.

D	U	K	E
U	S	E	D
K	E	E	N
E	D	N	A

25.

R	E	G	A	L
E	L	L	I	E
G	L	A	D	E
A	I	D	E	D
L	E	E	D	S

26. Look before you leap.

27. Snowdrop.

28. Canaan, Conn. (Cane *on* C *on* N.)

29. Buffalo. (Bu F F A *low*.)

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WHAT'S IN A NAME?

OUR readers will observe that Mrs. Diaz's full name — *Abby Morton Diaz* — is signed to her article ("The Story of Florinda") in the present number of our magazine; and we wish them to know the real Mrs. Diaz under that name in future.

This change in the signature is made in consequence of the surprising conduct of the spurious Mrs. Diaz, which — as probably but few of our readers have seen the newspaper accounts of it — we will state briefly here.

The real name of the unreal Mrs. Diaz is *Dyce;* and it was no doubt the similarity in the two names as pronounced by many people that first suggested to her the brilliant idea of assuming to be the author of the famous "William Henry Letters." In this, however, her ignorance even of the correct pronunciation of her stolen name was exposed. She called herself, in speaking, Mrs. *Dy'az;* while the name, which is Spanish (although she who rightfully bears it is American in every fibre), is properly pronounced *De'az.* We can imagine some reader of "Our Young Folks," on being introduced to the lady when she was plain Mrs. Dyce, exclaiming, delightedly, "Mrs. Diaz, the authoress?" or, "Are you related to Mrs. Diaz who writes the 'William Henry Letters'?" And we can imagine the lady saying to herself, "If I am not, I will be, for I see that name will be a passport to good society"; and "Mrs. Diaz, the authoress," she became accordingly.

Her first appearance in that character was in New London, Conn., a year ago last summer. She played her part remarkably well, and received a great many attentions from people who knew the author of "William Henry" by reputation, and delighted to honor her. Parties and serenades were given her, together with more substantial marks of esteem. In short, she "sponged" her living out of the good New London people, until, emboldened by success, she went to New York, to play the same part on a larger stage.

There she introduced herself as a poor authoress, always about to receive large sums from her publishers, but always in present want of assistance, which her dupes, believing her to be the real Mrs. Diaz, were only too ready to render. She fleeced boarding-house and hotel keepers, — for of course she never paid her bills, — and deceived even some literary people, who, without doubting her genuineness, merely expressed their disappointment on finding "so little to Mrs. Diaz." Meanwhile persons who had made her acquaintance began to write to the real authoress, at Plymouth, Mass.; and finally the latter received a formidable bill for board at Earle's Hotel, where she had never been in her life, with an urgent request for a settlement.

Of course the lady she had been so shamelessly misrepresenting made haste to denounce the impostor; and Mrs. Dyce was arrested, in the midst of her astonishing career, and taken before a magistrate, on a charge of fraud. Owing to some defect in the law she was released, and she is again at large, — perhaps in some other city, representing some other literary personage.

She is described as a person of agreeable manners, wonderfully pious when with pious people, with a blonde complexion, a sweet, low voice, and a persuasive tongue. She is certainly possessed of vast audacity, with a plentiful lack of modesty, — in which respect she is the very opposite of *our* Mrs. Diaz, who could never in her life have put forth claims to social distinctions and favors on the strength of her literary pretensions.

This clever impostor was born of Irish parentage, in Philadelphia, about forty years ago, and married to her husband, Dyce, — also of Irish blood, — in St. Louis, about twenty years ago. Instead of earning a livelihood and acquiring true honors by an honest exercise of her talents, she prefers to gain a precarious existence by swindling.

She seems to have invented a middle name for the initial M., in her assumed character, and to have chosen a romantic one, *Medora,* for so it got into the newspapers. And this reminds us of a curious error that occurred in the title-page of Mrs. Diaz's bright little story of "The King's Lily and Rosebud," where the first name of the writer is printed *Annie.* In justice to the real author of "William Henry," we now give her correct name in connection with her writings, and assure our readers that, the world over, there is only one *Abby Morton Diaz.*

Ruthie M. — Pompeii is pronounced Pom-pa'ye.

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T. F., Washington, D. C., sends us the following original and exceedingly ingenious solution of Anne Steward's celebrated riddle, — never before solved, we believe, — which appeared in our "Letter Box" last December. We think our correspondent is fully entitled to the "50 pounds reward."

Many of our readers may need to be told that Worcester's definition of *Altarage* is: "An emolument of priests, arising from oblations through the means of the altar"; and that he defines *Alterage* as "the fostering of a child."

I.

Some "noble spirit" help me to "divine"
The "corresponding word of ev'ry line,"
Through whose initial marks that city's name
Shall reappear, of olden time and fame.

II.

Apollo Belvedere, I name, — "the noblest object in the world of art";
Light, fountain of life and power, — "the brightest gem that nature can impart";
Evidence, weighty, more than law, — "the point essential in a lawyer's case";
X, the Cross, for centuries upheld, — "the well-known signal in the time of peace";
Agriculture, nature's subduer, — "the farmer's prompter when he drives the plough";
Nuncupatory, not written, — "the soldier's duty and the lover's vow";
Daystar! bright Venus of the morn, — "the planet seen between the earth and sun";
Redemption, God's free gift to man, — "the prize that merit never yet has won";
Ingots of gold and silver are — "the miser's treasure and the badge of Jews";
Alt'rage, — offspring and offerings, — "the wife's ambition and the parson's dues."

III.

Now, to your view, a city's name is shown,
Ancient and great, and of no small renown, —
On History's time-worn page, a glorious name,
Preserving mighty Alexander's fame.

In answer to Minnie Angell's request regarding the Æolian harp, "Reader" reminds us that the following good description of one appeared in "Our Letter Box" in November, 1868: "Make a rectangular box of very thin deal, as long as the window in which it is placed is broad, about five inches deep and six inches wide. Over the upper surface of the box, which is pierced with sounding-holes, like the sounding-board of a fiddle, stretch several catgut or wire strings with a slight degree of tension, and the harp will be completed." It is the wind that sets the strings to vibrating.

The question was also answered by Ada E. Talbot, and by Maud, who says: "The simplest Æolian harp is formed of several waxed strings, graduated in thickness, attached to pegs and fastened to the window."

We cheerfully give place to the following protest from an esteemed Young Contributor. Whatever may be "Bilboquet's" religious sentiments, we are sure that he would not willingly have offended those of another person.

Camden, N. J., January 20, 1873.

Editors of "Our Young Folks":—

I hope you will allow me, as a Catholic and a person whom thirteen years' residence in Italy has perhaps qualified to have an opinion on the subject, to point out to my talented brother Young Contributor, "Bilboquet," an act of injustice which he has committed in his clever sketch entitled "Sacro Bambino." And first let me premise that I'm not going to assert that the Bambino in question is gifted with miraculous powers. That's one of those things which Catholics themselves are at perfect liberty to believe or not as they choose. I've not taken any pains to examine into the subject, and therefore am not competent to give an opinion. But I should certainly be strongly inclined to believe anything which has the sanction of such learned and pious men as the Italian priests; for I'm not one of those who would reject a miracle merely on the grounds that it is a miracle. The logical sequence of that, it seems to me, would be the rejection of those mentioned in the Scriptures. If it is absurd to believe in a miracle which happened in Anno Domini 1872, why is it not absurd to believe in one which happened in Anno Domini 32?

But I will waive that question, and go directly to the point. The injustice I complain of is his styling those learned and pious men "wily old priests." Now, even granting that the alleged miracles are untrue, does it follow that the priests are impostors? May not the physician be mistaken as well as the patient? Why doesn't your contributor lean to the more charitable view, particularly when he might remember that priests don't grow spontaneously in Italy, but are part and parcel of the "poor superstitious people" who excite such generous compassion in his manly breast?

Now, I was brought up among these men, knew many of them personally, and therefore had an unusually good opportunity of judging as to their characters, yet I can conscientiously say that I never met one who was n't as pure, as virtuous, as noble a creature as walks God's earth to-day. Many of them belong to rich and aristocratical families, and have been prompted by the spirit of the sublimest self-sacrifice to comply literally with the exhortation of our Lord to leave all and follow him; who have turned from a life of ease,

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affluence, and luxury, to embrace one of toil, poverty, and mortification.

Let your contributor, then, speak of them, if he will, with that benevolent contempt which a superior order of beings is privileged to use towards an inferior; but I beg of him, as a Christian and a gentleman, not to charge them with one of the vilest and dirtiest sins which our fallen nature is capable of, that of religious imposture.

I have made this letter longer than I had intended when I first set out to write it; but if you can find room for it, I shall esteem it as a very great favor.

Very respectfully yours,

WM. S. WALSH.

V. M. Guild reminds us that there is a chapter on *Ventriloquism* in Lee & Shepard's "American Home Book of Games," etc. N. A. G. Shepard, and others interested in the subject, will please take notice.

A. S. L. — The peculiar privilege enjoyed by a cadet at West Point is that he is maintained and educated at the expense of the government. The course of instruction (four years) includes not only military tactics, and the various details of the art of war, but literature, philosophy, French, mathematics, chemistry, civil engineering, mineralogy, etc. One cadet is appointed for each congressional district, by the member from that district, besides ten annually at large by the President. For further particulars apply to the member of Congress from your district.

Wilson S. Howell, in sending a very good list of answers to our last month's puzzles, asks: "What authority is there for saying that brass can be dug from the earth? I have seen it several times in the Bible."

To which we reply that by the word in the Bible (Deut. viii. 9) translated *brass*, *copper* was probably meant.

He adds: "May I please have a place in "Our Letter Box" for these few questions, to be answered by subscribers?

1. Why are old maids called spinsters?
2. Why do sailors call liquor grog?
3. Why is a sirloin so called?
4. How was tinted paper discovered?

Llewellyn. — It is not probable that we shall have any more "Round-the-World Joe" papers, by the bright and racy "George Eager." The real name of the author we are not at liberty to give.

CHARLESTOWN, MS., January 7, 1873.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

I fear you will think me rather old to ask questions of the "Young Folks," when I tell you I have children old enough to be very anxious each month for the time to come that brings with it your fresh and beautiful magazine. And then, too, I take the "Atlantic Monthly," and most of the little folks would think that if I constantly read all the learned papers contained in that magazine I *must* be old; but I really can't say which of the two publications I love best. This I am confident of, — I shall never grow too old to love the "Young Folks"!

But I was going to ask you some questions, that I hope some of your correspondents will be able to answer. Who composed the *music* of "Sweet Home" and the "Last Rose of Summer"? We can all appreciate the simple and beautiful words of Payne and Moore; but is not the universal fame these songs have, due in a great measure to their sweet melodies?

I enclose a little word puzzle that has caused considerable amusing perplexity at our home.

Yours truly,

COUSIN BOB.

Here is the puzzle: If three cats kill three rats in three minutes, how many cats will it take to kill a hundred rats in a hundred minutes?

Our Young Contributors. "*Lost in the Woods*," by Fern, and "*One Saturday*," by Harry T. Black, are accepted.

The best article on our *honorable mention* list this month is "*The Gamin of Paris*," by G. B., which is quite well written, but rather long, and not altogether adapted to the department of "Our Young Contributors." Following this, in the order of excellence, are "*Nan's Christmas*," by V. C. H.; "*Holidays*," by Edith C.; "*Anarchy in a Jewel-Case*," by Bertie C.; "*The Old Oak*," by Clara B.; "*Voices of the School-Room*," by Maude H.; "*Bobby's Catastrophe*," by Patty Penn; "*Our Bleak Forest Adventure*," by J. F. R.; "*A Search in a Garret*," by A. F. P.; "*An Excursion to the Molèson*," by "Mademoiselle Mouse"; and "*Bertha's Joke*," by C. F. P. Of nearly all these the general remark may be made that the style of composition is more noteworthy than the interest of the subjects treated.

In "*The Reminiscences of a Rustic*," on the contrary, the subject is better than the style. The description of the boy's first experience in firing off a gun is quite amusing, and so is the account of the fastidious city cousin's elegant shirt carried off by a calf, whilst he was enjoying a bath in the river. The animal was beginning to chew it, when at the sight "Ed rushed out of the water, picked up stones, and furiously attacked the enemy. It was one of the most comical sights I ever witnessed, to see our city cousin, a most proper lad, running about the prairies stark naked, and yelling like an Indian, chasing a steer, from whose mouth protruded a white shirt, which every now and then flaunted in the breeze like an ensign of victory."

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"*An Adventure with a Snake*" and "*My Inquisitive Friend*," by W. H. H., are not without literary merit, but they would have been better if written in a more direct and less elaborate style.

We have on our list two or three little poems by very young contributors, which would have been accepted this month if we had not already as many poems on hand as we can use in several numbers. "Ivie" (age 13) gives us this pretty picture in a piece entitled "*A Glance Downwards*": —

"Leaning over the boatside,
What do you think we spy,
As we sit gazing downwards,
Mabel, Harry, and I?

"Tiny gardens of seaweed,
Waving their feathery arms;
Glittering rosy coral,
Hiding its untold charms;

"Leaves with clear-cut outline;
Mosses gracefully curled;
Mysteries deep and unfathomable,
Down in this fairy world."

And here are some bright glimpses of "*The Snow*," by Ellie V. Talbot (same age): —

"The wind is cold, the clouds are gray,
The sun shines not: 't will snow to-day.
A little snow-bird now I see,
Sitting forlorn upon a tree.
Poor little bird, what will you do?
How will you brave the long storm through?
Come in, — I have a nice warm room;
You need not sit there in the gloom.
Ah! here 's a snow-flake, — one, two, three,
Fluttering down so silently!
One, two, three, four,
Yes, more and more,
Floating, flying,
Dropping, dying,
On the ground below. . . . .

"Snowy wreaths of silvery spray
Hang on the boughs like leaves in May. . . . .
Each little stem
Holds up its gem
So silver white,
So feather light!"

"*Spring Time*," by Annabel V. Duvarny (age 11), is equally creditable, considering the years of the writer.

PHILADELPHIA, January 26, 1873.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

I will try to answer one of your questions. The reason why a fire will not burn as readily in a cold grate as in a warm one is this: In a cold grate much of the heat of the fire is taken away to warm the iron, thereby really crippling it. This may be regarded as a foolish answer, but I think it is correct. I have seen a strong gaslight suddenly extinguished by inserting a piece of cold steel in the flame. It conducted the heat away so rapidly as to totally extinguish it. It is not right to let a fire have too much cold air, either, except it come in a good draft. Pertaining to the same subject, I believe that several of the blast furnaces in Pennsylvania use heated air for the blast. As I understand it, oxygen is as easily abstracted from warm as from cold air, but cold air wastes much of the heat of the fire in heating itself.

Respectfully,

S. E. M.

E. W. writes that there *is* a translation of Madame de Pressensi's "Rosa." It is by Mrs. Fletcher, published by the Harpers. *G. J., Jr.*, says there is a translation published by the Presbyterian Board of Publication, Phila.

THE best answers to our geographical puzzle (No. 18) were received from Lottie and Harry Carryl, Philip W. Crannell, Ivy, W. Foster, Sallie P. Ackley, Callie G. Quint, Belle E. Bradley, Lizzie Grubb, Babette and Annie, "Four Sincere Admirers," Marie Louise, Pigmy, Lena R. Brackett, and Susie A. Murray.

The prize rebus and several other puzzles were answered by Caroline F. Neal.

Other early answers to our last month's puzzles were sent in by "Tri-bune," Kate Hamilton, Minnie Thomas, W. A. Howell, Hattie J. Brigham, Rosabel, Mary Bushnell, Ruthie M., Allie and Lou, Susie C. Keniston, A. B. H., Josie and Lillie Townsend, F. May Lyon, Willey L. Crissey, and A. P. Folwell (age 8).

HERE are *our* answers to Jack Straw's unanswered riddle, given last month: —

My first is a letter;
My second a word;
My third is a beast;
My whole is a bird.

"Killdeer" (k-ill-deer) and "Titmouse" (t-it-mouse). One species of titmouse is the common chickadee: the killdeer is the little beach-bird (a species of plover), so called from its peculiar note. "Titmouse" is also given as an answer by Wilson S. Howell, "Tom Twist," and Babette and Annie.

"Sigh for nothing, owe nothing" (cipher nothing, O nothing) is the interpretation of the rule of conduct with which we closed last month's "Letter Box"; guessed by Caroline F. Neal, Lottie, Babette and Annie, Edith C. Coursen, and others.

Erratum. — In the story of "Clarence Shank's Adventure," in our February number, the name of the town "Owego" (in Tioga Co., N. Y.) was misprinted 'Oswego."

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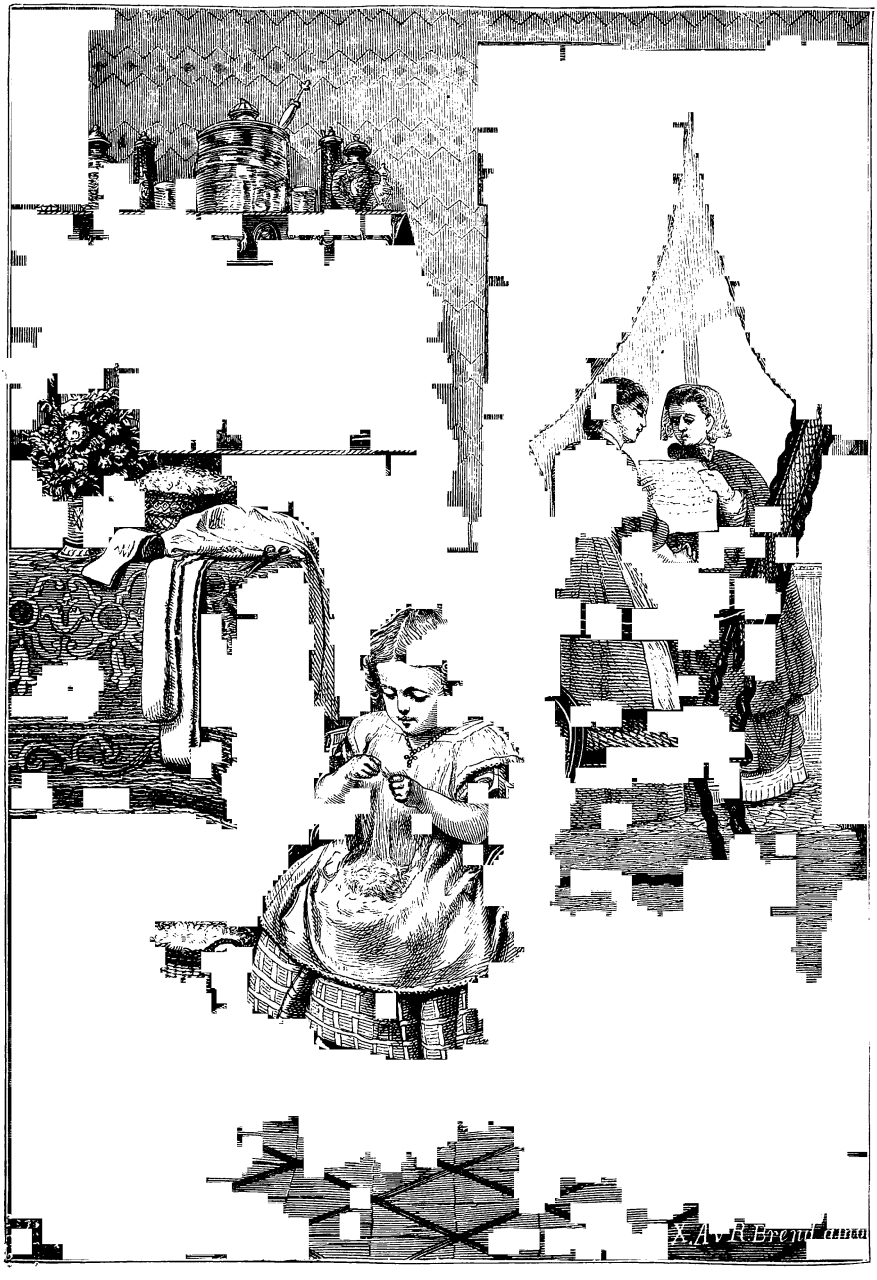

SEWING THE CRADLE-QUILT.

[See "Uncle Joe's Little Samaritan."

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OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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DOING HIS BEST.

CHAPTER X.

JACK'S GOOD FORTUNE.

TEARS of joy and gratitude sprang to Jack's eyes, and he poured forth the whole story of his troubles in school, as it is known to the reader. It was warmly corroborated by Moses and Kate, and less willingly by Phineas.

"Good for you, Jack!" exclaimed Mrs. Pipkin, over her work by the table. "I 'm glad you whipped the Gannett boy, and I 'll mend your clothes for you. I 'm glad you come up with the master; and I hope he 'll get turned out of school."

"There are always two sides to a story," said the deacon, warily.

"O uncle!" said Annie Felton, "you must acknowledge that Jack has done as nearly right as ever a spirited boy of his age could be expected to do under such circumstances."

"I did n't know you approved of fighting," said Phineas, with a grin of malice and envy, — for he never could bear to hear Jack praised.

"I 'm ashamed of that brother of mine!" exclaimed Moses, in great disgust. "To fling out about Jack's fighting, as I 've heard

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him do half a dozen times, when 't was by defending him that Jack got into trouble at last!"

"I don't approve of fighting," said Annie; "and it 's awful to think of our Jack's pounding heads and pulling hair with that Gannett boy! Of course I wish he had had character enough to get along, and take care of himself and the smaller and more timid boys, without striking a blow."

"O, I was n't timid!" said Phineas; "but our folks have always told me not to fight, and I remembered that."

"It 's the lad's principles," said Forrest, in his dry way. "No doubt he 'd be a perfect lion among the boys, if his pa and ma had n't taught him that 'little children should not let their angry passions rise.'"

"We 've interrupted Annie," said Moses. "I 'd like to hear what she was going to say, — for instance, about this very affair of Jack's. I suppose if he had been as wise and cool and strong-minded as maybe we can imagine a boy to be, but as no boy that I know is, then he *might* have done what he undertook without fighting. But for my part, I can't always do it, old as I am; and I 'm ashamed to say I 've stood by and seen the little fellows imposed upon by the big ones, when I ought to have stopped it, but did n't, because I was afraid of getting myself into a scrape. Now, what should a fellow do?"

"Do what Jack did, I say!" cried Forrest. "Whatever we may preach, we all think better of him to-night for thrashing the Gannett chap and pitching into the schoolmaster. Annie agrees with me, I know she does; and so does Uncle Chatford."

"Fie, fie!" said the deacon, frowning to cover a smile, while he fidgeted uneasily in his chair.

"No," Annie hastened to say, "I don't counsel boys to fight. But I am glad" — and her eyes beamed beautifully on Jack — "that our dear boy here has so much will and spirit. They will prove splendid qualities in his character; but he must learn to control them."

"It 's bad! it 's bad every way!" said the deacon. "Say nothing about the discipline of the school — "

"That, it seems, can't be much worse than it was before," Forrest suggested.

"Well, I don't claim that we have the *best* master that ever was. But a poor school is better than none; and now Jack is without any."

"I 've thought" — Jack hesitated — "that I might — perhaps you could arrange it so I could go over to the Basin; they 've a good school there."

"Just what I thought you would want to do; but," said the deacon, "I set my foot down against that at once! We won't have the unruly boys from the Basin, after they 're turned out there, coming over to our school; and I sha' n't favor any from our district going over there."

"Then," said Annie, seeing how crestfallen Jack looked, "I see but one thing for you to do, in order not to lose your schooling."

"What is that?" he asked, eagerly.

Forrest spoke for his sister: —

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"Go home with us to-morrow. We can get you into our school."

"And live with you?" cried Jack, in delighted astonishment.

"Of course," said Annie; "Forrest and I have been talking it over."

"That would never answer," interposed Mrs. Chatford. "You have nothing for Jack to do; he could n't work to pay for his board, as he does here."

"And besides," added the deacon, "there may be a change, — it is just possible Mr. Dinks may resign."

"Or get turned out," struck in Moses. "I should n't wonder!"

"Very well," said Annie; "Jack has been promised a visit to our house for a long time. He shall go home with us, and while we are waiting to see what he had better do, I 'll give him private lessons, so that he shall not fall behind in his studies. What do you say to that, Jack?"

"Oh!" was all the overjoyed youngster could articulate, before Phineas put in, "Now, I say that ain't fair! If anybody goes home with you to make a visit, I 'm going! Jack ain't your relation! why should you think so much of him?"

"If liking went with relationship," laughed Forrest, "dear Phineas, how we should adore you! As it is, we don't object to your making us as long a visit as your folks will allow at any other time. But *this* time Jack is going. That is, if he agrees to it."

"Oh!" Jack said again, his heart almost too full for words. "It is too much! If Mr. Chatford will let me!"

"I don't know," said the deacon, trying to conceal his satisfaction at the boy's good fortune. "I don't like to have you give up your studies just now; and Annie is very kind; — yes, I suppose I shall let you go, though I must say it looks to me very much like a premium for pitching into the master! Phineas, see who 's at the door."

The sound of a foot on the scraper was followed by a knock; and as Phin stood in the entry, holding the door open, a young man stamped the snow from his feet, and walked in. He had a rather short, stocky figure, and his bright, genial face was slightly pock-marked.

"Percy Lanman!" cried the deacon. "Walk along! Here 's somebody you know, — our niece, Annie. And somebody you don't know, — her brother Forrest."

"Yes, I 've met him too," said Percy, shaking hands all round. "In one of my excursions I got as far as their house. "Ah, Jack, how are you?"

Jack was very well, and of course delighted to see his friend, — for he felt himself under peculiar obligations to this young man. Yet he thought it strange that Percy should have paid a visit to the Feltons without the Chatfords even hearing of it; and stranger still, perhaps, that he should happen to drop in this very evening, to call on the family, for the first time since Annie closed her summer school.

The circumstance puzzled Jack a good deal; and after he got to bed that night he lay thinking of it, and of the day's adventures, and of to-morrow's

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journey, until his mind floated off in a dream in which a thousand things mingled confusedly together. Now he was running out of the school-house carrying the master's leg, which he had pulled off in a scuffle. Then Constable Sellick was chasing him, and calling upon him to "stop thief!" Then he was taken before Judge Garty, and Master Dinks appeared on two good legs of his own to swear to the missing member. The Judge entered into an argument to show that if Jack regarded it as "booty," he was guilty, but that if he claimed it as a "leg-acy" he was innocent; which was cut short by Jack's running out of court, and riding off in a cutter with Annie Felton. Then he was not riding, but walking along a lonely road, crying bitterly, while Annie rode gayly on before with Percy Lanman. They stopped for him, but he wanted to ask his dog Lion what he was burying; and just as Lion answered, "Squire Peternot's lame leg," he awoke.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ADVENTURE AT THE VILLAGE TAVERN.

In the afternoon of the next day Forrest and Annie Felton set out to return home, taking Jack with them. The good-byes were said while the sleigh stood at the door.

"We shall miss ye 'bout the chores, Jack," said Mr. Pipkin, handing the reins to Forrest, then pulling up the buffalo-robe over the travellers.

"I would n't be in a hurry to get into a school over there, boy," was the deacon's last word, "for — between ourselves — I think there 'll be a change here soon. Say nothing about it," he whispered; "but it 's my impression there 'll be a change."

Mrs. Chatford kissed him as if he had been her own son; and Jack cried, "Good by, all! Good by, Lion! Get down, you fellow! what are you thinking about?"

"O, do let him go too!" said Annie. "Why not? He saved my life once, you know; and mother will be so glad to see him!"

"To be sure!" cried Forrest. "Jack and Lion are one. We can't think of inviting the boy without the dog."

Lion looked as if he understood every word of this conversation, and his tail wagged with joy.

Nothing else was wanting to complete Jack's happiness; and he said, with an inquiring look, "If the folks are willing?" Mrs. Chatford said, "Why, yes, if Annie wishes it, — though Phineas will be more vexed than ever when he finds Lion gone too."

The deacon also consented, although he regarded Lion as "one of the family"; while Mrs. Pipkin declared, "You 're very welcome, for my part! You 'll find that dog eats as much as a man; and when you 've stepped over and around him, lying by the fire, as many times as I have, you 'll be easily consoled for the loss of him."

"Her heart is better than her tongue," said Jack, as they rode away.

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"She thinks as much of Lion as any of us, and you should hear her stand up for him when he is abused by anybody else!"

"There 's your school-house," said Forrest, as they approached that cracked temple of learning. "Don't you want to stop and bid Master Dinks good by?"

"I 'm afraid the interview would be too affecting!" said Jack. "I 've shed tears enough, parting with him once."

"Do you think you can bear the separation?" asked Forrest.

"I don't think it will break my heart," replied Jack.

As he spoke, they turned the corner; and just at that moment a chorus of shouts and a wild troop of boys burst out of the school-house. The door was open when the sleigh passed; and, looking in, Jack could see Master Dinks, ruler in hand, walking across the room. As the travellers had already said good by to Moses and Phineas, they were not going to stop; but Phin came running after them.

"You sha' n't take Lion!" And the exasperated youth, throwing his arms about the dog's neck, endeavored to hold him.

"There 's Lon Gannett, the fellow I fought, scowling there by the wood-pile. He has got one black eye, any way!" said Jack.

He was quite willing the boys should see him riding away with such companions; and, cracking the whip, which Forrest had intrusted to him, he called, "Come, Lion!" The dog gave a bound, and ran after the sleigh, leaving poor Phineas tumbled in the snow.

The weather was fine, the sleighing excellent, and Jack, sitting by Annie's side, wrapped up in the same buffalo-robe, while Forrest, in a buffalo-skin suit of his own, sat on the movable seat before them, — following the jingling sleigh-bells, while Lion trotted behind, — was just then the happiest boy in the world. The day was one of the shortest of the year, and the early winter night began to close in upon them some time before the end of their journey was reached. As they were passing through a village, Forrest said, "I 'll leave you at the tavern, while I look up a man I want to see."

As they stopped at the door of the public house, Jack asked, "What will you do with the horse, — take him with you?"

"No, put him under the shed. He will be all right with the blanket thrown over him. I shall be back in about half an hour." Jack offered to take care of the horse. "Very well. Be sure and hitch him fast," said Forrest, "or he may get home before us."

So, while he went off on business, and Annie seated herself by the parlor fire, Jack took the horse to the shed. Having hitched and blanketed him, he called Lion.

"Here, poor fellow! are you cold too? Come in and warm your nose." And he returned to the tavern, followed by the dog.

As he went in he noticed, on the steps, the figure of a man who had been standing there when he parted from Forrest Felton. He stood with his hands in his pockets, and was humming a careless air, when Lion began to snuff and growl.

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"Quit!" said Jack, cuffing the dog, to teach him better manners. "Go in there!"

"Good evening," said the man, in a wonderfully friendly voice. "About how fur do ye make it to Harte's Mills?"

"It may be three miles," answered Jack. "We passed there about half an hour ago."

"Thank ye, sir! Cool evenin'." And, still with his hands in his pockets, beginning to hum again, the polite stranger sauntered slowly away.

Jack and Lion entered the parlor where Miss Felton was waiting. No sooner, however, was Lion in the room than he wanted to get out again.

"He knows he has no business here," suggested Annie. "You had better take him to the bar-room."

So Jack took Lion to the bar-room, and tried to make him lie down in the chimney-corner. The dog was still uneasy, and his master had to cuff his ears once more to make him mind. "Now, lie there! don't you stir till I tell you to!"

Jack returned to the parlor, where he had been seated with Annie by the fire not more than five minutes, when the barkeeper burst in.

"You 'd better come out and see to your dog!"

"What 's the matter with my dog?" cried Jack, jumping to his feet.

"You 'll see! I believe he has killed a man!"

Jack, in great alarm, sprang to the bar-room in advance of the messenger; but no dog, and no man, was there. The place, which had held half a dozen loungers five minutes before, was empty. As he stood looking around in no little fright and bewilderment, a sound of excited voices came to his ear through the outer door, which was open, and out he ran to the shed. There he came suddenly upon a group of spectators, half illumined by the rays of a lantern.

"The man 's all right, and the dog 's all right!" somebody was saying in a loud voice. "Let 'em alone!"

"For mercy's sake, friends, help!" pleaded another voice, which seemed to come from a distant corner. At the same time a dog's growls were audible.

Jack rushed in, and saw by the light of the lantern a man clinging to the empty manger, while Lion was clinging to him.

"Here 's the boy! Is this your dog?" cried two or three voices.

"Yes! but where — where 's the horse and cutter?"

"There 's no hoss and cutter, sure enough," said the barkeeper. "Here 's the blanket on the ground. Have ye seen the hoss, Jim?"

"No," said the man with the lantern. "I was in the barn lookin' after my hosses, when I heard a row and run around here and found this 'ere dog a tacklin' the man. I believe I did see a hoss 'n' cutter jest goin' up the street. Might 'a' been yourn."

"It was!" cried Jack.

"That 's it! I thought the feller was stealin' suthin'."

"Take him off!" said the man by the manger. "I 'll explain!"

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Jack made haste to pull Lion away, which was no easy matter; when, behold! the man, stepping forth in the full light of the lantern, turned out to be the same polite stranger he had met on the steps.

"So you did n't keep on to Harte's Mills!" exclaimed Jack.

"No," said the man, brushing his clothes. "I wish I had! This is what I get for trying to do a man a service! I heard a noise under the shed here, and saw the hoss you had just hitched backing out. I sprung to stop him, when this dog stopped me!"

"He stopped you at the right time!" said Jack. "Hold the thief, some of you! I 'll chase the horse. Come, Lion!"

CHAPTER XII.

THE BEST-NATURED MAN IN THE WORLD.

THE boy and the dog had run but a little way in pursuit of the missing horse and cutter, when they met a sleigh coming. Jack stood in the snow on the side of the road, and waited to hail the driver as he passed.

"Have you seen —" he began; when the driver, pulling rein, exclaimed, "That you, Jack! You 're a smart fellow to take care of a horse! I told you he would be in a hurry to get home, if he had the chance. By good luck he was stopped out here, or we should be in a pretty predicament!"

"All right!" cried Jack, breathlessly, tumbling into the sleigh. "It 's all owing to Lion!"

"That the horse got away?" said Forrest.

"No, — that the thief that was stealing him got caught." And Jack hurriedly told what had happened. "The man had unhitched him, and backed the cutter around, and was just getting into it, I suppose, when Lion grabbed him." The halter had, in fact, been found tied into one of the rings of the harness, — a circumstance which did not tend to corroborate the man's story.

"Forgive me for blaming you, Jack," said Forrest, frankly. "I confess, when I found the horse had got away, I was vexed."

"I don't wonder!" said Jack. "The fellow must have heard what you said when you left me, for he was standing on the steps. There he is! they 're taking him into the bar-room!"

Forrest gave the reins to the hostler, and, jumping from the sleigh, ran into the tavern, followed by Jack and Lion.

"That 's the knowin'est dog ever I see!" the bar-tender was saying to the excited bystanders. "The boy made him lay down in the corner, but he was uneasy, — he knew suthin' was n't right; he got up and scratched and whined at the door, and I let him out. Next minute we heard the hollerin'. Don't appear 't he bit the man, either; only tore his clo'es a little."

The man, in the mean while, was protesting his innocence, and enlarging upon the story he had already told, adding many plausible details. He was a person about forty years of age, rather seedy in his attire, and with a great

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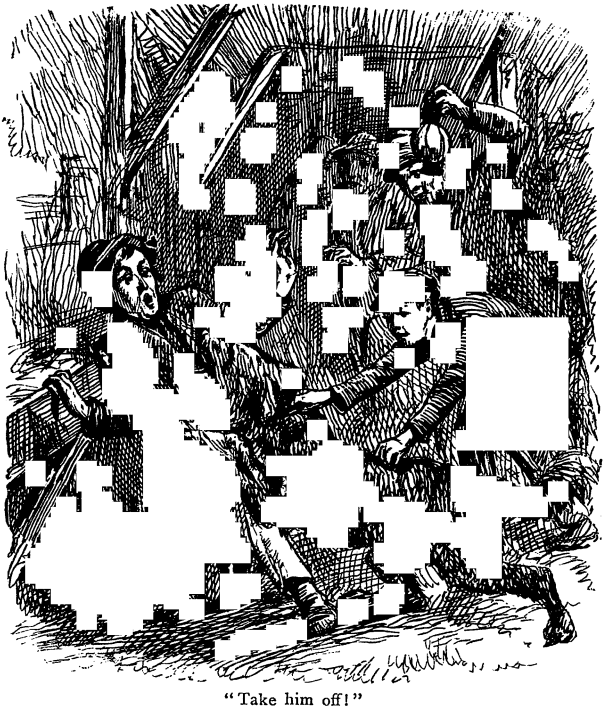

"Take him off!"

rent in the lapel of his overcoat, where Lion had seized him. He had a thin, shrewd face, and a persuasive smile which reminded Jack of somebody he had seen.

"If you just took hold of the horse to lead him back where he had been hitched," said Forrest, "how happens it that his halter-strap is found tied in the ring?"

"It was under his feet," replied the man, glibly, "and I slipped it through the ring before I thought much about it. I may have taken a knot in it, from habit, — I don't remember; it would have been like me; I am used to hosses. I was leadin' him back with my hand on the bridle, when the dog flew at me. I 've often declared I never would go out of my way to do another man a service; for this is just the way of it." The fellow looked ruefully at his torn garment. "But I suppose I shall do just so again, for I 'm too good-natered altogether. I never can learn a lesson. Only a few days ago, as I was goin' down Broadway, I saw a hat a comin' towards me, before a high wind, chased by a bareheaded cove, who did n't seem likely to ketch it. Of course I sprung to stop it for him, for I 'm the best-natered man in the world; but in stoopin' for it I lost my own, and away it went in the wind. That was a fix. Bareheaded cove comin' — slow; my hat goin' — fast. I could n't put down his hat again, could I? and if I waited to give it to him, what would become of mine? So I hild his hat in my hand

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while I chased mine. For what else could I do? I put it to you, gentlemen, what else?" repeated the man, with the most candid and innocent air, as if he had been addressing a jury.

Somebody replying that, according to his own account of the affair, it seemed a very natural thing to do, he smiled his thanks for the concession, and proceeded: "To be sure! the most nat'ral thing. But what was the result? Bareheaded cove abused me for runnin' off with his hat! accused me of meanin' to steal it! Whereas I was as guiltless of any designs upon his property as I am of wishin' to steal this gentleman's hoss and sleigh. I ought to have let his hat slide; that 's the truth about it. I ought n't to have interfered with the hoss's runnin' away; I own everything. I have a fault, gentlemen; incurable, I 'm afraid. I 'm too good-natered by half."

"What is your name?" demanded Forrest.

"Wilkins; John Wilkins, all the world over; Good-natered John Wilkins, if you please; for that 's my name, and that 's my nater."

"Well, Mr. Wilkins," said Forrest, "here 's half a dollar to get your coat mended with. And let me give you a piece of advice, — don't be quite so *good-natered* in future. Your manner of stopping runaway hats and horses is liable to be misunderstood. I would also strongly advise you to leave this part of the country at your earliest convenience; for I will frankly say, men of your disposition are not appreciated here."

"Thanks," said Good-natured John Wilkins, with his blandest smile, glancing at the money as he put it in his pocket.

"Be these your cards?" said the hostler, coming in with his lantern. "I found 'em under the shed."

"I think they are my property. Thanks! I had a pack about me. Nice for a winter evening, — a pleasant amusement for good-natered people, when fortune throws 'em together and night overtakes 'em at a village tavern. Whist, high-low, poker, — almost anything to accommodate ye, gentlemen, if ye like to take a hand. I 'm the best-natered man in the world!"

There seemed to be, however, a prejudice existing against Mr. Wilkins in the minds of the company; and, seeing that his proposal was not likely to prove popular, he asked if there was a tailor near who could be got to mend his coat. He was starting to find one, as directed, when Lion, growling fiercely, sprang after him.

"Call back your dog!" cried he, giving signs of fear. Jack collared Lion. "Strange he should take such a dislike to me!" added Wilkins, with a sickly smile on his pale face, which once more reminded the boy of somebody or something.

"He did n't like you when he first saw you on the steps," said Jack.

"True; and that shows," Wilkins explained, in his most plausible manner, "that it was n't my mistake with the hoss that excited him ag'inst me."

"I believe he has seen you before," answered Jack; "and I 'm not sure but that I have!"

"Very likely; try to remember; I should be happy to find in you an old friend! Name?"

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"Hazard; Jack Hazard, all the world over," laughed Jack, as he parodied the man's words.

"Hazard; Jack Hazard!" Wilkins touched his forehead. "The name finds no response in my memory. And I don't remember your face, though I may have seen the dog. A friend of mine had such a dog once."

"Was his name Peternot?" inquired Jack, eagerly.

"Peternot was his name, — Paul Peternot; a wild fellow, but good-natered. I love good-natered folks, and so I loved Paul, with all his faults. Did you know Paul?"

"I knew of him! His father is old Squire Peternot. Paul got into bad habits, ran away from home, became a gambler and a drunkard, — set his bed afire one night, and was burned to death, at Wiley's Basin. His dog was dreadfully scorched, trying to get him out of his room. I found the poor fellow afterwards, took care of him, and have had him ever since."

"This, then, is the dog!" said Wilkins, nervously. "That accounts for his dislike of me. I — I quarrelled with Paul once; for the best friends will quarrel sometimes, 'specially where one is addicted to bad habits, as Paul was."

"Were you with him at Wiley's Basin?" Jack demanded, looking Wilkins full in the face.

"I met him at Wiley's Basin, after I had been some time separated from him," replied Wilkins, rather hesitatingly. "He invited me to drink a glass and play a game, and I was — I own the fault — too good-natered to refuse. But when I saw him inclined to go to excess, I remonstrated, — I tried to prevent him; he grew violent, and his dog seized me by the leg. I then left him, and never saw him afterwards; for that very night the unfortunate affair occurred. Ah," said Good-natured John Wilkins, with a sigh, "if Paul would only have listened to me!"

He then withdrew, expressing a hope that he might meet Jack again after he had paid a visit to the tailor.

And now Forrest Felton, who had been in the parlor with his sister during this conversation, returned to the bar-room.

"Has the rascal gone?" he asked.

"Yes," said the bar-tender. "Why did you give him money? Did you believe his story?"

"Not a word of it," replied Forrest. "But I had my reasons. Come, Jack; we must be moving on now."

Soon the travellers were once more on their way; and you may be sure that in their lively discussion of the evening's adventure Lion's singular part in it was duly admired and praised. It had been Forrest's opinion at first that the dog's uneasiness in the tavern was occasioned by an instinctive knowledge that Wilkins intended to steal the horse; but after Jack related what he had learned about the man, all agreed that Lion must have been actuated by some old grudge against the friend of his former master.

J. T. Trowbridge.

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TEA LEAVES.

IN the "Central Flowery Land,"
In the mountains of Shan Tong,
In a bamboo hut, 'neath the tamarisks,
Dwelt the hermit, Hien-fong.

And he vowed to the Dragon Lung,
The Dragon who rules the skies,
That three full moons should come and go
Ere he would close his eyes.

For the broad rice-fields were parched;
'T was the season of much heat;
And over the yellow grass-plains
The flames rushed, wild and fleet.

And Famine, that hungry tiger,
Was crouching near at hand;
And therefore he vowed he would not sleep
Till the terror had left the land.

The hours walk slow as a mandarin;
One moon is scarcely gone,
Yet the Hermit's drowsy lids will fall, —
He sleeps until the dawn.

Then starting up, ashamed that he
Should be so faithless found,
He cut off his traitorous eyelids,
And threw them on the ground.

Silently as flowers unfold
The bright hours go their round,
While Hien-fong, for shame and pain,
Lies writhing on the ground.

They come and go, and now at length,
In the clear and pale moonlight,
He lifts his head, he sits erect,
He sees a wondrous sight!

In the spot where the lids had lain,
A stately shrub is seen,
With sturdy stem and glossy leaves
Of the deepest, darkest green!

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Its leaves are shaped like eyelids,
Fringed as with lashes are they;
And 't is said they possess a magical power
Of keeping sleep away!

Constance H. North.

UNCLE JOE'S "LITTLE SAMARITAN."

I CALL her *my* "Little Samaritan" (said Uncle Joe), because I have told her fortune, and shall be on the watch now to see if it comes out so. By the way she has begun, I think it will. "Samaritan" her real name? O dear, no; her name is Margaret. But did you never hear the old, old story, eighteen hundred years old, of the traveller who was knocked down and robbed, and left in such a bruised state he could hardly move? The man who carried him to a hotel, and paid his board, and paid his doctor's bill, lived in Samaria, and was afterward spoken of as the "Good Samaritan." And to this day, people helping those who need help are sometimes called "Good Samaritans."

But I was going to tell you how it came about that a child not much over four years old should have been out on the night of the Fire. It is really quite an interesting story, — short, to be sure, though the Market Street boarding-house keeper — to be mentioned presently — was long enough in telling all that *she* knew about it!

It happened that Margaret went out to Dorchester, that Saturday afternoon, along with a young man, the lover of her oldest sister, called in the family sometimes, by way of fun, the "Prince"; perhaps for the reason that in old fairy stories princes did go a wooing to fair maidens. This nice young man took Margaret to Dorchester that afternoon, to dine with his family, meaning to bring her back at night. Their dinner-hour was half-past three. While sitting at the table, the Prince received a telegram which called him to New York on important business. He had just time to pack up his things and catch the train.

After the Prince had gone, the question arose, how to send Gabriella home. There was a good-natured fellow by the name of Michael, an Irishman, of steady habits, who had worked for the family a great many years. This Michael being a trusty person, the Prince's mother, — let 's see, she would be the "Queen," — well, the Queen asked him if he would take Margaret home when his chores were done. Michael said he would rather than not, for his new overcoat was to be ready that evening, and he wanted to go in and get it.

It was quite late when they started from the house, — stop, I have forgotten one thing. Monday would be the Fair Maiden's birthday, and the Queen sent her a present. The present was a bronze vase, and it was put

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into a small travelling-bag, along with a few knick-knacks given by the "Princesses," and Stub carried the bag, that is, carried it as far as the station. A boy? Stub? O no, a dog. Margaret's brother's dog, a good, faithful creature — though he had no better manners than to go out to Dorchester to dine that day without any invitation! — followed the Prince and Margaret.

They started late, as I said, and what with walking slowly, on account of Margaret, and missing the train, and having to go in the horse-cars, were a long time on the road. They came into town at last a little before eight, and went up to take a South End car to Brookline Street, — went a roundabout way, so as to pass the place where Michael's overcoat was, and make sure of that before the shop shut. The man advised him to wear the new one and carry the old one, and he did so. He had promised to let his brother have the old one, so he thought he would go straight to Beach Street, where his brother lived, and leave the coat, and then take an up-town car on Harrison Avenue. He saw there was a fire, but had no idea of its being such a great fire, until they found themselves in the crowd; then he began to know something of what was going on, and gave up Beach Street, and turned about, thinking to go up on Tremont Street and take a Tremont Street car.

Just as they turned about there came a rush of people to the sidewalk, scrambling to get out of the way of a steam-engine. Among them was a woman, bareheaded, running, carrying clothes under each arm, and a tub of things in her hands. This woman was jostled down close by Michael's feet. He stooped to help her up, and, in doing that, lost hold of Margaret's hand by her mitten slipping off, and the crowd pushed in between them. Michael *dove*, as you may say, head first into that crowd. He elbowed, he jammed sideways, he knocked down, he hit with his fists, he acted like a crazy man! A policeman came up, and took him by the collar and dragged him off. Stub flew at the policeman. Michael got a chance, while being pulled along, to send Stub back. He showed him the mitten. "Find her," said he; "go, find her!" then shoved the mitten in between Stub's teeth. And Stub went back.

Now, on the night of the fire there were plenty of thieves, who helped themselves to whatever they could find in the stores. The police were on the watch, and, when they saw a fellow making off with any kind of goods, stopped him. So when this policeman found a *fighting Irishman* with two overcoats, and a bag of things beside, he took him straight to the police station, without listening to one word he had to say, and locked him up there. Michael screamed all the way along that he had "*lost a child!*" But the policeman thought that was a story, made up just for the sake of getting away.

In the mean time, Margaret was walking very fast toward the Market Street boarding-house, — spoken of just now, — led by a short, stout lad, — a confectioner's boy, I think he was. O yes, he was, for I remember the name they called him. This lad, it seems, seeing a child thrown down,

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picked her up, and carried her through the crowd to the large open space in front of the City Hall, then asked her name and where her folks lived. But all she would do was to cry, and all she would say was, "I want Michael! I want to see Michael!"

The confectioner's boy led her along to the place where he boarded, on a little alley letting out of Market Street, and went directly back to help move goods, and stayed till after daylight in the morning. Long before that time Margaret had cried herself to sleep, and she lay there, still sleeping, on the lounge. The people were waiting for her to wake up, hoping they might then coax her to tell what her father's name was.

But when the poor thing woke, and found herself in that strange, gloomy place, she began to cry, "not out loud, like the night before," the boarding-house keeper said, in telling this, "but jammed her face into the lounge, and clinched her little fists tight together, and sobbed and grieved! And when I saw *that*," said the boarding-house keeper, "I told Taffy" (Taffy was the confectioner's lad)—"I told Taffy he better *cut up*, and see what *that* would do, if he would n't touch the cat, though I mostly stop such works."

I asked, "What works?"

"O, droll works," she said; "Taffy 's droll. He neighs like a horse, and blows like the wind, and grunts and crows and barks and meows and toots and somersets and everything!"

"What, in this narrow space?" I asked her.

"Lor, yes! Goes over like a ball. But you just look out here," said she, "and I 'll show you what calmed the little gal down soonest of anything, — only the bird stood on Mary's shoulder then."

I looked across the alley, and saw, at the window of an old, mean-looking house, as pretty a picture as could have been seen at the grandest plate-glass window in the city. A picture of a little girl feeding her bird. A live picture. The girl was alive and the bird was alive. The bird had perched on her head, and she was feeding him with crumbs. Held the crumbs in one hand and picked them up with her other thumb and finger. This pretty picture, it seems, pleased Margaret so much that she stopped crying to look out.

"And when I saw what stopped her crying," said the boarding-house keeper, "I sent for little Mary and her bird to come right over, and they both did. And then I gave Taffy a sheet o' paper, and told him to write down a description for to put in the papers, and told him what to write. *Little girl about four years old, plaid dress, boots, white apron, string of beads and a cross, curls on both sides of her head.*"

All true, though it was never put in the newspapers, for, just as *Taffy* had done writing, somebody came in. Guess who. Michael? No. Policeman? No. *Stub.* "And a dreadful-looking animal he was," said the boarding-house keeper, "singed and smoked, and hair all burnt off in spots, and limping on three legs, and I took hold of my broom, — for he flew right at the children, and they screamed, and Taffy tipped over the inkstand, and threw things, — and struck at him with the poker, but he would keep jumping up on

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to your little gal, and all at once she stopped screaming, and says she, ''T is Stub!' And then she ran into the corner, and turned her face to the wall, and cried out loud! You see it touched her little, poor, tender heart to see him hurt so! And Taffy said, when he came to look, that 't was the very same dog he saw hanging round the place where the little gal fell down, and said men stoned him off and kicked him off, but he would come back; and no doubt in my mind but he was looking after *her!*"

And no doubt he was. We suppose that Stub found the place where Michael left Margaret, but could not track her from there very well, because Taffy lifted her off the ground; that he stayed there till the fire drove him away, and came upon her track afterward, on the sidewalk where Taffy led her along. At any rate, he reached the boarding-house in some way, and after that there was no need of putting a notice in the papers, for the street and number were on his collar.

Frightened? O yes, her folks were frightened, — after 't was all over! Not at the time. They knew of the fire, and thought the Prince had stayed down town to watch his store, and would probably leave Margaret with some relatives of theirs on Park Street.

The boarding-house keeper's husband took Margaret home, — her and Stub. That was the time when the Brookline Street people had their fright. And while he was telling his story Michael came, and a policeman with him, to see if it was all right about the bag and things inside. He had found out about the overcoat.

Margaret's mother went down to see the Market Street boarding-house keeper, and I went with her. They had a great deal of talk, and Margaret's mother cried there, and could n't think of anything good enough to say, and wanted to leave money, but the woman said no. And then Taffy came in, and he had to tell his part of the story all over again, and then we wanted *he* should take some money. But Taffy shook his head in such a funny way it made us both smile, and began making one of his "droll" noises, — blowing like the wind, I rather thought, and the boarding-house keeper nudged him with her elbow — so — to stop him, and he ran into the entry and all the way down stairs, blowing a gale!

But somebody was found who would take something, and that was little Mary. For you may be sure Margaret's mother went to see her. And a sad state of things she found there. O, very sad! The father a drunkard, the mother sick, four young children, very little food, and not any winter clothes. O yes, little Mary's mother was glad enough to take whatever the Brookline Street people might give her. And they have sent many things already. Even Margaret has begun a piece of work to send, though neither Stub nor I can tell if it will ever be done; but this is the way it came to be begun.

One day, when we were all talking of the poor people who had been burned out, a lady present remarked, "Well, we must all be Good Samaritans now!" The children wanted to know what that meant, and when they had been told, the lady said to Margaret's next older sister, seven or eight years

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old, "You may be a Little Samaritan, if you like, dear, and help us sew for the poor."

In a minute Margaret spoke up; "*I* want to be it, too!" she said.

"Want to be what, darling?" her mother asked.

"Want to be — *ittle Samarwitan!*"

Everybody laughed, it came out so droll; and the dear child, thinking she had said a silly thing, ran into the corner and hid her face.

"Why, darling!" her mother said, "I want you to be one! Come, I will cut out something this moment for you to sew!"

Afterward the ladies talked it over, and it was planned that Margaret should begin a cradle-quilt for little Mary's baby brother.

And the work goes bravely on thus far. The *Little Samaritan*, as we call her sometimes, sits down every day in her low cane chair, with her work-basket, and stitches away as steady as any old lady. There are small squares and large squares, but of what pattern that cradle-quilt is to be, I know no more than Stub.

In fact, Stub has the better chance of knowing; for no sooner does Margaret take her seat to sew, than he curls himself up on the floor near by, with his long ears "flopped down," and there he stays. Stub sticks close to Margaret since the fire, — seems to think he has the care of her.

And Stub has had his fortune told, too! One day the lady just spoken of was telling the girls' fortunes, by looking into the bottoms of their teacups. "I see — I see," she would say, — "I see great piles of money! I see — I see — big house, marble front! I see —" and so she went on, seeing gold watches, diamond bracelets, wedding clothes, orange-flowers, and other beautiful things.

At last I took up Margaret's silver cup. "Now," said I, "I am going to tell *my* little girl's fortune! I see — I see — a tall, pleasant-faced lady. It is Margaret, grown up. I see — I see — a shabby bed in a shabby attic. On the bed lies a sick girl alone. The tall, pleasant-faced lady comes in, bringing flowers. Wild-flowers, they look like. This pleases the sick girl, and makes her smile. And now, in another place, a dingy, dismal place, I see — I see — a very wicked woman. Very wicked, very poor, very sad. Nobody will speak to her because she is bad. Ah! there is the pleasant-faced lady again! She will befriend her. Yes, she speaks kindly to her. The woman is crying. The lady will help her to do better than she has been doing. And now I see — I see — a whole streetful of wretched houses, wretched faces at the windows. The pleasant-faced lady goes in and out, carrying food and clothes and books. She comforts the sick, she talks kindly with those who are despised, she weeps with the sorrowful. She is truly a *Good Samaritan*."

"And don't you see *Stub?*" some one asked.

"Certainly," said I. "Stub carries the bundles!"

Abby Morton Diaz.

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IN A RAG-BAG.

MRS. McNEELY sat in the centre of her kitchen, on a low stool, with her stock in trade, speaking merchant-wise, surrounding her on all sides. You would have thought of the nursery song,

"Rags, rags, and nothing but rags,"

if you could have seen Mrs. McNeely; for it was "rags, rags, and nothing but rags" that surrounded her, and rose up against her, and seemed to bid fair, if she stirred, to bury her up; and it was these "rags, rags, and nothing but rags" that formed Mrs. McNeely's stock in trade.

Well, you need n't laugh, and say, "That 's a likely story," because that will only show your ignorance; but *I* don't mind that; only I *should* like to have had you say "a likely story," with an unbelieving air, in Pump Court, where Mrs. McNeely lived. Would n't the denizens of Pump Court have had the laugh against *you?* for everybody there knew, from Tommy O'Flaherty up to Dennis Flannigan, the great Irish auctioneer, that Mrs. McNeely was a person of importance, in consequence of this rag business.

The way she did it — this rag business — was to go about in all the waste places and the work places where rags could accumulate, or fly and flutter; and with a stick and a great deal of patience she would gather up, at the end of a day, sometimes the biggest big bagfuls you ever saw. And what do I mean by work places and waste places? Well, you *are*, as Mrs. McNeely herself would say, "an ignorant craythur."

The work places are the tailors' and the dress-makers' and the milliners' and upholsterers', and everywhere else that you or anybody can think of where any kind of article is made out of material that will furnish a silk or woollen or cotton or linen rag. And the waste places — But what are you saying, "Don't the tailors and the dress-makers and the milliners and the upholsterers keep any rag-bags of their own?" To be sure they do; but then, think of the scraps and scraps, in such seas of scraps, that tired and heedless girls and boys and porters will sweep up as refuse, instead of sorting out. And why should n't they? I 'm sure they have enough. Well, and it 's these floor-scraps that Mrs. McNeely bargained for, — and her bargain was just to do the night sweeping; that was her payment for the floor-scraps. She had all she could sweep up. And after that, or between the night sweepings, she went to the waste places, in all the street corners, and mill neighborhoods, and by the wharfs where ships laden with cotton came in, and where the cotton bales dripped out from overfulness their white wefts. O, there was n't a nook or a corner that she or little Teddy did n't find out!

Teddy McNeely? No, you 're wrong there, but it is n't strange you should think that, because almost everybody thought so, except those knowing people in Pump Court; but *they* 'd known Mrs. McNeely for years, and *they* knew that Teddy was only a little stray boy, one of the

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rags, that funny man, Dennis Flannigan, used to say, that Mrs. McNeely had picked up in her wanderings.

"I found him down there by Bannergan's Wharf, sure, a crying fit to break his heart, and sorra a word I could get out of him but that his mother was dead, and there was nobody to care for him, and so I brought him home wi' me; and though he is n't much to look at he 's as dacent a boy as ye 'll mate onywheres," is Mrs. McNeely's story. And Mrs. McNeely had had little Teddy for two years when my story commences, and been very good to him, said those watchful neighbors of hers in Pump Court. And that day when she sat there in her kitchen, in the beginning of the story, little Teddy sat there too, though the rags were so deep that you could n't see him unless somebody pointed him out. It was filling day, — that means the day when the rags, all washed spick and span, and sorted out, were put into the great bags ready for sale to the paper-mill.

"The cart will be here at five o'clock, Teddy, and ye 'll have time to put the rest in while I rin around to Mrs. Flannigan's to ax after the baby," said Mrs. McNeely, when she had worked an hour or two. Teddy was used to this "rinning around" to Mrs. Flannigan's, and he knew that "axing" after the baby generally took a long while. But he had a good hour yet before the cart would come, and in this hour he would do his best. And his "best" was usually very quick work. It was so quick on this occasion, that by half-past four there was only one bag left to fill, — only one bag, and not half enough rags left to fill it.

"Well, here 's a go," said Teddy, who caught a great many queer grown-up expressions in his rag-hunts. And then, just to amuse himself, "I 'll fill it up with myself," he laughed; and, laughing, in he went, cramming in the rags all about him, until he was in the centre of a little soft bed, with a comfortable clearing near the top for a breathing-place.

"Wonder how much this bag would weigh?" he said, still laughing in his fun. And the laugh sounded so queer, all muffled up with the rags, that he laughed again and again, and again and again repeated, "Wonder how much this bag would weigh? wonder how much this bag would weigh?" all for the purpose of hearing the droll sounds. And by and by, listening to his own voice, he became conscious of other voices, — little soft, tinkling tones that laughed and laughed, and repeated after him, "Wonder how much this bag would weigh? wonder how much this bag would weigh?" Where *did* they come from? Where, indeed? Why, here, all about him; here in the bag, here in the rags; — why, it was the rags themselves, who were crowding and pushing and hustling and rustling, the rags that had taken upon themselves the funniest shapes of fairy face and form, — the smallest possible shapes without an atom of color, but little atoms of white that winked and nodded and made the oddest grimaces at him all the time they were laughing and crying in those tiny tones, "Wonder how much this bag would weigh? wonder how much this bag would weigh?" And Teddy, not in the least surprised, joined in the fun, and winked and nodded and laughed and made faces with the best of them.

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He was deep in the frolic, hitting out right and left to keep them from smothering him as they all came at him at once, when suddenly a great voice roared out, "Wonder how much this bag will weigh!" And the little white atoms shrunk into stillness, and Teddy felt a great rush of air, and saw a great rush of light, and then — and then — and then he found himself in a great place, which looked at first like an enormous railroad depot, but which *was* a warehouse, and he was still half in the bag and half out, and the bag and he were placed upon a ticklish sort of a thing, which turned out to be a weighing-scale.

"What are you doing here? and what do you mean, eh, by such a trick as this?" the great voice roared at him. "Playing, and got asleep! that's a likely story!" as Teddy began to explain. "I know it's a Paddy trick to weigh down the bag and cheat the company out of an extra dollar! *I'll* teach you, you little rascal!" And in another minute Teddy would have "caught" it, if another voice belonging to another person had n't interrupted with, "What's the matter, Jack?" And Jack turning to tell his story, Teddy got out of the bag in a twinkling, and before you could say "Jack Robinson" he went up one of the columns or joists, or whatever they are called, that help steady those great high warerooms,— went up like a cat, or a born sailor, and like a born sailor clung there with his little slim legs in a twist, one over the other, and his little slim arms in a league with the legs. The gentleman — for it was a gentleman who had asked, "What is the matter, Jack?" — looked up at Teddy and laughed, and Teddy looked back and laughed, and the next minute was telling *his* story; how he was playing, and, popping into the bag in his play, he fell asleep there, and never woke until Jack roared at him down there on the scales.

"A likely story! why, them Paddies —" began Jack again.

"I ain't a Paddy, I only live with Mrs. McNeely, and help her about the rags; and Mrs. McNeely is a great deal better 'n you are, for she never hits a feller littler 'n herself," shouted back Teddy from his perch.

The gentleman laughed again. "Let him alone, Jack, he 's too much for you," he said; and presently, at his invitation, and the promise that nobody should harm him, Teddy slid down from his high place and followed him into the counting-room, where he told all he knew about himself, and answered a good many questions, which finally ended in the gentleman's asking him if he would like to come and work for him to sort over rags.

Teddy, of course, was delighted at the idea of getting into such a big place of business as this. "But Mrs. McNeely?"

"O, I 'll settle all about that," answered the gentleman, — which he did in less than an hour, for everything was done very quickly in this big place of business.

"Shure, and it would n't be meself that would stand in the b'y's way," said Mrs. McNeely, in this settling interview; "but as I took him when he was a bit lad, and fed him and clothed him, and taught him the rag business, yer honor, I think —"

"That you ought to have something for your pains," interrupted the gen-

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tleman. "So do I, Mrs. McNeely." And then an arrangement was made which was satisfactory to all parties. Teddy was to board with Mrs. McNeely, and she was to look out for him at so much per week, regularly paid in by Jansen & Co., Paper-Manufacturers. And Teddy was to go into a school class two or three hours every day; that was another arrangement which was made with a primary school just round the corner from Jansen & Co.'s Paper-Mill.

"Ah, but you 're born to the luck, Teddy!" said Mrs. McNeely, as all these arrangements were completed.

"And it all came from my going to sleep in a rag-bag," thought Teddy.

But a great deal more than this came from Teddy's going to sleep in a rag-bag. "It was all fairy work," Ted declares, telling the story himself, — fairy work from the minute he was left alone in Mrs. McNeely's kitchen till — till — well — till this day. "Of course, they put me to sleep."

"'They'? and who is 'they'?" asks a little bright-eyed girl, who sits, winking and blinking at this story, on Ted's knee, — Ted who is now six feet high, with the biggest broad shoulders, — a grown-up Ted, you know.

"'They? who is they'? Why, the rags, to be sure, who were fairies, or my good angels in disguise. They put me to sleep, while I was carried away to my future fortune."

"And what is that?" questions little Bright-eyes, as Ted stops a moment and looks across at another Bright-eyes, twice as big as the one on his knee.

"What is that?" Ted smiles, and shows the handsomest white teeth. "O, a bag of money which buys a fairy palace, where I am to live with the fairy princess!"

"Is she one of the rags turned into a princess?" asks Bright-eyes.

"Ask her, there she sits," answers Ted.

"O," cries Bright-eyes, "it 's only Laura, our Laura! and I don't believe a word about the fairy rags now. You 're going to marry our Laura, and live in that little house on the Back Bay that we all went to look at yesterday; and *that*'s your fairy palace!" And Bright-eyes tosses her head in great disdain at such a commonplace story.

"But I think that is the prettiest little fairy palace in the world, and I 'm sure it all came out of a rag-bag; for what is Jansen & Co.'s Paper-Mill but a great rag-bag, Miss Bessie Bright-eyes, where your humble servant gets his bag of money to buy his fairy palace?"

"And Mrs. McNeely, did *she* get a fairy palace?" saucily asks Miss Bess.

"Yes, in Pump Court, — what she calls 'an illegant house.'"

"And your father, — tell that over again; I like the sorry part best, for that is certain true, and you only make fun with the fairies," says Bess, with great dignity. And so Ted, or Mr. Theodore Shaffer, of the firm of Jansen & Co., as people say now, told how his father, Captain Shaffer, came home from a long shipwrecking voyage to find his wife dead, and his little son, report said, drowned, — for such was the fate that was thought to have befallen the child when his cap was found on Bannergan's Wharf, where he was last seen. And here it was that Mrs. McNeely's quick Irish heart was

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touched at the little wanderer's story of belonging to nobody and nobody caring for him. And one day, when Captain Shaffer came into Jansen & Co.'s, to see the great paper-mill, and Mr. Jansen called Teddy "to show the gentleman about," Captain Shaffer, who could never forget that name, began to ask questions, and the whole story came out, "which ends *my* story," winds up Mr. Ted.

"O, but wait just a minute! did — did —" But here the door opens, and Bessie cries out, "O Captain Shaffer, dear Captain Shaffer, *you* tell me the rest of the story. Did you kiss Teddy when you found he was *your* Teddy, in the paper-mill?"

"As I kiss you, little Bess," answers Captain Shaffer, lifting Bess from Ted's knee to his own shoulder. Which kiss ends *my* story, dear reader.

Nora Perry.

"DOT'S PARTY."

"TELL us a story, a true story, Uncle Sam!" from half a dozen voices; and up on my lap and on the arms of my wheeled-chair climb, laughing and chattering, boys and girls together.

These are my every-day friends and companions; and I have lived so long in the village that I am known as "Uncle Sam" to all the children in the place, because, first, I am very partial to the young folks and they all know me, and because I 'm a curious old fellow, and ride about in a wheeled-chair, and have no family but my colored boy, Smoke, and my dear old Dot, a black-and-tan terrier, that has been my dearest friend ever since she knew enough to follow me. That is more than fifteen years ago, but she does n't think she 's getting old; and this very day she can jump a fence, catch a rat, worry a cat, or swim across the mill-pond, as well as any young, giddy, thoughtless dog in the country.

As for her good-nature, she lets everybody play with her, and plague her too. She runs away, very properly, from big boys; but, bless her old heart! when the little toddlers that can just walk reach up to her tail and pull it, she never minds it at all; and I really believe she 'd let a baby pull her tail out and she would n't be angry. Smoke says she "knows more 'n mos' folkses, — yes, more 'n de schoolmarm!" He always gives her the biggest half of his candy-stick, and divides his gingerbread evenly with her; he shows her all the new pictures, and sits on the sill of the kitchen door by the hour, telling her what he has seen in the village, and he believes she understands every word he says. She is lying at my feet now, and her big, brown, sad eyes are turned up to my face, as if to ask me what I 'm writing about; but when I say, "Dot, it 's about your party" (to be sure, I say the last word rather louder than the rest), she gets up at once from the floor, and goes under the bed.

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Very often, when Dot does something really funny, she seems to enjoy it so much, and her tail wags so quickly, that I look at her and wish she could laugh. If a dog could only smile, it would be the jolliest thing in the world! To be sure, dogs do grin sometimes, when they sit down to scratch at a flea which they come very near reaching, and can't; but if they could speak they would say there was no fun in that. Then think of a dumb dog, — I mean a dog without a tail, a dog with no expression, for he can't wag his ears or his nose. I had a poor, forlorn little brute once that had a little wee stump of a tail about as big as a bite off a banana (a boy's bite); and when he wagged it, it went so fast it made you fairly wink to look at it, — appearing to say, "Yes, I know it is n't much of a tail, but it 's the best I 've got, and I must make the most of it."

As to dogs thinking, I know they do; I 'm sure Dot does. I 've often seen her standing in the middle of the road, first looking up then down it, and at last scampering under the bars of the fence and over the meadows to keep an engagement which she had almost forgotten. Some time ago I was sitting in the door-yard, in my wheeled-chair, waiting for Smoke to come and roll me down to the village of Chataway (which is very near to my little cottage), when a neighbor's boy who was very fond of Dot came along and gave her a very nice meat-bone. First she picked it up in her mouth, and then looked at me, seeming to say, "I have n't time to eat it, and I do want to go with you"; then she ran to the wood-pile and buried it very snugly under the chips and loose bark; then, capering with joy and wagging her tail, she skirmished ahead, fluttering the young turkeys and chickens, and going through every bit of broken fence she discovered. At last she quietly fell into line in our procession of three, — I in my wheeled-chair, Smoke as a propeller, and Dot demurely following as though she never knew what mischief was. About half a mile from home we met Hector, the tinsmith's big spotted dog, trotting along very sedately, and much too proud to notice me, or Smoke, or even Dot; but she did pay some attention to him, and stopped and began to think, and soon, having made up her mind, she just ranged up alongside of big Hector, and trotted at a respectful distance, until they both had passed the place where she had buried her bone. Then, to make up for lost time, she turned and dashed down the road after us, and came tearing in, covered with dust, and winking as if to say, "Hector 's a big dog, and a smart one, but he can't fool me!"

Only yesterday, as I was sitting in my room writing, I heard her scratching at the door; and as she has all outdoors to play in, and as she never disturbs me in my work, I knew something was wrong. So I left my desk, and, wheeling my chair to the door, let her in. Her ears and tail were drooping, and she was in disgrace about something; she looked and acted as if she wanted me to ask her what the trouble was.

"Dot," I said, "is it water you want?" She looked up, but made no sign, — no tail language. "Are you hungry?" Still no answer. "Have you been in mischief?" Slowly and sadly her tail began to move, as she walked toward the open door, looking back over her shoulder to see if I would

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follow her; so I wheeled through the hall and into the little kitchen, where she stopped before a broken mug that had been standing on a table with fresh milk. No milk on the floor, none in the broken cup; but a very suspicious whiteness about her whiskers, as though she had been lathering for a shave and had been suddenly called away.

What, my dear children, do you suppose she wanted? Why, to be punished for breaking the mug! So of her own accord she put her forepaws upon my knees, and, laying her funny black head (with its yellow dots over her eyes) upon my lap, she waited until I had gently boxed her ears and made believe scold her, and then, with her tail up and waving, and ears erect, she ran out into the garden, barking and scampering around as happy as any dog in the world that has been punished for being naughty and is glad it is all over with.

About the party? Yes, it 's a very short story. It was in early fall of last year, and I was awake, quite ready to get out of bed, and waiting for Dot to make her appearance and say good morning, which she always does by licking my hand. Smoke, my boy, was busy preparing my breakfast, and the delicious smell of the coffee was going through the whole little house. I reached over the side of the low bed, and looked at Dot's, beside it. She was n't there, nor had she slept there; for the mat was smooth, and the rug that she always covers herself with was folded up snugly. I whistled, and called her name, but no answer came. Had she been in the house, she would have made a great row to get into my room. While I was wondering what could be the matter, in came Smoke, his face in a broad grin, and his white teeth shining like a flash of light across his sooty head. He threw his head back and chuckled until he was nearly strangled, and said, "De Lor' bress you, Missa Sam! you need n't jes' whistle for dat ar Dot no more! You jes' dress yesef, and come out on de porch, dat 's all. She had a party las' night; she no gone sleep de hull night; she gib a party and eat all de tings hersef. O Missa Sam, I t'ought I no hear her snore las' night. She gone into de dinin'-room, dar 's whar she had a party. She eat all de leg cole lamb, she eat two poun' buttah, de hull ob de punkin-pie, she lick all dem plates clean; dey is on de floor now, all hull, nary one is bruk. Yes, sah, she had a party, and she lyin' out on de porch all smooth, jes' like a watermelon. You jes' come and see!"

As I wheel out on the porch I hear Smoke say, "Here comes Missa Sam! You kotch it now, for shure!" I find her round and smooth, as Smoke says; and she lies down, and just lazily lifts her eyes, as if to say, "I can't help it!"

For three days she took no other exercise than walking up and down the porch; but the experience taught her a lesson of temperance, and she has never since touched a morsel of food that was not given her. To this day, if Smoke says, "Dot, if yer gives anudder party, yer must n't be greedy, yer must jes' *ax some odder dogs!*" she will drop her tail and sneak away for very shame.

Sam Eytinge.

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THE NEW SUIT OF CLOTHES.

I HAVE had a good many suits of clothes in my life, and worn and torn and outgrown them, but there is one particular suit which I have reason to remember more than any other.

That was my first *new* suit. Always before I had taken my older brother's clothes as he outgrew them; but the summer when I was twelve years old, my mother — my proud, fond mother — made me a new suit with her own hands.

Never shall I forget the morning when first I put them on, — "not to wear them, but only to see how I looked in them," she said; for they were to

be kept for Sunday. To please me, she let me step out into the street "just to show them to my mates." My jacket was buttoned to the chin, my clean white collar was turned over it, and my hair was so nicely combed that I did not want to wear my hat. Besides, my hat was not new, and did not look well enough, I thought, to go with me and my new clothes! My mother had made me a pair of fine, large pockets in my trousers; and I kept my hands in them, of course. How fondly she watched me from the window, as I met the other children, and stood calm and dignified and handsome while they flocked around and admired me!

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There were two boys, especially, — Lincoln Edmonds and Gale Leveritt, — whose attentions flattered me prodigiously. They were two or three years older than I, and had never deigned to play with me much before; but now they came running to me, as if I had been their oldest and dearest friend, just returned to them after a long absence.

"O, look at his new clo'es, Link!" cried Gale. "Ain't they tiptop? I bet ye!" As he was barefooted, and dressed in his old every-day clothes, I thought such praise from him exceedingly generous.

"He 's the nicest boy we know; ain't he, Gale?" cried Link, coming up. "We 'll give him some harvest apples, won't we?"

"Of course we will!" said Gale. "We know where there 's some splendid, — close by here, too. Come, and we 'll show ye."

"Don't go away from the house!" called my mother, as I started to accompany them.

"Only just around the corner here," said Link.

"Just around the corner," however, proved to be around two corners and down a long street; and when we reached the place of the apples, I was a little disappointed to find them still hanging on a tree which they showed me over a neighbor's fence!

"Who 's going to climb it?" I asked.

Gale said that perhaps he would; but Link replied, "Ho! you can't climb

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a tree half so well as Gussie can! You should see Gussie climb once! Come, Gussie! You are just the fellow for that little tree!"

My head was quite turned by this flattery, — though Link had never seen me climb a tree, and could not possibly have known very much of my accomplishments in that line. I have since observed that people who are very eager for praise are not apt to look closely to see if it has any foundation in truth.

Fancying for the moment that I was the greatest climber in the world, and that I was to excite fresh wonder and admiration by my exploit, I clasped the trunk, and with the help of a little boosting reached the branches.

Being quite out of breath by that time, my ambition also began to fail me, and I thought of my new clothes.

"I 'm 'fraid I shall tear 'em!" I said.

"Ho!" said Link, "such cloth as that won't tear; will it, Gale?"

"Besides, you 're up there now," said Gale. "Come, fling down some, and hurry!"

As he looked stealthily behind him, I then began to question his right to the apples he had been so ready to "give" me; but he said, "Of course! Captain Cobb said we might have all we wanted; did n't he, Link?"

As I had got my breath again by this time, my resolution also came back,

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and, climbing up higher into the branches, I began to pick and throw down the largest and finest of the apples, while my companions ate, and stuffed their pockets.

Suddenly I heard a whisper, — "There he is! run! run!" — followed by a sound of scampering feet; and, looking down, I saw Gale and Link scrambling over the orchard fence. Persuaded that there must be some urgent reason for their flight, I looked in the opposite direction, and saw Captain Cobb coming, at a furious rate, from a clump of quinces behind which he had been watching us.

If I had had my wits about me, I suppose I should have stayed in the

tree, and candidly explained to him how I came there. Perhaps he would have believed in my innocence. But seeing my comrades going, and the Captain coming, all in such dreadful haste, a panic seized me, and I began to go down the tree a good deal faster than I went up.

My clothes caught on the limbs, but I did not mind that. I heard them tear as I broke away, and I almost broke my knee as I fell to the ground; but, without regarding these slight accidents, I tumbled myself over the fence just in time to avoid Captain Cobb's outstretched hand. I fell again as I went over, however, and as I was regaining my feet a strong hand grasped my collar.

It was the Captain's. I alone had fallen into his clutches, while the real

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thieves, with their pockets full of apples, at that very moment disappeared around the street corner.

"I did n't! I did n't!" I screamed.

"You did n't, eh? Don't tell me that, when I caught you at it!" cried the indignant Captain, brandishing a switch.

"'T was them! 't was them!" I said.

"I don't know anything about them!" he replied; and *whisk, whisk!* came the switch about my legs.

"They made me! they gave me the apples, — said you told them they

might!" I wildly explained. "I have n't eaten one!" — which was indeed the truth.

"So much the worse for you, if you have been fool enough to act as their cat's-paw! They 'll tell me *you* gave *them* the apples; that 's the way with boys. There!" — a final cut with the switch. "Now, don't you ever let me see you in my orchard again!"

Ah, what a story I had to tell when I at last went home, weeping and wailing, to my mother! Good children, happy in their old clothes, followed me to the door, and stood by, watching with looks of mild pity her astonishment and grief at seeing me in that wretched plight. My jacket had lost two or three buttons, and my trousers were sadly torn. I had been smartly whipped by the Captain; and, what was worse, he had gone to the shop to tell my father.

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My mother took me into the house. Was I the same boy who had left it half an hour before, the wonder of the other children who crowded around me to admire my new clothes? Now I could hear them laughing and jeering at me outside the door.

"What will your father say!" exclaimed my poor mother, turning me around to look at my rents on all sides.

What he would say we knew pretty soon; for, on being told by the Captain that I had been caught in the very act of stealing his fruit, and throwing it down to other boys whom he had good reason to believe I had

enticed to the spot, he had hurried home; and there he found me, with the sad evidences of the mischief I had been in all over my guilty person.

He did not stop to listen to my poor excuses or my mother's entreaties. He took down a stick from over the tall, old-fashioned clothes-press. He laid me across his knee. My mother turned her face to the wall. No matter what followed, it was what I so little expected when I put on my new clothes that morning, and went out, proud and happy, to show myself to my mates!

After all, I think that was the most valuable suit of clothes I ever had; for my vanity that day received a lesson which it never forgot.

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THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

I AM fourteen years old, and Jill is twelve and a quarter. Jill is my brother. That is n't his name, you know; his name is Timothy, and mine is George Zacharias; but they 've always called us Jack and Jill. I 'm sure I don't see why. If we 'd had much water to carry — but it is n't a well at our house, it 's pipes; and we never broke our heads on hills, or anything of that kind; the most I ever broke was a toe-joint, and it was splintered up, besides the gash in Jill's neck from coasting.

But I don't think you often understand about names. There 's Maher-shalal-hash-baz, for instance. We had that at Sunday school last Sunday. I 'm glad I was n't Isaiah's boy.

Well, Jill and I had an invitation down to Aunt John's this summer, and that was how we happened to be there. It 's a great thing to have an invitation to Aunt John's. We don't go visiting in our family without invitations; I mean if we 're relations. We like it better. Then they 're glad to see you, and the girl is n't sick, and there 's berry-cake for supper, and you have the spare room, and like as not maple-sirup on your flapjacks. Once I had broiled chicken for breakfast three times a week at Cousin Palmer's.

Aunt John can't afford chicken unless it 's Sundays, because her chickens are 'most all guinea-hens and one turkey. But I 'd rather go to Aunt John's than anywhere else in this world. When I was a *little* fellow I used to think I 'd rather go to Aunt John's than to go to heaven. But I never dared to tell. But when I had the scarlet-fever down there, I let it out some way to Aunt John, and she never scolded a bit. I *thought* she cried, but I never was sure, because she was just digging out the guava-jelly with a teaspoon.

You could n't tell what it *is* about going to Aunt John's. It is n't so much the maple-sirup. Nor the four-o'clock dinner Sundays, and the crisp on the mashed potato. I don't think it 's the barn nor the tool-house; it is n't *all* the old carryall out under the butternut-tree; Aunt John leaves that carryall there yet, though it 's just a smash from the wind and weather and us boys, because Jill says he 'd feel homesick not to see it; and she could n't even play go for the doctor in it, it 's such a smash.

Aunt John takes photographs and tintypes. Most boys think it 's funny for a lady to take tintypes, but Jill and I don't. She always has. At least, uncle did, and she helped, and so he died, and she kept right along. She has a saloon next the post-office, and her girl gets dinner, and she comes home at twelve, to sit round in the shady places on the steps with Jill and me, and guess what we 're going to have for dessert.

I don't know but it 's the saloon that 's a good deal of it at Aunt John's. You ought to see the album Jill and I 've got, of just pictures of ourselves every way you can imagine, — with two heads; and three; and upside-down; and back side front; and eating flapjacks; and out fishing; and the turkey for a frontispiece, besides.

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It takes me a great deal longer than I thought it would, to get to what I set out to say about how we went to Aunt John's *this* time.

She 'd invited us to come on the 12th of August. It takes all day to get to Aunt John's. She lives at Little River, in New Hampshire, away up. You have to wait at South Lawrence in a poky little depot, and you have to change cars at Dover, and you get some played out. At least, I don't so much, but Jill does; so we bought a paper. I bought the paper, because he bought the pop-corn and the mustiest jumble I ever ate. But I got some prize-candy, when it came my turn, and a fish-hook in it; I should n't have noticed the fish-hook, if I had n't come so near swallowing it.

But so we bought the paper, and Jill sat up and read it; he tipped his cap on the back of his head, and sat up like the man in front of us with the big neck and the long mustache. I 'd have punched a pin in him to see him jump, if he 'd sat up so long, but he did n't. When he 'd sat a minute and read along: —

"Look here!" said he.

"Look where?" said I.

"Why, there 's going to be a comet to-night," said Jill.

"Who cares?" said I.

Jill laid down the paper, and crunched a pop-corn all up before he answered that. Then said he: "I don't see why father never told us. I s'pose he thought we 'd be frightened, or something. Why, s'posing the world *did* come to an end? That 's what this paper says. 'It is predicted — it is' — yes, where 's my place? O, I see — 'predicted by learned men that a comet will come into con — conjunction with our plant' — no — 'our planet this night. Whether we shall be plunged into a wild vortex of angry space, or suffocated with n-o-x — noxious gases, or scorched to a helpless crisp, or blasted at once into eternal an-ni-hi — '"

A gust of wind grabbed the paper out of Jill's hand just then, and took it out the window; so I never read the rest. I looked it up in my definitions when I got home, and I thought that word must have been annihilation.

"Father is n't a goose," said I. "He did n't think it worth mentioning. He is n't going to be afraid of a comet at his time of life!"

So we did n't think anything more about the comet till we got to Aunt John's. So when we got to Aunt John's, there was company there, after all. It was n't a relation, only an old schoolmate, and her name was Miss Togy; so she 'd come without an invitation, and had to have the spare room because she was a lady. That was how Jill and I came to be put into the little chimney bedroom.

And so Jill went out to the carryall, first thing; but I went over to the saloon before supper, and I took the yellow cat and the baker's boy before supper, besides Miss Togy standing on her head. I did n't like her much for being there, because Aunt John had to pay so much attention to her.

So we had an O. K. time till we went to bed.

They talked about the comet too, at supper, but I did n't mind; and Miss

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Togy said she 'd been nervous about it all day; but Jill said women always were.

At last we went to bed in the little chimney bedroom. We went early; it was dark early, Aunt John said from a storm somewhere about; and we 'd been in the cars all day.

That little chimney bedroom is the funniest place you ever slept in. I never slept in one so funny unless it was the night we had missionaries, and I slept under the attic stairs, and the mouse ran up my shirt-sleeve. There 'd been a chimney once, and it ran up by the window, and grandfather had it taken away. It was a big, old, *old*-fashioned chimney, and it left the funniest little gouge in the room. So the bed went in as nice as could be. We could n't see much but the ceiling when we got to bed.

"It 's pretty dark," said Jill. "I should n't wonder if it *did* blow up a little. *Would* n't it scare — Miss — Bogy!"

"Togy," said I.

"Well, To—" said Jill; and right in the middle of it he went off as sound as a weasel.

The next thing I can remember is a horrible noise. It was a *horrible* noise. I can't think of but one thing in this world it was like, and that is n't in this world so much. I mean the Last Trumpet with the Angel blowing as he blows in my old Primer.

But the *next* thing I remember is *hearing* Jill sit up in bed, — for I could n't see him, it was so dark, — and his piping out the other half of Miss Togy's name, just as he had left it when he went to sleep: —

"*Gy!* Bo-*gy!* Fo-*gy!* Soa-*ky!* O," said Jill, coming to at last, "I thought I was up and tried for heading a Photographer's Strike, and going to be hung unless I could rhyme Miss Logy's name and make sense all the way through to Z! That red pincushion mother keeps in the spare chamber at home was judge. Why! what 's up?"

I was up, but I could n't tell what else was, for a little while. I went to the window. It was as dark as a great rat-hole out-of-doors, all but a streak of lightning and an awful thunder, as if the world were cracking all to pieces. I knew the cherry-trees in the garden must be shaking and tossing, for the wind blew so it took my breath away; but I could not see them, not a speck of them. Then the lightning lightened, and I saw the old carryall under the butternut, and then I saw nothing more.

"Come to bed!" shouted Jill; "you 'll get struck, and that 'll kill me!"

I went back to bed, for I did n't know what else to do. We crawled down under the clothes and covered ourselves all up.

"W-would — you — call Aunt — John?" asked Jill. He was 'most choked. I came up for air.

"No," said I, "I don't think I 'd call Aunt John."

I should have *liked* to call Aunt John by that time; but then I should have felt ashamed.

"I s'pose she 's got her hands full looking after Miss Croaky, any way," chattered Jill, bobbing up for a breath, and then bobbing under.

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By that time, the storm was the worst storm I had ever seen in my life. Jill said he thought it would n't have seemed so bad if we had n't been in the little chimney bedroom. I thought so too. It was so dark in the gouge where the bed stood. Then I thought the ceiling came down over our heads like a coffin-lid. I said so to Jill. He said he 'd kick me out of bed if I said it again.

And so it grew worse and worse. Thunder, lightning, and wind! Wind, lightning, and thunder! Rain and roar and awfulness! I don't know how to tell how awful it was.

All the house shook as if it had a fit. And our bed rattled up against the wall. And there was hail, and it beat the window in. It cut me on the face when I bobbed up to look. It felt like a great sword.

In the middle of the biggest peal we 'd had yet, up jumped Jill. "Jack!" said he, "that comet!" I 'd never thought of the comet till that minute. I felt an ugly feeling, and a little cold all over. "It is the comet," said Jill. "It is the Day of Judgment, Jack."

Jill said this in a funny way, just an every-day way, as if we 'd been playing in the saloon, and he 'd told me to move the camera a little. I asked him afterwards why he did n't howl. He said he was too scared.

Then it happened. It happened so fast I did n't even have time to get my head out from under the clothes.

First there was a creak. Then a crash. Then we felt a shake, as if a giant pushed his shoulder up through the floor and shoved us. Then we doubled up. And *then* we began to fall. The floor opened, and we went through. I heard the bedpost hit as we scraped by. Then I knew I was falling. Then I felt another crash. Then we began to fall again. Then we bumped down hard. After that we stopped falling. I lay still. My heels were doubled up over my head. I thought my neck would break. But I never dared to stir. I thought that I was dead.

By and by I wondered if Jill were not dead too. So I undoubled my neck a little, and found some air. It seemed to be just as uncomfortable to double up your neck, and to breathe without air, when you were dead, as it was when you were n't.

So I called out, softly, "Jill!" No answer. "*Jill!*" Not a sound. "O — JILL!"

But he did not speak. So then I knew Jill must be dead, at any rate. I could n't help wondering why he was so much deader than I that he could n't answer a fellow. Pretty soon I heard a rustling noise around my feet. Then a weak, *sick* kind of a noise, — just the noise I always had supposed ghosts would make if they talked.

"Jack?"

"Is that you, Jill?"

"I — suppose — so. Is it you, Jack?"

"Yes. Are *you* dead?"

"I don't know. Are you?"

"I guess I must be if you are. How awfully dark it is!"

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"Awfully dark! It must have been the comet!"

"Yes. Did you get much hurt?"

"Not much. I say — Jack?"

"What?"

"If it *is* the Judgment Day —" Jill broke up. So did I. We lay as still as we could. If it *were* the Judgment Day —

I thought of so many things. I remembered all the lies I ever told. I could n't help thinking how I had n't said my prayers since mother had the typhoid fever. I don't believe I ever cheated at a game of marbles in my life, that I did n't think about it then. And the queerest thing was about a Baldwin apple I took from a fellow once, — he was a little chap — and lame; had crooked legs; poor, too. He left it in his satchel, — I could n't seem to get over that Baldwin apple, to think I took it.

"Jill!" said I.

"O dear me!" sobbed Jill.

We were both crying by that time. I don't feel ashamed to own up, as far as *I*'m concerned.

"If I 'd known," said I, "that the Day of Judgment was coming on the 12th of August, I would n't have been so mean about that jack-knife of yours with the notch in it!"

"And I would n't have eaten up your luncheon that day last winter when I got mad at you," said Jill.

"Nor we would n't have cheated mother about smoking vacations," said I.

"I 'd *never* have played with the Bailey boys out behind the barn!" said Jill.

"I wonder where the comet went to," said I.

"'Whether we shall be plunged,'" quoted Jill, in a horrible whisper, from that dreadful newspaper, — "'shall be plunged into a wild vortex of angry space — or suffocated with noxious gases — or scorched to a helpless crisp, or *blasted* —'"

"When do you suppose they 'll come after us?" I interrupted Jill.

That very minute somebody came. We heard a step, and then another. Then a heavy bang. Jill howled out a little. I did n't, for I was thinking how the cellar door banged like that.

Then came a voice, — an awful, hoarse, and trembling voice, as ever you 'd want to hear. "George Zacharias!"

Then I *knew* it must be the Judgment Day, and that the Angel had me up in court to answer him. For you could n't expect an angel to call you Jack when you were dead.

"George Zacharias!" said the awful voice again. I did n't know what else to do, I was so frightened, so I just hollered out, "Here!" as I do at school.

"Timothy!" came the voice once more.

Now Jill had a bright idea. Up he shouted, "Absent!" at the top of his lungs.

"George! Jack! Jill! Where *are* you? Are you *killed?* O, wait a minute, and I 'll bring a light!"

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This did n't sound so much like Judgment Day as it did like Aunt John. I began to feel better. So did Jill. I sat up. So did he. It was n't a minute before the light came into sight, — and something that looked like the cellar door, the cellar stairs, and Aunt John's spotted wrapper, and Miss Togy in a nightgown, away behind, as white as a ghost. Aunt John held the light above her head, and looked down. She had her hand above her eyes to shield them. I don't believe I shall ever see an angel that will make me feel any better to look at than Aunt John did that night.

"O you *blessed* boys!" said Aunt John, — she was laughing and crying together. "To think that you should have fallen through the old chimney to the cellar floor, and be sitting there alive in *such* a funny heap as that!"

That was just what we had done. The old flooring — not very secure — had given way in the storm; and we 'd gone down through two stories, where the chimney ought to have been, jam! into the cellar on the coal-heap, and all as good as ever, except the bedstead!

And if it had n't been true upon my word and honor, I would n't have told it.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

WHEN?

"TELL me, when will the mayflowers come?
When will the wild brooks begin to run?
When will they frolic, and cease to be dumb?"
When they feel the warm touch of the sun.

"When will the grasses show their shoots?
When will the violets open again?"
As soon as they feel within their roots
The pulse of the soft spring rain!

"When will the crocus push through the mould?
When will the robins begin to build?
When will the cinnamon-rose unfold
Till half of its fragrance is spilled?

"When will the snow and the crystal rime
Vanish, and leave the brown earth bare?"
Patience, dear child, in the Lord's own time
The spring blossoms everywhere!

Mary N. Prescott.

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A TALK ABOUT THE TELEGRAPH.

"SEE here!" said Mr. Leslie to the young people, one evening after tea, as they gathered "around the evening lamp"; "do you know what this is?" As he spoke, he took from his pocket and laid upon the table an envelope containing a strip of white paper about an inch wide and several inches in length.

The children examined the paper eagerly, but could see nothing worthy of note about it, except that there was a line of slight colorless marks and dots lengthwise of the strip, not very plain in the lamplight, but looking as if made by some pointed instrument pressed at intervals upon the paper.

"I should think it was a piece of ribbon-paper, only for those marks," said Ada.

"Do those little marks mean anything, father?" asked Charley.

"They do; and that slip of paper, which looks so worthless, is a very valuable one to me," was the reply. "It is a telegraphic despatch from your Uncle John, in Washington, about an important matter of business which I asked him to attend to."

The children all scrutinized it again with renewed interest.

"Why! did that come all the way from Washington by the telegraph?" asked little Willie, with wondering eyes. "How *can* they send letters through the wires, when they are so small?"

Mr. Leslie explained that the paper did not come from Washington, and that neither letters nor anything else that can be seen is sent *through* or *on* the wires, as many people think, but that a man in Washington or any other city can *make marks* on paper at a great distance off, by means of the wires and electricity, and that these marks can be read like the writing in a letter.

"But there is nothing like words or letters on this," said Charley. "I don't see how you can find any meaning to it."

"If you look closely," replied Mr. Leslie, "you will see that the little marks are separated by spaces into groups, and these again by larger spaces into larger groups. The smaller groups stand for letters of the alphabet, and the larger ones form words. It is not usual for telegraph clerks to deliver messages in this form, they write them out for us in the common style; but I obtained this in order to show it to you just as it was written by the telegraphic instrument. There are but two words in this despatch, besides the date and name. I will write underneath these marks the letters for which they stand, and then all will be plain."

The following is a copy of the despatch, omitting the date, with the translation below: —

A l l r i g h t . J o h n .

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"Why! is that the way telegraphic messages are written?" exclaimed Lizzie, with much surprise. "I thought people went to the office at one end of the line, and somehow, by means of the wire, wrote what they wanted to at the other end, in their own handwriting. But I never could imagine how they did it."

"That cannot be done by any telegraph yet invented, though an ingenious Frenchman has contrived one by which a person's handwriting, or even a picture, can be exactly copied at the distant station. But it is so complicated and delicate that it has not yet come into very extensive use.

"Now you will see that it is only necessary to have different combinations of dots or hyphens and lines, like those on this despatch, to stand for every letter of the alphabet, and for each of the numerals and the punctuation-marks, and then by means of them any kind of a message can be written. This is the way the Morse Telegraphic Alphabet is made. It was invented by Professor Morse of this country, and is used by all the telegraphic machines that bear his name. The clerk was so kind as to give me a card containing a copy of this alphabet."

Mr. Leslie here exhibited a card on which were printed the following characters, for the use of telegraph operators: —

MORSE TELEGRAPHIC ALPHABET.

a ·—	h ····	o — —	v ···—
b —···	i ··	p ·——·	w ·——
c —·—·	j ·———	q ——·—	x —··—
d —··	k —·—	r ·—·	y —·——
e ·	l ·—··	s ···	z ——··
f ··—·	m ——	t —	& ·—···
g ——·	n —·	u ··—	

NUMERALS.

1 ·———·	4 ····—	7 ——···	0 —————
2 ··——·	5 ·····	8 ———··	
3 ···—·	6 —····	9 ————·	

PUNCTUATION-MARKS, &c.

. ·—·—·—	? ··——··	" " ·—··—· ·—··—·
, ——·—	! ———·—	( ) —·——·

After studying this card for some minutes, Charley remarked, "Well, it seems easy enough to read a despatch after one has learned the alphabet; but the next thing that puzzles me is, how can a man in Washington make these little marks exactly right at such a distance off? Some of them, that stand for different letters, are almost alike, and if they're not made very carefully, mistakes must happen."

"Mistakes do sometimes happen," said his father, "but these are guarded against by repeating the message when it is of importance; that is, the

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clerk who receives it telegraphs the same back to the sender, who informs him whether it is correct, before it is delivered. There is a telegraph, however, which is used to a considerable extent in this country, which prints despatches in the common alphabet, so that they can be read by any one; but its machinery is very complicated, and not easily explained. It was invented by Mr. Hughes. The machinery of the Morse telegraph, by which this despatch was written, is, like its alphabet, quite simple and easily understood; and it is not difficult to work it with accuracy when one is familiar with it. But before you can understand it, you must know something more about electricity, and the curious ways in which that force acts.

"You will remember that in our last talk I showed you how electricity might be produced by rubbing various substances together, — that is, by *friction;* also how it causes some substances to attract others. The electric force produced by friction, however, while very powerful, is quite unsteady; it acts in sudden impulses, like the flashes of lightning, which cannot be well managed, and are attended with danger. Another way has been found to produce electric force of a kind that is steady and constant in its action, and easily manageable."

"It seems, then, to be like horses and other animals," interposed Charley, — "some kinds wild and dangerous, and others tame and useful. But tell us where they get the tame kind."

"It has been found," continued Mr. Leslie, "that when certain metals are placed in an acid, the acid dissolves, or, as we sometimes say, eats up the metal, and in this process a kind of electricity is given off that is called chemical electricity, or *galvanism.* This was first discovered about eighty years ago, by Professor Galvani, in Italy, and hence its name. The metal usually employed for this purpose is zinc, and the acid most used is sulphuric acid, otherwise known as oil of vitriol. This acid is very powerful; if you should get a drop on your clothes or your hand, it would burn like fire, and hence it must be used very carefully.

"When employed for the purpose we are speaking of, the acid is usually kept in glass cups or jars, and is made weak by diluting it with water. If into a jar of this acid a plate of zinc is inserted, together with a piece of copper or some other good electric conductor, so placed as not to touch the zinc, and then the two connected above by a piece of copper wire, it is found that a gentle current of electricity begins at once to pass from the zinc to the copper through the fluid, and back from the copper through the wire to the zinc. This continues steadily as long as the acid continues to dissolve the zinc, and until the metal is all 'eaten up.' Then a new plate may be inserted, and so the supply kept up as long as is desired.

"By placing two or more such jars side by side, and joining by wire the copper in one to the zinc in the next, and the copper of the last to the zinc in the first, a much stronger current is produced, though equally steady. These cups, or jars, are called *cells*, and two or more of them joined together as described form what is called a *battery.* The two extremes, where the force seems to collect, are called the *poles* of the battery; the copper one,

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from which the current is given off, is the *positive* pole; and the zinc one, where it is received, is the *negative*."

"But," said Charley, "if the electricity goes back from the copper to the zinc, and so only goes round and round through the battery, I don't see how any use can be made of it."

"Wait a bit, and you shall see. The wire which extends from the positive to the negative pole of a battery may be made as long as you please. It may stretch to a distant city and back again, or even around the earth, and — provided it is well insulated, that is, placed so that the electricity shall not be drawn off anywhere — the current will pass through the whole length just as well and almost as quickly as if it were but a yard long."

"Why, father!" exclaimed Lizzie, "my geography says it is nearly twenty-five thousand miles around the earth. You surely don't mean to say that electricity can go that distance about as quickly as it can go three feet!"

"I doubt if you could tell the difference in time," was the reply. "The electric impulse moves at the rate of *two hundred thousand miles in a second*, and that is more than eight times the distance around our globe. Hence it would take but one eighth of a second for a current to pass around the earth. Few people can think twice in that time.

"But I must give you some idea how this current can be used in sending messages. Suppose we had a battery here in this room, and a wire connecting with its positive pole, but extending through all the rooms in this house and back again to the negative pole. Such a wire would form what is called a *circuit*, and so long as it was kept unbroken, the battery being in operation, a current of electricity would constantly pass through its entire length. If this wire should be cut anywhere, and the ends separated even so little as the sixteenth of an inch, the current would instantly stop; yet, if these ends were merely touched together again, the current would be restored at once.

"Now I have to tell you some curious and important facts which you must remember. *Any wire through which an electric current is passing becomes for the time magnetic*, — that is, it will draw some things to it, just as we saw the electrified glass draw bits of paper; and it ceases to be magnetic the instant the current ceases. But the attractive power of a single electrified wire is very slight, — not sufficient, probably, to be made useful for the purpose required. But just here another curious and still more important fact comes to our aid. If the wire be wound several times around a bar of soft iron, — the wire itself having first been carefully wound with silk or cotton thread, so that its turns shall not touch each other, — *this iron becomes strongly magnetic while the current is passing in the wire*, but ceases to attract the instant the current stops. Such a bar of iron is called an *electro-magnet*. It is usually bent in the form of the letter U, and the wire is coiled around the two ends. Professor Henry, of Washington, once made a magnet in this way which would lift more than a ton by mere attraction, that is, by electro-magnetism.*

* In "A Talk about the Aurora," printed in the December number of "Our Young Folks," 1872,

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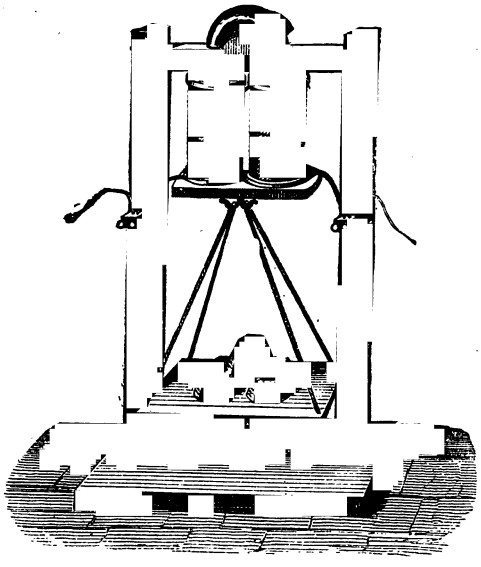

Electro-magnet loaded with Weights.

"Suppose, now, we had a small magnet, made in this way, fixed in the line I spoke of, in the farthest chamber in this house; then, if I were to close and break the circuit here, and you were in that chamber, you might instantly know when I did this, by suspending a small piece of iron near the magnet. When the circuit was closed and the current passing, the iron would be strongly drawn to the magnet; but when the circuit was broken, the attraction would instantly cease, and the iron fall away from the magnet. This could be done as rapidly or as slowly as I chose. And it would make no difference if the line extended to a distant city instead of to another room in this house. Now, Charley, having got so far as this, do you not think we could arrange some signals by which to communicate with each other?"

Charley thought this was possible to a small extent, but did not yet see exactly how such marks could be made as were necessary to spell words and sentences.

"We will see how that can be done presently," continued Mr. Leslie. "I have now given you the entire principle on which the Morse and most other telegraphs operate. *It is simply by means of the attractive power which electricity imparts to metals*, and which may be instantly imparted or withdrawn. So you see that the only thing sent over or through the wire is an electric impulse or thrill, which causes magnetic attraction."

"O yes!" exclaimed Charley, struck by a new idea. "I have heard the wires *hum* sometimes when I have been near them. That must have been the electricity passing through them."

"Not at all," replied his father; "the electric current makes no sound or sensible motion in the wire. The humming sound you heard was merely caused by the wind making the wire vibrate rapidly, like the strings of an Æolian harp.

"Now, as to the means of communicating words and sentences. We first want some convenient way of breaking and closing the circuit, or of separating and joining the wire after it leaves the battery, so that this can be

electro-magnetism was, by a singular inadvertence, spoken of as a phase of atmospheric electricity. The term correctly applies only to the magnetic force developed in metals by electricity.

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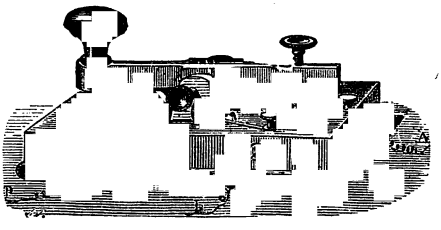
done instantly, and held either way as long as we choose. For this a very simple piece of mechanism is sufficient. A small lever, made of brass or any good conducting material, with a wooden knob at one end on which to press the finger, and a spring underneath to raise it when the pressure is removed, will answer the purpose.

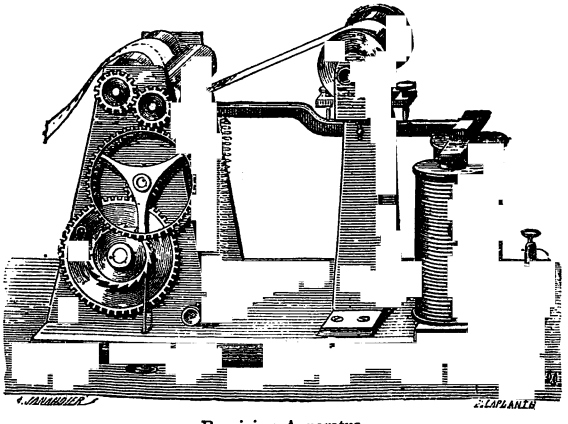


Morse's Manipulator.

The wire from the battery" [marked L in the accompanying illustration] "is connected with the lever at its fulcrum, — that is, the part on which the lever rests, — and between the fulcrum and the knob underneath is a metallic point connected with the wire of the line through which the message is to be sent" [marked P].

"When the finger bears down on the knob, the bar of the lever is made to touch this metallic point, and this joins the circuit, so that the current passes; but the instant the finger is lifted the spring lifts the bar, breaks the circuit, and stops the current. This instrument is called a *key*, or *manipulator*, and it is all that is required in sending a message by the Morse telegraph.

"Next, we want an instrument to receive and record the message at the station to which it is sent. For this purpose another little lever may be arranged so that one end of it, to which a piece of soft iron must be attached, — because soft iron is attracted more strongly than anything else, — shall be near the electro-magnet already described, and the other end, armed with a small point called a *style*, shall rest lightly against a strip of paper.



Receiving Apparatus.

When the operator, using the key, sends a current through the wire, the magnet attracts the iron on the end of this lever, drawing it to itself, and causing the opposite end to press the style upon the paper. Now, let the paper be moved steadily forward, and the style will trace a mark on it as long as the current is passing.

If the distant operator presses his hand quickly on the key, and instantly withdraws it, a mere dot or hyphen will be made; but if he holds the lever

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down for any length of time, a line, shorter or longer, as he pleases, is traced, just as you have seen on the despatch. The paper is moved forward by being drawn between two rollers turned by clock-work. In this way the telegrapher makes these curious little marks which stand for letters, and spells out words and sentences many miles away.

"How very simple and easy it seems, when you once understand it!" remarked Ada. "I really believe I could learn to be a telegrapher myself."

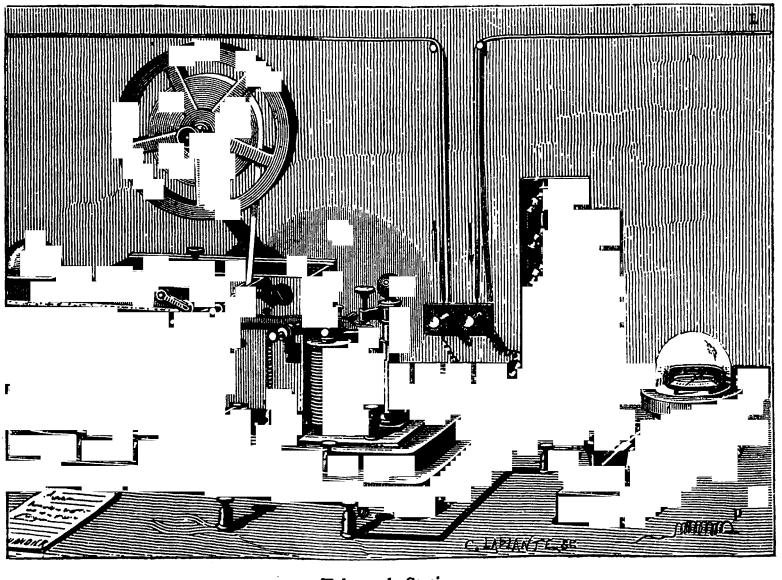
"Many young ladies have learned the art, and are very expert operators," said her father.

"But I have heard," she continued, "that telegraphers can understand messages by merely listening to the sound of the instrument. Is that true?"

"It is. The iron on the end of the writing lever, which is called the *armature*, when it strikes the magnet makes a peculiar clicking sound; and when the operator becomes sufficiently familiar with this, he does not need to look at the paper to know what is being written."

Charley, who had been intently revolving the whole subject in his mind, with a view to constructing a telegraph for his own amusement some day, now had another question to propose: "Do I understand, father, that the line which goes to a distant station must always return to the opposite pole of the battery from which it starts?"

"That was once supposed to be necessary," replied Mr. Leslie, "and the first telegraphs were constructed with 'return wires.' But it was afterwards found that the earth is a still better conductor than the wire; and



Telegraph Station.

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it is only necessary to carry the end of the wire to a zinc plate sunk in the moist earth, and to connect the zinc pole of the battery with a copper plate sunk in the same way. This is a great saving of expense. Still more recently it has been found that the wire may just as well be attached to a common gas or iron water-pipe, which is often already at hand in an office. Thus you see constant discoveries and improvements are being made, and no one can tell where they will end.

"Besides the manipulator, or key, and the receiver," continued Mr. Leslie, "some other instruments are usually employed in a telegraph station. Here is a picture in this little book,* showing them all.

"You see the wire of the line (L) entering the room on the wall in the rear, and leaving on the opposite side. It passes down and first enters a very curious instrument called a *lightning conductor*, which is intended to carry off any charges of electricity that may come from the clouds in a storm, so that they shall do no harm; next, the line passes through another curious instrument, called a *galvanometer* (seen under a glass case, at the right), which shows the strength of the current; then through the manipulator (seen at the right, in front), which, when not in use for sending a message, becomes a part of the line. From this the line connects with the receiver, which is shown, with its magnet, lever, style, and strip of paper. The paper unwinds from the bobbin suspended above, passes between two rollers, where it receives the message, — one of these rollers having a slight groove in the centre, so that the style may make a deeper impression, — and then is wound upon another bobbin, at the left (not shown). Below the rollers, a little to the left, is seen the key by which the clock-work enclosed in the box is wound up. At the left, in the rear, is a bell, which may be connected with the line, so as to be rung to call attention by a distant operator, when he wishes to send a message. The wire seen at P, in the right-hand corner, connects with the battery, but is detached from the manipulator when this is not in use."

"Does lightning from the clouds often enter the telegraph-offices?" asked Charley.

"Quite often, in the season of thunder-storms; and it frequently shows its presence in the wires when no storm-cloud is in sight. Sometimes, when appearing in small quantities, it can be used in sending messages instead of electricity from the battery; but when the atmosphere is strongly charged with it, it causes much disturbance, and would be dangerous to both the instruments and the operators, were it not for the lightning conductors used. These instruments, when the atmospheric electricity becomes unmanageable, will separate it from the more staid and docile current of the battery, and send it galloping into the earth, leaving the battery current to work on in the line of its duty."

"Do tell us about this conductor," said the children, in a breath. "It must be a very curious affair."

* See "Wonders of Electricity," a highly instructive volume of the "Wonder Series," published by Scribner, Armstrong, & Co., New York.

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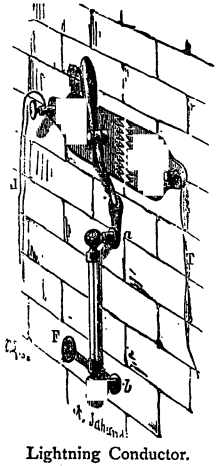
"I have already told you that the electricity of the clouds is of a somewhat different nature from that of the battery. One of its peculiarities is, that it is attracted by metallic points, and will readily leap across a thin space of air to such points, while the battery current cannot do this. Besides, the lightning, when in any considerable quantity, will melt a small wire in attempting to pass through it, though this wire would be amply sufficient to conduct a battery current. Advantage has been taken of these facts to construct an apparatus, the principle of which is illustrated in this sketch."

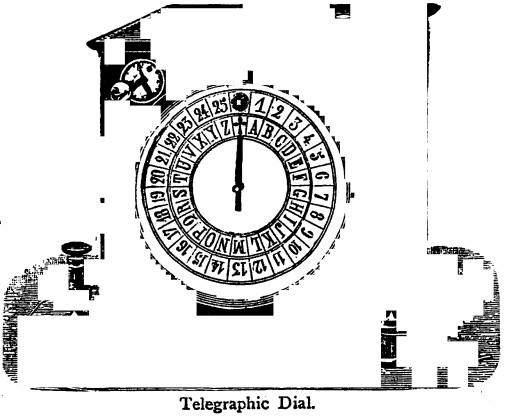
Here Mr. Leslie exhibited a picture of a lightning-rod, such as is sometimes used in connection with railway telegraphs.



Lightning Conductor.

"The wire of the line (L) is connected with a plate of metal (P) furnished with many points, which make it look like a comb. Opposite this plate, and very near it, is another of the same shape, communicating directly with the earth (through the wire T). The lightning, entering on the wire, passes into the first of these plates, leaps across the space to the points of the second, and so escapes to the earth. But the electricity of the battery cannot make this leap, and so it continues on the route, passing into a very small copper wire enclosed in a brass tube below, and thence to the instruments. If the lightning comes in too large quantities to escape by the points, it is conducted along this fine copper wire, which quickly melts. This closes the passage, and no more can pass to the instruments. But telegraphers have to be very cautious, and if there is much electrical disturbance in the atmosphere, they turn the whole current into the ground, and wait until the storm has passed.

"There are still other and very ingenious ways of using electricity in telegraphy. One is by the dial telegraph, which is becoming quite common in business offices. On the face of a box containing the apparatus there is a dial-plate surrounded by letters and figures, and a needle that points to them. A current of electricity is arranged to let loose the clock-work inside, until it carries the index around to the letter or figure at which the operator wishes to stop it. There is such a box and dial at each end of the line; the apparatus is worked at either end, and read at the other. Another method is— But I think I have told you all you will remember for this time."



Telegraphic Dial.

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"Will you some time please tell us about *electrotyping*, and how forks, spoons, jewelry, and other things, can be covered with silver or gold by means of electricity?" asked Ada.

"With pleasure; but I must now bid you all good night."

N. A. Eliot.

THE SLEEPY LITTLE SISTER.

I SAT, one evening, watching
A little golden head
That was nodding o'er a picture-book;
And pretty soon I said,
"Come, darling, you are sleepy,
Don't you want to go to bed?"
"No," she said, "I is n't sleepy,
But I can't hold up my head."

"Just now it feels so heavy,
There is n't any use;
Do let me lay it down to rest
On dear old Mother Goose!
I sha' n't shut up my eyes at all,
And so you need not fear;
I 'll keep 'em open, all the while,
To see this picture here."

And then, as I said nothing,
She settled for a nap;
One curl was resting on the frill
Of the old lady's cap;
Her arms embraced the children small
Inhabiting the shoe;—
"O dear," thought I, "what shall I say?
For this will never do."

I sat awhile in silence,
Till the clock struck its "ding, ding,"
And then I went around and kissed
The cunning little thing.
The violets unfolded
As I kissed her, and she said,
"I is n't sleepy, sister,
But I guess I 'll go to bed."

Georgiana McNeil.

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NANNIE'S EXPERIENCE.

"I THINK," said little Nannie Mason, "you are such a cross mamma, that I shall go away some day and leave you, and never come back any more, and then you won't have any little girl."

This was Nannie's favorite threat when anything went contrary to her wishes.

"Why, Nannie, what 's the matter now?" asked her father, lowering his newspaper, and looking over it at the forlorn little figure seated on the hassock.

"Mary Carr asked me to come over and spend the afternoon with her, and mamma won't let me go," said Nannie, mournfully. "Mamma wants me to play out in the yard with Willie. I am so tired of Willie! I have to play with him every Wednesday afternoon. And I don't love mamma one bit." And Nannie shook her curly head with great decision.

"Dear me, Nannie! Don't love mamma one bit? How dreadful!" said her father. "Some little girls don't have any mammas to love. What do you think you could do, if you did not have any mamma?"

Nannie's face brightened. "O," said she, promptly, "I could put on my best dress and my bronze boots every afternoon."

Mr. Mason raised his paper to conceal the smile he could not quite repress. Presently he lowered the paper and went on: "You said just now, Nannie, that some time you would go away and never come back any more. Where are you going?"

Nannie sat in thoughtful silence for a minute. "I should go out to Mr. West's farm, I guess," said she. "When we were out there, they asked me to stay and be their little girl; and Mr. West said I might have the cunning little chickens all for my own."

"O yes, I had forgotten all about that," said her father. "Well, Nannie, this is a very nice afternoon. If you are going at all, why don't you go to-day?"

"O, may I?" said Nannie, eagerly.

"If you had rather go out there to live and be their little girl, than to live here and be our little girl, you may go," said her father, gravely.

"And may I wear my new dress and bronze boots?" said Nannie, jumping up.

"May she, mamma?" said Mr. Mason.

"I shall not interfere with any of your arrangements," said Mrs. Mason, who sat sewing by the window.

So Nannie presently arrayed herself in her new dress and boots, and her father, though somewhat unused to the work, managed to fasten the dress and button the high boots.

"I shall want my old dress and ankle-ties to put on in the morning, you know," said Nannie, thoughtfully, as she put on her hat.

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"Very well, you can take them in your satchel," said her father. "But I think we shall have to ask mamma to fold the dress," he said, after various unsuccessful attempts to reduce it to the size of the satchel.

Mrs. Mason laid aside her sewing and folded the dress. "I suppose," she said, "if you are Mrs. West's little girl, she will make your clothes now. But she can send in by Mr. West for some of your old clothes, if you need them before she has time to make you any new ones."

"Thank you. Yes'm," said Nannie, with severe politeness. She was still cherishing the anger against her mother.

She put the satchel on her arm. She was ready to set out, but she lingered beside her father. "I wish you were going too, papa!" she said.

"Why should I go?" asked Mr. Mason. "I love mamma dearly, and don't want to go away and leave her; and I am not tired of Willie."

Nannie hesitated a minute. Then suddenly she said, "Good by, papa," putting up her face to be kissed.

Mr. Mason kissed her. Then Nannie ran past her mother without a word, out of the room and out of the house, down the steps and down the street. She knew the way very well out to Mr. West's farm. She had been by it often, and once she had been there to tea with her father and mother and Willie. Nannie and Willie had a very nice time playing with the little chickens and making nests in the fresh, sweet hay. But now, as Nannie went along, she did not feel very happy, although she did have on her nice dress and bronze boots. She had not said good by to her mother, nor kissed her; and she could not help thinking how disappointed Willie would be when he awoke from his after-dinner nap and found her gone. Then the dust would get on the pretty bronze boots, though she stooped and wiped them again and again, until her handkerchief got quite soiled. And the bag on her arm grew very heavy, and there was nobody to carry it for her. Nannie had never taken such a long walk alone before. And the sun was so warm that Nannie's face grew quite damp with perspiration, and she wiped it off, quite unaware of the streaks the soiled handkerchief left. So a good many things troubled Nannie; and, worst of all, when she had almost reached Mrs. West's, a big black dog ran barking out of a yard at her, and Nannie was dreadfully frightened, but she could not run behind her mother for shelter, nor cling to her father's hand. Poor Nannie! She screamed, but there was nobody to hear her, and in her terror she ran on as fast as possible. As soon as she dared she looked back, and saw the dog standing still in the middle of the road, looking after her. And at that she ran on faster than ever.

When she reached Mrs. West's house, she ran round the yard and into the back door quite out of breath. Mrs. West was sitting in the kitchen, braiding a mat.

"If you please," said Nannie, as soon as her panting breath would admit of her speaking, "I have come — to be your — little girl."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Mrs. West, looking over her glasses in great astonishment, pausing in her work and steadfastly regarding the grimy little

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visage under the broad-brimmed hat. "If that don't beat all! What 's your name, little girl?"

Somehow, this was not just the sort of welcome that Nannie had expected. She said, with quivering lips, "I 'm Nannie Mason. You asked me to be your little girl!"

"Nannie Mason! Land's sake alive! I declare, I did not know you," said Mrs. West, now adjusting her specs so that she could look straight through them. "Did your ma say you might come and see me this afternoon?"

"Papa said I might come and be your little girl," said Nannie. "I have got my old dress and ankle-ties in my bag, and mamma said you could send for some of my old clothes if you wanted them."

"Well, I declare!" said Mrs. West, "I never heard of such a thing in my life." Just then somebody rapped at the front door, and Mrs. West, laying aside her work and bidding Nannie sit down, went to answer the summons. It was one of Mr. Mason's clerks, who held a short conference with Mrs. West.

She presently came back to the kitchen, smiling. "So you have come to live with me, Nannie," she said. "I am very glad, I am sure. It will seem nice to have a little girl about the house. Take off your hat, dear, and let me wash your face, for it has got very dusty with your walk, and if anybody should come in, I should not want them to think my little girl had a dirty face, you know."

Nannie did not like very well to have her face washed at any time. Sometimes, I am sorry to say, she would cry when her mother washed her. She found Mrs. West's scrubbing and wiping with the rough crash towel very different from her mamma's gentle touch. But Nannie did not dare to say anything.

After Nannie had rested a little while, she ran out to see the chickens. But, to her great disappointment, she found that the cunning little puff-balls, that flew over the grass so comically when she saw them last, were now half-grown, scraggy, long-legged hens, that were not in the least pretty. She did not like them any more. Then she went through a gate to pick some blackberries growing by the wall, and she got a berry-stain on her dress and a long scratch across one of her new boots. Besides, there was no fun in picking berries when she could not give any to Willie. And Nannie could not help thinking of Willie, and wishing she had kissed her mamma. Then she wondered where she would sleep, and ran into the house to ask Mrs. West.

Mrs. West went up stairs with her, and showed her a little chamber. It was a room with a sloping ceiling and without paper on the walls, and it seemed very strange to Nannie. She did not like the queer, cross-legged little bedstead with the patchwork quilt. It was not half so nice as the white-draped bed Nannie had slept in the night before; and she felt afraid the sloping wall would fall down on her while she slept. She looked very sober as she followed Mrs. West down stairs.

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Dear me! It was such a long afternoon; and Nannie could not help thinking of her mother, and how she had said she did not love her one bit, and had run away without kissing her; and the tears would keep coming in her eyes. And when it grew dusk and supper was ready, Nannie could not eat anything. She could not even drink the cup of nice milk Mrs. West gave her.

"O dear," she sobbed, leaning her arms on the table and her head on her arms, "I don't want to be your little girl and live here! I want to be my mamma's little girl, and sleep in my own bed."

"Bless her heart! She should not stay if she did not want to," said Mrs. West, lifting her into her lap and cuddling her in her arms. "Don't cry any more, dear; you shall go home and see your mother this very night."

But Nannie only cried and sobbed the harder. "It's da-ark and I'm afra-aid to go. A big black do-og barked at me when I ca-ame out here."

"There, there, dear, don't cry, and Joshua shall tackle up and carry you home in the wagon after supper. And just think what a nice ride you will have. So cheer up and eat some supper."

But Nannie could not eat any supper; and though she was glad to get home, she did not enjoy the ride very much, for she felt very miserable and homesick. When she reached home, I am afraid she forgot to thank Mr. West for her ride, so eager was she to run into the house and find her mamma.

"O mamma!" she cried, with the tears running down her face, "won't you let me come back to live and be your little girl? I'll be your good little girl forever nor ever." And when she was safely sheltered in her mamma's arms, and confessing all her grief and remorse, she began to feel a little better.

Pretty soon Nannie's father came home. "Bless my soul!" said he, "is Mr. West's little girl over here to-night?"

Nannie lifted her curly head from her mother's breast, and laughed through her tears. "I'm not Mr. West's little girl," she said; "I am my own precious mamma's and yours, and I am going to live here and play with my darling Willie."

"O, I thought you were tired of Willie!"

Nannie in answer slipped down from her mamma's lap and hugged and kissed Willie till he pushed her away. Willie was only two years old, and though he loved Nannie dearly, he did not like to be hugged and kissed very long at a time.

I wish I could say that always after that Nannie Mason was such a good little girl that she did without complaint what her mother thought best.

It must be confessed that sometimes her own way did seem to her a great deal nicer than her mother's. But of one thing you may be sure, she never again told her mother that she would go away and leave her. She had learned that her mother could do without her better than she could do without her mother.

Sarah G. Duley.

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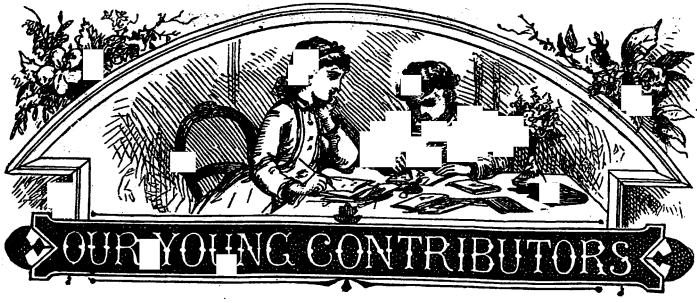

WHAT THE FAIRY TOLD ME.

AUNT BETSEY was inexorable. In vain did I plead to be excused on the ground that it was such a beautiful day it seemed a pity to stay in the house and sew.

"Marion Starr," said Aunt Betsey, impressively, "that seam has got to be sewed this very afternoon, and no two ways about it. You 're gaddin' round outdoors the hull time, an' when I tell you to do somethin' useful, there 's always an excuse not to. Now, don't let me hear another word."

After that, as you might imagine, I kept still, for I did n't want to make Aunt Betsey cross, and have all the phials of her wrath poured out on my defenceless head. But I could n't stay in the house such lovely weather, so I took my work and went down to what we called the intervale, — a wide sweep of level land, covered with long, thick grass, and having several large trees at the side, under one of which I sat down. I began my work, stopping every now and then to look round at the beautiful prospect spread out before me, and to watch the grass undulating like the ocean waves as the breeze swept across the meadow. I was congratulating myself upon having so nearly reached the end of my seam, when I saw a sight that caused me to drop my work very quickly. Close at my feet, on a blade of grass, sat a tiny fairy, all in green, swinging to and fro as the grass moved. All doubts as to whether I was really awake were soon dispelled by her voice.

"Dear me!" said she, settling herself more firmly upon her rocking seat, "one would think you never saw any of my race before, and yet here you have lived among us year after year. I am one of the grass-fairies. Is it possible," she continued, seeing my look of astonishment, "that you never knew that every blade of grass has a fairy to take care of it?"

I looked my ignorance, and begged her to enlighten me on the subject.

"In the first place you must know," said she, "that when grass comes up out of the ground it is very tender, and must be well taken care of. That is the business of us fairies. Perhaps you have sometimes noticed the fine silky hairs which you find on grass. Every day we count these hairs, and, when night comes, each fairy bathes her blade of grass in the refreshing dew. If the night is too cool, we wrap our clothes around the tender sprout to keep it warm, and we also shield it from the hot midday sun. But, in spite of all our trouble, sometimes Jack Frost comes upon us unawares, and nips the delicate green spires so that they perish." Here the fairy sighed as at some sad remembrance, but continued, after a short pause, "No doubt you have often noticed what you thought was the breeze blowing over the grass. Not at all. That is the fairies dancing and courtesying to each other, and the rustling noise you hear is their voices as they talk together. You mortals are very unkind to

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us sometimes, though you may not know it. Every few weeks a man comes along with some sharp instrument, and recklessly cuts down blade after blade of this beautiful grass. Then what a busy time for the fairies, with all the wounds to bind up, and so many patients to take care of! No sooner are they recovered and growing finely, than the same process must be gone through with again. It 's well that grass does n't grow all the year round, or we should be quite worn out. As it is, we sleep all winter underground, where it is very comfortable as a general thing. But, after all, the life of a grass-fairy is a hard one, whatever may be said in favor of it, and —"

"Bless me, child!" cried my Aunt Betsey; "you 'll catch your death-cold, asleep out here on the grass. Go right straight into the house."

I sat up and rubbed my eyes. Was it possible that I had been dreaming? I looked around, but no fairy was to be seen; so I came unwillingly to the conclusion that I had been asleep, and had heard no voice save that of Aunt Betsey, which was certainly *anything* but *fairy-like.*

Marion Starr.

OUR PRINTING-OFFICE IN THE WOODS.

FEW printers, I think, have ever plied their vocation amid more beautiful scenery than that which surrounded our Texas printing-office. It stood on the summit of a wooded hill, almost completely encircled by a narrow prairie, leaving a few large trees to crown the elevation; the little prairie forming an excellent playground, as I often found after work hours.

Look to the east as you stand by our office, and you catch a glimpse, between the waving branches, of a collection of buildings a mile distant, and just visible above the gentle swell of the intervening hill. That is B——, our post-office town. There some one of us used to go at least twice every week for our "exchanges" and other mail matter; and to the coming of none of our papers or magazines did we look forward so eagerly as to the monthly visits of "Our Young Folks."

Looking southward, your eye follows the windings of a little "spring branch," until it is lost among the trees and undergrowth two miles away. Farther on, a dense forest stretches far away over the country, its southern boundary occasionally broken by inlets from the great prairie beyond, which reaches to the horizon and melts in air. In the foreground a line of magnificent oaks, a part of our own grove, their moss-festooned tops standing out in bold relief against the sky, enliven the monotony of an otherwise unbroken southern horizon.

On the north and east a luxuriant growth of forest trees sheltered us from the fierce "northers" of the Texas winter, while the half-open country for a space to the south gave free access to the Gulf breeze, which at that distance from the coast is mild and gentle. The summer wind sang softly among the mossy boughs, and the mocking-bird's light-hearted music was sweet to hear.

These gay little tenants of the wood, the mocking-birds, seem to appreciate the blessing of freedom; for the day is not long enough for them to tell all their joy, and I have often heard one of them, after midnight, singing the songs of his feathered neighbors to the silent shades about him, and have never yet been able to determine whether the happy little musician stopped singing before morning, or whether I wandered off to dreamland again, listening to his sleepy trills and his low warbling.

The birds, the rabbits, and the wolves were our nearest neighbors. One old lady-

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wolf, who seemed to cherish an affection for one of my little brothers, pursued him on one occasion nearly to our enclosure. Without even asking her to put her name on our subscription-list, father and I each caught up a gun and started after her; but where was she? She had disappeared, as only a wolf can, and we had to give her up for that time.

But more than once after that I saw, on looking up from my work, a wolf's hind legs and tail just vanishing among the wild blackberry-vines; and more than once did I leave my case, take my gun, and call the dogs to follow Mrs. Wolf, but always in vain. I could see her tracks in the sandy places, but the dogs, who had met her ladyship once already, and did not seem to desire a second introduction, refused to follow her trail, and I had to give up all hope of having a dressed wolf-skin for a saddle-cover.

Other incidents to enliven existence were not lacking in a pastoral country like Texas. For example, there were ten or twelve cows to milk every morning and evening, and I often had some fun, as well as some good exercise, after my day's employment in the office, pulling away and tying the big calves, six or eight months old. This pulling away is a very necessary part of the business; for these stout little baby cattle have a troublesome habit of butting at a furious rate, often inflicting gaping wounds in the knuckles of the unfortunate milker.

Sometimes, too, I was called from my work to drive up and pen a half-wild cow, that had lately become the mother of some of our future beef; and if milking and wolf-hunting were pleasant pastimes for me, imagine the pleasure of mounting a nimble, well-trained Spanish pony, and chasing a refractory cow (that is always sure to take a bee-line for the deepest gully, the densest thicket, or the muddiest water-hole within her knowledge) through glade and woodland, this way and that, like a worm-fence; often compelled to lie close against my horse's side, and hold my hat, and my head too, to keep from leaving them behind me in the top of some sapling or in a brier-patch!

Although my sister and I were seldom at a loss for something to preserve our cheerfulness at our type-setting, still we were always glad to have our negro washer-woman, Rinda, call on us, as she often did on wash-days, when her work was done.

On one occasion she came in accompanied by one of her dark-skinned neighbors, who watched us silently for some time, seeming very much awed by our presence, as though she were at church, and we were the preachers. At length, turning to Rinda, she said, scarce above a whisper, and pointing to the type in a case near her, "W–w–wat 's dem made out 'n, wood?" Rinda, who had been there before, and felt more at her ease than her companion, put on a very knowing look as she replied, "No, dem 's iron." But the first speaker was sceptical; turning to address father, who had just entered, she said, "Does you keep dem chillens pickin' up dem little sticks all day?"

I have not picked up many of "dem little sticks" since I left my Texas home; and though it has been but little more than a year since I saw it sinking beneath the horizon, it seems at times as though ages have passed since then; but again, when I am day-dreaming of the land I shall ever remember with love and pleasure, I half believe for a moment that I see the same dear, familiar objects, and feel the same soft breezes I have so often vainly longed for since I left them.

But time alone can solve the problem of human destiny; and I love to think that some future day will find me again at our printing-office in the woods.

S. Hayford, Jr.

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A DAY'S BLUE-FISHING.

"THERE, Al, I believe we have everything ready now," said I to my friend and chum, Albert Pierce, giving the finishing touches to a box of fishing-lines which I had just been overhauling, in order to have them in prime order for the next day, when we intended to go down the river for a day's sport at blue-fishing.

"Yes, everything is all right now," answered he; "and I have set my alarm-clock to waken us at four o'clock, so that we shall not oversleep ourselves."

Throwing off our clothes, we sprang into bed, and were soon sound asleep, rehearsing in our dreams the expected sport of the morrow.

Albert Pierce was my cousin and chum, and I was spending a vacation at my uncle Robert's house, which was delightfully situated on one of the numerous streams which flow into Delaware Bay from the western shore. As Al owned a fine sloop-rigged yacht, the Bessie, which his father had presented to him on his last birthday, we were not at a loss for enjoyment, and to-morrow we were going to try our luck at blue-fishing.

Al's yacht was a beautiful little craft, but strong and seaworthy, nevertheless; and as we could just handle her nicely, and were both good swimmers, Uncle Robert had no fear in allowing us to go out alone in her.

The faithful little clock awakened us promptly at four o'clock, and we were soon dressed and on board the Bessie. It was not yet daylight, but we were both familiar with the yacht, and had no trouble in getting under way. The breeze was light, and as the mouth of the river was some distance from Uncle Robert's house, it was sunrise before we reached it. On going ashore, we soon procured a basket of crabs for bait, and, the breeze freshening considerably, were not long in arriving at the fishing-ground. It was now about low water, and as the fish bit best on the coming in of the flood tide, we first made a raid on the basket of luncheon, and, after satisfying our appetites, threw out our lines and waited anxiously for a bite.

After waiting for what seemed to me, who was new to the sport, a long time, but which Al, like an enthusiastic fisherman, accepted with a patience worthy of emulation, I felt a tremendous tug at my line, and soon succeeded in landing (or rather decking) a fine four-pounder, which measured at least twenty inches. Soon came a delighted yell from Al, followed by a disappointed grunt, as the fish he had hooked made off just as he had got it to the top of the water; but with a laughing "Better luck next time!" he threw in his line again. Soon the sport waxed fast and furious, and we hauled in the fish almost as fast as we could bait our hooks and cast in the lines.

After a while, however, the fun began to lag, and we made preparations for dinner. The four-pounder (the first fish caught) was soon frying on the little cook-stove in the cuddy of the yacht; by the time it was nicely browned, the coffee was done; and on these, together with the remains of the luncheon, we made a famous meal.

In the afternoon the sport was not nearly so good as it had been in the morning; and we were just hauling in our lines preparatory to starting for home, when I was startled, upon turning round, to see Al leaning over the side and holding on with both hands to his line, which was sawing through the water, first in one direction and then in the other, at a lively rate.

"Aleck, lend a hand here! help me haul this fellow in," said he. "I guess I have hooked a shark, by the way it pulls!"

After playing the fish awhile, we finally got it aboard, and found that it was indeed

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a shark! Though not large, he was a vicious-looking fellow, and he snapped his formidable-looking teeth so that we were compelled to handle him very gingerly. But finally we got him stowed away in a safe place; and, considering this a fitting wind-up for our day's sport, we got under way again, and were soon bowling along before a stiff breeze for home, where we arrived just at sundown.

On summing up the result, we found we had captured ninety-eight blue-fish and four flounders, which, together with the shark, we considered pretty good luck. As to the latter gentleman, we found the next morning, when he was rather more docile than at first, that he measured thirty-two inches and weighed eleven pounds.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa. *A. W. S., age* 15.

MY SHIP.

I LAUNCHED a ship in a long-past year,
And sent it over the sea.
I said, "When my ship has crossed the main,
'T will surely come back to me."

I watched my ship with its precious load
Sail slowly over the sea;
I whispered low to my beating heart,
"'T will surely come back to me."

I sat on the beach, the yellow beach,
And looked far over the sea.
The sparkling wavelets broke at my feet,
And the earth was glad with me.

I waited long for my treasure-ship,
My eyes on the dull gray sea, —
The dark clouds veiled the face of the sun, —
It never came back to me!

I sat on the beach, the yellow beach,
But I looked not to the sea.
The wavelets died on the shining sand,
And the whole earth mourned with me.

But while I sat on the yellow beach,
A low voice spoke to me;
"Thy ship is safe in a distant port;
It is waiting there for thee."

Then the sun threw off his cloudy veil,
And shone on the bright blue sea.
I raised my head, and my heart grew light,
For an angel stood by me.

And he whispered soft, "I will come again,
And bear thee over the sea;

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Be sure at last thou shalt reach the port
Where thy treasure waits for thee."

To-day I sit on the yellow beach,
And look in hope to the sea.
The sparkling wavelets break at my feet,
And the whole earth hopes with me.

Alice Maude.

BABY'S WAKING UP.

Of all the pretty sights on which the great sun shines, I know this is the prettiest. For what can be prettier than our baby? Our baby, "dear little dimpled darling," lying in her cradle, looking as sweet and innocent as only a little round-faced, yellow-haired baby can. Her fat, dimpled hands, spread out, wave gently back and forth as the cradle rocks, — just as the old cat at Baby's feet, as yet undecided whether to lie down or jump off, waves her tail.

Pussy, you had better jump off, and take yourself and your much-abused, long-suffering tail safely out of the way, where Baby and her minions cannot find you, for Baby is waking up.

Her blue eyes open wider, with such a funny, sleepy look in them! Her red cheeks grow redder. The little hands double themselves up into soft, round fists, and wander through the air without regard to cradle motion, sometimes swooping fiercely down on the poor little knob of a nose, rubbing and pounding it without mercy.

Yes, Baby is waking up, and she opens her little rosebud mouth — what will happen? — wider and wider, wider yet! O Baby! are you only india-rubber? The cradle stops rocking. Pussy, catching one glimpse of the place where Baby's mouth was, is gone like a flash of gray lightning. The worst is over now. I breathe freely once more.

Baby lies still, idly winking. O the awful solemnity of a baby's face after a yawn!

The sunbeams, shining on Baby's hair, burnish it into tiny rings of gold. They shine, too, in the great wondering blue eyes, looking up so pleadingly, on the little hands held up, and the tiny mouth, screwed into such a funny shape, as if to say, "Daisy, take Baby."

O Baby, must I take you, and spoil the pretty picture?

Daisy, age 15.

OUR ROYAL HIGHNESSES.

My friend Jack Hill and myself were spending a fortnight in Rome during the Easter festivities, and at the desire of the former we had secured the services of a *cicerone*, or guide, to show us around. Giovanni — that was the worthy's name — was one of the brazenest specimens of a most brazen class. As I used frequently to observe, in that easy, off-hand manner on which I particularly pride myself, "Giovanni, my boy, you 're nothing but a lump of brass; and if you came to my country now, the enterprising natives would melt you down and convert you into Milton gold." Whereat he would grin pleasantly, and, appealing to Jack Hill, would say, "He very

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wittee, is it not so?" For Giovanni understood English, and, what was worse, spoke it.

Well, the very first morning he took us to St. Peter's, to see one of the greatest ceremonies of the year, when the Pope officiates at the high altar. The crowd was immense. We squeezed our way near to the altar under his masterly guidance. Just before us was a row of seats rising like steps on one side of the altar, which Giovanni informed us were reserved for dignitaries of church and state and illustrious strangers. They made our mouths water as we thought how well we would be able to see the whole ceremony if we only could be lucky enough to get into such eligible positions.

"Giovanny, you rascal!" said Jack, laughingly, "why don't you get us into those seats? We're illustrious strangers, — ain't we, Bubby?" This last insulting epithet was applied to me.

"O well, Missa Hill," said our guide, "if you want zem, I vill get zem for you." And off he started before we could prevent him, leaving us to wonder what in the world was coming next. Presently he returned, but accompanied this time by an officer in gorgeous uniform, who, when he came up to us, began a series of bows that filled us with astonishment. We responded, of course, and were then requested by the obsequious officer to follow him. This we did, the *cicerone* tipping us encouraging winks, and were conducted to the very seats we had so coveted, to our infinite amazement and the amazed envy of the multitude. We located ourselves where we were directed, not without sundry misgivings, however, as to what the upshot of the adventure would be.

"Confound that Giovanny!" whispered Jack. "He's got us into a nice mess."

"Yes, indeed," I returned. "I bet there's some terrible mistake, and when they find it out, we'll be kicked out of our places before all the people."

Our fears were groundless, however, and we remained unmolested spectators of the whole ceremony. We saw the Pope carried in procession through the entire length of the building and up to the main altar, where he officiated at the grand and impressive ceremonies which mark the ritual of the Catholic Church. The whole College of Cardinals were present, dressed in their red robes, besides the other various ecclesiastical dignitaries, all forming a scene "more easily imagined than described," as the newspaper correspondents have it. It must be confessed, though, that we were on pins and needles the whole time, and didn't enjoy the spectacle half so much as we should have done under ordinary circumstances. When all was over, we left the seats amid the same profusion of salaams from the gorgeous officer we had enjoyed at the beginning. Of course, our curiosity was excited to the highest pitch.

"What does it all mean?" we inquired of Giovanni, when we got into the open air.

"I hopes," said the latter, with a grin and a low bow, "zat your Royal Highnesses enjoyed ze show ver' much indeed."

"Our Royal Highnesses? What's the man blowing about?"

"Why," said Giovanni, who was fairly purple in the face with suppressed laughter, "I told zat dressed-up fool zat you vas ze — what you call? O, ze nephewses of ze King of Denmark, travelling incognito; and he believe every wort I say, and he —"

"And that's the way we got into those seats, is it?" said Jack, bursting out into a great guffaw, in which Giovanni and myself heartily joined.

The joke was too good to go unrewarded, and a couple of extra scudi caused a pleased expression to come over Giovanni's intellectual lineaments, as he swore that if we weren't princes we deserved to be, at any rate.

CAMDEN, N. J. *Wm. S. Walsh.*

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RIDDLE. — No. 48.

Place the letters contained in "new door" in such a position as to make one word out of it.

A. C.

ENIGMA. — No. 49.

In robin, not in wren;
In murmur, not in growl;
In dozen, not in ten;
In eagle, not in owl;
In pullet, not in hen;
The *whole* is a water-fowl.

Ruthven.

WORD SQUARES. — No. 50.

My first of cities once was peerless queen.
My second one can trace in David's line.
My third, in Saxon, sea or lake may mean.
My fourth, a gift to men from love divine.

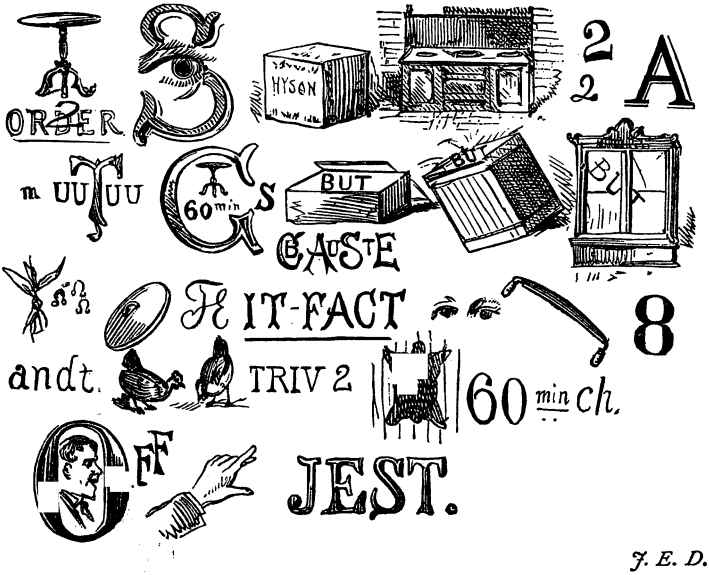
G. E.

No. 51.

1. To make a law.
2. A substance which lines the interior of some shells.
3. Performed.
4. Belief.
5. A boy's nickname.

E. J. P.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 52.



J. E. D.

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REBUS. — No. 53.

E

L I D A F E

T H

"*Friend.*"

ENIGMAS. — No. 54.

My *first* is in cry, but not in speak;
My *second*'s in year, but not in week;
My *third* is in pen, but not in sty;
My *fourth* is in doll, but not in cry;
My *fifth* is in Johnny, but not in Mike;
My *whole* is something that little boys like.

Wilder D. Quint, age 9.

No. 55.

My *first* is a useful animal.
My *second*, a useful article.
My *third*, a part of a house.
My *whole*, a town.

Ruthie M., age 13.

No. 56.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 3, 14, 10, 2, 11, 13, 14, is used in lamps.
My 1, 12, 8, is very muddy.
My 5, 13, 7, is a Spanish title.
My 6, 4, 6, 9, is part of the eye.
My *whole* is a place where boys and girls have a good time.

S. P. Lasell.

DIAMOND PUZZLE. — No. 57.

A consonant.
A number.
A reptile.
To lengthen.
A vowel.

"*Needle and Pin.*"

METAGRAM. — No. 58.

First, I am a murderer. Change my head, and I am profit. Again, and I have reposed. Again, and I am the principal part. Again, and I am caused by the toothache. Again, and I am wet. Again, and I am useless.

Volta.

CURIOUS COMPARISONS.

No. 59.

Positive.

An industrious insect, far famed for its skill,
Which can work and can sting with an equal good will.

Comparative.

A concoction for which no palate should crave,
Which will certainly take many men to the grave.

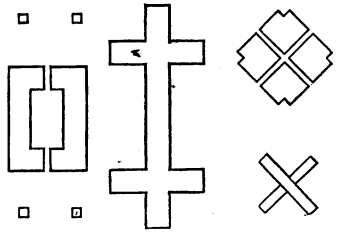
Superlative.

I am sometimes a tiger and sometimes a bear,
And I think you had better not come to my lair.

Jack Straw.

PUZZLE. — No. 60.

Cut out of a single piece of paper, with one cut of the scissors, this double cross, and all the other figures shown in the cut.



WORD SQUARES. — No. 61.

1. An ardent friend.
2. A kind of fruit.
3. Pertaining to life.
4. To shun.
5. To lease again.

H. E. W.

No. 62.

1. A competitor.
2. A beautiful country.
3. Mist.
4. Solitary.
5. Musical instruments.

Alice Greene.

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DOUBLE CHARADE. — No. 63.

First part.

My *first* is usually dark. My *second* is a preposition. My *third* is a strong wind.

Second part.

My *first* is near. My *second* is a metal. My *third* is a violent tempest.

Clifford Bowsir.

TRANSPOSITION. — No. 64.

I am a girl's name. Transpose, I am a river. Again, I am color.

Bro. Jonathan.

NAMES OF BIRDS. — No. 65.

1. A vessel, a letter, and a grain.
2. To twist, and a pebble.
3. A combustible material and a faucet.
4. A personal pronoun and a preposition.
5. An animal, a letter, and a preposition.
6. Part of a ship, and a line.
7. A girl's nickname and something to eat.
8. A fowl, a letter, and a river.
9. A letter, and tiny.

Lindaraxa.

A TOAST. — No. 66.

Her e'sa, He althto; alltho Seth atilo ve!

He re'saheal (th) toallt Hose: that lo! Veme here Sahe, a — — — lht? O!!!

All tho set, hat, Lo — Vethemtha, Tilo V. E.

And Tot hem! thatlo vet ho; sethat? Lo!!!! Vem, E.

Zoe.

BURIED TOWNS. — No. 67.

1. I never sail less than ten knots an hour.
2. Study up Aristides.
3. On the arrival of the mob, I left.
4. There goes the mad rider; he 'll break his neck.
5. Travellers have nice times in Europe.
6. I saw a Hindu blind in one eye.
7. Did you hear that bomb? Ay, it burst overhead.

"The Happy Four."

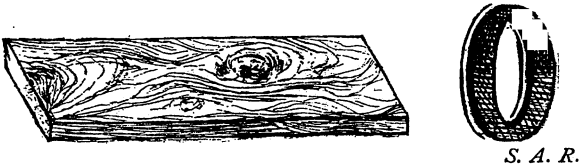
CIPHER. — No. 68.

Who can read this cipher?

Ipx eq zrv fs?

Wonny Wy.

GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS. — No. 69.



S. A. R. Dean.

ANSWERS.

30.

B	I	R	D	S
I	O	O	O	O
R	O	B	I	N
D	O	I	N	G
S	O	N	G	S

31.

H	E	A	R	S
E	L	L	E	N
A	L	I	B	I
R	E	B	U	T
S	N	I	T	E

32. Damask.

33. A catastrophe (cat as trophy).

34. 1. Crete. 2. Bahama. 3. Bermuda. 4. Candia. 5. Candia.

35. "For ways that are dark, and for tricks that are vain, the heathen Chinee is peculiar." [(Four ways that are dark) (and) (four) (t ricks) (that) (r) (vane) (the) (heathen) (Chi knee) (is) (P Q lyre).]

36. Agate, a gate, a gait.

37. Indianapolis; Indiana, spoil.

38. Merrimac.

39. Verbena.

40. Locket, socket, rocket, pocket.

41. 1. Bradley Headstone. 2. Barnaby Rudge. 3. Florence Dombey. 4. Mrs. Jarley. 5. Joe Gargery. 6. Dolly Varden. 7. Rosa Dartle. 8. Dora Spenlow.

42. 1. A watch. 2. Because I keep my hands before my face. 3. Because I 'm on guard. 4. Because I 'm attached to a chain. 5. Because I 've a key. 6. Because I never strike. 7. Because I run down. 8. Because I need winding up. 9. Because I 'm a lever. 10. Because I 've wheels.

43. 1. Lamp. 2. Idea. 3. November. 4. Number. 5. Echo. 6. Tempest. — Linnet, Parrot.

44. Dandelion (dandy lion), Sunflower (sun flour), Love-lies-a-bleeding, Harebell (hair belle), Pansy (pan z).

45.

R	I	C	H
I	D	L	E
C	L	A	M
H	E	M	P

46.

S	T	A	P	L	E
T	A	B	L	E	S
A	B	L	E	S	T
P	L	E	A	S	E
L	E	S	S	E	E
E	S	T	E	E	M

47. "Great talkers, little doers."

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KNOXVILLE, TENN.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS":—

Though I have been but a short time a subscriber to your magazine, I have been a reader of it for almost six years, and cannot but write and tell you how much I value and appreciate it. It is without doubt, and without any attempt at flattery, the best juvenile magazine published in the United States. Not the least important part is the "Letter Box," in which I have ever taken great interest. . . . .

And now — for you seem to know everything — will you please to tell me something about the famous "Junius," who he really was, etc.; also where I can obtain a copy of his Letters? . . . .

Very respectfully yours,

J. W. C.

We smile when we are accused of knowing everything, — for there is only one thing, we sometimes think, which we are quite certain of, and that is our own ignorance. And when the "Letter Box" is praised, we take no credit to ourselves, but distribute it among our many dear friends and correspondents.

"Junius" was the assumed name over which appeared, about one hundred years ago, principally in the London "Public Advertiser," a series of the most brilliant and audacious political letters that ever astonished English society. They attacked the king, his ministry, parliament, and various public measures and public men, with a power and vehemence rendered all the more appalling by the mystery which surrounded the writer. With consummate art he kept his disguise to the last, and his secret died with him. More than a hundred volumes or pamphlets — not to speak of countless essays in newspapers and magazines — have been written to prove his identity with known public men; but it is now generally conceded that Sir Philip Francis, a politician and political writer (born in Dublin, 1740; died in London, 1818), was the veritable "Junius." This identity is shown by a mass of circumstantial evidence which Macaulay declares would be "sufficient to convict a murderer."

You will find the Letters of Junius, together with an elaborate essay on their probable authorship, in two volumes of Bohn's Standard Library, — to be found, we should suppose, in any large public library, or obtained through any enterprising bookseller.

NEWARK, ILL., January 6, 1873.

EDITORS OF "OUR YOUNG FOLKS":—

We welcome your bright and cheerful magazine again, thinking it is the best ever published. It is full of fun and useful reading. I do wish you could see how we look when we see pa coming up the lane with an orange-colored paper peeping out of his coat-pocket! You would think we were insane, I am sure. . . . .

Please tell us what the picture on the outside of the cover of the magazine represents.

Your happy reader,

NELLIE M. BROWN.

As we were about to answer Nellie's question, it occurred to us that the picture would be a good subject for our youthful correspondents to try their hands at. Who can give the best *brief* description of its signification?

CHARLESTOWN, December 31, 1872.

EDITORS OF "OUR YOUNG FOLKS":—

I thought I would tell you how much you have helped an invalid. I am twelve years old, and have one brother, Charlie, fifteen years old. My father died in a Southern prison, and mamma, Charlie, and I live with my Uncle Robert, mamma's brother. I was very fond of horseback riding, and Uncle Robert gave me a beautiful little black pony; Charlie and I rode almost every day, but last spring, when we were riding, my pony became frightened, and threw me against a tree lying in the road. My spine was injured so that I shall never be able to walk again. I have to be moved from my bed to the lounge; but every one is so kind! and the "Young Folks" has relieved many a weary hour. Charlie is one of the best brothers in the world, and does everything he can for me. I can't remember any unkind word ever passing between us; and I don't think many brothers and sisters can say that. . . . .

Will you please answer a few questions for me?

1. Is the corner-stone an important part of a building? and is any corner more important than the others? If so, which one?

2. Is Mrs. Whitney going to write any more for the "Young Folks"?

3. Where can I find a good history of Thanksgiving?

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4. Do you know what "Minnie" means? I suppose all names mean something, and Webster's Dictionary gives a good many, but I can't find mine, and I like a name that means something.

I read a great deal of advice to sisters about being kind to their brothers, and I suppose it is necessary, but do you think it is fair to lay all the blame to them? I wish some one would tell boys to be kind to their sisters. I have a friend who is always kind to her younger brother, but he orders her round like a dog, and seems to delight in hurting her feelings, because she is "only a girl"! He reads the advice to girls with great delight. Don't you think boys ought to go out in storms and do rough work? but Frank always says, if asked to do an errand in a storm, "Em can go." (Her name is Emma.) He always takes the best things, and if he loses anything, he says, "Em, find that for me, and be quick about it, too!" Emma is not very strong, and he says she is "always in the way"; but I don't think she will be long. If she remonstrates with him, he says, "You just shut up your mouth! I won't be ordered round by you. You can mind your own business and let me alone." Sometimes, when he is unkind, I have found her crying as if her heart would break. Her mother is dead, and she won't complain to her father, or he would stop it. Won't some one give the boys a lecture on kindness?

Wishing all your readers a Happy New Year, I remain,

Your admiring reader,

MINNIE THOMAS.

Answers. — 1. The corner-stone, which is first laid, is considered the most important stone in a building, since it determines the position of the walls it unites, and is, properly speaking, the commencement of the structure. In buildings designed for public purposes there is often a formal laying of this stone in the presence of distinguished guests, the foundation for it having been made ready beforehand.

2. It has been thought advisable, by Mrs. Whitney and the publishers, to print her recent works in book form, without first running them through the magazine. We still hope, however, that we may before long be able to give something of hers in these pages. Have you read "Real Folks," a continuation of the experiences of "We Girls"?

3. A very good brief account of "The First New England Thanksgiving" appeared in the November number of "Our Young Folks" for 1869. It can be had of the publishers.

4. "Minnie," as a girl's name, is from the French *mignonne*, and means "darling." Strictly, it is not a name, but only a term of endearment.

What you say of your friend's brother Frank is true, alas! of too many boys nowadays, — not because they have bad hearts, in all cases, but oftener because they have got into selfish, domineering ways, and do not stop to think how mean and cruel they really are.

"Evil is wrought from want of thought,
As well as want of heart."

Will not some of the unkind brothers who read this "take a thought, and mend"?

CINCINNATI, O., Dec. 28, 1872.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

Although you have discontinued the publication of the "Mutual Improvement Corner," may I ask your indulgence, and beg space for the insertion (if you deem it advisable) of the following request? If carried out, the scheme may prove beneficial, and lead *some* of Our Young Folks to a pleasant and profitable acquaintance.

I should like to be in correspondence with a number of young men, with a view to enjoying a series of adventures — similar to those described by Mr. C. A. Stephens in his "Camping Out" — during the summer holidays, the object to be not mere "adventure," but healthful exercise and enjoyment. The party to be composed of more than four, not under the age of seventeen nor older than twenty, excepting one person (if he can be had) to act as a sort of mentor or guide to the rest. The expenses to be individual; constitution and by-laws, place and time of camping, etc., to be decided by a majority. Address

CHARLIE D. HAMILTON,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

We have no doubt but some such plan as this, if properly carried out, would prove pleasant and profitable to more than one party of adventurers. But we advise all who may think of trying it to first take counsel with their friends, carefully select their companions, and use all needful precautions at the outset. We shall expect to be kept informed as to the results of any such undertaking.

BROOKLINE, February 17, 1873.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

Will you accept these answers to the questions of Wilson S. Howell, published in the March number of your magazine?

1. It was formerly a maxim that a young woman should never be married till she had spun herself a set of body, table, and bed linen. From this custom all unmarried women were called *spinsters*, an appellation which they still retain in all deeds and law proceedings.

2. Edward Vernon, a distinguished English admiral, was the first man who introduced rum-and-water as a beverage on board a ship: he used to wear a *grogran* cloak in foul weather, which gained him the appellation of *Old Grog*. From him the sailors transferred this name to the liquor.

3. In the time of William the Conqueror, what

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we now call sirloin was called *surlonge de bœuf*, which means the portion of beef above the loin. It was afterwards corrupted into *surloin*. In the time of James I. the word was again altered, and the occasion, as far as I have been able to gather, was this: Whilst he sat at meat, casting his eyes upon a noble *surloin* at the lower end of the table, he cried, "Bring hither that *surloin*, sirrah! for 't is worthy of a more honorable post, being, as I may say, not *sur*-loin, but *sir*-loin, the noblest joint of all." ERICA.

Answered also, wholly or in part, by Leland Weston, R. C. Faris, C. R. S., Milo B. Porter, H. M. Tichenor, and Louisa M. Davis, who says in reply to W. S. Howell's fourth question:— "Tinted paper was first discovered as follows. Some color accidentally got into the vat of rags at a paper-manufactory. The paper, thus colored, was thrown away as useless; but the master, happening to see a piece, thought it might sell, and therefore made a small quantity. Means were afterwards discovered of tinting in different colors."

Kate, Mollie, and Irene. — 1. The quotation,

> "None knew thee but to love thee,
> None named thee but to praise,"

is from Halleck's lines "On the Death of Joseph Rodman Drake."

2. Printing with movable types was invented by Johannes Gutenberg, of Strasburg, in just what year is unknown. He is said to have possessed printing materials and a press as early as 1438, although no printed books are known to have been issued by him until after 1450.

3. *Niagara* is an Indian name.

Mabel Church. — By referring to any good English Dictionary, you would have found that *Apocalypse* — from a Greek verb signifying "to disclose" — means a "revelation."

Jayenisee. — The mistakes of the artist in illustrating "Doing his Best" were not discovered until it was too late to have new drawings made.

Your answer to "Cousin Bob's" puzzle is correct, — "three cats."

NEW YORK CITY, February 15, 1873.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS":—

In answer to "Cousin Bob's" question concerning the composers of the *music* of "Sweet Home" and the "Last Rose of Summer," I think I can partly reply. The composer of the music of "Sweet Home" is H. Bishop. As for the "Last Rose of Summer," I believe the air is only known as an Irish melody.

Your constant reader,
ESTELLE B. MORRIS.

Mary R. Altee says: "In an old music-book of my grandmother's, at least fifty years old, I found 'Home, sweet Home,' and on the title-page these words: 'Composed and partly founded on a Sicilian air by Henry R. Bishop.' .... If 'Cousin Bob' will look in the Appendix to Moore's 'Irish Melodies,' he will find an account of the way they were written."

EDITORS OF "OUR YOUNG FOLKS":—

My letter, like all Gaul, is divided into three parts. 1. I object to your answers to my charade. The true answer, which I have not yet discovered myself, must have three syllables: Titmouse and Killdeer have but two each. I refuse to allow my innocent offspring to be thus slighted. I however propose a new form for my unanswered bantling, and offer one dollar reward for the best rhymed answer to this:—

> My first is a beast;
> My second, a bird;
> My third is a letter;
> My whole is a word.

2. Why do not our Young Folks brighten their wits, and give us more novel forms of brainwork? We tire of the everlasting word-square, the eternal enigma, and the exhilarating metagram. *Toujours perdrix!* Let us have something new, if only to show our superiority to Solomon.

3. I hereby suggest the sending of rhymed metrical answers to the puzzles, and request the publication in the Letter Box of the magazine of the best set of rhymed versified answers to the April brainwork. I enclose one such answer to No. 34.

Yours truly,
JACK STRAW.

Notwithstanding our correspondent's objection, we think if he had in the first place offered the prize of one dollar for an answer to his charade, a jury of Our Young Folks would have awarded it for either "Titmouse" or "Killdeer," since each of those words is susceptible of division into three parts, according to the requirements of the original version. We dare assert that no answer having the required three *syllables* exists. Concerning the present version, printed above, we will say, for the encouragement of competitors for the prize, that an answer has occurred to us which we think would satisfy even the exacting "Jack Straw." He has shown his good faith by depositing his dollar with us, and we hold it subject to the order of the first person who forwards to us a reasonably good rhymed answer.

Here is his

RHYMED ANSWER TO No. 34.

Sunken Islands.

I roamed o'er the sea, and flew o'er the wave,
From the land of the free and the home of the brave,
Till I came with my fleet
To the Island of *Crete*;

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And again I departed, and sailed till I came as
Swift as I could to the Isles of *Bahamas;*
And then as intruders
We advanced to *Bermudas;*
Then to *Candia* once and to *Candia* twice
We set sail, and are off, and are there in a trice.

JACK STRAW.

NEW YORK, January 16, 1873.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

I shall endeavor to answer one of the questions advanced by your subscriber, Nellie S. Sheldon.

In the course of my reading I have been entertained by the story of Harmonia, and the mention of the necklace therein, but I have yet to learn that it was the necklace which caused misfortune. As I understand the fable, and as substantially it is (in Bulfinch's "Age of Fable"), it runs thus: — On the marriage of Harmonia with Cadmus, Vulcan presented to the bride a "necklace of surpassing brilliancy, his own workmanship." But a fatality hung over Cadmus and his family (in consequence of his destroying the serpent sacred to Mars), culminating in the death of his children, whom he saw around him

"Fall
Like leaves in wintry weather."

These misfortunes so preyed upon the mind of the unfortunate Cadmus, that he exclaimed in despair, "If a serpent's life is so dear to the gods, I would I were myself a serpent!" and at his word a

"Snake dragged its slow length along."

Harmonia prayed the gods to be allowed to share his fate: her poor petition granted, they live in the woods together, but, mindful of their origin, they harm no one.

Regretting that I have occupied so much space in answering one question, I am

Truly yours,

CHARLES HUNTINGTON.

H. W. Preston says, in answer to another of Nellie S. Sheldon's questions, that the "Grand Panjandrum was an old darkey who belonged to the B. O. W. C. Club, in the 'B. O. W. C.', by Professor J. DeMille." But the truth is that the said darkey was named after the real "Grand Panjandrum," — if an unreality can be called real, — that sounding name having been invented by Foote, the comic dramatist, and introduced by him into about a dozen lines of sheer nonsense, composed to test the verbal memory of a person who wagered that he could learn to repeat them correctly in twelve minutes. The epithet of "Grand Panjandrum" is often applied by way of ridicule to pompous personages, or little men with great pretensions.

"*Bilboquet,*" author of the article on the "Sacro Bambino," criticised by a brother Young Contributor in our last "Letter Box," replies in a kindly spirit, expressing regret at having written "anything that should mar the harmony existing among his fellow contributors." Want of space prevents our printing his letter in full.

"*Fern*" writes in regard to his article, "Will's Exploit," criticised in our "Letter Box": — "M. A. N. is correct. If the story mentions Lake No. 5 as the one upon which we were camping, it is a mistake of mine in the manuscript or the typo's in setting. We were on Lake No. 4. The eastern end of Bald Mountain lies within one mile and a half or thereabouts of that lake, and it was at that point that we ascended it."

BELLAIRE, OHIO, February 12, 1873.

EDITORS "YOUNG FOLKS": —

Is there any publication of the Mohammedan Koran in the English language that can be procured in the United States? Does the Koran in any way resemble the Mormon Bible of Jo Smith, and can the latter be procured of any one but a Mormon? What would be the probable cost of the two books?

WILL S. FARIS.

Answer. — Messrs. Lippincott and Co., Philadelphia, publish a very good English version of the Koran; price, $2.75. It does not at all resemble the "Mormon Bible," except, perhaps, in its wordy and wearisome diffuseness. We have found both books hard reading. The only copy of the "Book of Mormon" we have ever seen was published in 1854 by F. D. Richards, 15 Wilton Street, Liverpool, England. It is a compact little volume of 563 pages. The book is quite difficult to be obtained, except through Mormon hands.

George P. Whittlesey writes, in answer to inquiries concerning books on ventriloquism, that he has "Haney's Handbook of Ventriloquism," to be obtained of Jesse Haney and Co., 119 Nassau Street, New York, for 15 cents. He adds: — "Would any of Our Young Folks like a shorthand correspondent? If so, 'I'm their man.' I am studying Graham's Phonography, and would like to correspond with some one for practice. My address is

GEO. P. WHITTLESEY,
143 York Street, New Haven, Conn."

R. C. F., who asks us questions regarding phonography, had better communicate with our correspondent, as indicated above.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

Will you please answer the following questions in an early "Letter Box," and oblige a constant and loving reader.

1. Was there ever fought a battle of King's Mountain in North Carolina during the Revolution?

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2. What is the difference between remorse and regret?

3. What is the name of the young man who fired the Ephesian dome or tower to win for himself immortal fame?

4. Who wrote "The Total Depravity of Inanimate Things"? — published in the "Atlantic," I think. Can you tell me in what number?

I hope I have n't exhausted your patience by this time, for I have an original conundrum to propound before "winding up"; here it is. Why is a stewed oyster like Fort Sumter?

Answer. Because it has been shelled.

Does that deserve a corner in the "Letter Box"?

I enclose a few verses, which are my production, and I hope may "pass muster" for our "Young Contributors' Department." Before I close, I must thank you for many a pleasant hour with the dear old yellow-covered "Young Folks."

Very respectfully,

"I. A. L."

Answers. — 1. The battle of King's Mountain, N. C., was fought October 9, 1780, resulting in the defeat and surrender of General Ferguson's loyalist militia, and the death of Ferguson himself.

2. A person may feel *regret* for occurrences he is in no way to blame for, but *remorse* implies self-reproach and the pangs of conscience.

3. The name of that foolish individual was Herostratus. The structure destroyed was the famous temple of Diana, at Ephesus, — accounted one of the Seven Wonders of the World.

4. The article was written by Mrs. E. A. Walker, and it appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly," September, 1864.

Your verses, we are sorry to say, are not quite up to the standard of Our Young Contributors.

Our Young Contributors. — Accepted articles: "*The Mysterious Gorilla*," by Wm. S. Walsh; "*A Sleighride among the Vermont Hills*," by K. de W.; "*Baby going to sleep*," by Daisy; and "*A Spring Carol*," by Eudora M. Stone.

First on our *honorable mention* list stands "*Maggie's Christmas Joy*," a touching little sketch by "Acorne," which came too late for the holiday season. Then follow, "*The Old Bureau*," almost a ghost story, by "Parr"; "*A Southern Adventure*," by Lillie May; "*Our Croquet Match*," by J. Hawley; "*How Zeke and I spent a Day on the Water*," by C. M. G.; "*A Chase in the Big Woods*," by Cass; "*The Boat-Race*," by Edward Ring; "*A Bat Story*," by Sarah H. Welsh; "*The Boston Fire*," by Clover (age 10); "*Voices in the School-Room*," by Lou; "*A Visit to a Colored Church*," by Houston Merrill; "*A Day on the St. Lawrence*," by Robert S. Sloan; "*A Party given by my Geography*," by Alice Giles (age 10); "*A Visit to Trinity*," by "Remex"; "*The Carrier's Wife*," by Ella Hamilton; "*A Picture*," by L. P.; and "*Calm and Storm*," a song by W. H. H.

"*Pete*" is a well-written and touching little sketch, but some things about it want the air of probability, — and had not the writer been reading "Bobbit's Hotel," by Miss Phelps, which appeared in "Our Young Folks," August, 1870?

In "*Mousey Gray*" and "*Going out to Service*" the writer did not make choice of very interesting subjects, nor treat them in an interesting way.

The verses by "Letty," with some pretty images and musical lines, have many faults. For example: —

> "A robin swung low on a maple-tree
> That shadowed a cottage door,
> And opened his soul in a melody, —
> 'O, winter, winter is o'er!'"

> "A mother within sat list'ning the lay,
> Her life of its idol shorn;
> For Death that hour had carried away
> Her youngest and fairest born."

Here the first stanza raises expectations which are quite disappointed when we come to "list'ning the lay" and "her life of its idol shorn." How can a life be shorn of its idol? And, Letty, do you not see that the following lines lack the first requisite of verse, metre?

> "Old Nature calleth to her children one by
> One, and folds them on her holy breast;
> Soothing them with lullabies, and singing —
> 'Rest!'"

Here is snow for you! In a private letter from a favorite contributor in Norway, Me., we read: "Would you believe that as I write this (March 1) there is a snow-drift *fifteen* feet high in the yard? Last Sabbath morning all the front first-story windows of the house were dark as night. We had to shovel all day. I have an orchard of two acres with only the topmost branches out. How to save the trees, or, at least, the buried limbs, is a problem."

The fullest and best lists of answers to our last month's puzzles were sent in by Lottie and Harrie Carryl, Brother Jonathan, Charles C., E. Grace Shreve, W. and E. M. B., "Emma, Ettie, and Annie," Ivy, Ninie and Gracie, Charlie Knight, Ella M. N., Arthur Asken, Norah N., Sadie K. Plummer, "George, and George's mamma," Tillie H. Murray, Tom C. H., Lizzie Grubb, and William A. Howell.

A good many shorter lists were received, together with numerous special answers to No. 35. As this is called a "prize rebus," some have inferred that a prize was to be paid for answering it, whereas the prize was awarded for the rebus itself. See the Letter Box of our February number.

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POLLY.

Drawn by Augustus Hoppin. [See the Poem.

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OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. IX. MAY, 1873. No. V.

DOING HIS BEST.

CHAPTER XIII.

ANNIE FELTON'S HOME.

ALL at once Forrest cried, "Here we are!" and drove up to the side door of a small cottage on the outskirts of the next village.

He went on to the barn with the horse, while Jack entered the house with Annie. She showed him into a comfortable sitting-room, where a bright wood-fire was burning and a supper-table was set; and there she introduced him to her mother, — an older sister of Mrs. Chatford's, whom she much resembled, — and her father, a tall, spare, white-headed man in spectacles, who sat reading a newspaper by the fire.

"And this," said she, "is Lion, our Lion," — for the dog had entered with them. "I have brought him in to show him to you and give him some supper; then he is going to be a good dog and sleep in the barn."

The old couple received Jack with great kindness, and patted and flattered the dog. "For we have heard not a little about you both," said Mrs. Felton, smiling under her gray hair and white cap-border; "Annie is never tired of talking about you."

Jack was all aglow with pleasure.

"And now," said Annie, "you must hear of Lion's last exploit, — something that happened this very evening."

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"Wait a moment," said Mrs. Felton. And, turning to her husband, she added, "Had n't you better take a lantern to the barn, and help Forrest about the horse?"

"He is old enough to take care of his own horse," replied Mr. Felton, good-humoredly. "It is n't dark."

"Let me take the lantern out to him!" cried Jack.

"If you will, — I know it will be a help," replied Mrs. Felton; and Jack perceived, by the tones of her voice and the expression of her face, how fond she was of that big son of hers. "His father says I am inclined to baby him, but I don't know, — he is an only son, if he is big!" And, having lighted the lantern for Jack, she brought a pair of slippers to the fire and left them warming for her son's feet.

During Jack's absence, Annie related all she knew of the adventure at the tavern, including an important fact unknown to the boy himself. On his return with Forrest she went to her own chamber; and the parents, with rather anxious faces, Jack observed, followed Forrest into an adjoining room, where he went to hang his coat away. The door was but partly closed, and presently Jack, left alone with Lion by the fire, heard low voices.

"Annie says — that man — are you quite sure?" Mrs. Felton whispered.

"Yes, I knew the rascal almost at first sight," replied Forrest. And he added, in answer to another question which Jack did not understand, "No, he did n't appear to; I have changed more in nine years than he has."

"I had hoped the fellow would never show his face in this part of the country again!" said Mr. Felton. "It will be a terrible trouble to your Uncle Chatford's folks if they —" The rest was lost to Jack.

"Annie and I both thought —" It was Forrest's voice, which also sank so low as to be quite indistinct.

"That 's right!" said his mother. "It might lead to — The secret has been well kept till now — Not even Moses —"

Jack now became sensible that he was overhearing parts of a conversation not intended for his ears; and though his curiosity was intensely excited, he felt that it would not be right for him longer to keep still and listen. So, leaning over the hearth where Lion lay, he began to pet him and talk to him, in which innocent occupation he was engaged when Annie reappeared.

The family were soon gathered around the supper-table, when the cloud of trouble by which the old couple's faces were at first overcast gradually passed away. And now Jack was charmed by the easy and familiar intercourse which took place between his new friends. They chatted gayly together, and even joked each other in a delicate way, appearing more like pleasant companions than like parents and children. The old man's quiet, dry remarks, uttered with a humorous twinkle of the eye; Mrs. Felton's genial talk, which seemed to flow from her very heart; Forrest's hearty, deep-chested laugh; and, above all, the silvery sweetness of Annie's voice, and the grace and gentleness of all her words and ways, — filled Jack with a sort of wondering delight.

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"Oh!" thought he, "am I that miserable little swearing canal-boat driver of less than a year ago? What company I kept and had pleasure in then! And now! — O, I don't believe there is anywhere in the world so beautiful a family as this!"

And what had he done to merit his good fortune? Nothing, he thought; it was all owing to the kindness of his friends, — to her more than all! And his eyes grew misty with grateful tears as he fixed them on the dear, sweet face of Annie Felton.

He had the "spare room" in the house that night, — a great honor. He had never been treated so well in all his life. At Mr. Chatford's he was a boy with the boys; here he was entertained as a guest.

After he got to bed, as he lay thinking of Mrs. Pipkin's sharp tongue and Phin's unlovely disposition, he could not help wishing that his home was here with Annie and her friends.

"But that is mean in me!" he said to himself, checking these thoughts. "After all the Chatfords have done for me — they are so good — and dear little Kate — no, no! I won't be dissatisfied; that would be more than foolish in me, — it would be wicked! I'll put up with the few disagreeable things I have to endure there, and be thankful for these privileges!" And his heart seemed cradled in a sea of bliss as, with Annie's beautiful image in his mind, he went to sleep.

Thus began the boy's brief visit to this charming family. His stay with them was too eventless to be dwelt upon, and I fear many lads would have found it tame; but to him it was of itself a great event, — one that was sure to have an influence upon all his after life.

Mr. Felton was a farmer who, finding old age coming upon him, had wisely given up hard work and the care of his land, and retired to the quiet life of the village. There he kept his horse, his cow, and his garden, and, without being rich, was able to live in ease and comfort. He was full of experience, which, though a rather silent man, he took pleasure in imparting to good listeners, — and Jack was one.

His son Forrest practised surveying in summer and taught village singing-schools in winter; and by him Jack was inspired with the ambition to learn both singing and surveying. He began those studies at once, with books which Forrest loaned him; and at the same time got from Annie some knowledge of the meaning of English grammar, concerning which all Master Dinks's instruction had failed to give him any distinct idea.

But, after all, the best result of the visit was the interior culture Jack received from being in the presence and breathing the atmosphere of those superior persons. His pure and enthusiastic devotion to Annie made him keenly susceptible to their influence; and all the strings of his heart became attuned to the harmony of their lives.

He made a few acquaintances in the village, coasted, snow-balled, skated on the frozen creek, and had a few sleigh-rides with Annie and her brother. And so the days flew by on joyous wings, until his stay was cut short by the arrival of another visitor. This was Moses Chatford.

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CHAPTER XIV.

MOSES BRINGS GOOD NEWS.

MOSES had come to take Jack home, and he had brought some interesting news. This he crowded into a single jubilant sentence as he jumped from the sleigh, and afterwards related circumstantially as he sat with the family about the evening fire.

"I tell ye, we had great doings at school after you left, Jack! Things grew worse and worse till last Wednesday, when the big row came."

"What began it?"

"Why, you remember, when there happened to be no wood in the schoolhouse, Dinks would tell some of the boys, at recess, to bring in some."

"Yes; and sometimes they would bring in a little, and sometimes a good deal; then sometimes they would forget all about it, and Dinks would have no dry wood for his fire the next morning."

"Well, Tuesday forenoon, he said to the boys, as we were going out, '*Some* of you bring in some wood when you come in.' Now somebody's business is nobody's business; and not a boy carried in a stick except Step Hen Treadwell, — he took in two little sticks, and got well laughed at when he laid them down. Dinks was wrathy; and in the afternoon he said, 'Now *every one of you* bring in an armful of wood, after recess! I 'll see,' says he, 'if we can't have wood enough in the school-room to last one day!'

"So we thought we would give him enough. I started the thing without knowing how it was coming out; I went to the wood-pile, and filled my arms as well as I could, then got the other boys to load me up to the chin. I went staggering in, and threw down my contribution by the stove. Dinks was tickled. 'There!' says he; 'that 's the way! We should have wood enough if we had a few boys like Moses Chatford!' Then in came Smith Marston, his red head almost hidden behind a small mountain of wood. 'Ha! there 's another smart boy!' says Dinks. 'You need n't load up quite so heavy next time, boys; but I 'm glad to see you ain't afraid of using your muscles.' Then in came two more tremendous loads; and still they kept coming; crash, crash, down on the floor by the stove. Dinks's praises of smart boys grew fainter and fainter, and finally stopped; he looked red as fire, and finally cried out, 'There! there! I did n't tell you to bring in the whole wood-pile! That will do! Tell the other boys that will do!' But somehow the word did n't get to the other boys, and the wood kept coming till you never saw such a sight! the stove was almost covered up. Dinks was mad as fury. He picked out five boys, who had stayed to heap up the other boys' arms, and came last, all loaded to the chin. He called over their names.

"'Samuel Narmore, 'Lonzo Gannett, Randolph Hildreth, Jeremiah Mason, 'Liphalet Buel,' says he, rapping on the table, while they brushed the dirt and snow from their coats, 'after school, you can each of you carry out a handful of wood; and as much as you brought in. Remember!'

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"Jerry Mason and Liphe Buel," Moses explained to his relatives, "are the biggest boys in school; they had never been punished by Dinks, and they did n't believe he would dare lay hands on them. They just smiled, and whispered among themselves, 'He has no control over us after school hours; he can't set us to carrying out wood.' So, when school was out, they walked past the wood-pile, and walked off, independent as could be. Of course the other three boys followed their example.

"Dinks called after 'em. 'Boys!' says he, 'come back and carry out that wood, or I 'll give you a kind of wood you won't like so well to-morrow morning!' But they paid no attention to him.

"Well, the next morning Dinks came to school, bringing with him six splendid hickory whips, — one apiece for the five boys, and an extra one. The culprits came in together, looking remarkably cheerful. It turned out that they had agreed among themselves not to take off their coats for Master Dinks, and not to hold out their hands to be feruled; and to arm themselves against the hickory whips they had each put on several shirts and an extra pair or two of trousers. Dinks began the business of the day by taking down his whips and calling the five fellows to 'stand out in the middle of the floor.' Out they marched, grinning hard to keep their spirits up. Dinks began to season his whips in the fire. 'Off with your coats, boys!' says he. Not a boy stirred. 'Your coats, I say!'

"'Excuse me,' says Jerry Mason, with his head on one side, and his hand on his hip, 'but I 've been taught at home that 't ain't perlite to take off my coat in company. I 'd rather be excused.'

"'Same with me,' said Liphe Buel.

"'I got on a ragged shirt,' says Rant Hildreth, 'an' marm told me not to let anybody see it.' As he had bragged to us that he meant to make this excuse, we all laughed.

"Dinks stamped with his foot. 'Silence!' says he. I suppose by that time he had found out that to get those five coats off was a rather big job, and that he had better shirk it. So he says, 'Very well, you can be punished with your coats on, if you prefer, but you 'll be whipped all the harder.' They only smiled. Then he began and used up several whips on them, principally about the legs; and they smiled all the while. They laughed as they took their seats, and Rant Hildreth muttered something out loud.

"'What did he say?' Dinks asked. Phin up and told: 'He said it did n't hurt him a bit, for he has got on three pair o' trousers! so have they all, — they 've all got on two or three pair!'

"'Come back here, every one of you!' says Dinks; and they all marched back, looking a little more sober than before. He grabbed his ruler. 'Hold out your hand!' says he to Rant.

"'I 've been licked once for what you 'd no right to lick me for at all,' says Rant, 'and I won't hold out my hand!' At that the master began to beat him over the elbows and ears. Rant dodged and parried the blows for a while, till they came too thick and heavy for him; his extra shirts and three pair of trousers did n't protect his skull; then, remembering, I suppose,

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Jack's illustrious example, he started to run out of school. Dinks started after him, and caught him by the coat-tail. We heard an awful rip! Rant got away, but his coat-tail did n't! Dinks brought in the trophy, brandishing it like a black flag, and laid it on the table. He then began on Lon Gannett, and was knocking him over the head in the same way, when Rant came to the door, howling like an Indian: 'Give me my coat-tail! give me back my coat-tail, or I 'll send this club at your head!'

"In came the club; it hit the basin on the stove, and knocked the hot water all over Dinks and Lon Gannett and Sam Narmore. Then Jerry Mason spoke up: 'See here, Master! I guess it 's about time to stop this thing. It 's dangerous knocking a boy over the head that way; and I would n't tear off any more coat-tails, if I was you. — Liphe, what do you think?'

"'I 'm o' the same opinion,' says Liphe. 'Then le's 's stop it,' says Jerry. 'Agreed,' says Liphe.

"Dinks had already stopped. But he was too late. The fellows took him, dragged him to the blackboard, tied up his thumbs with one of his own cords as high as he could reach, and left him roaring for help.

"'School 's dismissed for the rest of this winter!' says Jerry Mason; and he and the rest went to getting their books together. Rant Hildreth took his coat-tail and put it in his pocket. There was a terrible uproar. I went and cut down the master, and he tried to restore order. But it was no use. He talked a little while with two or three of the big girls, who took his part, then grabbed his ruler and dictionary, and other private property, and went up to Squire Peternot's. I waited till all the rest were gone, then locked up the school-house and carried home the key.

"Well, there was a heavy after-clap; old Peternot wanted his nephew to go on with the school, and came over with him to see father about it. There was a meeting of the trustees at our house that night, and there was a lively time. I was called as a witness. You should have been there, Jack, to hear the old man rave and thump the floor with his cane! But father can be as set as anybody when his mind is once made up; and, to tell you the truth, his mind was made up about Dinks's style of school-keeping before you came away, only he was careful not to say so before us boys.

"Well, Dinks was dismissed, and the next day father rode over to the Basin and hired the new master. He had already had some talk with him on the subject, and knew what he was about. So school will begin again next Monday, Jack; and your friend, Percy Lanman, is to be the master."

CHAPTER XV.

GOOD-NATURED JOHN WILKINS ONCE MORE.

THIS good news reconciled Jack to the necessity of cutting short his visit and returning home with Moses; though when the time came for bidding his friends farewell, the next morning, it required some stoutness of heart to keep back his tears. He had spent the happiest week of his life in the house he was leaving; and when would ever such bliss be his again?

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It was Saturday. They had the day before them; and the boys, to gratify a natural curiosity, stopped in the village where Jack had made the acquaintance of Mr. John Wilkins, to see if they could learn anything more of that good-natured man. The bar-tender said he had heard the fellow played a queer game on the tailor who mended his coat; and so the boys paid the tailor a visit.

"Yes, he did, indeed!" said that worthy man, on being questioned as to the fact. "The way on 't was this. I charged him half a dollar for the job, and give him his supper besides. I thought I ought to have another shillin', but he said if I would take fifty cents, he would show me a curi's thing to do with a hat. As he seemed such a drea'ful good-natered man, — he called himself so, and he was so, — I could n't stand out about the odd shillin'; besides, I don't believe he had another cent. So, when he paid me, he took my hat, — to be perfectly fair, he said; I might think 't wa' n't quite fair if he used his'n, — then laid the half-dollar down on the counter, told me to watch sharp, and put the hat over it. 'Now,' says he, 'you 're sure you know where the money is.' 'I ruther guess I do,' says I, 'since I 've seen it with my own eyes go under the hat.' 'You 're sure it 's under the hat?' says he. 'Sure as I be of anything in this world,' says I. 'Of course,' says he; 'you 'd be willin', I s'pose, to bet a considerable sum on 't?' 'I 'll bet a thousan' dollars,' says I. 'Don't bet any foolish sum,' says he, 'but jest bet what money you can lay down. Jest a good-natered trick, ye know,' says he. So I took what change I had out of the till, — about a dollar and seventy-five cents; he lifted up his hat, — there was the half-dollar, for I watched sharp; he put all in a neat little pile together, one piece top o' t'other, an' then put the hat over 'em agin. 'Now,' says he, 'you bet what money there is, that it 's under the hat?' 'Sartin I do,' says I. 'Now, watch sharp,' says he, 'for the curi's thing 's to come. Now,' says he, 'lift the hat.' I lifted it, and was never so amazed in all my life. There wa' n't no money under it! 'Sartin not,' says he, 'for it 's in my pocket. I believe, my friend,' says he, 'you 've lost the bet. I wish ye a very good evenin'!' An', 'fore I could scratch my stupid pate twice, the rogue was gone."

The boys could not help laughing at the tailor's simple story; and as they rode on, they had a good deal of talk about the good-natured Mr. Wilkins. Jack was tempted to relate what he had overheard of Forrest's conversation with his parents, that first night at Mr. Felton's house; but he thought that he had no right to speak of it.

The boys reached home about noon; and Moses, entering the house before Jack, came upon a curious scene. Phin, sitting upright in a chair, was grinning with delight while a travelling phrenologist fingered his skull and described his brilliant and amiable traits of character. The science the stranger professed was new in those days, and the idea of a person's talents and disposition being indicated by the "bumps" on his head appeared to many people a simple absurdity. The deacon, however, had kindly permitted the experiment, and had soon laid aside his newspaper to listen more attentively than he had ever expected to do to "such nonsense." Mrs.

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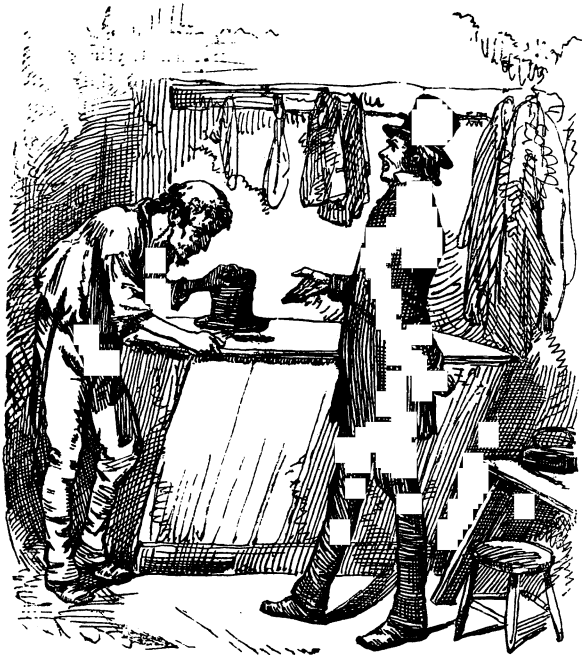

"Jest a good-natered Trick, ye know."

Chatford had dropped her sewing; little Kate stood by her side. Mr. Pipkin, tipped back in his chair against the chimney, sat with open-mouthed wonder making an extraordinary display of frontal ivory; while Mrs. Pipkin, half-way between the kitchen and the dinner-table, paused with a dish of steaming vegetables in her hands.

"Dr. Doyley, Moses," said the deacon, introducing his son. "Be quiet," he added, with a smile, "and you 'll hear something."

"Phrenology?" suggested Moses.

"That 's the name on 't, I believe," said Mr. Pipkin; "though I don't see why they should call it *free*-knowledgy, long 's we 're expected to pay twenty-five cents apiece for havin' our bumps felt on."

Dr. Doyley smiled indulgently. He was a rather slight man, dressed in a once genteel, but now rather threadbare, coat, buttoned tight across his chest, concealing every vestige of linen (if there was any to conceal) except a pompous shirt-collar. His hair was stuck straight up on his forehead; which, in addition to a pair of large-bowed spectacles, made him look — as Mr. Pipkin observed — "wise as any old owl."

"Approbativeness — very large," he was saying. "This boy is fond of praise, and he never can be comf'table in his mind a minute while he sees another boy a gittin' more 'n he does."

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"By hokey! that's a fact," cried Mr. Pipkin.

"But that's a good trait, properly directed," said the man of science. "Gives one the desire to rise in the world, to be as big and as smart as anybody. And he'll rise, too, this boy will; I find it in his bumps. He won't git his livin' by hard work, neither; he's got talents, he's got great talents for makin' his way."

"Where do you find 'em?" Phin inquired, immensely flattered.

"Here, — all about here," replied Dr. Doyley, his nimble fingers playing a lively tattoo all over the boy's cranium. "Perceptive faculties — large; knowledge of human nater — very large; suavity — he can be polite as a basket o' chips, if he takes a notion."

"That's when he sees it for his interest to be," said Moses. "How about conscience?"

"Conscientiousness — not remarkably developed, but fair; 't will do; enough for all practical purposes. There's such a thing as a man's havin' too much conscience; it prevents him from risin' in the world. Acquisitiveness — the boy has large acquisitiveness, but that is a good trait, too, properly directed. Without that he would never accumulate the large fortin' he is sure to do afore he has lived many years."

"Come, come!" said the deacon, with a frown; "I 'd rather you would n't put such notions into the boy's head."

"I 'm only sayin' what I find in his head. If the notions ain't there already, they'll be there soon enough; he has only to follow his genius. He'll rise, he'll make his way; it's his nater."

"Talkin' about nater," said Mr. Pipkin, "who does he take arter?"

The phrenologist looked first at Mr. Chatford, then at Mrs. Chatford and Kate, and finally at Moses. Then he stepped lightly and airily, and fingered the heads of each.

"That young man," said he, pointing at Moses, "has both his parents' traits in about equal proportion; p'r'aps a little more his father's than his mother's. The little girl has got most mother in her. But here" — returning to Phineas — "is somethin' extraordinary. I can't find that this boy takes after either parent. I 'd venter a trifle that his friends often hear it remarked that he's an odd one, not like any of the rest of the family."

Mr. Chatford's newspaper dropped from his lap to the floor. The incredulity which at first lurked in his smile had now quite vanished, and his countenance appeared full of astonishment and something like apprehension. Mrs. Chatford turned pale, while she kept her eyes on the man of science with a most searching look. Mrs. Pipkin nodded, with a sarcastic tightening of the lips; while her husband exclaimed, "By hokey! you've hit the mark this time, if you never did afore!"

"I sometimes hit the mark," said the learned doctor; "and if you'll allow me presently to examine your head, — only twenty-five cents, fifty cents for a written chart, — I may surprise you more yit. I can describe your traits of character; tell you what sort of a career you are fitted for, and what sort of a person you ought to marry."

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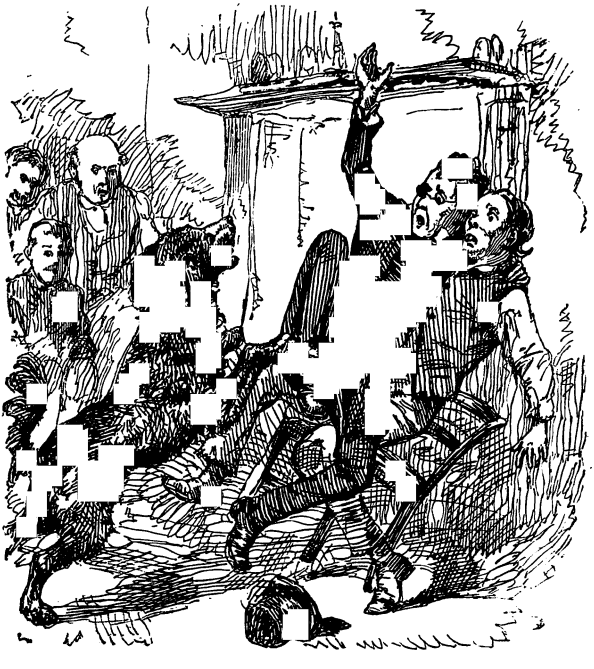
"My husband is a married man," said Mrs. Pipkin, sharply, pausing again between the kitchen and the table, "and don't need any advice on that subject."

Mr. Doyley bowed politely. "Yit it might be a satisfaction to be told that he 's made a wise choice; that science itself could n't 'a' guided him better in the selection of a companion, — for I can see so much without goin' near your heads." (Smiles from Mrs. Pipkin, and a very broad one from Mr. Pipkin.) "A good-natered man, — p'r'aps too good-natered; that 's like me," said the phrenologist, glancing about the room, — "I 'm too good-natered for my own interest, and — "

Just then a new face entered the door, and the quick eye of the man of science fell upon Jack. He hesitated a moment, but rallied immediately, and was going on, when Lion bounced into the room. With a terrific snarl he sprang at the doctor, who in sudden alarm ran backwards towards the chimney, and sat down very unceremoniously in Mr. Pipkin's lap.

"Take him off! take him off!" he shrieked, hugging Mr. Pipkin in a frenzy of fear, while the chair slid from under them, and both rolled on the hearth together.

Jack with cuffs and threats sent the dog back, and the stranger leaped nimbly to his feet. He was imitated, though rather more clumsily, by Mr. Pipkin, grumbling, and brushing the ashes from his coat-tails.



A Recognition.

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"Ah, my young friend!" said the phrenologist, recovering his lost self-possession, together with his spectacles, which had dropped upon the hearth, "I believe we have met before."

"I should think so!" cried Jack. "Now your spectacles are off, you look like *good-natered John Wilkins!*"

"And I know you!" exclaimed Mr. Chatford, advancing with his right hand angrily clinched. "John Wilkins! Dr. Doyley!" he repeated; "I know another name for you! How dare you enter my house in this way, you miserable scoundrel?"

And the usually mild deacon seized the "best-natered man in the world" by the coat-collar.

J. T. Trowbridge.

POLLY.

WHO 'S this coming down the stairs,
Putting on such lofty airs;
With that hump upon her back,
And her little heels click, clack?
Such a funny little girl,
With a funny great long curl
Hanging from a mound of hair;
And a hat 'way back in the air,
Just to show a little border
Of yellow curls, all out of order.
She 's a silly girl, I guess,
I 'm glad it is n't — Why, bless
My soul! it 's our little Polly
Tricked out in all that folly!
Well, I declare, I never
Was so beat, for if ever
There was a sensible girl,
I thought 't was little Polly Earl.
And here — Well, it 's very queer
To come back, after a year,
And find my Polly changed like this, —
A hunched-up, bunched-up, furbelowed miss,
With a steeple of a hat,
And her hair like a mat,
It 's so frightfully frowzled
And roughed up and tousled!
O Polly, Polly! — Well, my dear,
So you 're glad grandfather 's here?

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And I confess that kiss
Does *smack* of the Polly I miss, —
The girl with the soft, smooth hair,
Instead of this kinked-up snare.
What, you 're just the same Polly,
In spite of all this folly?
And what is that you say
About your grandmother's day,
That you guess the folly
Has n't just begun? — O Polly,
If you could only have seen
Your grandmother at eighteen!
What 's that about the puffs
And the stiffened-up ruffs
That they wore in the time
Of your grandmother's prime?
And the big buckram sleeves
That stood out like the leaves
Of the old-fashioned tables;
And the bonnets big as gables,
And the laced-up waists, — Why, sho,
Polly, how your tongue does go!
Little girls should be seen, not heard
Quite so much, Polly, on my word.
O, I 'm trying to get away,
Eh, from your grandmother's day,
But I 'm not to escape
Quite so easy from a scrape?
What, you expect me to say
That your grandmother's day
Was as foolish as this? —
Polly, give me a kiss;
I 'm beaten, I see —
And I 'll agree, I 'll agree
That young folks find
All things to their mind;
And in your grandmother's time,
When I too was in my prime,
I 've no doubt, Polly,
I looked at all the folly
Connected with the lasses
Through rose-colored glasses,
As the youths of to-day
Look at you, Polly, eh?
But I 've given you fair warning
How older folk see, — so, Polly, good morning!

Nora Perry.

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ABOUT ELECTROTYPING AND SOME OTHER THINGS.

"NOW, father," said Ada, speaking for the other children, as Mr. Leslie entered the sitting-room in dressing-gown and slippers, indicating that he had an evening at leisure, "you 've told us about electricity, but I want to know what an electrotype is."

"An electrotype," Mr. Leslie explained, "is a type or exact likeness (sometimes called a fac-simile) of any engraving, stamp, or page of printing-types, produced in metal by means of electricity. Electrotypes are usually made of copper, and are used to print books and newspapers from, instead of wood-engravings and common printing-types.

"Nearly all the illustrations or pictures," he continued, "in your books and papers, which make them so much more interesting, are first cut or engraved on a hard kind of wood called box-wood. This is a slow process, and costs much money. The wood-cuts, or 'blocks,' as they are called, may be used to print from directly; but the wood wears away so rapidly that a few hundred impressions would spoil all the finer lines and destroy the beauty of the engraving, and then it would have to be done over again. But it has been found that this wonderfully obliging force called electricity is ready, not only to carry messages for us all over the globe 'as quick as a wink,' to use the children's phrase, but to make for us, in a few minutes, and at a small expense, an exact copy of any wood-engraving, with all its delicate lines complete, *in very hard copper*, from which, perhaps, a hundred thousand copies may be printed, — and then, when this is worn out, to make another with equal readiness and small expense.

"Besides this, the common printing-types, though made of metal, are not nearly so hard as copper, and in constant use they soon wear out; but when these types have been once made ready for printing a page of a book or newspaper, electricity will, in the same way as with an engraving, make for us a precise copy of the page, in the same hard metal, from which as many impressions as are usually wanted can be struck off. Not only this, but the same wonderful force will spread very delicately over the face of common printing-types a thin, but very hard, coating of copper, which makes them last much longer than they will without it.

"In these ways electricity not only brings us knowledge quickly from all parts of the world, but helps to make our books and newspapers cheaper and handsomer than they would otherwise be."

"Wonderfully obliging, indeed!" exclaimed Lizzie. "I thought you had told us of the most curious things before about this electricity, but I think this beats all the rest. Makes pictures for our books, does it?"

"Why, how can electricity hold a pencil to draw pictures?" asked Willie, wonderingly, remembering his own laborious attempts in that line.

"It does not *draw* pictures," replied Mr. Leslie; "but, as I said, it makes copies of them after they are drawn and engraved."

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"You told us, father, that lightning sometimes makes pictures on the skin of persons who are struck by it. Are these electrotypes made in the same way?" asked Charles.

"Not precisely, but the process seems to be somewhat similar," was the reply. "Those pictures, you will recollect, are supposed to be made by the lightning, in sudden discharges, tearing off particles of the surface which it leaves, carrying them through the air, and depositing them on the surface of the next object to which it passes, or which it is said to 'strike.' But in electrotyping the gentle, steady current of a battery is employed.

"First, a quantity of copper is dissolved in sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol) contained in a large tub or trough. Copper will dissolve in this acid very much as salt or sugar will melt in water. A plate or sheet of copper is suspended on a metal rod in this trough, to keep up the supply. The liquid thus prepared is called a *copper bath.*

"Next, a mould is taken of the wood-engraving or page of types of which a copy is desired, by pressing it upon beeswax, gutta-percha, or some other soft material. This mould receives, of course, an exact impress of every line, however delicate, in the object to be copied. But wax and gutta-percha are non-conductors of electricity, so nothing can be done with this mould until it is in some way made a conductor. This is done by covering its surface very carefully with finely powdered plumbago, or black lead, — the same that your black-lead pencils are made of (otherwise called graphite), which is a good conductor of electricity. All loose particles of this are carefully brushed or blown off, and then the mould is suspended in the copper bath, face to face with the plate of copper, but several inches from it.

"Then the copper plate is connected by wire with the positive pole of an electric battery, and the mould with the negative pole. A current of electricity at once passes through the liquid, causing the fine particles of copper to be slowly deposited on the surface of the mould, nicely filling every part and line. These particles adhere firmly together, making a very hard coating of solid metal. When this coating has become about the thickness of a sheet of tin, which requires not more than two or three hours, the mould is removed, and then the copper presents a face which is an exact copy of the engraving or type which was impressed on the wax.

"But this thin layer of copper, called a "shell," cannot be used to print from. A quantity of melted metal, chiefly lead, is then poured upon the back of it, which fills every part and, when cooled, adheres firmly. After trimming, the whole forms a solid plate somewhat less than one fourth of an inch in thickness. This is what is called an *electrotype plate*, and when fastened upon a block of wood of the proper height it is ready for the printer's use. Each page of 'Our Young Folks' Magazine' is electrotyped in this way every month, and so are most of the books issued by its publishers. And this is the way electricity copies pictures for you, and helps to give you much nicer and cheaper books than were to be had when I was young."

"Some books are said to be *stereotyped*, and others electrotyped. Do both of these words mean the same thing?" asked Charles.

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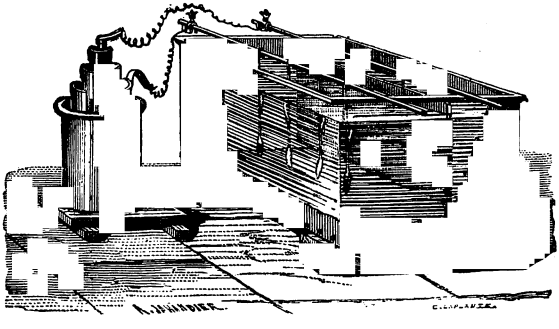
"No; stereotyping is a different process, in which electricity is not used. The word *stereotype* means a firm or solid type. To make stereotype plates, the ordinary printing-types are set and prepared as for electrotyping; then a mould is taken of them in a paste made by mixing ground plaster-of-paris with water. This soon dries, and is baked until well hardened. Then a quantity of melted type-metal is poured into this mould, and this, when cooled, presents a complete copy of the types from which the mould was formed, in one solid plate. Wood-cuts can be copied in the same way. But the type-metal, though harder than wood, is not as hard as copper, and will not wear nearly so long. Stereotyping has been in use for many years, and was a great improvement when first invented. It costs somewhat less than the electrotype process, and serves well where there are no fine engravings, and where but a few thousand copies are to be printed."

"Are there other useful things that electricity can do for us?" asked Ada.

"Many others," * replied Mr. Leslie, "and one of its most useful services is the plating of forks, knives, spoons, pitchers, and many other articles of common use, with a thin coating of silver, making them much more beautiful and agreeable than when made wholly of the cheaper metal, and yet bringing the cost of these refining elegances within the reach of thousands of people who otherwise could not procure them."

"Please tell us how that is done," urged Charley.

"The process is very similar to that of electrotyping. A silver bath, instead of a copper one, is prepared by dissolving silver in a powerful acid, and a plate of silver is suspended in this, connected with the positive pole of a battery. The articles to be plated, made of some cheaper metal or mixture of metals, being first thoroughly cleansed of all rust or other impurities, are suspended in the bath, on metal hooks, from a rod connected with the negative pole of the battery. The electric current immediately begins to deposit fine particles of silver all over the articles, just as in the mould of the electrotype; and this coating may be made as thin or as thick as desired. After removal from the bath, the plated articles have a dull appearance, and require to be polished or burnished, when they present the usual brilliant surface. Large manufactories exist, both in this



Silver-Plating Battery.

* See "Wonders of Electricity," published by Scribner, Armstrong, & Co., New York, which contains a large amount of entertaining and valuable information on these topics. It is one of the most useful books of the interesting "Wonder Library."

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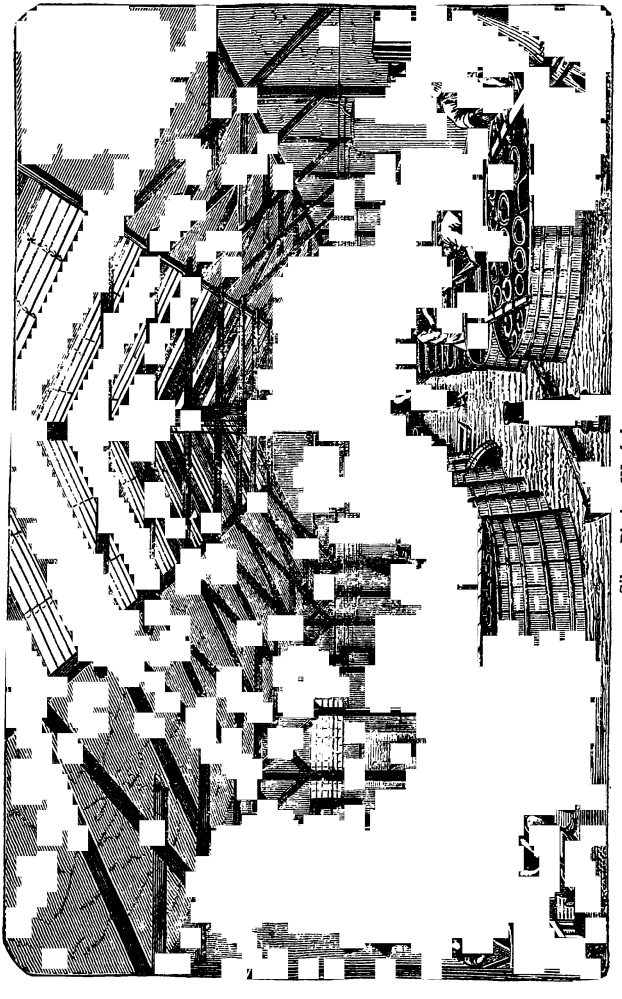
country and in Europe, for the purpose of carrying on this elegant branch of artisanship.

"In the same way," continued Mr. Leslie, "any metallic article may be readily plated with *gold*. Many tasteful ornaments, and, in fact, a large portion of the jewelry, watches, chains, etc., commonly worn, have been gilded



Silver-Plating Workshop.

by this process. A very trifling amount of the precious metal is required, and many persons are, no doubt, deceived by appearances. 'All that glitters is not gold,' and not only metallic articles, but threads and cloths of various kinds are by this electric process covered with coatings of either gold or silver so exceedingly delicate that they seem spun from the metals them-

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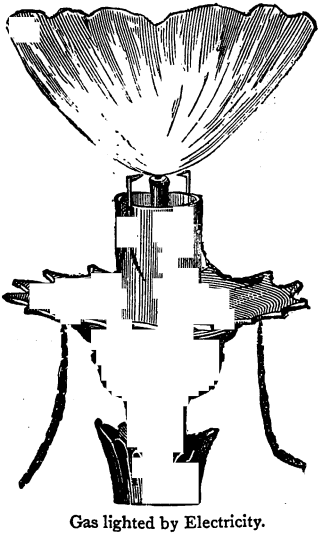
selves. A few cents' worth of gold are sufficient to gild a dress in a very gorgeous manner, without sensibly increasing its weight. Many showy costumes of the theatre and the ball-room are indebted to this wonderful power of electricity for their brilliancy.

"Even fruits and the most delicate flowers can be submitted to this process, and exact representations of choice specimens are produced in gold and silver, by coating them with these precious metals. And there seems no end to the ways in which electricity may be made to serve us in this branch of art.

"But I nearly forgot to tell you that this marvellous force, besides so deftly copying for us wood-engravings when these have once been prepared, is itself an engraver. It will engrave pictures on copper and on silver with the utmost nicety and exactness. One way is this: a drawing is made on a plate of copper, with a kind of oily ink that is a non-conductor, and this plate is placed in an acid bath, and connected with the positive pole of a battery. The electric current then eats out and carries away those portions of the plate that are not covered by the ink, cutting the finest lines with the utmost delicacy, and leaving an engraved surface that may be printed from.

"Another way is to coat a copper plate with varnish, and cut the lines of a drawing through this coating; then the plate is attached to the positive pole in a copper bath, and another plate of the same size, attached to the negative pole, is suspended face to face with and quite near the first. The electric current dissolves the copper in the lines not protected by the varnish, and deposits it on the negative plate, where an exact copy of the drawing is reproduced in raised lines.



Gas lighted by Electricity.

"In engraving on silver, a daguerreotype likeness of a person or object is first taken on a sensitive silver plate. The process is about the same as that of taking a photograph negative on glass. Then the parts and lines that are to be preserved are carefully covered with mercury, while those to be cut away are left exposed. The plate is then put in a bath of a peculiar kind of acid, and the electric current applied as before, when the exposed parts of the plate are eaten away in about half a minute, leaving the desired engraving. In this case, the sun does the drawing or painting of the picture, and electricity the engraving.

"But I cannot tell you of all the ingenious ways in which this wonderful agency has already been set to work for us in producing articles of use and beauty. Yet I must mention one more service which it is capable of performing. It may be made to give a most brilliant light, which is used to

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some extent in lighthouses, theatres, and in microscopic examinations and exhibitions."

"Is that the way the capitol at Washington is lighted?" asked Ada. "When I was there, I was told it was lighted by electricity."

"No; the capitol is lighted by burning gas; but the gas-jets are set on fire by electric currents or sparks being made to pass through them by means of wires fixed at each burner and connected with a battery. In this way electricity lights up instantly all the thousands of gas-burners in that immense building, saving the time and trouble of a man going to each one with a lighted match. The street-lamps of a whole city might be lighted in the same way, and then the lamplighters' occupation would be gone."

Here Mr. Leslie drew his watch, — an intimation that he thought it time to stop, as little Willie had long been fast asleep on the sofa; but Charley said, "Please, father, tell us one thing more. If electricity can make such a powerful magnet as you told us of the other evening, that could draw more than a ton, why can't it be made to draw our carriages, and even railway cars, and so take the place of horses and steam in many cases?"

"The only obstacle seems to be that of expense," was the reply. "A locomotive engine, moved by electro-magnets, was built a few years since by Professor Page of this country, who was aided in the work by an appropriation of money from Congress. It was successful, and is said to have run at the rate of eighteen miles an hour; but the materials used to generate the electric force required were found to cost far more than steam. Consequently, it 'did not pay,' and that is the test to which everything has been brought in this world. Should the means be sometime discovered of obtaining this mighty and mysterious force in a cheaper way, or of controlling the immense supplies that are generated in nature, as is not impossible, then we may literally *harness the lightnings for our steeds, and ride in the wake of the thunderbolt.* Good night."

N. A. Eliot.

WHAT SHALL WE NAME OUR BABY?

WHAT shall we name our baby?
She is three months old to-day;
Father, brothers, and sisters,
All want to have their say.

Grandmas, aunties, and cousins, —
Each has a name to suggest
For the happy, unconscious darling,
Asleep in her pillow-nest.

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Her father says, "Call her Mary"
(But that would be after *me*),
"Carrie, Annie, or Lucy,"—
Gentle home names are all three.

His mother sends "Lydia and Hannah,
Jane, Rachel, Rebecca, and Ruth,—
All family names, my dear daughter,
As are Patience and Prudence and Truth.

But, O dear! they don't fit my sweet baby!
My round, rosy darling, my queen!
I'd as soon buy her false-fronts and glasses,
Or dress her in black bombazine!

My mother is much more romantic,
Favors "Rosamond, Eleanor, Eve";—
One auntie is crazy for "Ethel,"
Another, for sweet "Genevieve."

Uncle Tom writes, "Pray call her Britannia"
(The name of the steamer, you know);
Uncle Robert, I'm sure, would like "Alice"
(For his first love, who died long ago).

But neither for ships nor for lost ones
Can I name you, my wee daughter dear,
Though you lose, by the means, the rich presents
Now never forthcoming, I fear.

If she only could choose for herself, now!
But the dear, dimpled darling is dumb;
Lies a winking at flies on the ceiling,
And sucking her little pink thumb.

Mother'll tear up this list, and she'll take you,
Her precious, anonymous girl!
We'll not worry for names any longer,
My own pinky-daisy, my pearl!

But stop! Surely some one once told me
That "Daisy" and "Pearl" were the same,
That both were but pettings for "Margaret,"—
Now would n't *that* be a nice name?

While innocent, rosy, and little,
My "Daisy," my "Pearl," you shall be;

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And "Margaret" should you grow stately,
And "Meg" when you frolic in glee.

And "Maggy" when sweet and domestic,
And "Madge" when you're witchy and wild,—
In *all* moods, this sweet name will suit you,
And this I will give you, my child!

Laura D. Nichols.

THE AZURE STONE.

"MOTHER," said Nellie Hinton, "I wish you would do something for me."

"I am always doing something for you, my dear," replied her mother.

"I don't mean that, mother; but I want you to buy something for me."

"I cannot understand, my child, that you make much difference, after all," said Mrs. Hinton, smiling. "What do you want now, Nellie?"

"I will tell you, mother. One of the girls has the prettiest brooch; it is made of a blue stone with only a narrow gold setting. I know you would like it. I asked her what it was, and she said Lapis ——, and I can't think of the other name. She says it's all the fashion now."

"I think, my dear, that is the very reason I should not care to have you wear one."

"O mother, if you could see it, you would not say that, I know," said Nellie, in a very earnest tone.

"Nellie, before we say anything more on this subject, I would like you to find out the name of this beautiful stone. Then you may learn all about it,— where it is found, and anything else that you think I would like to hear. If I see you do your best, I will seriously consider your wish. You will find all you desire in a certain book in the library."

You would not have supposed Nellie thought this too much trouble, if you had seen her rush from the room. She went into the library, and, opening one of the bookcases, she stood quite puzzled before the rows and rows of books. Very soon she began to think what sort of a book she must look for, and she concluded it must be about precious stones. At last, she found one with this very title on the back in gilt letters. She felt half the battle was won when she opened it, and, after studying the table of contents, found the words Lapis-lazuli. The last word she could not pronounce, but she found the page and commenced her study.

Nellie's birthday was approaching, and Mrs. Hinton had been trying to think what her daughter would best like, when Nellie spoke of the brooch. She knew the pleasure she felt now in looking at the little ornaments her mother had given her when a young girl. Nellie was fifteen, and the only

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daughter, so we must not be surprised if her mother loved to gratify her many wishes. Nothing was said on the subject for several days, but Mrs. Hinton noticed that Nellie was often deeply engaged in studying this book.

One afternoon, after school, she drew her chair to her mother's side, saying, "Now, mother, I am ready. The stone is Lapis-lazuli. Brother Harry says *lapis* is a Latin word, and means stone, and *lazuli* is from the Arabic, signifying blue color. He says the accent comes upon *laz*, the *u* being pronounced very short. It is sometimes called the Armenian stone. The most perfect color comes from Persia, although it is found in California and other places. It is always mixed with granite or limestone rock. When it is used for pins, ear-rings, and other small ornaments, the pure blue is sawed from the rock. But when vases, cups, and columns are made, it is preferred in large masses; then, of course, it is mingled with the white stone, and it must look very pretty, — don't you think so, mother? Queen Catharine of Russia built a palace in St. Petersburg, and the walls in many of the rooms were entirely lined with it; but I am sure it must have been rather cold comfort in such a country. Among the crown jewels in France there is a large boat made of Lapis-lazuli, worth forty thousand dollars, and a vase and many other things worth piles of money. Sometimes pictures and heads are engraved on it, — and, mother," said Nellie, with a mischievous glance, "when you buy my pin, you must be sure to touch your tongue to the stone, for if it is real it will feel very cold. There is only one thing more about it," said Nellie, just stopping to take breath. "The nicest pieces of this stone are ground up very fine, and after a great deal of trouble a beautiful blue paint is made, called ultramarine. It is used in oil painting, and never fades. But it costs so much money that all artists cannot afford to buy it, and somebody has invented an imitation which is said to be just as good. This can be sold for two dollars a pound, while the other costs fifty dollars an ounce."

"Well done, Nellie!" said her mother, "you have succeeded even better than I expected. There is only one thing of importance that you have omitted. Lapis-lazuli is much used in making mosaics and inlaid work, and the shining specks that are often seen in it are due to iron pyrites."

"There," said Nellie, "I knew that, but it just slipped out of my mind when I wanted to remember everything."

"I can easily overlook that omission, my child, and if I can find a brooch suitable and pretty it will be ready for your birthday, which is not very far distant."

Every day, when Mrs. Hinton went out, she searched carefully until she found something that she liked.

As Nellie's birthday has not come, and she has not seen her pretty gift, you may just take a peep. There it lies in a little velvet case lined with white satin. The polished stone of azure-blue is prettily set in a narrow band of rich yellow gold.

Nellie will surely be delighted with its beauty, and value it always for her dear mother's sake.

Mary H. Seymour.

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THE LOVES OF THE PIGEONS.

PIGEONS always lay two eggs, and these produce a male and a female, so they are mated from birth, and, could they remain so, they would be the happiest of winged beings. But, alas! many accidents occur to disturb their joy and bring trouble and quarreling into their community, as Charley and May can testify.

They thought they would buy a pair of young pigeons; and Charley spent several half-holidays in making a large commodious house for them, and putting a ledge on the outside for them to stand upon. This he painted very carefully; but on learning that they often rubbed their beaks upon the painted wood, and had been known to die in consequence, he as carefully scraped the paint all off again. The little creatures were brought home in a basket, and for some time they remained in their house, unable to fly, and were carefully fed by the children with rye and split peas.

At length Charley grew impatient, and thought he would give them some lessons; so he brought them out, placed one on each shoulder, and then coaxed them to fly off. Bob, a beautiful pigeon with a black spot on his back and tail, soon flew around the yard; but his little lady fluttered from May's shoulder to her head, and then to her hand, unwilling to try a longer flight. At length Bob coaxed her to the roof one day, and thence to the ground. It was a long flight for her, and she lay there panting, when suddenly a neighbor's dog rushed upon her, and before Charley could reach her she was dead. Poor Bob flew back and forth in wider and wider circles. He searched for her all day long from every roof in the neighborhood, and came home to his lonely house at night; but early the next morning he flew off, unable to remain alone where he had once been so happy.

For a long time the children watched for his return; but months passed, and, nearly a year after, they purchased another pair. These were pure white, and so young that they could not fly. *This* time the children decided that they would not teach them, but let them take their own time in learning. It seemed a long time, although it was not many days, before Bob put his head cautiously out, and, peering round, flew up to the roof, then down again, cooing, and coaxing Ladybird to try it too. She was very timid, but he stood by, encouraged and flew with her, and she too safely reached the roof.

How happy they were! From that day they almost lived out-of-doors, only going in to drink and sleep. Soon the water was taken from their house and placed in a large pan under a tree. They saw it, longed for it, but were a whole day deciding to try it. At length Bob flew down, tasted, called his mate, and stood on the edge of the pan to protect her while she drank. Then the pretty creatures tasted the grass, and, finding it safe and pleasant to do so, often came down and walked around the grounds. Soon they commenced flying short distances, — Bob always starting first and com-

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ing back for his Ladybird, — until each morning saw them starting forth for a long and joyous flight. The little creatures were so pure, so graceful and winning in their ways, that they were a joy to the whole family.

One morning they were missing. Late in the afternoon they returned, having spent the day in visiting. The next morning their visit was returned by a large white-and-black pigeon, which the children felt sure was their lost bird. He spent a pleasant morning, — flying round and round with them to view the premises, — and then went home. The next morning he came again, bringing a mate with him; but she soon went back and left him. But he decided to remain and win Ladybird for his own. All day long he chased poor Bob over the roofs, and away from his little mate; then he would stop and coo and talk to her in a most enticing manner. One moment the little coquette would listen and fly to him, pecking at Bob herself when he followed her; then again she seemed to repent of her cruelty and flew to him lovingly, when Blacky would chase them both. At length, after a weary day, she yielded to his importunity, came over to him, kissed, cooed, and settled by him for the night. They spent one very happy day together; Blacky was loving and devoted, Ladybird coy and pretty, whilst poor Bob looked on disconsolate.

Early next morning loud talking and scolding in the pigeon-house drew all eyes to the windows. And there, behold, a new pigeon, brown-and-white speckled! He was large and pompous, and strutted round with a lordly air. Ladybird was evidently a belle, and the fame of her beauty was daily bringing new suitors.

Speckle was a bird of quality. He evidently felt his own dignity and would not brook a rival. He at once entered the lists with Blacky, determined to win or die. Poor Bob took this opportunity to try and coax Ladybird back to himself, but Speckle soon put him down. Between Blacky and Speckle the fight was more equal. It raged all day; but it was soon evident that Speckle was the stronger of the two, and at night he remained victor. Fickle little Ladybird, pleased with his prowess, crowned him with a kiss, and the happy pair retired together for the night.

Blacky returned next day and called his little mate, but she took no notice of him. Proud of her "conquering hero," she remained loyal to him, and, though polite and friendly to the many callers she received, she kept close to the side of her lord, and seemed happiest when alone with him. He was wholly devoted to her, — brought her straws for her nest, while she remained within weaving them together; and at night he slept outside to guard the entrance, wisely judging that "the price of safety is eternal vigilance." Poor Bob nestled beside him, occasionally taking a peep at his little darling; but as she invariably put out her head at such times and gave him a nip, he learned, after a time, to restrain himself. He is fast recovering his peace of mind, and as we are told Ladybird will probably have eleven sons and as many daughters in the course of the year, it is very probable he may yet mate with one of them, and thus become son-in-law to his former wife.

W. C. E.

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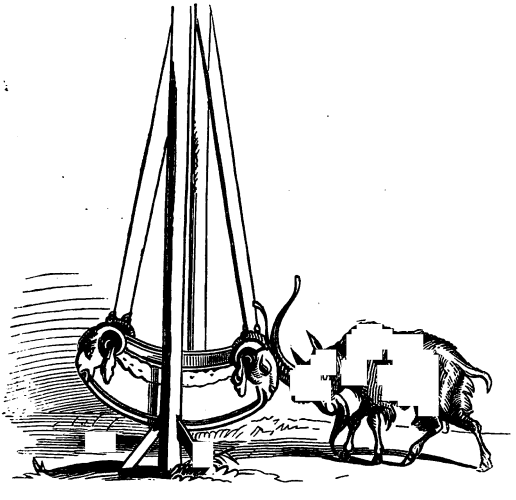
THE GOAT AND THE SWING.

A LITTLE story, with a moral
For young folks who are prone to quarrel.
Old folks are wise, and do not need it,
Of course! they therefore will not read it.

A vicious goat, one day, had found
His way into forbidden ground,
When, coming to the garden-swing,
He spied a most prodigious thing, —
A ram, a monster, to his mind,
With head before and head behind!

Its shape was odd, — no hoofs were seen,
But without legs it stood between
Two upright, lofty posts of oak,
With forehead ready for a stroke.

Though but a harmless ornament
Carved on the seat, it seemed intent
On barring the intruder's way;
While he, advancing, seemed to say, —
"Who is this surly fellow here?
Two heads, no tail, — it 's mighty queer!
A most insulting countenance!"
With stamp of foot and angry glance



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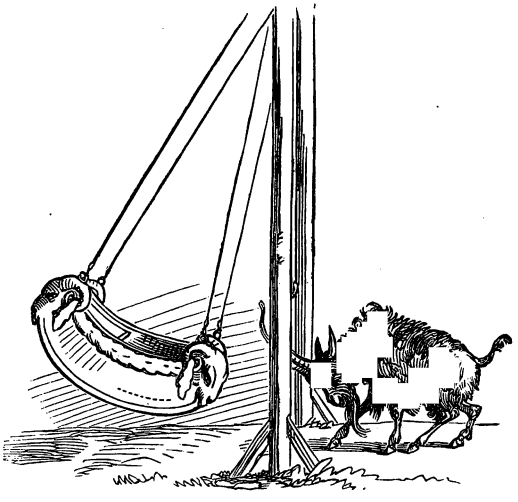
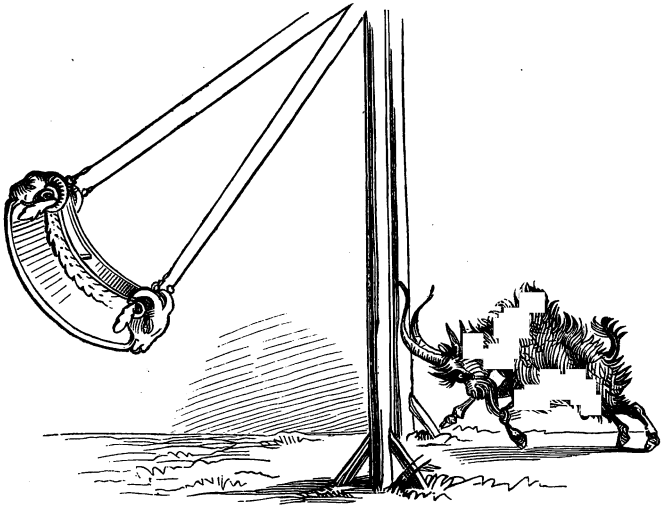
He curbed his threatening neck and stood
Before the passive thing of wood.
"You winked as I was going by!
You did not? What! tell me I lie?



Take that!" And at the swing he sprung:
A sounding thump! It backward swung,
And, set in motion by the blow,
Swayed menacingly to and fro.



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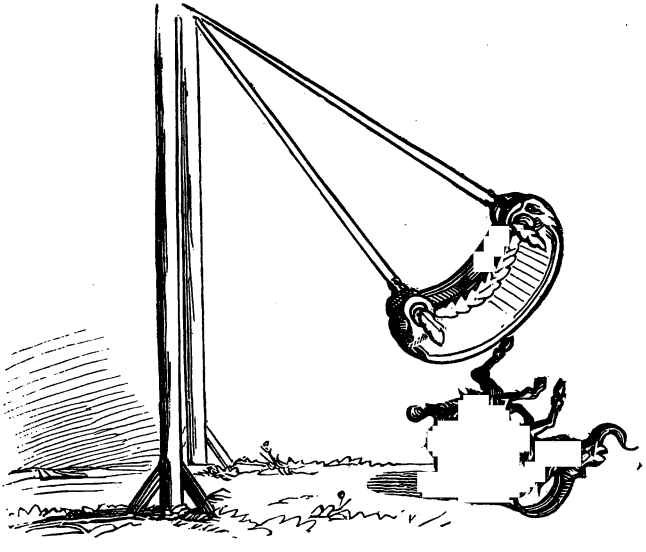
"Ha! you will fight? A quarrelsome chap,
I knew you were! You'll get a rap!
I'll crack your skull!" A headlong jump:
Another and a louder bump!

The swing, as if with kindling wrath,
Came rushing back along the path.
The goat, astonished, shook his head,
Winked hard, turned round, grew mad, and said,—
"Villain! I'll teach you who I am!"
(Or seemed to say,)—"you rascal ram,
To pick a fight with me, when I
So quietly am passing by!
Your head or mine!" A thundering stroke
The cracking horns met crashing oak!



Then came a dull and muffled sound,
And something rolled along the ground,
Got up, looked sad,—appeared to say
"Your head's too hard!"—and limped away
Quite humbly, in a rumpled coat,—
A dustier and a wiser goat!

J. T. Trowbridge.

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THE CALICO PAPER.

"WHERE 'S the hand-bag?"

"Here 's the sun-umbrella!"

"The baby 's swallowed the shawl-straps!"

"No, she has n't. She 's sitting in the custard-pudding!"

"Here are the straps! Bib 's hung himself to the entry-lamp with them. And here are your tips, mother. And don't forget the little gray shawl. O Alta! where 's the lunch-box? Did you put slices in between the mustard? I mean —

"Here 's the coach this minute, and I can't find the key to the hat-box *any*where! Mari! Alta! Ma*ri!* *Don't* let the baby tumble down the steps till she gets her face washed!"

"Here, Bib, hold still, sir! Where 's your jacket? Stop eating your neck-tie! Alta! we never *thought* of the camphene-burner."

"Nor the condensed beef. Bib, if you *must* stand on your head, don't do it on the boiled eggs. I 'm afraid they were n't done very hard. Yes, here 's the waterproof and the rubbers — and —"

"Tie mother's bonnet for her, do! She 'll never get off. O, he says he 's late to the train already! Good by, mother!"

"Good by — write — Bib — Baby — Alta — Your father — Bag — Purse — up stairs — No, it is n't — Be — good — girls —"

In a shower of forever uncompleted sentences mother rolled off. The tortured air quivered and sank into grateful silence. The frantic coachman lashed his horses up the hill, and Bib tumbled out of the window.

Alta and I stayed only to see him picked up and tumbled in again, and then came slowly into the house and sat down and drew the longest breath we 'd drawn since school was out.

"I do not regard," said Alta, after a prolonged silence, in which she had sat fanning her blazing cheeks with a waste-paper basket, and pensively considering the entry-lamp, to which two pairs of forgotten shawl-straps, a rubber boot, the baby's mosquito-netting, and a few other indispensables to the journey, yet hung as tender souvenirs of the inventive abilities of Bib, — "I do not regard the Franco-Prussian war as an undertaking to be compared with the getting off of a woman and two children to the cars. An undertaking? It was an episode; an incident; a diversion. Let Bismarck try it, that 's all I have to say."

"At least, we have two weeks to recover in," said I. "That is something; 'Do not let your blessings get mouldy,' Mr. Beecher would say."

"I don't know what Mr. Beecher *would* say," persisted Alta, determined to have it out with her idea, "if he had it to do."

"But two weeks to rest, all alone in this house!" For father did n't count; he is so still; any moonbeam makes as little fuss in a house, — and both are off all day. As for Emma Elizabeth, she takes the time when

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mother is gone to visit her relations, and speak in meeting, and burn the steak, and have hash every day, and is so seldom in the way at all that she does not interfere in the least with the dusting; and manifests no intention of taking any responsibility as to the chamber-work or lamp-trimming.

"Two long, blessed weeks!" said Alta, when we drew breath again at night; it had taken all day to "pick up" after the departed travellers; and the thermometer stood at 96° in the shade of the great elm in the garden.

"What shall we do with ourselves? Two weeks! two weeks! Why, Mari, when have we had two weeks to ourselves before?"

"Not since Bib was born, I 'm sure." And I 'm sure, indeed, we had n't.

And yet I would n't have you think we did n't miss mother, for all that. We thought at first we should n't, I admit. It was so like paradise not to hear the baby cry, and not to have to black Bib's boots, and even not to have to do the dishes in the proper time, directly after breakfast, but to let them lie over all the next day if we wanted to, and nobody to tell us how terrible it was!

But when we went to bed it began to be a little lonely; and when we got up the next day, it began to be a little more so.

"Do you wish they were home again?" asked I.

"Not yet," said Alta, promptly. "I 'd like to see them well enough, though. What shall we do, Mari?"

What should we do? It was n't as if we very often had the time to ask ourselves that question. It had only been How to do it? with us girls, for the most part, since we could remember. And now, when we had two weeks in which we had nobody but ourselves to please, there were such thousands of ways of being pleased!

"Millions!" sighed Alta. "I have counted on making a fern-book for the next homœopathic fair (I was so behindhand with the last one, and cockled up all my sumach). I have set my heart on feather-embroidering all my old plaited waists. I have promised Emma Elizabeth that I 'd pick all the corn and tomatoes. I told father I 'd clear up the chaise-house. The horse has got to be shod. I must have the buggy washered. I *meant* to paint the garden-fence, and if I don't make up some calico wrappers before long, I shall have to tie myself into a pillow-case; and if I don't read Froude's History, and begin Grote, and finish The Excursion, I shall become a raving imbecile before winter. Besides, — well, no, I believe that 's all."

Perhaps it was from there being so many things to do that it was harder to know where to begin than not to do at all; or, perhaps, because we were half sad to have been half glad that mother was gone; but at all events, when Alta said the next morning, "I know another thing I mean to do," and I asked, "What now?" and she said, "We 'll paper mother's room before she comes back. We 'll do it pretty soon. On the whole, we 'll do it to-morrow. No we won't, we 'll do it to-day, Mari," it seemed to us both at once the most delightful thing to do in all the world, and so much the most important, that we ran in in our wrappers as soon as we heard father go down, to see about it.

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"It's such an ugly paper," said Alta, "I always thought it accounted for the babies in our family having so much colic. Any baby of good taste would cry to lie and look at it for two years."

It *was* the ugliest paper! First, there was green sky; then came a blue rose-bush as tall as a poplar-tree; a pink river ran under it, with a lavender bridge; there was a yellow woman on the bridge, and the greenest man fishing in a black boat which was sailing, stern-foremost, into a wreath of potato-blossoms and tiger-lilies. The whole was netted in at intervals with a brown appearance, which Alta and I had grown up in the belief was spiders, but which mother said was either a bat, or a man on the gallows; father, on the contrary, stoutly maintained that it was gridirons.

At this cheerful tapestry Alta and I gazed with a sudden vivacity not unmixed with despair.

"She never would paper it herself," said Alta, "never. But I wish we'd ever papered anything but the tool-house."

We girls do a great many things at our house. It is partly because there is n't much money; but it 's more because there are n't any boys. That partly makes up, in my mind, for Bib's being so near the baby, and *always* choosing vacations to have mumps and measles in. If there had been a big brother in the family, I don't suppose we should any more have thought we could paper a room than most of the girls we know.

It has always been a notion of ours — more Alta's, I think, than mine — to do some such little thing round home when anybody is off on a visit, for a surprise when he comes back. Once we painted the front entry for father in that way, — pearl tint and oak-staining; it 's really pretty. Another time we bought and put down a strip of bocking, where Bib had worn the front stair-carpet through. Then there were the curtains we hung at the parlor-windows, out of two old muslin dresses and a little chintz; they 've lasted till now.

Alta is assistant pupil, and I give music-lessons to the little Putty girls on Saturdays: so we always have a little money of our own, when any such thing is going on.

But to paper a room, — a live, respectable room! It looked appalling at first.

"What if we should spoil it? Twelve by fifteen, eight-foot post." Alta flitted about in her white wrapper, with her little foot measure. "Say eleven rolls, Mari? Now, thirty cents a roll will get a lovely pattern, if you only think so — eleven times thirty — three dollars and thirty cents. A paperer would cost two dollars and a half, if he did n't three. But for three dollars and thirty cents, Mari! Turn father into the spare room, you see. Don't you remember how glib the newspapers went on the tool-house? I never yet saw the thing I could n't do, if I *would*, Mari! We 'll go over to Henry Haspy's this living morning."

When Alta has made up her mind to do a thing, she never stops to think again whether she can do it or not; so over to Henry Haspy's we went, as soon as the dishes were over. Emma Elizabeth, to be sure, raised grave

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objections to our leaving the front hall unswept and the currants for her to stem; in fact, we escaped only on the ground of being in imperative need of cheese to eat with the apple-pies, and were punished for our duplicity by finding a cold boiled-rice dessert on our return.

Henry Haspy keeps the post-office in our town, and the store. He keeps calico and raisins and butter and tape and needles and molasses and wall-paper and perfumery and hooks and eyes; and if there is anything which Henry Haspy does n't keep, he is sure to have something which will answer your purpose just as well. Indeed, so ingenious is Henry Haspy in his exercise of this pliant disposition, so accommodating to find in a store-keeper, that when Alta asked him for cheese, he said No, he had n't any cheese in to-day; but he had some tallow-candles. Alta thanked him, and said she thought she would rather see his wall-papering. Henry Haspy had no sooner rolled out his paper-stands and whisked over his patterns, than we cried in one united breath: "O Alta!" "O Mari!"

How Henry Haspy ever happened on it, *I* don't know; but it was the loveliest thing! Among a crowd of ninepenny dots, and shilling diamonds, and blue and yellow apples, and baskets of hollyhocks and imitation gilding, and numerous varieties of wall-paper art, such as only Henry Haspy could have selected, there lay a soft, soft, soft, gray stripe; the softest thing you can think of; all the shades, from the lining of a dove's breast to the lining of a thunder-cloud, and not a defined edge to them all; they melted into each other, as grays melt in skies and water and on hills, so that where one ends and the other begins you cannot tell; in the shining, silver centre of the pattern ran the only *line* in the whole, — a fine, fearless finish of the color of cranberries in the sun.

"The gray carpet!" said Alta.

"The cranberry table-cloth!" said I.

"Thirty-seven and a half cents," said Henry Haspy.

Who would think of seven and a half cents, in the face of such a "happening" as that? Alta and I bought eleven rolls of the gray-and-cranberry stripe, and rode triumphantly home. Even our cold rice did not darken our horizon that happy morning.

But, after all, the paper did n't go up that day; nor the next; in fact, it was not till just before mother came home that it was fairly on. I don't remember all the reasons; but I know that father was taken sick that night and was too sick to be turned out of the room for several days; and then Uncle Belshazzar appeared with a cousin or two, to make a visit; and the agent for Western seminaries stayed at our house, and Emma Elizabeth was called to the dying-beds of some half-dozen nieces, and things ran together as things always do run together with Alta and me.

But at last the paper went up. Alta and I were happy.

It took us three days and a quarter to get it up, but we were happy. It gave us the headache and the back-ache; and Alta took pleurisy from the open window, and I tipped over the steps and lamed my ankle, and the paste spilled down the register, and a friend of Alta's (he 's in a lawyer's

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office down town) came to see us in the midst of it, and Emma Elizabeth asked him right up, where we stood in our old, unbelted wrappers, dripping with paste, and scarlet with hurry, — Alta on the steps, and I on the cutting-table; but still Alta and I were happy.

Nobody knows, who has not been a paperer, what a neat, brisk, clean, pleasant business it is. I often tell Alta we will set up for ourselves in it some time, when mother is dead, and Bib is old enough to black his own boots, and women vote, and law-students feel differently about what their wives shall do.

To be sure, there is the paste; but you *know* it 's only flour and water, if you will stop to think so. And to see the blank, spotty, ugly wall grow grand and fresh under your fingers quite makes up for the splash and splutter and the sweeping out. It 's next to frescoing, I think. I like to do a thing in which you feel that you are making something over into something better.

The gray shades went up like the mists for Alta and me; there was not a wrinkle in the clean little cranberry line; and dove's breasts and thunder-clouds "were glad together," (as Miss Ingelow has it) all over mother's little low room at last. She was coming in the morning train; we were none too soon.

"*Now*," said Alta, "we 'll sweep out, and look at it; then we 'll put things to rights. Don't let 's look at it till we 've swept out."

"I suppose it is sweeping — and — being a little dizzy, that makes — "

"Makes what?" asked Alta, leaning on her broom. "I told you not to look. I don't see anything but a little crookedness about the walls, which comes from being dizzy, as you say."

"The cranberry line does n't seem exactly — *straight* — while one is sweeping and whirling about," said I. "It is funny, is n't it? Over there in the corner it seems to move in a most peculiar way."

"I 'll move *you* in a most peculiar way," said Alta, decidedly, "if you find any crooks in this paper. It is put on as smooth as a skating-park. Shut your eyes till we get through, if you can't see straighter than this."

I did shut my eyes in very despair, while we were moving in the bed and all the things. I thought I must be going to have an attack of apoplexy, there was such a remarkable look about that papering! I turned to the right, to the left; I sat down; I stood up; I went out; I came in. Still something was wrong with the cranberry line. What was it? Where was it? How did it happen? What did it mean?

With a little help from Emma Elizabeth (who occupied the time in informing us that she was going to take an evening out, and might as well go before supper; she 'd set the table, and we could toast up our father's bread and do the rest) we had the room all ready at last.

The gray carpet was faultless of a shred; the gray-tinted paint was spotlessly clean; the cranberry table-cloth was on the table; the pictures were hung; the sun came in; Alta tied the curtains with cranberry-colored ribbons, and laid upon the washstand some little gray-and-cranberry mats

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we 'd made. We had re-covered the pin-cushion too, with gray spatter-work (oak-leaves and acorns) on cranberry silk.

Of course, I 've seen a great many grander rooms, but I never saw any room in my life which looked so prettily to me as that room did for about five minutes after it was all in order, and Alta and I had stepped out into the hall to take it in.

"It looks like an October morning," said Alta.

"It makes me think of some of Moore's poems," said I.

"It 's very pretty," said Emma Elizabeth, peering through the banisters. "Laws! I had a calico dress just like it once, for all the world! Do ye think ye 've put it on straight?"

At this ominous question Alta and I exchanged glances.

We went back into the room. The paper was put on straight; we ran our fingers over it; not a wrinkle; no experienced paperer could have found fault; but Emma Elizabeth was right, it did n't *look* straight.

The cranberry-line danced before our eyes. We went to this corner, and that; out and in and out again; we sat on the window-sill; we sat on the banisters; we sat upon the floor; upon the book-case; if we 'd been boys, we should have stood on our heads to view that cranberry-line.

There was no mistake about it; it waved before our eyes like a new-mown lawn.

"We are tired," said Alta; "we 'll come in again by and by."

By and by we went in once more; and by and by again.

Alas and alas for the beautiful cranberry line! Did I say like a new-mown lawn? Like a field of wheat before the breeze, like a loose carpet on a windy day, like the waves of a rising sea, like the billows of a furious storm. Turn whithersoever we would, our beautiful striped paper swam, bubbled, rippled, rolled before our eyes. Alta turned pale. I think my complexion must have changed to a delicate green.

"The wall is uneven," said Alta, with horrible calmness. "I see now; the house is old, Mari, and sunken; the wall tips and sags; the plastering bulges in and out. *Anything* but a stripe would have been lovely, but a stripe will go on forever — ever, — go on, go on, forever!" Alta tried to sing; but she more nearly cried.

"Perhaps it won't *always* squirm," said I, as we went out and closed the door.

"It will always squirm," said Alta, in a hollow voice. "We can only wait for mother now. We can see what she says. But it will always squirm."

Punctually from the morning train the coach rolled up to the door, to the music of the baby's most familiar and most expressive soprano scream; Bib, the bags, the lunch-box, the shawl-straps and the umbrella bundled out and resumed their characteristic commotion in our quiet midst; mother kissed us twice apiece, gave Alta her bonnet and me the baby, and went up stairs to put away her things.

Alta and I heard her from below: "Why, girls! Why, you *girls!*" And

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for one delusive moment our hearts beat fast with a pleasure which, I fancy, only successful paper-hangers can ever experience.

"It's as pretty as a picture," said mother, coming down. "I 'm sure you are the best girls! Such a surprise, too! There 's only one little thing I noticed, — a wrinkle in the cranberry-line, Alta, over behind the washstand."

"Ah?" said Alta, faintly.

"It can't be," said I, with a ghastly hypocrisy.

"Well, perhaps not," said mother; "but I certainly thought the paper seemed to *wriggle*, somehow. It gave me a dizzy feeling, after being in the cars. No doubt I shall get over it soon. It 's a little funny, — did you think of it? Emma Elizabeth had a calico dress just of that pattern once. It 's quite a coincidence. But you 're the dearest girls in the world!"

In the gray of the early dawn next day, the dearest girls in the world were waked by a cry in which the petulance of bewilderment mingled with the hollowness of despair.

"Alta! Girls! Do come here and see to this calico paper! What *is* the matter with it?" We rushed to the rescue. Mother lay groaning in agony on the bed. Had we poisoned her? Alta went white to the lips. "Oh!" groaned mother; "is there arsenic in it? Why, no, there can't be. Then I 've got delirium tremens, or a sick-headache. It writhes like a snake! The wall goes in and out. I can't hold my head up. If you don't move me into the front room, I shall die! Hang up some brown paper bags, or some 'Children at Home,' — an 'Independent' or two, — anything. All night I 've seen Emma Elizabeth on the walls trying to dress up a boa-constrictor in that dress of hers! O *girls!*"

Alas and alas! for doves' breasts and thunder-clouds; for morning mists and sailing fogs and cranberries in the sun!

Alta and I locked ourselves in with our "calico paper," as soon as mother was sleeping off her headache in the spare room. What to do next? We were penniless and desperate. Here, however, was the room on our hands. Something must be done. Delay was dangerous to our sanity.

That very noon, to crown our mortification, what must Emma Elizabeth do, but fish out her old dress from some rag-bag or other where it had lain as a fossil for a season, and put it on? Majestically upon her lank figure, the faded *fac-simile* of our beautiful paper was now sailing about the house.

This last touch was too much. It did not break the camel's back; it only aroused the camel's intellect to a fierce and unparalleled ingenuity.

"Mari," said Alta, solemnly, "we must have this room repapered before dark to-night."

"Very well, Alta. Shall we beg?"

"No."

"Steal?"

"No."

"Very well, Alta. Order a velvet-and-gilt tapestry, from the King of the Witches?"

"Order something plain from Henry Haspy's. I think, if you will offer to

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tend store for him for three days (and let him off to the cattle-show), I will make hay for Mr. Putty for a week. That would bring us enough, and something over for peanuts. Mr. Putty asked me the other day to help him with his hay; of course, he had n't an idea I 'd do it; but I kept it in mind, — I 'd just as lief. You don't mind tending store a couple of days?"

"N-not very much."

"Well, then!"

"Well, then!"

"We 'll go and get the paper this minute, and stop at Mr. Putty's on the way home. Before dark we 'll be all right, or I 'll cut my own acquaintance!"

It is the truth that before dark we had bargained with Mr. Haspy, bargained with Mr. Putty, brought home a pale, pretty, simple green paper, as indefinite as a tint and far more durable, and with it had covered with our own hands the calico paper forever from mortal vision.

The furniture was in, the cranberry cloth, ribbons, mats, and fixings, in their places; we added a green thread mat from our own room, and Alta's great green ivy, six yards long, to hang against the pallid undertone of the walls, — and mother, having cured her headache with a pellet of *Nux*, slept in her own room that night the sleep of the just.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

THE SECOND MATE'S TWISTER.

BY UNCLE BLUE JACKET.

ONE night during the winter we were having a gale of wind from the northeast with snow; I was seated before the fire in my room, listening to the wind as it went howling around the corners of the house, and thinking

> "Of the hearts chilled through with watching,
> The eyes that wearily blink
> Through the blinding gale and snowdrift,
> For the Lights of Neversink!"

when my three nephews, home from school for the Christmas holidays, came clattering through the hall, and, bursting into my room, broke out with, "Ain't you glad you 're not at sea to-night, uncle? Just hear it blow. It 's a bully night for a story; tell us one, won't you?"

"You youngsters think I 'm as full of yarns as an old foretopman. What can I tell you about? I 've spun you all my yarns."

"O no, you have n't; tell us about anything you think of; fire, or wrecks, or islands, or anything about ships."

I 've "knocked off" going to sea (since I left one of my legs down in

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Mobile Bay) and have n't much to do but to think over my voyages and spin yarns about them ; so as the lads seated themselves on the rug before the fire, I lighted a cigar, and spun them this " twister."

" Some years ago I was second mate of a handsome little clipper ship called the ' White Swallow,' then loading a general cargo in New York, bound for San Francisco. It was in the days before the Pacific Railroad, when most of the freight for California went ' around the Horn,' and there were always several magnificent ships on the berth for 'Frisco to be found along South Street, New York, so it was not an unusual thing that, when we sailed, we did so in company with two ships of rival lines. The ' White Swallow ' was a new ship, having made but one voyage, to China and home, during which she was n't noted for any unusual speed. The captain and chief mate had been in her on her first voyage, and they said on the passage out she was badly loaded, and they could n't carry sail on her as they wished ; homeward bound there was no opportunity, as the passage, consuming one hundred and twenty days, was a succession of light winds and calms. For *this* passage, Captain Adams and the mate had looked out for the stowing of the cargo, and, when we sailed, the ship was in fine trim, with the exception of being a little too deep, perhaps. We made the run to San Francisco in one hundred and one days, beating the other two ships ten and thirteen days. I was quite young then, not yet twenty, but I had been at sea since I was twelve, and I thought I had seen sail carried about as long as canvas and spars would stand ; but by the big boot that hangs in Chatham Street ! the dimity was swung to that ship till her lee rail would be a stranger to us for days on a stretch ; and we never thought of coming on deck without our oil-skin coats, for she threw spray in perfect showers her entire length.

" When the watch on deck were not making or taking in sail, or bracing yards, every man who could use a palm and needle was mending sails, for about every watch we split some of our canvas. Notwithstanding the way we carried sail, we lost but two spars during the passage, — a main-royal yard and a topmast stun'-sail boom.

" After our arrival at San Francisco, crowds of people, mostly merchants and other shippers, came down on Vallego Street wharf to see the ship that had made the fastest passage of the year ; and, before our cargo was entirely discharged, the ship was chartered to load hides, tallow, old iron, and rags for Liverpool.

" Now on the berth for the same port was an Aberdeen clipper —

" What kind of a clipper is that, uncle ? "

" Clippers built at Aberdeen, in Scotland : they are noted for fast sailing, as ours built at Mystic in Connecticut, and Newburyport in Massachusetts, are. The Scotch ship was about twelve hundred tons' burden, built of iron, and as handsome as a yacht. She was called the ' Sea Horse,' and had made some fine passages from China to London. She was loading wheat, and about half her cargo was on board when we commenced taking in our old iron, hides, tallow, and rags. One evening I was seated in the

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reading-room of the What Cheer House, and near me sat a sailor-like looking man of forty or more years, enjoying a cigar, when a gentleman came up to him, and said, 'Good evening, Captain Daly; how goes on the loading?'

"'O, so-so; we'll get off in a fortnight, I hope.'

"'Well, we intend to have the "White Swallow" full in two weeks.'

"'I hope you may. I should like to beat that ship to Liverpool, and will, too, if she don't have more than three days' start of me.'

"I made up my mind to tell Captain Adams what I had accidentally heard, and then, if he wanted a race, here was his chance. Our captain was a quiet, rather reserved man, troubling his officers but little with any conversation besides that which related to the sailing of the ship. He was young, not more than thirty, rather fine-looking, and a sailor-man every inch of him. The morning after overhearing what the captain of the 'Sea Horse' had said, I remarked to our skipper, while at the breakfast-table, 'The "Sea Horse" will be ready for sea about the time we are, sir.'

"'Yes, I hope so.'

"'That's what *her* captain hopes; he says, if we don't get more than three days' start of him, he will let our consignees in Liverpool know we're coming.'

"'How did you learn that?'

"'I heard him tell a gentleman so last night in the What Cheer House.'

"'Confound the fellow's impudence!'

"Two or three days after, a clerk in our consignees' office told me our captain and the captain of the 'Sea Horse' had met, and, after chaffing one another in a friendly manner, had finally each deposited five hundred dollars with our consignees, the captain of the ship first in dock at Liverpool to draw on them at sight for the whole amount, — a thousand dollars.

"The report of an intended race, from San Francisco to Liverpool, between an American and a Scotch clipper, soon got spread about the city, and the amount of money staked on the result must have had a thousand added to it by every person who repeated the report, for it soon became fabulous as regards the dollars.

"Both ships were finally ready for sea, and hauled out from the wharves to be taken in tow by the tugs. A great many people assembled to see us off, and when we were fairly on our way out of the harbor, both ships were greeted by cheers and steam-whistles. The tugs cast us off when off the Farallones, and under a cloud of canvas, with a fair wind, we started on our long race. We parted company the first night out, and you may be sure there was n't much rest for officers or men on board either ship, — at all events, there was n't on board the 'White Swallow.' Captain Adams carried sail very hard night and day, and spent most of his time on deck; not that he was afraid the mate or myself would shorten sail before it was necessary, for if we were not so much interested in beating the 'Sea Horse' as he was, we wanted to do it for the honor of the ship and the flag.

"I used to stand on deck and watch the little ship dive into the seas, and hold my breath as the drenching showers of spray came flying over the

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weather-rail; then, as soon as the salt water was out of my eyes, cast an anxious look aloft to see if anything had started. It was fun to hear the crockery go tumbling about the steward's pantry, and Captain Adams's cheery 'There goes another hole in my five hundred dollars,' as some grand smash occurred.

"We went tearing along with strong breezes and fair, never heeding such small accidents as a split sail or a sprung yard or two only as they delayed us in replacing them. I never saw a crew in better spirits than ours; no amount of work in their watch on deck or below made them growl, and at the first call to make or reduce sail they would come tumbling out of the fo'castle, laughing, and making such remarks as 'The "Sea Horse" may be a goer, but she can't *fly*, like the "White Swallow."'

"One morning, when we were in latitude about twenty degrees south, I had the morning watch. The night had been fine, with a strong breeze, and we were going free under a main royal and topmast stun'-sail; but after I had been on deck about half an hour I noticed the wind got puffy, and each succeeding puff stronger. I had a hand by the main royal halyards, and made up my mind that, if I did n't take that sail off her, it would take itself off. Along came another puff, and I sung out, 'Let go main-royal halyards,' and started for the weather-brace just as the captain came on deck.

"'Good morning, Mr. Blue Jacket; getting puffy, is it?'

"'Yes, sir; going to have more than we want, I reckon. Shall I furl that royal, sir?'

"'Yes, I think you 'd better.'

"'Jump up there, two of you boys, and furl that main royal.'

"Away aloft went the two apprentice-boys belonging to my watch, and I noticed that, after getting on the yard, one looked to windward and then seemed to say something to the other, then they grabbed up the sail, passed the yard-arm gaskets, and while one was making fast the bunt gasket the other chap stood up on the yard, with one arm around the mast, looking to windward; presently he sung out, 'Sail ho!'

"'Where away?'

"'On the weather quarter, sir.'

"'Can you make her out?'

"Just then Captain Adams called out, 'Point to it, my lad.' The moment the boy reported a sail, the captain, thinking it the 'Sea Horse,' had gone below to his room for his glass. After the boy had pointed in the direction of the stranger, he swung himself on to the main-royal backstay and came on deck by the run, rushed up to me with a frightened look, and in a hoarse whisper said, 'It 's a wreck, sir, with a signal of distress flying.'

"I turned to report what the boy said to the captain, and found him steadying his glass against the mizzen-topmast backstay; without taking his eye from the glass, he said, 'Call all hands, Mr. Blue Jacket! in stun'-sail, mizzen-to'-gallant-sail, and flying-jib, and single reef the topsails; we 'll beat up to those poor fellows.'

"Out tumbled the watch below, and as soon as they heard there was a

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wreck to windward, I think each man did three men's work. When it was first discovered we were going eleven knots, and must have run two or three miles before we got sail off the ship and hauled our wind. I went aloft with a glass, and when I got on the main-topsail yard I saw to windward, about eight miles distant, a large ship, dismasted, and apparently water-logged. On a spar of some kind was a signal flying, that had the appearance of being part of some light sail; and on the poop could be seen what I took for a group of people, huddled about the stump of the mizzen-mast. As soon as we hauled on the wind we got the full force of the breeze, which had increased to half a gale, but, if we carried sail before, you may be certain we did n't take in any now that we thought stood the least chance of hanging on. As the ship careened to the breeze she trembled like a frightened thing, but went flying through the water, deluging her decks, and throwing spray as high as the weather-leech of her topsails. The wreck was coming toward us with every heave of the sea, and, when we had made two tacks, we could make out six people on top of her cabin, who did n't seem to notice us particularly.

"After working to windward of the hulk we lay to, while one of our quarter-boats was lowered, and myself and a crew of six men pulled off to the wreck. When quite close to the dismantled ship I noticed her name, 'Cherub of Boston,' as her stern rose on a sea. On getting alongside, we found her main deck nearly level with the sea, the only dry spot being the top of the cabin, where the people were assembled.

"I walked aft, and found five men and a woman near the stump of the mizzen-mast, and all so exhausted as to be entirely helpless. I never saw such an expression of thankfulness in any being's eyes as came into those of that poor, weak woman as I lifted her in my arms and carried her to our boat, where I laid her in the stern sheets, and covered her with a coat. Then, taking four of my boat's crew, we went back for the five men, and got them into the boat. After that we went into the cabin of the 'Cherub' to try and find some of the lady's clothes, for we had nothing on board the 'White Swallow' to dress her in but a man's rig. In a state-room on the port side of the cabin we found a large trunk containing women's wearing apparel, and from the captain's room we took the chronometer, barometer, charts, and a quantity of clothing. These were placed in the boat, while two of us took down the spar from which the signal of distress was flying, after which the boat was manned, and we pulled away for our ship. After getting alongside the 'White Swallow,' the boat was hooked on to the davits with the rescued people in, and so hoisted, because the sufferers were too much exhausted to climb up the ship's side on a ladder. They were carried to the cabin, and their clothes removed; then they were wrapped in blankets; and, after wine-and-water had been given them in small quantities, they were snugly stowed away in state-room berths, where they fell almost instantly into a sound sleep.

"When the people from the wreck had been got on board, the 'White Swallow' was put upon her course, and went reeling off her eleven knots an

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hour after her detention of almost four hours. In two days the rescued people had recovered sufficient strength to walk about a little and be much interested in the time for meals to be served, and at the dinner-table the captain of the lost 'Cherub' told his story. His ship was bound from Honolulu to New Bedford, laden with oil and whalebone. When eight days out she had been dismasted in a gale, and became so strained that the pumps had to be kept going constantly, which, together with the loss by salt water of all but a small amount of provisions, so exhausted the crew, that, out of twenty-six people who left Honolulu in the ship, all but six had died from exposure, hunger, and thirst combined. The lady was the daughter of a merchant in Honolulu, going to 'the States' to visit her father's relatives. They had been on the wreck twenty-seven days, drifting helplessly about, when we picked them up.

"Our fine fortune in fair winds continued, and we went booming around Cape Horn in terribly cold weather, up through the southeast trades, across 'the line' in the Atlantic, through the northeast trades up St. George's Channel, and into dock at Liverpool on the one hundredth day after leaving San Francisco. The 'Sea Horse' had not yet arrived, and as day after day passed, and still she did not come, we began to lose all interest in a ship we had beaten so badly. After we had been three weeks in Liverpool, one morning the papers reported the arrival of a steamer from Fayal, and 'among the passengers were the officers and crew of the ship "Sea Horse," wrecked on Flores, one of the Western Islands.' From the newspaper accounts, it seemed the 'Sea Horse' had experienced a continuation of thick weather after losing the northeast trades, and consequently the ship had been navigated by dead-reckoning. Judging themselves clear of the Western Islands, the ship had been kept away two or three points, and brought up ashore, about midnight, with a southwesterly gale blowing, on Flores. All hands had been saved excepting Captain Daly, who was drowned by the capsizing of a boat in which himself and thirteen others were leaving the wreck at daylight on the morning after the 'Sea Horse' had gone ashore.

"The survivors were sent to Fayal, and from there the British Consul sent them to Liverpool by steamer. We on board the 'White Swallow' learned that, after Captain Adams heard of the loss of the 'Sea Horse' and her captain, he got the draft for the money bet on the race cashed, carried the thousand dollars to the owners of the lost ship, and had them invest the money for the benefit of the widow of Captain Daly.

"The people whom we rescued from the wreck left the 'White Swallow' in Liverpool. The captain of the lost 'Cherub' and the young lady took a steamer for New York, but I never knew what became of the four men.

"There, boys," said I, "that's the end of that twister; you don't often have two wrecks in one night. Now, vamose this ranch."

"All right!" cried the youngsters, in chorus; "and good night, Mr. Blue Jacket."

M. W. McEntee.

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PANDORA.

A MYTHOLOGICAL STORY.

PROMETHEUS, the haughty Titan, grandson of Heaven and Earth, brother to Atlas, the Sky-bearer, and cousin to Jupiter, King of Gods and Men, sat in his house, silent and sullen; for he had troubled the gods, and the jealousy of Jove plotted against him.

Prometheus had looked upon the race of men, and behold! they were all grovelling and base, though made in the likeness of the immortal gods. Then the soul of the Titan was stirred within him, and he snatched living coals from heaven and fired the dull, cold hearts of men, so that they saw visions, and dreamed dreams, and yearned and prophesied and disputed, and asked the gods hard questions.

Jupiter was angry at this; and, summoning Vulcan, the divine inventor and artificer, he said to him, "Master, straightway take clay, and knead it, and fashion me a subtile creature, graceful and young; take of my blue sky to form its eyes, and spin its hair from the golden sunlights, and carve its lips from daintiest coral, and mould its brow of purest lilies, its cheeks of blushing roses; and, when it is made, lead it hither."

And Vulcan, the celestial inventor, he that reared the brazen houses of the gods, and built their ivory chariots, and forged their armor and their arms, and shod their steeds with brass, took clay and kneaded it, and moulded thence a creature of marvellous charm; and in its eyes of sky he lighted tiny fires that were like will-o'-the-wisp, and he tuned its lips to accents that were like Æolian music; and he led it to Minerva, that it might receive subtile knowledge of all female arts, and to Venus, that she might bestow upon it beauty, and to Mercury, that he might hide under all these a prying mind and a meddlesome disposition. So Vulcan presented it to Jupiter, and Jupiter, having approved it, smiling maliciously, named the god-made damsel Pandora (that is *All-Gift*), and commanded Mercury to conduct her to the house of Prometheus, — Jove's gift to the proud Titan.

Now *Prometheus* signifies "Forethought," and this Forethought was shrewd and wary; but he dwelt with his brother *Epimetheus*, whose name is "Afterthought," and this Afterthought was impulsive and rash. Prometheus, considering his brother's imprudence, had put him on his guard against the arts of Jove. But when Mercury came, bringing the beautiful gift, Forethought was from home, for Jove had planned it so; and Afterthought, bewildered by the charms of Pandora, and forgetful of his brother's warning, accepted her, entertained her, wooed her, took her to wife; and Pandora laughed in her pretty, foolish giddiness, like a peal of fairy bells.

Then Mercury, who had bestowed upon her the prying mind and the spirit of meddling, tickled her idle fancy with a feather from his winged shoe, so that she was seized with a great passion of peeping; and cracks became

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Mercury presenting Pandora to Epimetheus.

sweet to her, and key-holes delicious, and cupboards irresistible; and he slipped into her day-dreams, and showed her the transparent arches of Air, where spirits and fairies were building rainbows, and weaving gossamer, and dyeing down for the wings of butterflies, and painting petals for flowers in the seed; and he whispered to her, "In the house of the Titans are works more dainty than these." And he showed her the central caves of Earth, where goblins and gnomes were polishing slippery beads of quicksilver, and fitting the joints of precious crystals, and rolling together heavy atoms of gold, and boiling topazes in wine of sunset, and straining fused carbon for diamonds; and he whispered to her, "In the house of the Titans are treasures more precious than these." And he showed her the deeps of Ocean, where tritons and nereids were salting the sea, and keeping time for the tides, and piling the cells of coral, and tinting the lips of shells; and he whispered to Pandora, "In the house of the Titans are shows more amazing than these."

And still Prometheus tarried from home, stirring among coarse herds of men, touching their lips with the live coals of inspiration he had snatched from Heaven, so that they moved in sweet psalms of praise and hope, and

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lofty hymns of liberty. But Epimetheus hid himself in trouble and foreboding, and awaited in silent anxiety the coming of his dark, proud brother. What was that he had done? What was this that Jove was doing? What beautiful danger was she that had stolen into their stronghold of iron and brass? He started and trembled as the giddy laugh of Pandora, peeping, prying, meddling, rang through the high, cold corridors, as she stealthily stooped with her dainty, pink ear at his door, finger on lip, watching, — all panting with keen curiosity, and smiling in the dear delight of mischief. Her weak and shallow husband had left all the great, grim house to her; she stood at last in the very chamber of Prometheus, — a lofty, dim rotunda, all of stone, pierced for one star-like light above. In the midst was a brass tripod, glowing with that fearful booty of live coals from Heaven; overhead a brass lamp hung in chains, not still, nor creaking, but breathing like a living thing, with a coming and going flame; under the roof a great Psyche butterfly, glorious in purple and gold, now resting with heavily waving wings, a panting poem of full rapture, now fluttering and flashing in and out of that star-like stream of Heaven, a sprite of immortal longing. And, save these, only one other thing — a tall jar of translucent pearl, of ever-changing shades, now bright, now dark, as from something moving within; and from within came a humming and low roar, as of a bee-hive when the bustling swarm is crowded; but the jar was closed fast with a lid.

Now Pandora of the Prying Mind stood a-tiptoe, palpitating with wonder and expectation, with clasped hands and parted lips, a living statue of thrilled curiosity. Without, the whole house seemed, like herself, to hold its breath; she heard the brazen lamp breathe quick, she heard the toad half turn upon a stone, she heard the slow, wide flapping of the great Psyche's wings, she heard the hollow murmur of the chamber, she heard the echo of her own heart-throb; and with a little frightened flutter of giggle, that resounded under the brazen dome, she shut fast her sweet, foolish eyes, and snatched off the lid.

Whirr-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r !

Up to the dome, around the walls, and through the door, and along the corridors, and across the columned vestibule, and out into the free air, and over the wide, wide world.

Whirr-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r ! !

First of all, the Prying, Meddling Mind, Talebearing, Scandalous Report, Envy, Covetousness, Fraud, Cruelty, Pride, Revenge, Ignorance, Poverty, Disease, —

Whirr-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r ! ! ! The gifts of the angry gods !

But first of all flew forth the Prying Mind and the Meddling Disposition; and last of all came Hope.

Epimetheus wept, and wrung his hands; the great Psyche butterfly fell to the ground with broken wings; and Pandora died with dismay and fear.

But in her last horror she had clapped down the lid of that fatal jar, and Hope, sweet Hope, was saved to the sons of men.

J. W. P.

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HOW LULU GOT LOST.

LULU was a little black-eyed girl, with a slight, dancing figure, a delicate, *spirituelle* face, and a blue-and-white sun-bonnet, ruffled all around. I call especial attention to this last fact, because whoever saw Lulu from six o'clock in the morning until six in the evening — when, tired out with the labors of the day and the care of her inseparable friend and companion "Minnie," she was generally ready to go to bed — was sure to see that same little sun-bonnet. I can see it to-day, with my "mind's eye," as plainly as I can see the small face under it, although it must long since have become, if not "dust and ashes," at least pulp or paper. Perhaps by some strange alchemy it has been transformed into this very sheet upon which I am now writing.

Lulu must have been about three years old when she "got lost." If you will wait a minute, I will tell you how I know. One day as I sat by my work-table, sewing busily, she came quietly into the room, — Minnie, blue sun-bonnet, and all, — and seated herself in a little chair by my side. I gave her a word and a smile, and then went on with my work. Presently a little hand stole into my lap. There it nestled for a moment, then crept softly upward until it clasped one of my fingers. I kissed the little hand, and laid it softly down again; for how could I sew, fettered in that way? Pretty soon the sun-bonnet was dashed upon the carpet, and the small brown head it had covered placed itself, with a faint little sigh, upon my knee. I smoothed back the disordered locks, patted the tiny, wistful face, and then turned to my work again. Those button-holes must be finished before dark, hit or miss! After a while the little figure straightened itself up, a small arm made an attempt at encircling my waist, and the brown head rested against my arm, rendering any attempt at sewing somewhat akin to the "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties." But I persevered bravely, and at length a low, tearful voice beside me said, "If I had a little girl, just about three years old, I should pet her a great deal!"

Down went the work. Button-holes were of small account after *that!* "Pet her a great deal!" Children, Lulu is a tall girl now, taller than any of you; but I do not think she has ever lacked petting from that day to this.

So I know Lulu must have been "just about three years old" when she got lost.

A few days after that, as we were all at the tea-table, — Minnie, head downward, squeezed into the high-chair with Lulu, and *the* sun-bonnet tossed upon the sofa, — the little girl's papa said, "I must drive to the village after tea; could n't I take Lulu with me?"

"O no!" I answered. "It is too late. She must go to bed in half an hour."

Lulu opened her eyes wide, but said nothing. Presently she finished her

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bread-and-butter, slipped down from her chair, took Minnie (wrong end up, of course) and the sun-bonnet, and vanished.

In half an hour I said to her nurse, "Louise, you had better go and find Lulu. It is time she was undressed."

Louise departed; and I heard her out in the yard calling, "Lulu! Lulu!" But no sweet, childish voice replied. I traced Louise, by the sound, from swing to garden, from garden to corn-house, from corn-house to barn. Then, growing uneasy, I went out to investigate the matter.

"What is it, Louise? can't you find Lulu?"

"No, ma'am," she answered; "I can't find her anywhere."

I rushed to the kitchen. "Mary, have you seen anything of Lulu?"

"Is 't Lulu you mane? No, indade, mem; I 've not seen the likes of her sence ye had yer tay."

By that time Louise and I had become thoroughly frightened. Our nearest neighbor was nearly half a mile off, and the child was not in the habit of going to the creek alone. Nevertheless I said, turning to the two girls, "Mary, go through the woods to Mr. Merick's, and see if she is there. Where 's Hugh?"

"Milkin', mem," was the laconic answer.

"Louise," I said, "do you go up the road to Mr. Van Arm's. I 'll take Hugh and go down to the creek."

There was no time for parleying, and we started in different directions as soon as possible. As I passed the barnyard, I shouted to Hugh: "Hugh, leave your milking, and come with me."

How I hurried down the lane, looking behind every pile of boards, peering beneath every bush, and calling "Lulu! Lulu!" at every step!

She was not to be found. There were no traces of her at the creek; no little footprints in the sand, no sign of doll or sun-bonnet. I glanced once, and only once, down into the clear, rippling water. I could not look there for my darling, — not yet.

It was after sundown, and, more alarmed than I would have liked to confess, I hastened back to the house. The whippoorwills were wailing in the woods. The shrill scream of the katydids resounded from the nearer trees. I shivered in the damp night-air. But where was Lulu?

The girls had got back, but with no tidings. Louise was wringing her hands, and Mary filling the air with her Irish lamentations. I thought they would drive me frantic.

"Hush, hush, girls!" I said. "Be quiet, I beg. But O, if her father were only here!"

As if in answer to my wish he drove into the yard at that very moment. I flew to his side and told him all there was to tell. He looked at me earnestly for an instant, then pressed his lips to my forehead.

"Don't be frightened, dear," he said. "The darling can't be far off. We 'll find her in a trice."

But half an hour afterward, when there was just a faint streak of daylight in the west, he took my hand in his and led me into the house.

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"You can be of no use here," he said. "And you look as if you had had a fit of sickness already. Go in and stay with little Willie. He needs you."

I obeyed him, casting but one glance at his face, which was pale and anxious. Taking the baby from his cradle, I proceeded to undress him, my heart, the while, growing more and more heavy. Night was darkening the earth, and where was my child, — the one little daughter that God had given me?

Louise came in with warm milk for Willie. Her cheeks were wet.

"They 've gone down to the creek again," she said, with a smothered sob. "Mr. Merick and Mr. Van Arm and all!"

That was why I had been coaxed into the house, then. My head sank into my hands, and for the first time that night I wept.

But just at that moment the door flew open, and there stood Miss Lulu, — her hair in a remarkable tumbled state, a look of sleepy wonder and bewilderment in her great, dark eyes, Minnie tucked under one arm, and the inevitable sun-bonnet under the other. I laughed and cried in the same breath.

"O Lulu! my child! We thought you were lost, were drowned. Where were you? Where was mamma's darling?"

"I don't know. Asleep, I guess," she said, rubbing her eyes in an absent sort of way.

"But your hair is full of straws, and your dress is in such a tumble! Where has Lulu been? Tell mamma! Run quick, Louise, and let the men know that this young lady has made her appearance," I added, seating myself by the cradle, and clasping my recovered treasure closely to my heart, while I covered the little face with kisses. "Now, Lulu, where have you been ever since tea?"

"In papa's big wagon, under the seat!"

It seems that the child had climbed into a great lumber-wagon that stood in one corner of the yard, as soon as she left the tea-table; and, feeling tired, had crept under the seat, with Minnie in her arms, and fallen fast asleep. We had passed the wagon at least a dozen times, but she was completely hidden from observation, and no one thought of looking there.

"What did you get into the wagon for?" I asked. "You 'll break your neck some time, climbing into all sorts of places. And you 'll frighten us to death into the bargain."

"Lulu and Minnie going to ride," she said, patting my cheek softly. "Mamma said, 'too late to go to the village with papa.' So we take just a little ride in the big wagon."

The little witch! But that is the way Lulu got lost.

Julia C. R. Dorr.

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SPRING-TIME CALENDAR.

WHEN the skies begin to soften,
Though the winds are rough and strong;
When the sunny days come often,
Though the snow-drifts linger long;
When the brooks begin to wonder
If their silver tongues are free,
As the ice-chains o'er and under
Loose their links regretfully;
When the evergreens are telling
To each other, crooning low,
How the early buds are swelling,
And the grasses springing so
Boldly, where a slope or hollow
Catches sunshine all the year,
And the ferns are soon to follow,—
Then we guess that Spring is near.

When the arbutus is creeping
Through the dim wood's dimmest ways,
Where the shy sweet-brier, sleeping,
Dreams its dreams of summer days;
When the willow wands are pushing
Downy heads to meet the light,
And the Judas-tree is blushing,
(Shameful name for bloom so bright!)
When the daffodil, awaking,
Opens wide her golden cup,
And the tulip's heart is breaking
With its longing to come up;
When the crocus freely offers
To the south-wind, straying near,
All the gold within her coffers,—
We believe that Spring is here.

When the dreamy lilac, sighing,
Swayeth languidly her plume,
And the columbine, replying,
Sends back wafts of wild perfume;
When the cherry's snowy fingers
Beckon to the first wild bee,
And each apple-blossom lingers
In its bud impatiently;
When the brown wren, pert and saucy,
Seeks his meals before our door;

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And the martin, proud and glossy,
Challenges his foe of yore,
Bonny blue-bird, — fearless fellow! —
When the robin gives us cheer,
And the red-bird, and the yellow, —
Then we *know* that Spring is here.

Eunice E. Comstock.

QUEER THINGS ABOUT BABIES.

A GREAT many curious things happen to babies, in this round world of ours, that the readers of "Our Young Folks" probably never heard of. One thing is — planting them. This is done by the dark-skinned women of Guinea, and is n't half so dreadful as it sounds. The mother digs a hole in the ground, stands baby in it, and then packs the warm sand around him to keep him in place, — as you would set out a rose-bush. It keeps him out of mischief, and he can play in the sand while his mother works. All day long he stays in this odd crib, and at night, when she is done with her work, he is dug out.

When this agricultural mother wants to carry baby about, she ties him into a little chair which she straps to her back. If it is some very grand occasion, he is dressed neatly in stripes of white paint, and ornamented with dozens of brass bracelets and rings on arms and legs. A funny-looking baby he must be!

If you don't fancy a crib of sand for a baby, what do you think of a big shoe, stuffed with moss to make it comfortable? The droll little Lapps cradle their babies in that way. The shoe is large, of course, and made of reindeer skin. It comes up high at the back, like the slippers we wear nowadays, and is turned up at the toes. The moss with which it is stuffed is the famous reindeer moss, soft and white; and the odd little black-eyed baby looks very comfortable hanging from a tree, or slung across its mother's back.

Perhaps this baby who lives in a shoe is no more comical than the baby who lives in a fur bag, — another sober little black-eyed baby, away off in the shivery Esquimaux huts. Besides being cuddled up in the fur bag at his mother's back, this round-faced little fellow wears a fur hood, and looks like some strange kind of animal peeping out on the world.

You may have seen the Indian baby, or pappoose, bound flat to a board, — poor little creature! One tribe, the Flatheads, make a rude sort of box of bark or willow-work, and wrap the baby — "little man," they call him — in a piece of blanket, strap him tightly to the box, and hang it across two sticks. Besides this, the unfortunate little fellow has a board bound over his forehead to make him a Flathead.

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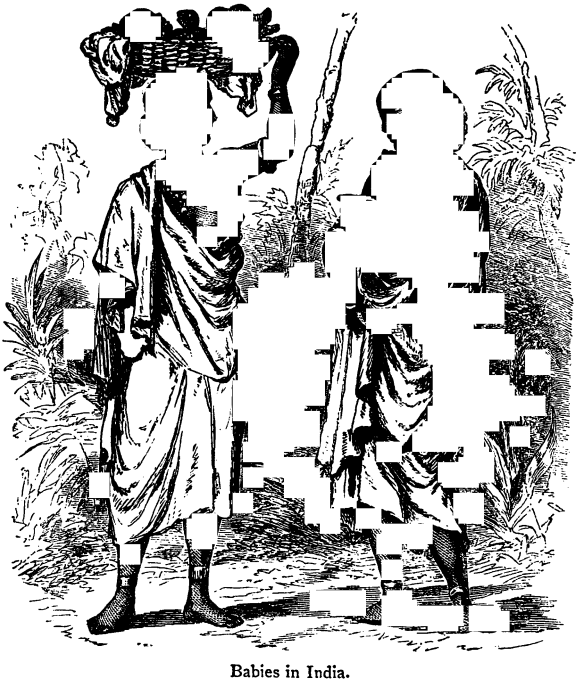

Babies in India.

Even the Russian peasant mother cradles her baby on a square board hung from the wall by strings from each corner, like the pan in a balance.

In India the funny little black babies either sit on their mother's hips and hold on by clasping their hands over her shoulder, or they take airy rides in a basket on her head. These babies are elegantly dressed in armlets, bracelets, anklets, and leglets (if one might make a word), finger-rings, toe-rings, ear-rings, and nose-rings. As for clothes, they don't need many when they wear so much jewelry.

China babies — not dolls, but babies that live in China — are sadly in the way among the poor. Sometimes they are cradled in a bag on their mother's back, and sometimes they are tied to the backs of older children, who go about as though they had no such load.

Many poor Chinese live in boats on the river, and the baby that comes to such a family is tied by a long rope to the mast. It is long enough to let the child creep around, but not long enough to let him fall overboard.

There is another curious custom regarding babies which prevails in some parts of China. If one dies, it is not buried, as older people are; it is thrown out carelessly, and crackers are fired off at the door. Here and there, at the corners of streets, charitable people build small houses with openings to drop the neglected little bodies in, and that is all the burial they get.

Olive Thorne.

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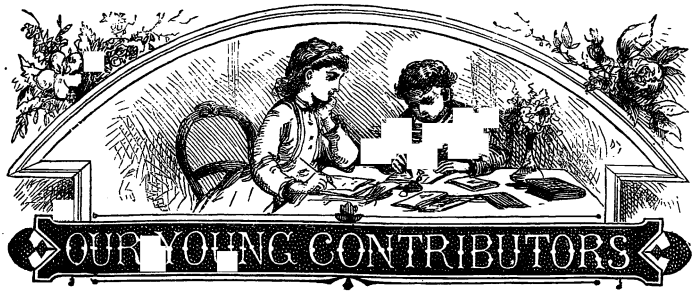

MAY POLKA.

Composed by Mary A. Leland, age 10.

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AN EXCURSION TO TIVOLI.

WE had been in Rome but two or three days, and were to begin our sight-seeing by driving sixteen miles away, to Tivoli, older than Rome itself.

To the regular jingle of the bells on the horses we set out across the level Campagna, which stretched away in all directions, with gentle undulations here and there, bright with all beautiful hues of green, gray, or purple; old ruins stood out against the sky, or a little river shone among the tall grasses for a while.

After about three hours we reached the ruins of Hadrian's Villa. Here we dismounted, and, taking a guide, explored the remains of this villa, which was once so famous and magnificent. It is, of course, all a confusion to one who is as little of an antiquarian as I am. We went through prisons, temples, baths, theatres, passages, halls, and rooms, and buildings of all kinds, with long walls and aqueducts extending out into the sunny fields. The costly marbles and works of art which have been excavated here have been taken away to adorn comparatively modern churches and art-galleries. The Venus of Medici and the celebrated mosaic of Pliny's Doves were found here. Growing all among the vast ruins were delicate spring wild-flowers, — periwinkle, babies'-breath, anemones, and many others which are wild here but cultivated at home.

Again we took our carriages and drove on to Tivoli. The road winds up the side of a mountain, in the midst of olive orchards; through the trees we had exquisite glimpses of the Campagna, stretching like a sea of color to the horizon. The dome of Saint Peter's showed distinctly, but no other sign of the existence of the "Imperial City" was visible.

At length we reached Tivoli. We rattled through the narrow, dirty streets, beset with beggars, and stopped finally in one of the narrowest of them all. What could be seen in such a horrid place? I wondered; but we got out, and walked through the hotel, and came suddenly on a scene of startling beauty. Before us were high hills clothed in the soft gray-green of the olive orchards; we stood on the edge of a deep ravine, beside the well-preserved ruin of the Temple of the Sibyl; below us rushed a splendid cascade, dashing out volumes of spray in which the sun formed a perfect rainbow of the most vivid colors. Sitting in the little temple we ate our lunch and feasted our eyes on the scenery.

After this, following our guide, we descended into the ravine. We entered a tunnel hollowed through the face of the cliff, and came out into a most singular place, a sort of cave, with the water rushing over our heads, down at one side, and under us, with a deafening noise; the rock was curiously worn by the force of the water where it had flowed ages ago, making a very remarkable roof to the cave. Afterwards we saw this same body of water plunge into the earth and disappear. I don't know where it comes to the surface again.

When we had reached the lowest part of the ravine, we found donkeys waiting for us. We ascended a pleasant path through the woods to the high road. Following this a long way, and running up a valley, we obtained a fine view of the town, the temple, and three large cascades, framed in dark ravines or sunny greenery, and gleaming like silver. The picture was all brightness steeped in Italian sunshine, with a vividly blue sky above.

Back we rode into Tivoli, to a villa belonging to the D'Este family. Only the garden is open to the travelling public, and it is certainly the most charming garden imaginable. Fountains are everywhere; along the sides of paths, at the ends of green

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vistas, in the centres of all the open spaces; forming cascades down the terraces, springing from groups of statuary, and flowing through artificial ponds or basins.

Long terraces bordered by heavy stone balustrades, long flights of stone steps, statues overrun by luxuriant vegetation, with delicate maiden's-hair fern, and rose-bushes in full bloom clothing all, formed just my ideal of a garden, — old, tangled, neglected, with nature resuming her sway and softening the stiff lines of art.

It was now after five o'clock, so we took our carriages, which were waiting at the door, and started for Rome again. The sun soon set, and the gray shadows came stealing down from the mountains and spread over the Campagna. The sunset glow remained after it was nearly dark, and the effect of a ruin standing out black and weird against the brilliant color was quite startling. Then the moon grew luminous, and the stars came out. Now and then a drove of mild-eyed, great-horned, gray oxen of the Campagna passed us, driven by a brown, picturesque peasant woman astride on a donkey.

Quieted by the fatigue, lulled by the drowsy music of the bells, soothed by the cool soft breeze blowing against my hot forehead, I could have driven on and on in a spell of passive happiness forever; but all too soon the charm was broken by our rattling into Rome, reaching the hotel, and discovering we were very hungry.

S. P. C.

A QUESTION.

LONG, dreamy purple shadows
Crept down from the mountains high,
Tenderly lifting the dying day
Into the peaceful sky;
And just as a sleepy robin
Trilled his last note from his tree,
All in her little white "nightie"
Came *my* winsome wee birdie to me.

How shall I show her to you, —
Our darling so sweet and fair?
Three summers, flying over her head,
Have dropped sunshine in her hair;
Her lips are like dewy rosebuds,
And only the summer skies
Can equal in depth and pureness
The blue of her laughing eyes.

Close in my arms she nestled,
Dimpled fingers round mine clasped tight.
Marvelous tales she told me
As we sat in the fading light;
All about books and dollies,
Full of flowers and birds and bees, —
The sweet voice rippled among the words
As a brook sings under the trees.

Then when the darkness deepened,
And the clear stars came in sight,
We whispered softly together
Of God and the angels bright,
Till the dear little head grew heavy,
And there, in a tiny heap,
With her rosy cheek on my shoulder,
Was my baby, fast asleep!

But the violet eyes half opened
When I laid her down to rest,
And, as I stooped to kiss her,
She murmured, in her nest,
"I'll be the *bestest* baby,
And go to heaven, I guess;
But, when I has dot white wings on,
How *s'all* I button my dress?"

A. E. Worcester, age 16.

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LIGHTHOUSE MARTHA.

LITTLE Martha lived in a tall lighthouse on a rocky point of land jutting out into the sea. When the tide was low and the waves were at rest, there was a smooth road of yellow sand reaching from the lighthouse to the shore, where stood the little fishing-village and its quaint old church. But when a strong wind came driving up from the eastward, the water would sweep over this road of sand, and so make Martha's home an island. Here the child lived alone with her mother and father.

It was the pleasure of Martha's life to go up the winding stairs with her father, at the close of each day, and watch him light up the big lamps of the lantern. When the little girl first saw them kindled into a blaze, she was almost blinded, and her heart beat quick with fear as she looked into the lantern's broad, glowing face. But very soon she began to love its warm, generous light, and to think of it as a dear friend that would shine above her and make the darkness cheerful.

The people in the fishing-village had great faith in the lighthouse. Built out on the rude granite breakers, it stood high and strong, and gave a character to the place. It seemed like a bold sentinel who had gone far out on the rocks to watch for storms.

One summer noon Martha's father and mother went away to a town in the country, and left their little girl to keep the lighthouse that afternoon. Little Martha was not afraid to be left alone, there were so many things to interest her. At last she grew tired of watching the ocean, and she took pussy and sat down on the doorstep to watch for her parents. As she listened, she thought the waves gave forth a deeper moan as they beat upon the rocks. The wind, too, seemed to freshen, and the little girl could see that the trees in the village, which had stood so still in the afternoon, were now bowing to and fro. She had begun to feel quite chilly and sad, when she heard, on a sudden, behind her, the dread roll of thunder.

She sprang up, and, followed closely by puss, ran around the lighthouse. Before her rose a mass of black clouds, fast mounting up the heavens. The lightning was striking back and forth from this inky mass, and out of it came the shuddering voice of the thunder. Puss was whining with terror, so her mistress took her up in her arms and carried her into the lighthouse, hoping her parents would come back soon. But when she found they would not be able to come, and that she would be left alone all night, the tears began to stream down her face. Then she remembered that the great light had not been lit, and she knew it would be a dreadful night for sailors near the coast. So she started up, and, lighting a candle, ran up the winding stairs. As she opened the lantern door, a gust of wind blew the candle out, so she had to get another.

When the lamps had been lighted, and the bright blaze of light, thrown forward by the reflector, cast out upon the ocean a broad gleam, little Martha was very happy and grateful. She drew her chair into a corner of the lantern-loft, and gradually fell into a peaceful sleep.

When her father and mother came, early in the morning, they found her fast asleep in her chair.

"Why, Martha dear," said her mother, "did you light the lamp?"

"Yes, mother," said little Martha, feeling very happy; "but I was not lonely, for the great light was with me."

Blanche Van Wagenen, age 14.

MIDDLETON, N. J.

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MY GARDEN.

SOME years ago, I was given a plat of ground a yard square, which I dignified by the name of garden. I was also allowed a rake, a watering-pot, an old dress, and the "freedom of the place." All children like dirt, and I dug and planted to my heart's content. My garden was filled with a choice collection of tiger-lilies and strawberries, interspersed — for the sake of variety — with dandelions, clover, and chickweed.

It soon enlarged, and received numerous additions. Somebody gave me some columbine seeds, and somebody else made me the recipient of daffodil roots. I shortly afterward procured a promising young grapevine. I also tried my hand and hoe at the cultivation of lettuce (at which I did n't succeed). I next went into ecstasies over a slip of scarlet geranium. Finally I aspired to some morning-glories and sweet-peas.

My garden changed like a kaleidoscope. As I grew older, my collections became choicer. I was once presented with a package of seeds marked "African roses." I am not familiar with the botany of Africa, and I had not the slightest idea of what they were, but I supposed something very wonderful. I planted them with high hopes. Said hopes were somewhat quenched when the anxiously watched seeds turned out (out of the ground) to be *poppies*.

Last year my garden consisted entirely of grass. Of all the enemies of flowers it is the worst. Weeds are of little account, and are easily pulled up; grass is n't. This "carpet of earth" is well enough in its proper place (everything has its right station somewhere), but I *don't* like it in gardens. It makes a pretty lawn, and is not particularly objectionable when it appears in stacks of fragrant clover; neither have I much aversion to it when seen along country roadsides, "wet with the morning dew and fringed with daisies and violets," etc., etc. (I believe that 's poetry, but I can't remember the rest of it).

"As I was saying" (I borrow that expression from my great-aunt Huldah), my garden consisted of grass. It was not my fault, for I tried to weed it out. I spent a hot evening in the garden on my hands and knees. I was covered with dirt and perspiration. Mosquitoes filled the air. I pulled and pulled at the grass, and only succeeded in breaking off little blades. It was impossible to force out the matted roots. I worked an hour and cleared a space a foot square. I was hot, tired, and covered with mosquito bites. I heard some one call, and, looking up, saw Ellen, who said somebody was in the parlor, waiting to see me.

I hurriedly changed my dress and went in. On the sofa sat my most fashionable acquaintance, a young lady of twelve summers. We both felt stiff and ill at ease. Our first greetings over, we were at a loss to find subjects for conversation. I remarked that the weather was very warm. She replied, yes, it was. There was an awful pause, during which she looked at her gloves, and I stared at the ceiling. "It looks as though we were going to have a shower," I ventured. She answered, she believed it did. There was another pause. She inquired if I was in a hurry to have school commence? I said I was n't, this hot weather. We conversed a little on the subject of school. Another pause occurred. She said she would like to hear me play. I sat down at the piano. She turned the leaves, and experienced much inconvenience from her tight gloves. She remarked that the piece was pretty. Neither of us could find anything more to say. She guessed she must go, and accordingly departed, having made a call of seven minutes.

I went back to my weeding. I looked around, but could not find the place I had cleared. Grass was everywhere. I sensibly concluded my labor made no impression,

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and that I had better let the garden alone. By July the grass was in fine condition, being nearly three feet tall. I had it mowed soon after.

My garden is usually conducted on something like the following plan. As soon as spring opens (which, in this latitude, is the middle of June) I plant my seeds. About eleven and five-eighths per cent come up, — which is quite good interest from the bank of earth. The transplanting, like everything on this earthly football, is a matter of labor and care. I consult the barometer, the thermometer, the clouds, and the almanac. If the four indicate propitious weather, I envelop myself in a big apron, take a trowel, a knife, a watering-pot and several sticks in hands, and proceed to the scene of action. On my way to the garden, I consult the ant-hills concerning the state of the atmosphere. I will not weary you with the details of the transplanting. (That 's what writers always say when they have n't talent enough to describe what they wish to.) Suffice it to say that I never "set out" a particularly choice lot of seedlings but there comes a freezing wind from the Arctic Ocean, or a scorching simoom from Africa, or a flood from the clouds above.

A few of the hardier ones survive only to fall a prey to marauding chickens, who roam about "at their own sweet will." Numerous bugs and beetles infest them. A stray calf gets in and tramples them. Everything owes them a special spite. By this time they are pretty well disposed of, rendering the "thinning out" advocated by gardeners quite unnecessary. The last and most important evil which besets them is the grass. About seven or eight live, and "waste their sweetness on the" — I forget the word — "air."

But I have learned a lesson from my plants. The world sometimes wonders that the numerous offspring of the poor are so healthy and rugged, while the children of the rich are frequently sick and delicate. The answer is obvious, — the weak and sickly infants die oftener with the poor than with the rich, for they receive less care, but the world knows nothing of them; and the naturally strong ones thrive with their rough treatment, and grow up with iron constitutions.

Thus it is with my plants. The weak ones die off, and the survivors of their numerous hardships live, till, like grass, they are almost impossible to kill, or, to use Aunt Huldah's expression, till they are "tougher than biled owls."

Betsey Pringle, age 14.

A SPRING CAROL.

THE gray is stealing away from the blue,
The robin is singing so loud,
And the sunshine in glory is bursting through
The gates of the riven cloud.

The bluebird calls to the babbling brook,
The brooklet sings to the flowers,
And the blossom starts from the sun-warm nook,
And blooms through the gladsome hours.

The swallows are building under the eaves,
The green is hiding the brown,
And the sunbeams dance through the shimmering leaves,
Or the rain comes pattering down.

Eudora May Stone, age 12.

EMERSON, OTOE CO., NEBRASKA.

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MY SHIPWRECK.

WHEN I was a little girl about five years old, I went on a voyage to sea with my father and mother. The ship was loaded with coal, and bound for Panama; so, in the month of May, with cheerful hearts and the prospect of a long and pleasant voyage before us, we sailed from New York, leaving home and friends. We little thought what would happen before we met again!

How pleasant those days upon the water were! One of our occupations was catching, or trying to catch, the dolphins swimming around the ship. I liked to watch them very much; and when the sun shone upon them, their backs glistened with the most beautiful colors. Sometimes a sea-bird would hit the mast or sails in its flight, and fall to the deck. Once father tied a flag around the neck of one, and then let it go; another time, a pipe.

I wish I could remember more about the voyage; but it was a long time ago. One thing, however, I shall always remember, and that is the shipwreck.

We had been out some time upon the passage, when a violent storm arose. How the waves dashed about the ship! The storm increased, so that we could hardly walk across the cabin without taking hold of something. The top of the stove came off, and the back of a heavy arm-chair fastened to the floor was broken. The lamp hung from the ceiling swayed to and fro violently. At the table, we had to hold all the dishes; the rack on the edge was not of the least use.

At last, after a few days, the storm passed away; but before that we found ourselves in serious trouble. The ship was leaking. In vain the carpenter went down in the hold and tried to stop the leak; the water gained. I remember going down there once. How dark it was, and how the water gurgled around the vessel!

At first the crew pumped a few hours at a time, then all day; and finally, when we could not help seeing that our cruel enemy increased his power rapidly, the poor fellows were forced to pump night and day, with but little rest for each.

At last we saw that it was no use; the ship could not be saved. All that could be done had been done, and we began to get ready to save our lives, if possible. We were then about five hundred miles from Montevideo, with not a ship in sight; and it was very doubtful if we could ever reach land in boats on such a sea. However, water and provisions enough to last were put up, and we were getting ready to leave the ship, when we saw that ever-welcome sight, a sail. Nearer and nearer it came, and we soon discovered that it was a French bark.

The signal of distress was raised, and a boat was sent over to see about taking us. The French captain was very unwilling; he was afraid it would make trouble with the owners.

It was night when we left the ship with all her sails set and ensign down. How fortunate that we left her when we did! At twelve o'clock she was in sight, but at daylight she was gone; sunk in that bottomless ocean where we should have been if God in his mercy had not saved us from death.

In a short time we reached Montevideo, and there the bark left us and pursued its way.

We went to Buenos Ayres, and sailed for New York in an American ship. We arrived safely home, after an absence of three or four months. You can imagine the joy of our friends at seeing us once more.

Susy Augusta Symonds, age 15.

KENNEBUNK, ME.

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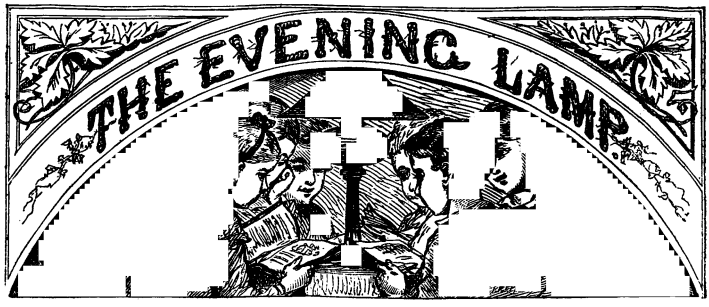

AGRICULTURAL PUZZLE.

No. 70.

1. Plant "Hero," and what will come up?
2. Plant a Zouave, and what will come up?
3. Plant a widow, and what will come up?
4. Plant wharves, and what will come up?
5. Plant repentance, and what will come up?
6. Plant a slap, and what will come up?

Voyageuse and Harry.

METAGRAM. — No. 71.

Whole, I amuse. Beheaded, I warm. Beheaded again, I devour. Beheaded and curtailed, I caused strife. Curtailed, I am a preposition. Curtailed, I am an article. Curtailed or beheaded again, I am nothing.

Jack Straw.

ENIGMA. — No. 72.

I am composed of 8 letters.
My *first* is in tin, but not in zinc.
My *second* is in eye, but not in blink.
My *third* is in green, but not in blue.
My *fourth* is in nothing, not even you.
My *fifth* is in young, but not in old.
My *sixth* is in silver, but not in gold.
My *seventh* is in moon, but not in sun.
My *eighth*'s not in pistol, but always in gun.
My *whole* is the name of a poet of fame,
And if you don't guess it I won't be to blame.

Consuelo.

METAGRAM. — No. 73.

First, I am a book. Change my head, and I am a famous city. Change again, I am a quantity. Change again, I am part of a building. Change again, I am the happiest place on earth.

Ada M. Tillson.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 74.

Jack Straw.

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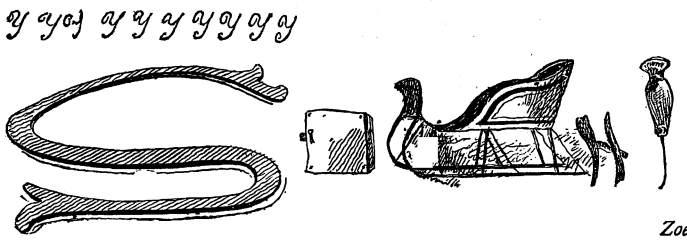
ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 75.



Zoe.

ENIGMAS.—No. 76.

I am composed of 9 letters.
My *first* is in new, but not in old.
My *second* is in timid, but not in bold.
My *third* is in whiskey, but not in gin.
My *fourth* is in copper, but not in tin.
My *fifth* is in cow, but not in calf.
My *sixth* is in cane, but not in staff.
My *seventh* is in prison, but not in jail.
My *eight* is in wind, but not in gale.
My *ninth* is in fence, but not in gate.
My *whole* is the name of a Western State.

E. Z. E. Nuff.

No. 77.

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 4, 7, 8, 5, is a large river.
My 1, 5, 9, 10, 4, 12, is a capital of one of the United States.
My 12, 11, 10, 11, 3, is a British possession in Africa.
My 1, 11, 9, 2, 3, is a city of Switzerland.
My 3, 2, 4, 12, is a lake of Mexico.
My 6, 2, 3, 2, 1, 2, 9, is an island of Oceanica.
My *whole* is a country of Asia.

L. E.

HIDDEN ORES.—No. 78.

1. Veronica, bring it in.
2. Grandmother is growing old very fast.
3. The topaz in Clara's ring is unusually large.
4. The troops were repulsed while advancing.
5. Cairo now appeared in view,

M. F. T. K. S. S.

A HIDDEN RIVER.—No. 79.

Meandering through this seeming barren verse,
There is a river whose unruffled flow
Laves the sweet flowers that on its margin blow,
And bears the shipping of the universe.
Great towns are watered in its onward course,
Whose lofty spires and domes stretch up toward heaven,
And yet are hid beneath the shelter given
By huge old trees that over them incline.
No eye can view its beauty plain but mine,
For I alone control the potent key
That guards its secret in unyielding gloom:
My hand can reach to draw it from the tomb,
In which, imbosomed by its trees and flowers,
It vainly waits, through long, slow-moving hours,
Ere it can hope some skilful hand to see
Raised to unveil its shrouding mystery.

Wonny Wy.

CHARADE.—No. 80.

My First.
Soil and sand,
Here I stand.
My Second.
From a bird
I am heard.
My Whole.
Black and green
I am seen.

Jack Straw.

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HIDDEN CONTRIBUTORS TO O. Y. F.—No. 81.

1. She is as fond of the odor as of the flower.

2. Your silly palaver ill becomes your dignity.

3. Did I err when I said that the thermometer was at zero set?—Err! Yes indeed!

4. Little Jo nestled close to his mother's side.

5. Around the doorstep hens gather for their food.

6. Thou, Bob, art letting thy temper get the better of thy discretion.

Fanny Higgins.

CHARADE.—No. 82.

My *first* we feel every summer.
My *second* soldiers use.
My *third* is what a cockney calls my first.
My *whole* is a savage.

Ada M. T.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—No. 83.

1. A part of a balance.
2. A contrary current.
3. A kind of sword.
4. A space of time.
5. A forlorn condition.

The initials name a precious stone; the finals an aromatic gum.

Ruthven.

WORD SQUARES.—No. 84.

1. Connection.
2. A knot.
3. A town.
4. A tree.
5. Approaches.

"*A. White.*"

No. 85.

1. A female name.
2. A male.
3. Mingled with.
4. A cooking apparatus.
5. A ministering spirit.

Ella M. N.

ANSWERS.

48. "One Word."
49. Ouzel.
50.

R	O	M	E
O	B	E	D
M	E	R	E
E	D	E	N

51.

E	N	A	C	T
	N	A	C	R	E
	A	C	T	E	D
	C	R	E	E	D
	T	E	D	D	Y

52. In order to understand an opinion, strange to say, we must use our understandings. But in many cases we discover the fact after it is too late, and then strive to hide our chagrin behind an off-hand jest. [(*In* ORDER 2) (*under* stand) an (open eye *on*), (S tea range) (2's A); (wee) (m u's T) (u's) (hour) (*under* stand *in* G S). (BUT *in* many cases) (wee) (d eyes cover) THE (FACT *after* IT) (eyes) (too) (I eight), and (t hen) (s triv) (2) (hide) (hour) (ch a grin) *behind* an (O FF hand) JEST.]

53. In the midst of life we are in death. (*In the midst of* LIFE, wee r *in* DEATH.)

54. Candy.

55. Aspinwall.

56. Boarding-school.

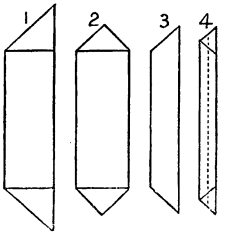
57.

S
O N E
S N A K E
E K E
E

58. Cain, gain, lain, main, pain, rain, vain.

59. Bee, beer, beast.

60. Take a piece of writing-paper about twice as long as it is broad, and fold each end as follows: Turn the upper corner down as shown in Fig. 1; then fold the other upper corner over that, as in Fig. 2. Fold the other ends similarly; then double lengthwise as in Fig 3; double again lengthwise (Fig. 4), and cut in the direction of the dotted line.



61.

L	O	V	E	R
O	L	I	V	E
V	I	T	A	L
E	V	A	D	E
R	E	L	E	T

62.

R	I	V	A	L
I	T	A	L	Y
V	A	P	O	R
A	L	O	N	E
L	Y	R	E	S

63. Nightingale. (Night-in-gale; nigh-tin-gale.)

64. Nora, Arno, Roan.

65. 1. Can-a-rye. 2. Turn-stone. 3. Wood-cock. 4. Her-on. 5. Pig-e-on. 6. Spar-row. 7. Mag-pie. 8. Chick-a-dee. 9. Pe-wee.

66. Here 's a health to all those that I love,
Here 's a health to all those that love me;
Here 's a health to all those that love them that I love,
And to them that love those that love me.

67. 1. Versailles. 2. Paris. 3. Mobile. 4. Madrid. 5. Venice. 6. Dublin. 7. Bombay.

68. Answer to cipher: "How do you do?" Key: Use first the next letter following the one desired; for the second letter, the second time, use the second letter following; the third time, use the third, &c.

69. Bordeaux. (Board O.)

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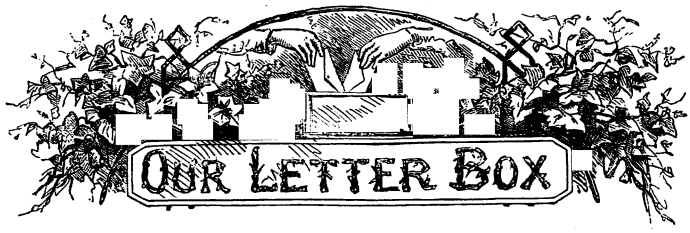

CINCINNATI, OHIO, March 16, 1873.

TO THE PUBLISHERS OF "OUR YOUNG FOLKS." GENTLEMEN, — I saw, in last December's number of "Our Young Folks," an enigma justly attributed to the celebrated authoress, Miss Anne *Seward*, — not *Steward*, as you print it, — the answer to which is published in the March number of the same excellent magazine.

Now, excuse me when I assert that this answer is not the one told me when living in England. More than sixty years ago my mother, who was a wonderful expounder of every description of riddles, explained to me the one in question, as follows: Miss Seward was well acquainted with the great lexicographer, Dr. Samuel Johnson, whose native place, which suggested this enigma, was within sixty miles of mine, and, being disposed to pay him a compliment, wrote the riddle which I give you below.

As regards the fifty pounds reward, it is so long since it was offered, I do not recollect whether or not it was ever claimed.

Miss Seward's enigma, with my mother's solution: —

The noblest object in the world of art, — Laocoön of Apollo.
The brightest gem that nature can impart, — Eye (vowel *I*).
The point essential in a lawyer's lease, — Time.
The well-known signal in the time of peace, — Cornucopia.
The farmer's prompter, when he drives the plough, — Hope.
The soldier's duty and the lover's vow, — Fidelity.
The planet seen between the earth and sun, — Idalia, or Venus.
The prize that merit never yet has won, — Ease.
The miser's treasure and the badge of Jews, — Lucre.
The wife's ambition, and the parson's dues, — Duty.
Now, if your noble spirit can divine
A corresponding word for every line,
By the first letters quickly will be shown
A loyal city of no small renown, — *Litchfield*, the birthplace of Dr. Johnson, known in the time of the Romans.

I have taken "Our Young Folks," without interruption, ever since it was first published, and one or two of my grandchildren, who inherit my mother's faculty of divining hidden mysteries, join me in welcoming each month this interesting and instructive volume. Aged as I am, as soon as the leaves are cut, I turn to the "Evening Lamp" with as much eagerness as those of smaller growth, and seldom relinquish it till more than half the puzzles are made clear, though we think some of the illustrated rebuses are far-fetched. Freely criticise the accompanying solution of Miss Seward's enigma, and oblige me by answering this hasty communication of your well-wisher, and

Yours respectfully,

ANNE RYLAND (in her 77th year).

Our correspondent will please accept our thanks for the light she has thrown upon this remarkable riddle. The answer she gives is probably the correct one, and yet in some respects it is inferior to the one worked out by "T. F.," whose ingenuity shines all the more conspicuous by the light of this elucidation.

We have no important criticism to make; observing only that Lichfield, the birthplace of Dr. Johnson, is commonly spelled without the *t* which appears in this solution. "Laocoön of Apollo" is manifestly a slip of the pen. The famous group of statuary known as the *Laocoön* is said to be the work of Agesander of Rhodes; and it may well dispute with the *Apollo Belvedere* the title of "the noblest object in the world of art." Miss Anna Seward — if she, and not "Anne Steward," wrote this enigma — was a voluminous writer of prose and verse, and herself for many years a resident of Lichfield. Born in 1747, she died in 1809, bequeathing to Sir Walter Scott a mass of manuscript poetry and correspondence, which he edited with a Memoir.

Our rebus-makers will please take notice of our correspondent's criticism.

WATERTOWN, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS: —

I am building a boat after the plan you gave in your August number of 1872, and like it very much. Will you be so kind as to let me know what kind of a sail I can put in her? We have quite a nice place to sail a boat, and I also want

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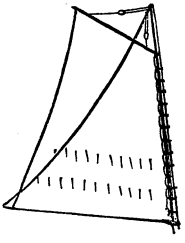
to go on the lake (Ontario) with her in summer. A party of us are going to camp out on the islands.

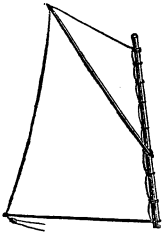
Yours truly,

YOUNG BOAT-BUILDER.

For a sail-boat with a single mast, a "fore-and-aft" sail is the only thing to be recommended. Common fore-and-aft sails, if of any considerable



size, are furnished with tackle for raising and spreading them, as shown in the cut. But as your boat is probably quite small, a simpler style of



sail will answer your purpose, like this of which we give a drawing. It can be hung on the mast by the loops, called "grommets," and stretched by means of a "sprit" extending diagonally across the sail from the upper outward corner to a "becket" hung midway on the mast. The "becket" is a short rope having one large loop, through which the mast passes, and another smaller one, or "eye," in which the end of the sprit rests. The corner of the sail is also furnished with an eye, formed by gathering into a small loop the rope or heavy cord which surrounds the entire sail. The ends of the sprit are shaped to fit into these eyes, without slipping through them. The sprit sail may have a light boom, or not, as you please. Instead of lowering the sail when you are through using it, slip the sprit out of the becket and turn it in your hands, rolling the sail up on it; then bind both neatly to the mast with the "sheet."

Let us warn you, however, that the kind of boat you are building will not be a safe thing to sail in on the lake, except in experienced and very careful hands. The first flaw will capsize you.

Polly Princeton, writing from Stockton, California, sends — along with answers which came too late for acknowledgment last month — this interesting question for the "Letter Box," which "some kind young person" is requested to answer: —

"After water has been standing some time, I have often noticed that minute bubbles collect on the sides of the vessel which contains it. What causes them to collect there?"

N. W. — Alfred Tennyson is the author of the poem of "The Lotos-Eaters," beginning, —

"'Courage!' he said, and pointed toward the land."

Your question regarding "Miriam," in Hawthorne's "Marble Faun," we cannot positively answer, though we have little doubt of her being a purely fictitious character.

Allie, Josie, and Lou. — Rosa Bonheur (pronounced *Bun-urr*, or nearly so, accenting both syllables alike) is a celebrated French painter, born in Bordeaux in 1822. Her love of animals and her enthusiastic devotion to art have made her one of the most conscientious and faithful delineators of animals in the world. She is very industrious, and her pictures command the highest prices.

Your other questions have either been answered in the "Letter Box," or are hardly appropriate for it.

SAN MATEO, CAL., February 15, 1873.

DEAR EDITORS: —

Do you remember the rhyming list of English Sovereigns beginning

"First William the Norman,
Then William his son"?

It was of great use to me when at school, and even now some of the lines come back to my memory very conveniently at times.

If you think the enclosed rhyming list of American Presidents will be of similar use to any of the little readers of "Our Young Folks," please drop it into the "Letter Box."

Truly yours,

EMELEON.

AMERICAN PRESIDENTS.

First Washington, Adams,
With Jefferson reckoned;
Next Madison, Monroe,
Then Adams the second.
Andrew Jackson came next,
Of New Orleans fame;
Van Buren, and Harrison,
And Tyler next came.
Then Polk, and then Taylor,
Then Fillmore, and Pierce,

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Then Buchanan, then Lincoln,
With war's dreadful curse.
Then Johnson, of whom
There is little to say,
And now Grant, who presides
At the White House to-day.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —
Can you tell me where the verse —

"'T is good to be merry and wise,
'T is good to be honest and true,
'T is good to be off with the old love
Before you are on with the new" —

comes from? I have looked in various places, and have not been able to find it.

Yours truly and admiringly,
A. D.

CINCINNATI, February 19, 1873.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —
Will some of you please tell me something about "Whittington and his Cat"? Also where to find the following quotations? —

1. "He that good thinketh, good may do,
And God will help him thereunto;
For never was good work wrought
Without beginning of good thought."

2. "A looker-on in Vienna."

3. "Patience on a monument, smiling at Grief."

EVELYN.

NASHUA, N. H., February 20, 1873.

MR. "EDITOR": —
Can you or any of your numerous family of Young Folks tell me the meaning of the letters "R. S. V. P." when attached to a card of invitation?

We are all here very much interested to find out how Jack Hazard succeeds in "doing his best." He has my best wishes in his way through school. Mother says she is not too old to feel an interest in Jack's adventures, and that she remembers some masters, in the early part of her school-days, of whom "Mr. Dinks" reminds her very forcibly. I am glad the times and customs have changed since then.

Hoping that you will answer the question at the first of this letter, I remain,

Yours truly,
"BESS."

The initials "R. S. V. P." are supposed to stand for the French, *Répondez, s'il vous plaît*, — "Answer, if you please."

The scenes in Mr. Dinks's school-room — even to the two heads in the table-drawer — are all taken from life; not a single incident has been exaggerated, — as some may need to be told, who never had the pleasure of an acquaintance with Master Dinks or his method.

VASSAR COLLEGE, February 3, 1873.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —
Can some of the Young Folks tell me where the following lines are found?

"I believe if I should die,
And you should kiss my eyelids when I lie
Cold, dead, and dumb to all the world contains,

The folded orbs would open at thy breath,
And from its exile in the aisles of death
Life would come gladly back along my veins."

If any one can tell me where the rest of this snatch of poetry is found, it will very much oblige

AMY.

R. C. Faris writes, "Here is a puzzle similar to the one in the February "Young Folks": —

"U O O,	You sigh for a cipher,
I O T H E E.	I sigh for thee.
O O N O O,	O sigh for no cipher,
O O M E.	O sigh for me."

MESSRS. "EDITORS": —
I send you the following very ancient riddle. Is it worthy of a place in the "Young Folks"? Can any one tell the answer?

OLD RIDDLE.

There was a man of Adam's race,
Who had a certain dwelling-place.
He had a house all covered o'er,
Where no man dwelt since or before.
It was not built by human art
Of brick or lime in any part,
Of rock or stone in cave or kiln,
But curiously was wrought within.
'T was not in Heaven, nor yet in Hell,
Nor on the earth where mortals dwell.
Now, if you know this man of fame,
Tell where he lived, and what his name.

I am delighted with the answer to Miss Seward's riddle. Did she leave an answer, and, if so, with whom?

As regards the Æolian harp, some one suggests that the strings be all tuned to one and the same note (D is the best). The air blowing with different degrees of force will excite different sounds, — *tones* of sound, more properly.

GRANDMOTHER.

"Grandmother" will be interested to see a communication regarding Miss Seward's riddle in another part of the "Letter Box."

CLEVELAND, OHIO, January 18, 1873.

DEAR EDITOR: —
The enclosed stanzas will probably make a good impression if spoken in a *very* clear voice. One cannot appreciate the rhyme unless the *verbs* are distinctly spoken.

Please to answer three questions which I shall ask. 1. Of what use is Algebra? 2. From my

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writing, should you think me a boy or a girl? 3. In that part of Longfellow's "Song of Hiawatha" called "Hiawatha's Departure" may be seen these lines:—

"Was it Shingebis the diver?
Or the pelican, the Shada?
Or the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah?
Or the white goose Waw-be-wawa,
With the water dripping, flashing
From its glossy neck and feathers?"

Those same proper names are used in other parts of the poem. Did any tribe of Indians ever call the birds mentioned in the quotation by such names?

Ever your well-wisher,

J. C.

Answers. — 1. Algebra, besides being an excellent discipline for the mind, is of the highest use in solving, by quick and easy methods, problems which would often require the most intricate and tedious processes of common arithmetic for their solution, — if, indeed, they could be solved at all without the use of algebraic rules and symbols.

2. A girl, decidedly.

3. The names you quote, together with many others which constantly recur in the wild and beautiful legends of Hiawatha, are understood to be the actual Indian words for the animals and things they represent. They are mostly gleaned, we think, from the Ojibway dialect.

Here are the stanzas alluded to by "J. C.," — sent in answer to the call of a correspondent for pieces suitable for declamation.

THE LOVERS.

IN DIFFERENT MODES AND TENSES.

Sally Salter, she was a young teacher who taught,
And her friend, Charley Church, was a preacher who praught,
Though his enemies called him a screecher who scraught.

His heart, when he saw her, kept sinking and sunk,
And his eye, meeting hers, began winking and wunk;
While she, in her turn, fell to thinking and thunk.

He hastened to woo her, and sweetly he wooed;
For his love grew until to a mountain it grewed,
And what he was longing to do then he doed.

In secret he wanted to speak, and he spoke,
To seek with his lips what his heart long had soke;
So he managed to let the truth leak, and it loke.

He asked her to ride to the church, and they rode;
They so sweetly did glide that they both thought they glode;
And they came to the place to be tied, and were tode.

Then "Homeward," he said, "let us drive," and they drove;
And, soon as they wished to arrive, they arrove;
And whatever he could n't contrive she controve.

The kiss he was dying to steal, then he stole,
At the feet where he wanted to kneel then he knole,
And he said, "I feel better than ever I fole."

So they to each other kept clinging, and clung,
While Time his swift current was winging and wung,
And this was the thing he was bringing and brung.

The man Sally wanted to catch, and had caught,
That she wanted from others to snatch, and had snaught,
Was the one that she now liked to scratch, and she scraught.

And Charley's warm love began freezing and froze,
While he fell to teasing, and cruelly toze
The girl he had wished to be squeezing and squoze.

"Wretch!" he cried, when she threatened to leave him and left,
"How could you deceive me as you have deceft?"
And she answered, "I promised to cleave, and I've cleft."

Houston Merrill wishes to know where he "can get a good book about seamanship, navigation, and all about ships and signals, etc.; also its probable cost." Who can tell him?

HERE goes Jack Straw's dollar!

"V. S." sends us from Philadelphia, in a neat feminine handwriting, the following answer to Jack Straw's riddle.

To give an answer to a word
That first is beast, and then is bird,
And winds up with a letter too,
Seems very difficult to do;
Yet sure I think that I have found
A word that will the whole propound.

My *beast* is of ignoble birth;
The poor thing is of little worth.
He sneaks and cringes, barks and steals,
And, spite of kicks, creeps at your heels.

My *birdie* is a saucy thing;
So little and so light of wing!
His pretty, merry, lively ways
Are sweet through all the summer days.

Now, for the letter, — you will see
'T is in the cross-row, number three;
On a bank-note you 'll gladly view it,
And into my *whole* you 'll soon undo it.
Cur-Wren-C (*Currency*).

Now, as *currency* is *our* answer (alluded to last

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month), we feel compelled to find another, which we do, and adapt it to Jack Straw's rhymes as follows: —

"A *cur* is the beast,
A *wren* is the bird,
The letter is *T*,
And *cur-ren-te* the word."

Though the word is Latin, it occurs in English dictionaries, and is familiarly quoted in English literature, in connection with *calamo* (*currente calamo* signifying *with a running pen*); — nor, indeed, does Jack Straw's riddle restrict the *word* to the English language. He may possibly consider *currente* even a better answer than *currency*, yet we regard this as a "reasonably good" one; accordingly, if "V. S." will send us her address, we will forward her the dollar in question, unless in the mean time a still better answer comes in, or Jack Straw makes some "reasonable" objection.

Other correspondents have sent inferior answers, such as "Apollo" (Ape-poll-o), and "Molebats." In the former, the second and third letters in *Ape* are in the way. As for the latter, though there is such a thing as a molebat (a kind of fish), a *bat* is not a *bird*, and the plural *molebats* does not give the three syllables called for by Jack Straw.

And now here comes the following letter from LeRoy, N. Y.: —

EDITORS OF "OUR YOUNG FOLKS": —

I have been a subscriber to your magazine for only a short time, but during that time I have been a most attentive reader. Upon seeing Jack Straw's first puzzle, I gave as a solution "Titmouse," and upon seeing the second, I was seized with a desire to solve it. The solution was not as easy as the first; yet after some time I found the word "Barrenness," which, if we take only the sound into account, may be divided into the words, "bear," "wren," and "ess." But I thought that this would not satisfy so exacting a person as our friend Jack Straw, so I looked still further, and was rewarded by finding the word "bullfinches." My hardest task was yet to come, that of giving a rhymed answer; yet I have done even that, though very imperfectly.

I am looking o'er the lea;
And what do you think I see?
Well, first a "bull" I spy,
And the next that meets my eye
Is a "finch" upon a tree,
As he sings his song to me.
But no, there 's more than one;
I must add the letter "es,"
And then my story 's done,
And the word I think you 'll guess.

"FORREST FELTON."

Unfortunately, the last syllable of "finches" has the sound of *ez*.

NEW BOOKS. — Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong, & Co., encouraged, we suppose, by the great success of their "Illustrated Library of Wonders," have commenced the publication of an "Illustrated Library of Travel, Exploration, and Adventure," which promises to be equally successful, or at least deserves to be so. Seven volumes have been issued, comprising "Japan," "Siam," "Arabia," "Wild Men and Wild Beasts," "South Africa," "The Yellowstone," and "Central Africa," all elegantly bound in uniform style, and profusely illustrated. The publishers have engaged the experienced traveller, Mr. Bayard Taylor, to edit the series; and their plan is to give in each volume a brief general account of the country it treats of, followed by striking narratives of the most adventurous explorers and the most entertaining writers who have visited it, all unnecessary or uninteresting details being omitted. The result, thus far, is a series of books containing a vast deal of useful and curious information, together with incidents of adventure thrilling and romantic enough to stir the blood of the dullest reader.

Whatever fault may be found with Charles Reade as a novelist, he remains, after all, one of the raciest story-tellers now living; and his last book — "The Wandering Heir" — is one of his brightest and best. No lover of a good story, either young or old, will be able to lay it aside after having once dipped into its pages.

To our more thoughtful readers, we would recommend also Mr. Bayard Taylor's new story-poem of "Lars: a Pastoral of Norway," which will be found at once interesting as a story and delightful as a poem. Published by J. R. Osgood & Co.

Our Young Contributors. — Accepted articles: "*The Story of Ned*," by C. E. M.; "*Our Poll*," by W. F. P.; "*Queer Babies*," by Elsie Locke; "*A Day in the Highlands of Scotland*," by Mary Duncan; and "*Packing*," by A. C. H.

THE following are reserved for *honorable mention*: "*Where there's a Will there's a Way*," poem, by W. W.; "*The Old Barn*," by L. S. P. (quite good for a girl of 13); "*A Remembrance*," poem, by S. H., Jr.; "*Mollie*," by Ivie (age 13); "*The Babes in the Woods*," a lively sketch, by C. W. A.; "*Basil's Myth*," by Llewellyn Lloyd; "*Locked up in the Hall*," by the "Doctor's Daughter"; "*My Snowdrop*," by May; "*A Legend*," by Louisa Minot Davis (age 12); "*A Visit to the Garden of Eden*," by V. H.; "*Spring-time*," poem, by Laura; "*Our Fishing at St. Anthony*," by Eddie C. Bender (age 12); "*A May Day*," by Jean Udale (age 12); "*My Experience in Fishing*," by H. M.; "*A Trip to Niagara Falls*," by H. C. S.; "*How we Proved Ourselves*," by J. F. K; and "*We Cousins*," by Lilly L. Higgins.

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THE lines by an invalid sister, sent by Clara D. H., are interesting, and really remarkable considering the circumstances in which they were written; and we are sorry that we cannot make use of at least one of the pieces. We venture to extract from the accompanying letter this touching description of the invalid: —

"She is fifteen years old, and has been confined to her bed or chair for ten long, suffering years; she has a spinal trouble, and can never be any better but, in spite of her illness, she is the life of the house, and in her hours of pain never utters a word of complaint. She is a true Christian, if there ever was one, and talks so sweetly always. Every one loves her and cares for her. When you consider that she has never been at school since she was five years old, you must think, with me, that her gift is wonderful."

Maude H., *Effie S.*, and *Edith C.* — Your compositions are pretty well written, but the subjects treated are not particularly interesting.

NEW YORK, February 17, 1873.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

I have taken your delightful magazine ever since the very first number, and words cannot express the pleasure and comfort I find in it, — and not only myself, but the whole family. I am especially interested in the "Young Contributors'" corner, and have often wished that I could write something worthy of your acceptance. Seeing, in your replies to your correspondents, that you are fond of encouraging the literary efforts of your young friends, I venture to send you one of my little scribbles, hoping that you will "make the betht of uth, Thquire, not the wortht!"

If you will be so kind as to put a little note in the "Letter Box" for me, I shall be very thankful.

Your admirer and friend,

JESSIE.

Here are Jessie's verses; and we think our readers will agree with us that they contain a pretty, natural picture.

MAMMA'S RETURN.

I hear the front door softly open,
A tired footstep on the stair;
Two heads appear above the landing,
With eager eyes and tangled hair.

"Mamma 's come!" they gayly whisper;
"Hush! let's catch her on the sly."
Back they draw into the shadow,
While she passes, heedless, by.

Quickly now they spring upon her;
Kisses soft and sweet I hear;
Then there comes the anxious question:
"*Any candy*, mamma dear?"

JESSIE.

Eva B. writes, in answer to Nellie M. Brown's question: "The picture on the cover of 'Our Young Folks' represents Minerva, or Pallas, the Goddess of Wisdom and the Fine Arts. She is described in mythology as having a helmet on her head, an owl by her side, and holding in one hand the ægis, or buckler, on which is fastened the head of Medusa, one of the three Gorgons."

The question was also answered variously by "Kikeri," "Ivie," C. C. Symmes, Lovell A. Russell, P. W. Shipman, Eddie C. Ackley, Helen Hinman, Myrtle May, Willis McGroarty, H. B. Vaill, and Kate Moore, who says: "As the face is so youthful, it perhaps represents a child with the surroundings and significance of Athena [Minerva], thus combining both youth and wisdom." Minnie R. says: "Young Minerva, or Youthful Wisdom"; and Osborn Curtis, still more briefly, "Youthful Wisdom."

So many lists of answers to our last month's puzzles have been received, that we can find room to acknowledge only a few of the very best of them These were sent in by "Brother Jonathan" (who answered all but three), "Rosabel," D. R. U., Pelham W. Shipman, Chas. A. Mead, Lottie and Hattie Carryl, Charlie C., W. S. Howell, Lizzie Grubb, E. M. C., Helen W. A., Charlie Knight, "Kikeri," Ella McNee, Kitty A. Loomis, E. Grace Shreve, Percy Vere, Annie and Bertha Shoemaker, Allie Havens, Herbert Williams, B. K. P., Clara Hannum, Kate and Robert. Nora Nice, Annie Case, Eddie C. Ackley, "Hep," Bertha, J. H., Helen Hinman, and Minnie Thomas.

Fannie and Sophia Cary send answers to sixteen numbers, including this rhymed answer to No. 67: —

We crossed the English Channel
In the midst of winds and gales.
The place that we were bound for
Was the beautiful *Versailles*.
From there to lively *Paris*,
Staying but a day or two,
For we meant to visit *Mobile*
Ere our journey all was through.
Then we travelled into Spain,
Stopped at *Madrid* for a while,
Next to *Venice*, then to *Dublin*,
On the sunny Emerald Isle.
And after many travels,
On a lovely April day
We sailed into the harbor
Of the city of *Bombay*.

Charlie D. Hamilton. — Your second letter, concerning the proposed plan for "camping out," came too late for insertion. We have handed it to the author of the "Camping Out" series of books, who will answer through the "Letter Box" numerous inquiries on the subject.

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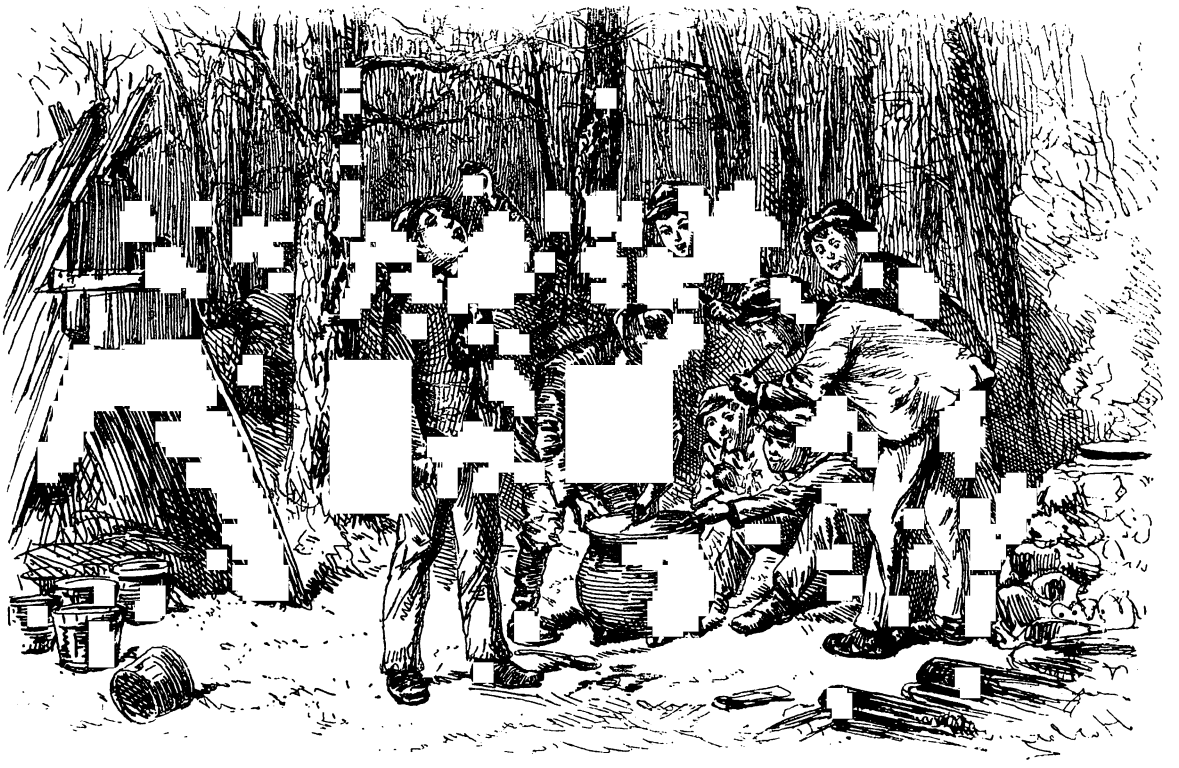

"SUGARING OFF" IN THE WOODS.

DRAWN BY J. J. HARLEY.]

[See "Doing his Best," Chap. XIX.

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OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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DOING HIS BEST.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE STRANGE VISITOR.

THE violence of this action so excited Lion again, that, in spite of all Jack's efforts to hold him, he would have sprung at the man's throat, had not the deacon himself, after an instant's reflection, withdrawn his hand and driven back the dog.

"Why," said Dr. Doyley, — or John Wilkins, or whatever his name may have been, — quickly regaining his equanimity, "in answer to your remarkable question, — this is the way I commonly enter houses, since I 've taken up the profession of a phrenologist."

"How long have you followed that?" demanded the deacon.

"Not very long, I confess. It 's a new science, and I am new in it. But I 've made some good hits in the case of your son here"; and the doctor managed to convey a peculiar meaning in his tone and look as he waved his hand towards Phineas. "That you know better than anybody. No harm done, sure. Bright boy, and I take an interest in him. You can't help that. And if *you* have the boy's interest at heart, — well, to say the least, you 'll invite me to dinner," he added, with a grimace meant for a smile.

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"I 'll invite you to walk out of that door, and never darken it with your shadow again! You impostor!"

Wilkins stepped back and quietly laid his hand on Phin's shoulder. "If that 's your game," said he, "very well! I 'm the best-natered man in the world, but —"

"O husband! deacon!" exclaimed Mrs. Chatford, clasping the good man's arm, to restrain him. "Consider!"

"After his promise to me!" said the deacon.

"I hain't forgot that promise," said Wilkins, glancing from the deacon to the dog with no little anxiety in his smile, — for Jack stood ready to launch that growling thunderbolt at any moment. "And I shall keep it, unless you force me to break it in self-defence."

"But here you are in my house! Is that keeping your promise?"

"A nat'ral curiosity; ye can't blame me for that."

"It was natural; you 'll allow so much," said Mrs. Chatford, still restraining her husband. "Hear to reason! Let him stay to dinner, if he will; you never denied any man a dinner yet."

"How can I trust him a minute?" said the deacon, with huge dissatisfaction in his face. "Even the dog scents his villany! Where have you ever met this man, Jack?"

Jack, who had been eagerly watching for an opportunity to put in a word, related briefly the adventure at the village tavern. "It seemed to me then I had seen him before, though I can't tell where; Lion had, any way. He was with Paul Peternot, at Wiley's Basin; and the dog seems to connect him somehow with the cause of his master's death."

"It is my fate to be misunderstood," said the doctor, with a deprecating wave of the hand and a sad smile. "'Thus ever from my childhood's hour,' as Shakespeare says. I try to save my friend, and git the ill-will of his dog. I stop a runaway hoss, and am accused of stealin'. I enter this house on an urrant of love" (I suppose he meant errand), "and I 'm suspected of treachery. Things that seem dark in the past" — bowing to the deacon — "might be as easily explained. I have a bad fault, a bad fault! I say to myself a dozen times a day, 'Don't be so obligin'! Do hold up a little! You 're too etarnally good-natered!' I say, and that 's the fact."

He stepped and took his hat from the bureau, his overcoat from a chair, and a small and very lean looking valise from the floor.

"Sir," bowing to the deacon, "your very humble servant. Madam, the same to you. I cut the Gordian knot of the present diffikilty by withdrawin', — amicably withdrawin'. I might be vindictive, but I prefer to be generous. For the sake of some one who shall be nameless" — a very profound and significant bow — "I smother my resentment, and take everything in good part. I waive the question of dinner, and — adieu!"

And, having patted Phineas fondly on the shoulder, he bowed very low to the rest, smiled ironically, put on his hat with an ornate flourish (he had already put on his overcoat), and departed, — very much stared at by all, and growled at not a little by Lion.

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Phin was the first to speak. "Father! where did you ever see that man before?"

"No matter," replied the deacon, frowning darkly, and appearing much agitated. "I had some dealings with him years ago. I can't explain now; maybe I will some time, when you get old enough to understand."

"Is his name Doyley?" Phin persisted.

"No more than it is Wilkins. Now, don't ask any more questions. He's a slippery, oily-tongued, unconscionable knave! though I think he must have been hard up when he took the risk of stealing Forrest's horse."

"Did he ever see *me* before?"

"No, no! Or, if he ever did, it was before we moved into this town. He was never here before."

"We've lived here ever since I was a baby," Phin urged. "Then how could he know so much about me? There must be *something* in phrenology."

"Maybe there is. Now, let me never hear this subject mentioned again." said the deacon, sternly. "Is dinner ready? Come, let's sit down. Jack, you haven't told us about your visit yet. How do you like the idea of Percy Lanman for a schoolmaster?"

So the conversation was turned to other subjects; and, though the family's strange visitor was a good deal talked of in whispers, and Phin teased his mother about him till he got his ears boxed, nobody ventured again to speak of him in the presence of the deacon.

CHAPTER XVII.

PERCY LANMAN'S SCHOOL.

On the following Monday Jack returned to school with higher hopes and brighter prospects than ever. By his battle with Lon Gannett and his little affair with Master Dinks he had won a reputation which made him the most popular boy in school. Those who had formerly been his enemies now sought his friendship; while the better class of pupils, who as a rule despised fighting and condemned resistance to lawful authority, could not but admire the lad who had shown so much spirit in his own defence, and so much generosity and courage in the defence of others.

Poor little Step Hen Treadwell lived in peace after that, and there was very little tyranny exercised over the small boys during the rest of the winter. This better state of things, however, was owing in part to the influence of the new teacher.

Percy Lanman reopened the school, which had been closed in the irregular manner described by Moses, on very different principles from those which had actuated the unsuccessful Dinks. Quiet, energetic, pleasant, prompt, his presence in the school-room brought with it a new atmosphere. The very sight of him was a delight to Jack's eyes; the sound of his voice kindled love and ambition in his heart.

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"Young ladies and gentlemen, and boys and girls," said Percy, in calling the school to order the first morning, "I hope we all understand what we are here for. It is not for play; it is not to have some fun. Though play and fun are good things in their way, and I hope to enjoy them with you in the right time and place, our chief business in this room, during school-hours, is STUDY. I am here to help you; and I shall help you in every way I can. In return, you must help me. You will help me, and so help each other, by being cheerful, quiet, orderly, industrious. Now, let all who are willing to help in this way hold up their hands."

Every hand in school was raised.

"It is a vote!" said the new master, with a smile that seemed to light up the whole school like sunshine. "All agreed! Now we have no time to waste in words; only a part of the winter is left us, and we must make the most of it."

So the school began. It was not until an hour later that a needful word was said about discipline. The new teacher could not break up old habits in his pupils and bring order out of chaos in a minute. Suddenly he rapped with his ruler.

"Some of you, I see, are forgetting our agreement. This won't do. I am here to teach you; but, to do that, I must have order. It is a shameful thing to both teacher and pupils if he is obliged to threaten and whip them as if they were dumb beasts that could not listen to reason; and if anything of that kind is necessary this winter, it will not be my fault. But, as I said, we are going to have order in this school-room, whatever else happens. I know you all agree with me that that is right. If any think differently, let them hold up their hands. Not a hand! Very well! now we understand what *must* be."

This was spoken in so resolute a manner that even those who were not governed altogether by reason felt their rude natures touched by the determined spirit of the new master. He had little trouble after that. There were two or three unruly boys whose offences required prompt and summary treatment, and that they got; but in every case of the kind the public opinion of the school was on the teacher's side.

Sometimes at noon Percy would go out and join in the big boys' sports. He went so far one day as to offer to wrestle with Jerry Mason, who had thrown every one he had taken hold of, — "Provided," said Percy, in his pleasant way, "you 'll agree not to give me a hard fall." So the master and the champion wrestler took hold of each other, while a ring of interested spectators looked on, expecting to see "Jerry fling the master," for Jerry was the larger of the two.

But Jerry put forth his strength in vain. Percy, lithe, athletic, alert, stuck to the ground as if his feet had been magnets on a floor of steel. Jerry lifted, and tripped, and tried all his favorite locks and turns, until at last Percy said, laughingly, "Now I 'll show *you* a trick; look out for yourself!" And the next moment Jerry was laid flat on his back, without knowing precisely how he came there.

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Jack was almost beside himself with joy at this result; and, indeed, all who witnessed it were greatly excited and pleased, with the single exception, perhaps, of Phineas Chatford.

"Huh!" sneered that envious youngster, "I don't see why you should all make so much of the master for that little thing! He never'd have dared to wrastle with one of his big boys if he had n't known he could fling him."

Notwithstanding his familiarity with the scholars, Percy never lost their respect. Heartily as he entered into their games, the moment school was called his whole manner showed them that the hour of sport was over, and serious business begun.

His manner of teaching was no less admirable than his style of discipline. Jack was a favorite pupil, and the progress he made was so rapid that before the winter was over he was in advance of Phineas in all their studies; which circumstance served greatly to imbitter Phin against his rival.

"It 's your own fault," said Moses one day, when Phin was charging it all to the master's partiality. "Jack goes into things in earnest; he is doing his best, while you shirk hard work, and just do what you think will make a good show. Talk about ciphering Jack's legs off! I told you, the first day of school, just how it would be."

"I don't care!" muttered Phin. "I *could* have kept ahead of him if I had tried. But I ain't going to get my living by hard work, — so that phrenologist said, and, abuse him as much as you 've a mind to, *he* knew what he was talking about. I 've got talents; I shall rise in the world without going crazy over cube root and syntax."

"The best thing you can do is to forget what that humbug told you," said Moses. "It 's making a fool of you."

"Humbug!" retorted Phin; "I asked the master if there was anything in phrenology, and he said there was."

"I heard just what he said," replied Moses. "'There 's something in it, no doubt,' says he, 'but as a science it is still in its infancy, and it is n't safe to rely too much upon it.' Anyhow," added Moses, "even if it was the most perfect science in the world, that would n't make your great Dr. Doyley anything but a quack and a knave."

"I don't see what he has done so much out of the way," retorted Phineas. "He explained everything, or said he could explain; and I liked him!"

The two brothers had frequent arguments regarding the merits of the said Doyley, which usually ended in this way, much to the disgust of Moses.

Jack worked hard about the farm-yard and woodshed before and after school, and towards the last of the term a new affair began to occupy his time on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BOYS GO INTO BUSINESS.

ONE day Mr. Treadwell, the father of Step Hen, driving by the schoolhouse at the time of the boys' recess, stopped, and beckoned to Jack. He

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was an eccentric old man; all his ways were what the country folks termed "odd." He had his nickname as well as his son. At a public school-meeting he was once nominated for the office of trustee; but, thinking it would be better filled by some person living nearer the centre of the district, he arose, and declined the honor in these words: "I must beg to be excused, *I live so scattering!*" He was "Old Scattering" ever afterwards.

This was the man who stood up in his sleigh and beckoned violently, screaming, "You, sir! you Hazard boy! come here!" Jack ran up to him, thinking something dreadful was the matter; but his mind was soon put to rest by the old man saying, "I want to shake hands with you!" (he put out a thick leather mitten,) "and thank you for your dutiful behavior to my son! You 've been a friend to my Stephen, and I thank you!"

The old man's voice choked, and tears of emotion filled his eyes. Jack at the same time observed that his eyes were very red, his nose unnaturally large and spongy, and his cheeks full of inflamed little veins. The truth is, Old Scattering was accustomed to drink rather too much hard cider.

"Stephen is a good little fellow," replied Jack, "and he seems to be getting along very well lately."

"All owing to you, — your noble conduct!" the old man declared. "I wish I could recompensate you. I tell ye what I 'll do, — you shall come over and eat supper with us some time, and spend the night with Stephen, and I 'll make the old woman fry some of her prime doughnuts!"

Jack laughingly replied that he did n't want any reward, though he had no doubt he should enjoy the visit and the doughnuts. "But there 's one thing I 've been wishing to speak to you about," he said.

"Name it, and I am your debtor!"

"It is only this. Aunt Patsy has some sugar-maples which she says I may tap this spring, if I like, and will give her a share of the sugar. I 've talked with Moses Chatford about it, and he would like to go in with me, and his folks are willing, and there 's only one thing in the way, — we 've no sap-buckets. Stephen says you have some in your shed which you have n't used for a year or two; and I thought — "

"You thought right!" interrupted the old man emphatically. "Most happy! The buckets are yours. And, moreover, my woods jine Aunt Patsy's on t' other side. I 've some prime maples; and there 's an old hut, and an arch for b'ilin', — all at your sarvice!"

"That will be grand!" cried Jack.

"Most happy!" repeated the old man, once more offering Jack the thick mitten to shake. "Only my old woman 'll expect a share of the sugar, — whatever Mr. Chatford says will be right; for we all know the deacon. At your sarvice; and most happy!"

Jack carried the good news to Moses, and the two consulted Mr. Chatford about the matter that evening.

"Well, I don't know," said the cautious deacon; "a couple of boys, — I don't suppose you can do much. But try it if you like; there 'll be a chance for you to learn something, any way."

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"Now, see here!" Phineas protested; "if Jack and Moses are going into sugar-making, I am too!"

"I don't suppose they will object, provided you do your share of the work," said his father.

"But you know he won't," said Moses. "He 'll just pretend to, and then shirk. I know him too well!"

Phin appeared to feel greatly outraged at this view taken of his character, and said so much that finally, at Jack's request, he was taken into the "company."

And now the boys were full of business. Every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon found them in Mr. Treadwell's loft repairing the old sap-buckets and "spiles" (wooden spouts for taking the sap from the trees), whittling new spiles, and making other preparations for the sugar season. As Moses had expected, he and Jack were left to do about all the work, while the third partner sat by, pottering a little at one thing and then another, as he soon tired of each, and filling up the time with talk.

The buckets ready, the boys went to the woods, where the snow, dotted here and there with squirrels' and rabbits' tracks, still covered the ground, and had plenty to do putting the stone arch and old hut in repair, and cleaning out a huge sap-trough, to be used as a reservoir for the precious fluid when it was brought to the camp. Then the mild days came, when the sap began to mount vigorously in the great trunks, and it was time for these to be tapped.

Jack was sorry to be obliged to leave school a few days before the term closed; but he resolved to make up for the loss by studying all the harder at "odd spells" during the spring and summer. And now he plunged with all the ardor of his young heart into the business he had undertaken.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SUGAR-BUSH.

DEACON CHATFORD and Mr. Pipkin went over and helped the boys tap the trees. It was a beautiful day; the stillness of the woods was broken only by the chattering of a squirrel or two, and the tinkling snap of the ice on the high limbs as, touched by the morning sun, it came rattling to the ground. Then followed the sounds of cheery voices and ringing axes, and the day's work was begun.

It was a new business to Jack; and the wild beauty of the leafless woods, the delight of youthful spirits in a novel enterprise, and the hope of honest gain, made him very happy. He was quick to learn; and in an hour or two he knew all that even the wise Mr. Pipkin knew about tapping trees.

Just a slanting gash was made in the trunk with an axe; below the lower corner of this a spile was driven into a curved cut made for it by a gouge, and under the spile, which formed a sloping channel for the sap, a bucket was

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set. Some of the largest of the maples were tapped in three or four places. After the sun had got well up, the sap almost spirted from the trees at the first cut, and made a merry drumming as it dropped upon the bottoms of the empty buckets. These had been soaking in rain-water for a few days, and scarcely any of them leaked. All the pails and pans and bowls which could be spared from the house were also put to use; and to these were afterwards added a number of sap-troughs that Mr. Pipkin hollowed with an axe out of short, thick slabs, into which the trunks of two or three small basswoods were cut up.

The great kettles for the arch were brought down from Mr. Treadwell's house on a stone-boat, or drag, drawn by one horse; and in the afternoon the horse and drag were used in collecting the sap. Jack and Phineas went the rounds of the sugar-bush with a couple of upright, open casks; into these the sap from the buckets was emptied, until they were as full as they could safely ride without slopping over as they were drawn to the camp. Phin drove the horse, and stopped at the trees, while Jack emptied the buckets, some of which were found brimming full, — a glorious sight to Jack's eyes. Moses, in the mean time, with a boy's impatience, got a good fire under the kettles, within the stone-work of the arch, and before night the

Gathering the Sap.

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pleasant odor of the steam from the boiling sap was wafted through the woods.

Phin soon complained of a sprained ankle, and thought he could not drive the horse any more. So he went and sat down before the fire, while Step Hen Treadwell, who ran to the woods as soon as he was out of school, gladly helped Jack in his place.

The fire had now to be kept going and the kettles boiling by day, and often by night, as long as there was sap. The boys had accordingly brought their supper with them, intending to watch the arch until late in the evening and then sleep in the hut. Jack and Moses were tired enough when night came, — tired and hungry; and O, how good the bread and butter and boiled eggs tasted! and how sweet the rest from their labors, as they sat in the door of the hut, before the glowing mouth of the arch, and talked over the day's doings and the prospects of the morrow!

The sap stopped running at night, to begin again the next morning, first a few slow, trickling drops, and then a lively pattering which it did Jack's heart good to hear. The forenoon was spent in tapping Aunt Patsy's trees, finishing the new sap-troughs, chopping wood for the fire, and gathering, without the aid of the horse and drag, the sap in the buckets nearest the camp. Phin rendered very little assistance. If left to tend the kettles, he either let them boil over, or neglected to keep them supplied with sap, or suffered the fire to go down; while he could usually be seen sitting on a log, holding a dipper of steaming sirup, which he was complacently cooling and sipping.

The sap stored in the great trough was dipped from that into the first, or heating kettle, from that into the second, or boiling kettle, and lastly into the third, or sweet kettle, where many gallons of sap were concentrated into a single gallon of sirup. This was finally taken, a few gallons at a time, to Mr. Chatford's house, to be strained, and then boiled down still further and carefully "sugared off" by Mrs. Chatford over the kitchen fire.

It chanced to be a capital sugar season; and there was so much work to be done, and Phin did so little, that the two active partners had to "borrow" Mr. Pipkin much of the time, in order to keep the sap boiling and the buckets from overflowing.

"Jest as I knowed 't would be," said that gentleman, with a chuckle of satisfaction. "You 're a couple o' perty smart boys, — got good grit, I allow; but ye could n't git along without me!"

"O, you 're mighty grand!" sneered Phineas; "just about the smartest man in the world, — Mr. P. Pipkin, Esquire!"

Mr. Pipkin, who stood on a log which he was chopping, paused, stooping, and looked contemptuously over his big front teeth at Master Chatford.

"As for that 'ere Phin," said he, "if he 's worked enough in this sugar-bush to 'arn the sirup he 's drinked, I miss my guess! Talk about his bein' a pardner in the business, by hokey! It 's like a farmer takin' a fox into pardnerships a raisin' chickens! There 's reason in all things!" And, striking the axe into the log again, he made the lively chips fly at Phin's head.

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The boys had a good many visitors at the camp, — men who were interested to see "how they were getting along with their job," and young fellows who came for a taste of the sirup, or to sit and tell stories in the evening before the fire. Three or four of the "Huswick tribe" came prowling about, making friendly advances to Jack, and helping themselves rather too freely to the contents of the sweet kettle. Phin was afraid of them; and Moses said he did not like to get their ill-will by driving them away. But Jack, who had particular reasons for not being charmed by their society,* vowed at last that he would have no more of it.

So one day, when the lank and long-armed Hank approached, and, with a wink and a grin, taking down the dipper from its nail, reached it over into the sweet kettle, while behind him stood Cub, short and fat, awaiting his turn, and still behind him Tug and Hod, Jack spoke out.

"See here! that dipper is travelling back and forth altogether too often between that kettle and your mouths!"

"It 's lickin' good!" said Hank, smacking his lips. "Don't be mean about a little sirup."

"Mean?" retorted Jack. "We don't tap trees, and chop wood, and boil sap, to treat all the loafers in town." He sprang and snatched the dipper. "Now go about your business, will you? You 're not wanted here."

Hank stared, and Cub looked fierce; but Jack quietly laid the dipper on the end of the great sap-trough, and said to Lion, "Watch! take care of it!" — which command Lion, who cherished a cordial grudge against the Huswick tribe, was ready enough to obey.

"Lucky for you ye 've got a dog to back ye up!" said Cub, as he followed his retreating brother through the woods.

"Yes, watch-dogs are useful when such fellows as you are about!" Jack hallooed after him.

It was Lion's business after that to guard the sweet kettle; and, as he was a constant companion of the boys at the camp, they had no more trouble from unwelcome visitors.

"I van," said Mr. Pipkin one day, after Lion, in the absence of Jack, had baffled all the attempts of Lon Gannett and Rant Hildreth to steal a dipperful of sirup, "the dog ought to be the third pardner in this consarn, — he 's wuth a plaguy sight more 'n that 'ere lazy Phin!"

At the close of the season the boys gave a famous sugar-party in the woods, to which their friends were invited. It was a mild March evening, and the woods were beautiful, lit up by a blazing bonfire. The "sugaring off" was a success; and, fortunately, there was still snow enough to be found to drop the golden wax on, hot from the ladle. The merry guests, gathered in a noisy group about the kettle placed on the ground, scraped it clean with knives and sticks and spoons; and afterwards played "I spy" among the shadowy trunks in the firelit woods, which resounded with their joyous voices.

After paying for Mr. Pipkin's services by giving Mrs. Chatford a portion

* See "A Chance for Himself."

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of the sugar, and allotting to Mrs. Treadwell and Aunt Patsy their shares, previously agreed upon, the boys sold what was left, and found that they had cleared twenty-seven dollars by the operation.

"Well, well! I do declare!" said the deacon; "I 'd no idea of your making so handsome a thing! For two boys, it 's really very well."

"Three boys!" snarled Phineas, vexed at being left out of the account.

"And a dog," laughed Jack; "don't forget Lion."

"And a man o' judgment and backbone to look arter 'em and lend a helpin' hand," said Mr. Pipkin.

"Now about dividing this money," said Moses. "Though I 'm older than Jack, he has worked just as hard as I have, and is entitled to as much as I am. But you saw how Phin worked, father; and now I 'm going to let you divide it."

"I was a partner, and I claim an equal share with the other two!" cried Phin, with great vehemence.

"They 'd be better off this minute if Phin had kep' out o' the sugar-bush altogether," said Mr. Pipkin. "A lazy back and a sweet tooth hender more 'n they help, about the kittles."

Mr. Chatford took Moses and Jack aside. "I know he did n't do very well," he said, coaxingly, "but I want to encourage the boy; it will be a great disappointment to him if he don't have a share. So, if you 've no objections, I 'll divide the money in this way: you two shall have eleven dollars apiece, and Phineas shall have the other five. 'T ain't hardly fair, I know; but you sha' n't lose by it in the end."

Moses said it was "outrageous"; but Jack declared himself satisfied. "Although," said he, "I don't believe Phin will be."

Indeed, Phin was at first furious over the small share given to him; but, finding that it was all he could have, he finally put it in his pocket, vowing at the same time that he would come up with Jack and Moses in some way.

"And now, father," said Moses, "Jack has another idea, — a bigger scheme than this, — which I believe we can make something out of, if you will let us, and if we can keep clear of third partners; we have had enough of them."

"Say nothing more about that!" replied the deacon, indulgently, with a wink and nod. "What 's your scheme? Something to make your fortunes, I suppose!"

"Of course," said Moses, laughing; and he proceeded to explain.

J. T. Trowbridge.

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BUTTERFLY BLUE AND GRASSHOPPER YELLOW.

BUTTERFLY BLUE, and Grasshopper Yellow,
A gay little fop, and a spruce little fellow!
A sauntering pair
In the soft summer air,
With nothing to do, either ancient or new,
But to bask in the sunshine, or pleasure pursue,
Or fatten on honey, or tipple on dew;
And constantly, when
They 're through with it, then
To bask, and to eat, and to tipple again!

Butterfly Blue and Grasshopper Yellow,
The gay young sprig and the jaunty young fellow!
They 're always arrayed in the top of the fashion,
For Butterfly Blue for dress has a passion;
And Grasshopper Yellow,
The fast little fellow,
His very long whiskers and legs cuts a dash on!
And so, as they go,
They make a fine show,
And each thinks himself the most exquisite beau!

Is there any one here like Butterfly Blue?
Not you, little Laura, nor you, little Sue!
Is there any one here like Grasshopper Yellow?
It could n't be Jack, the nice little fellow!
And yet I have heard —
I give you my word —
That *somewhere* are little folks quite as absurd!
Who gaze at their clothes with admiring eyes,
And would rather be showy than useful and wise;
Who love to be idle, and never will think
Of anything else but to eat and to drink!
Not you, dears, O no!
It could n't be so,
This moral to some other country must go,
For all of *our* children are splendid, we know!

Olive A. Wadsworth.

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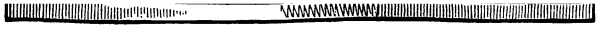
THE STORY OF A SKY-STONE.

OUR friend and fellow-yachter, Mr. G. W. Burleigh (Wash), is greatly interested in the subject of comets, meteors, and aerolites, — particularly the latter. Whenever he hears of the fall of one of these bodies, or reads an account of one in the papers, that account is forthwith clipped; and often, too, he takes the trouble to write half a dozen letters for "further details," every item of which is carefully treasured.

Nor does information alone content him. During our yacht cruises off and on for the last year or two, he has been making a collection of meteoric stones. At present, this collection is not very extensive, embracing, in fact, but seventeen specimens all told; and some of these are rather doubtful, though Wash does n't think so. If any of us want to rouse his temper, we have only to saunter casually along, take up one of these "sky-stones," and remark, "That 's no more a meteorite, Wash, than my old boot!" Then there is lively talk for the next fifteen minutes. The whole ground has to be gone over thoroughly, and nothing less than abject acquiescence on our part ever puts an end to the dispute.

This is particularly the case when we refer to the "big one" down in the bottom of the cabinet, partly because there are grounds for doubting its celestial origin, and partly, too, because it is Wash's especial pride, — the "grandmother" of the whole family.



Its weight is a few ounces over three hundred and seventeen (317) pounds. On the outside it is covered with a thin black rind, but the inside is of a steely-gray color. The mass is highly magnetic, as we came near learning to our cost when first we got it on board the yacht; for we had placed it on deck at no great distance from the binnacle.

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We have had a fragment of this stone analyzed, and were given the following statement of assay: —

Iron	91.0 parts
Nickel	7.1 "
Cobalt	.6 "
Copper and Tin	.3 "
Manganese	.2 "
Sulphur	traces
Chrome Iron	"
Silica	.8 parts
	100

It has a "history" which may not be uninteresting.

We first learned of its existence while lying in Wager Inlet (during our second yacht cruise north). One day several of the Huskies (Esquimaux) came off to us in their *kayaks*, and we noticed that one of their bone lances was tipped with some dark substance which I at first took for iron; for it was very rusty.

"Oomiak-sook?" said Wash, inquiringly, pointing to it and then off to sea, meaning to ask whether he had got the iron from some ship; for that is their word for ship.

The man, who was a fat-faced, rollicking fellow, understood immediately, but, somewhat to our surprise, replied, "Na-mick! Na-mick!" (no, no!) pointing off inland.

"Possible they 've got an iron mine?" Wade queried.

This did not seem likely.

"That may be a bit of meteoric iron," Raed remarked, examining the lance-point.

This hint at once set Wash off into a fever of curiosity. He got the savage aside, and I saw him pointing to the lance, then off inland, with many repetitions of the question, "Where is this?" (*Kina?*) and "Aunay da-bik?" (Is this far off?)

The savage, who judged these queries mainly by the gestures and signs which accompanied them, answered alternately *Abb* (yes) and *Na-mick*. So that in the end Wash was left in great uncertainty as to whether the place was one or fifty miles away, the Esquimau idea of linear measurement being of the most primitive sort.

But he was ready to *chymo* (trade). Wash bought the lance of him for a steel (?) butcher-knife, and also obtained two bone knives, or rather chisels, of the others, both of which were tipped with the same rusty, stony substance. They were about a foot in length. The metallic tip was secured to the bone with a bone rivet. I enclose a drawing of them.

Naught to do but that we must set off to hunt up this meteorite! Wash talked of nothing else all that day and evening. The rest of us did not much

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incline to such a wild-goose chase: the season was passing, and we wanted to be getting out of the Straits. But as nothing less would answer, an "expedition" was started — we four young gentlemen with our skipper and two of the sailors — the next forenoon. The services of the savage with the lance were secured, for a consideration (a piece of pine plank and a small bar of iron), to be our guide. We set off across the headland, over ledgy ridges of hoary, lichen-clad sienite, and after a tramp of three hours and a half descended into a gorge — one of those singular hollows such as one only sees in these frozen regions — shut in by ice-capped ridges, its sides wet with trickling waters and frightfully green with a surfeit of unhealthy mosses.

Here were half a dozen Husky huts; it was one of their summer resorts. Our savage of the lance led the way, calling out to us, "Savasevik na-aunay!" meaning that the iron-stone was near. A score of the Esquimaux from the huts followed wonderingly after us, with their ever-repeated whine of "Pillitay! pillitay!" (give us something!)

About a quarter of a mile lower down, we came to it. Wash had run ahead, and was on his knees examining it when we came up. The sight of his extravagantly tickled face was enough to dispel all the fatigue of our tramp.

"Almost just such a one as fell at Ægos Potamos!" he exclaimed, slapping his leg and jumping up to execute a double shuffle. "Plutarch's description might be applied to this, every word of it! *That* was a dark, fire-smitten stone, equal to a wagon-load, and so 's this!" (Trying to turn it over.) "I can't even lift one end of it!"

"But this is not embedded in the ground!" Raed objected.

"Don't care. Huskies have probably dug this out. See how they've chipped it, and trodden the earth hard all about!"

"But where 's the proof that this is truly a meteorite?" Wade coolly inquired.

You should have seen the indignant lightnings dart from Wash's outraged optics.

"Proof!" he exclaimed. "Why, can't you see the *black rind* which is the unmistakable characteristic of a meteoric stone? And look here!" — catching up a tiny chip of it which lay near. "See how that will cling to the side of it! Strongly magnetic! Sure indication! And look round! Is there another stone that bears the least resemblance to this in this whole locality?"

Wade subsided, though not without an aggravating grin.

"Humph!" ejaculated Wash, following him with a glance of utter contempt. Then to Raed: "Here, help me turn this over. I must have this if —"

A movement and murmur of disapproval from the savages made him pause. They did not like to see us making so free with the stone.

"Na! na!" grumbled one hideous-faced old Husky, shaking his lance with a menacing gesture. "Na ba-mook dak mai ik Savasevik" (not take the good iron-stone). At which they all cried out "Na-mick!" and "Negga-mai!" (not right).

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"They won't let you have it!" laughed the skipper.

"I will have it!" Wash exclaimed, looking around.

Then he began to shout "Chymo!" pointing off in the direction we had come. The savages observed him in silence.

"I must have this," Wash continued, turning to us in some perplexity.

"But how could we ever get it to the yacht?" Raed said. "It's a fearfully heavy mass! How could we ever carry this thirteen miles?—over crags and ridges, too!"

"But I must have it," Wash interrupted, in real distress. "I would n't miss of this for—for anything—for a thousand dollars!"

The sailors and the skipper began to laugh; but we knew Wash too well to be much astonished. We surmised, too, that it would be like pulling eye-teeth to get him away without it.

"Well, if you can devise any way for removing it that will be in any wise practicable, why, of course, we will assist," Raed observed.

Wash looked around in sore trouble.

"It's a good ten miles over to where the schooner lies," the skipper remarked.

"Perhaps the sea makes up nearer at some point," Wade suggested, at length.

Raed then went off, and climbed part way up the side of the ravine.

"It does!" he shouted. "This hollow leads out to the inlet on the lower side of the headland. I can see the water."

"How far?" Wash demanded.

"Well, for a guess, four miles—all descending."

"Hurrah! I 'll pack it on one of their dog-sledges!"

"But the yacht must be taken round," said Wade.

So we sent the skipper, with the sailors, back over the ridge, with orders to take the schooner round the next forenoon, and then come up the gorge with a quantity of bar-iron, knives, etc.,—such articles as we had provided for trade. We did not deem it prudent to undertake the removal of the stone till the presents were on the ground.

Meanwhile we prepared to pass the night as comfortably as we could. We had brought along a small shelter-tent, with a bag of ship-bread and a coffee-pot well charged; and we now set up the tent near the stone, so that Wash might have the satisfaction of sitting on it while at supper. Probably this circumstance inspired him; for he discoursed to us at length on the probability which the fall of such masses as this gave his theory.

That night is indelibly fixed in my memory, not so much from Wash's discourses as from a horrid deed of the Huskies, a description of which Raed reserves for his narrative of our voyage. It was the unnatural murder of an aged savage by his own sons; not out of any malice, but simply because he was too decrepit to be of further use to his family! You will gain some idea of the low social condition of this people when I inform you that this is no uncommon practice with them.

From the top of the crags we espied the yacht coming round the point at

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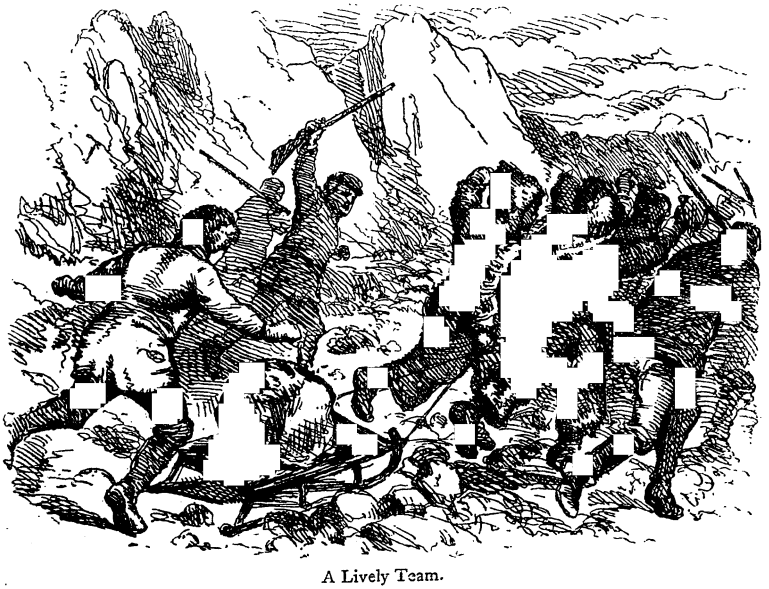
a little after nine next morning; but the skipper did not make his appearance till nearly twelve. Three of the sailors came up with him. They brought half a dozen of the long iron bars tied up in a bundle, together with ten or twelve of our (cast-iron) butcher-knives, several of the hatchets, and a roll of red flannel.

The Huskies soon gathered round. Wash pointed to the stone, and said "Chymo" to them, then began a general distribution of the presents. The articles were certainly worth as much as the stone, from a commercial point of view. But if — as Raed conjectured — they regarded the aerolite as an object of worship, the case might be susceptive of another view. We could not learn, however, that they had any traditions concerning it, a fact which clearly troubled Wash; and they offered no further resistance when we began to remove it.

By the aid of the Esquimau who had acted as our guide, we hired one of their bone sledges and a half-dozen of the savages to draw it. We did not, of course, think of attaching one of their harum-scarum dog-teams to it. But, as a matter of fact, we found the man-team quite as bad; for they had no judgment about racing over stony places; and the bed of the ravine offered us rough sledding. Soon as ever the stone was loaded on and the word given, they set up wild cries of "Ka! ka! ka!" Others cried, "Eigh! eigh! eigh!" Off went the sled, *bumperty-bump!* We had all we could do to keep up for the first eight or ten rods; then came a fair capsize, which took fifteen minutes to rectify.

On again; Wade, Raed, and the skipper making frantic attempts to head



A Lively Team.

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them off and tone down the speed, — all in vain. *Bump-thump!* whoops and yells! They grew excited, and ran headlong over holes and bowlders. Then came a square smash-up! which delayed us an hour to patch up.

"Eigh! eigh! ka! ka!" and on again; Wash following distractedly after the sledge, with arms stuck out from right to left to keep it from overturning, his face a picture of excited anxiety. The rest of us ran abreast of the team, wildly brandishing our muskets, and all shouting, with an uproar fit to shame bedlam.

It would be useless to recall the number of overturnings and breakdowns which only vast patience remedied. It was dusk before we came out to the sea, and had got rid of our *team.* The stone had to be left on the beach all night, for the yacht could not be brought very near the shore rocks. Poor Wash scarcely slept three winks, so uneasy was he lest the Huskies should steal it back again before morning. If I heard him going up the companion stairs once that night, I did a dozen times, to look off to see if the *coast was clear.*

The next morning we got it into the boat, brought it alongside, and hoisted it on deck, — but not without a deal of hard lifting and finger-jamming.

"There!" exclaimed Wade, when it was finally aboard, "I'll be blamed if ever I go on another *meteor* hunt!"

But he did, not a fortnight afterwards.

C. A. Stephens.

HOW A GIRL HELPED.

"I DO hope they'll let me in," said Champ, rather doubtfully, as her mother and she leaned over the railings of their favorite fountain in the public gardens of Genoa, — the pretty one, where the frogs are all day long sung to sleep by the lullaby of the plashing water. "What do you think about it, Mum?"

There was closer companionship between them than between most mothers and daughters.

"You must be prepared for the worst, Champ, dear," answered "Mum." "Italy is n't America, you know, and it must be rather an unprecedented thing with our darling Italians to have their institutions assailed by any one of the 'fair sect' crying out for knowledge. But let us hope for the best."

There was always a kind of consolation about Mum's sweet blue eyes and tender voice, even when she suggested the most unpleasant possibilities; and so, by the time they reached the end of Acquasola Walk, Champ had concluded that, disappointment or no disappointment, there certainly were unhappier girls in the world than herself. How could she be unhappy, indeed, when the blue Bay of Genoa was sparkling and dancing at her feet,

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when the joyous bells of the Carignano church were ringing out on the morning air, when flower scents stole up from the silent city below, when the great dark mountains behind were dimpling into sunshine, and the glory of an Italian sky crowned the whole?

"To think of spending two delightful months in this lovely place!" said Champ, drawing a long breath of happiness.

Do you wonder why she was so happy? Then listen. Her kind old Italian master had that morning told her that, knowing how earnestly she desired to enter the School of Fine Arts, he had spoken to a famous artist of the little *Americana;* and he, being a good sort of man, though an artist and an Italian, had in his turn spoken to *Monsieur le Directeur* and *Monsieur l'Inspecteur* and *Messieurs le Comité* about the young stranger who prayed admission to their art-school; and they, with Italian amiability, had consented to grant her an interview that very day, wherein to test the genuineness of her interest. Do you marvel now that Champ was very happy? For here had come to her of its own free will the very opportunity she longed for to draw out the latent eagerness of art that had been stirring in her ever since she first entered beautiful Italy.

"But," had said the white-haired teacher, laughing, when he gave the good news, "there is one grave objection. This is a school for young gentlemen only. There is not a young lady in the Academy. Young ladies in Italy, especially in Genoa, seldom attend public institutions."

"O, I don't mind that in the least," said Champ, true to her American principles. "I like boys. They 're every bit as good as girls, and have fully as much brains."

"Yes, but it is not the custom in Italy for young ladies and young gentlemen to go to school together; and if the Signorina should attend the Academy, it will be better that her mother — *la Signora* — should always accompany her," added he, looking appealingly at Mum.

Mum smiled, and she promised to do anything that should be required of her to preserve Italian conventionalities intact.

"What a stupid idea that is, though, Mum," said Champ, as they were on their way to the Academy that afternoon, "of making you go there to sit so long with me! Just as if I were n't big enough to take care of myself! I 'm afraid this is going to be a dreadful bore to you."

"Don't count your chickens yet awhile, Champ, dear," cautioned her mother. "I don't think, though, it will be such a bore, after all. I can take my Italian lesson and my books, and improve my shining hours as well as yourself."

With this they passed into the arcade of the Carlo Felice Piazza and entered a great hall-way, where stood an old Roman sarcophagus, used as a dust-bin. They climbed two flights of broad stairs, the walls at whose sides bore witness to the presence of boys, — and bad boys, too, if the perversion of their talents to the base caricaturing of worthy professors might be taken as an indication of character. At the top of the stairs they found the old *custode* sweeping out, it being after hours. Mum inquired for M. le Directeur, where-

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upon he pulled off his knitted cap with a low reverence, and went off to look for his chief, after giving them seats in an adjoining room. They looked about, and having discovered that the walls were hung with pictures, that the room itself was fitted up with desks and drawing-models, and that in a niche reaching to the ceiling stood the great plaster cast of the famous Christopher Columbus monument in the Acquaverde Garden, they looked at each other.

"Well, 'Truthful, how goes it?'" asked Mum, seeing Champ's eyes open wider and wider, and her nose wrinkle itself from very anxiety.

"I was thinking," answered Champ, meditatively, — "I was thinking that I shall propose to M. le Directeur, if he is n't too much of a dragon, to let me learn to do modelling like that in the corner. It looks very easy. I know drawing enough for present purposes, and painting must be an expensive luxury even in a free institution. So I think I should like to try this."

By and by M. le Directeur made his appearance, and really he was n't so much of a dragon, after all, but, on the whole, a rather agreeable sort of person. To be sure he demurred a little, as was undoubtedly proper, at the idea of a young lady entering an institution to receive from the same teachers the same instruction as was given to young gentlemen of the same mental capacity. But her nationality, he said, might account for her desire to commit such an impropriety. He also remarked that, as an experiment, it might be worth something to admit her. In fact, the good man had already made up his mind to accept this new pupil, if only for the sake of the initiative; for he was an uncommonly progressive Italian, and loved King Victor with his whole heart. But the force of habit compelled him to hesitate yet a little longer on the score of conventionality, in order to give due effect to his final consent. It was true, he said, that there had been in the institution at one time a Venetian *demoiselle*, and at another a *jeune Anglaise*, but they only came during the day to copy pictures, and "you see, ladies, the Italian customs are so different from the American, that — that — in short" — and the worthy director ended by summoning M. l'Inspecteur, a little old artist with a benevolent smile and a black velvet cap, and conferring with him for some time. He finally announced, as the result of their united opinions, that they thought they could make such arrangements as should prevent the Signorina's being annoyed by the other scholars, that she might come every morning from six to eight to receive lessons in modelling, that she might come at any time during the day to practise, and that it was necessary that the Signora should always accompany her daughter. Champ was so excited that she could scarcely thank M. le Directeur for his kindness to her, but I think he must have seen how pleased she was by the sparkle in her eyes and the flush on her cheeks, for after he had bowed them out he said to the little artist by his side, "The Signorina may or may not have talent, but I am sure she will work *con amore*."

The next morning there was a good deal of excitement in the Academy, for the news had somehow got wind that a new scholar was coming that very day, and a girl at that, — actually a girl.

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"I tell you what it is, Carlo," said one boy to another, at work on a tiny wax model, "if they are going to admit women here, the Academy might as well take fire and burn up. The King himself can't help its going to ruin. For my part, I hate these innovations."

"Perhaps you are right," replied the other, placidly; "but you forget that women sometimes have the same talents as men, and need the same opportunities to develop them. I have no objection to sharing, even with women, the instruction which the city of Genoa gives me. Indeed, I ought to feel more strongly on the subject than you, for it is my teacher who takes in charge this new pupil, thereby robbing me of fifteen minutes every day."

Then there were other boys who went home that morning and told their sisters about this dreadful girl who had dared invade their sacred premises; whereupon, greatly to their disgust, the sisters grumbled, and declared that they did n't see why, if this girl were allowed to go there and learn things, they should n't be allowed to go there and learn things too. And it was all perfectly horrid, and they *did* so wish they were boys.

But, withal, now that it is all over, Champ often wonders if it was only the natural gentle courtesy of Italy that made those same rough boys, whatever their private feelings may have been, treat with such unobtrusive politeness the two "lone, lorn women" who passed up the academical stairs every day, or if, indeed, there could have been the dawning of a stronger principle behind it all.

When, on that never-to-be-forgotten first morning, Champ was shown the pretty room that was to be her solitary studio, and saw at the first glance, in front of the great window, two easels, one bearing a plaster model, the other an upright slate, and in the foreground a large bowl of prepared clay, — when she saw all this, and found, too, how kindly these utter strangers had arranged everything for her comfort, she would have clapped her hands for joy, had she not caught sight of several rows of boyish heads crowded together behind the great glass door at the end of the room, whose dark southern eyes were earnestly watching all her movements, in the intense curiosity of their owners to know what an American Indian could be like.

"They 've nailed up the keyhole of this other door with the most funereal bit of black cloth," said Mum, announcing a discovery. "It 's for the mutual benefit of you and the boys on the other side, I suppose, Champ."

"How they do treat people!" exclaimed Champ. "As if I wanted to look at their boys!"

By and by in came M. l'Inspecteur, beaming benevolently upon them, and bringing with him a pleasant-looking professor, who forthwith embarked Champ upon the broad sea of sculpture by giving her a Roman head to copy.

"There," said she, triumphantly, after the teacher had left her, with some kind words of encouragement, "I know I shall succeed in this. I always did have a talent for making mud-pies from my youth up. I remember very well the day I was whipped and put to bed for making them in my best clothes, — don't you, Mum?"

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But don't imagine that it was always plain sailing with Champ. There were days when she would have given all her hopes of artistic fame for a little more sleep and a little more slumber; and days when standing two hours before breakfast at her easel made the rest of the morning a martyrdom. Those were the days when she slapped the classic cheeks of her inanimate creations, poked their blank staring eyes out, twisted their correct noses into unconscionable snubs, and made herself and them generally miserable.

I think, on the whole, though, she had a very happy time in that pretty, silent room with the queer old saints and martyrs, stiff-draperied and golden-haloed, smiling down upon her from the warm scarlet walls. I think she really grew to love those old pictures. It was pleasant to her to feel that they watched her work with a sort of loving interest. She had a pretty fancy, too, that they thought themselves slighted if she left them without a good-by. They were as ugly as only those pictures that assisted in the regeneration of art could be, but they had a kind of quaint earnestness all their own, that made them cheerful and encouraging companions in a working mood. At least, so Champ thought; and so she loved them all, from pink-eyed St. Sebastian, with his angular body stuck full of arrows, to solemn-faced St. Agnes and her long-headed "little lamb." But for her patron saint Champ chose good old Anthony, giving fatherly counsel to his little black pig.

Statuary there was, too, in this pretty room; but the best of all, in Champ's eyes, was a lovely little figure, that stood behind her easel near the window, of a certain small boy who went out and bought a whistle and paid very dearly for it. Perhaps some of you know him. How glad Champ was to meet a little countryman in this far-off land, — to find a real live little American boy in the midst of these sleepy old monks and martyrs. Mum said one day that she *did* wish she was a rich American instead of a poor one, for then she could buy little Ben Franklin, and find a good place for him in her native land, where he might be seen by everybody.

That reminds me of the day when the English lady, followed by a bevy of blond daughters, sailed into the room where Champ, on the point of swathing her Grecian beauty, preparatory to going home, in a piece of a blue cotton gown, begged by the old custode from his wife for *la Signorina*, was standing before her easel with a clayey towel about her neck and her cuffs off. She marvelled afterwards how she had managed to retain even a tithe of her politeness under these trying circumstances. The lady put up her eye-glass at Benjamin Franklin, and, without in the least understanding who he was, remarked, with the national discernment, "How ve-ery beautiful!" echoed by the daughters. Then, turning to Champ, she asked, in shocking French, if she did not find modelling very bad for the hands. Champ's reply in unaccented English rather amazed her, and she said she should have thought it very nasty work. How Mum laughed as she enjoyed the scene from her hiding-place behind little Franklin! She said afterwards that it was as good as a play to see Champ trying to sustain the dignity of the American nation under such difficulties.

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I wonder if, among the many happy times that may come to her hereafter, Champ will ever lose the memory of that happy Italian springtime; I think not. I think she will never forget those pleasant early morning walks in the old historic streets of Genoa, nor the faces that made a part of them. I think she would forget the very Cathedral itself sooner than the brown, sturdy old woman who sold purple and gold plums (such great velvety ones!) in front of the Andrea Doria Church. When she looks back upon that halcyon season, I am sure she will think of it as of one long golden chain of beautiful days filled with sunshine and fruit and flowers. She will remember, too, the great masses of blush-roses and cape jasmines that used to fall into her eager heart and hands.

When the time came at last for Champ to leave the beautiful country, she would have given worlds to make it her fatherland. She went one day to M. le Directeur and M. l'Inspecteur to say good by and to thank them for all their kindnesses to the little foreigner.

"Yes, the Signorina has worked very well," said the director, looking as if he were really sorry to lose his *protégé*. "It's a pity she cannot stay longer with us."

"But I shall come back again next year, I hope," said Champ.

"Ah, that is well. And if the Signorina comes back to us when the leaves are falling, she may perhaps find herself not the only signorina here."

"Are you going to open the school to girls?" asked Champ, opening her gray eyes wide.

"We must not say too much about it now," answered M. le Directeur, smiling significantly at the little inspector by his side. "But if we do, and I think we shall, the Signorina will have helped us to make it possible."

So Champ found that even she, in a strange land, among strange faces, had unknowingly done something to move the world on, though ever so little way. Perhaps she felt it accordingly, for she went out among the brown red-capped women and sweet-scented things in the market-place, and bought a bunch of great purple heart's-ease as a last embodiment of all these pleasant days, — now doubly significant to her.

The next morning they took their farewell look of the beautiful blue bay. Champ heard a deep sigh come from under her mother's veil.

"What is it, Mummie dear?" she asked, sympathizingly.

"I was only thinking, Champ, how sorry I am to leave our darling Italy, perhaps never to see it again."

"Of course we shall see it again," said Champ, decidedly; "for when I grow up to be a second Harriet Hosmer, and get big orders from Congress *à la* Vinnie Ream, just see if we don't come back and spend the rest of our lives in *Italia la Bella!*"

Lottie Adams.

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ROLF'S LEAP.

"WHAT, you're making friends with my old Rolf, are you, boys? dear old Rolf!" said Uncle Dick; and, at the sound of his voice, away broke Rolf from the two lads, sending them right and left like a couple of ninepins, and, bounding forward, lame leg and all, had got his faithful head, in another moment, pressed against his master's side, and was wagging his tail — which was as thick as a fox's brush — so lustily that he wagged a pretty red rose, close beside him, all to pieces, and sent its petals in a shower over the gravel path.

"That's my good old dog!" said Uncle Dick, and stroked his favorite's shaggy back, and pulled his long black ears, and shook the paw that (quite in defiance of the rules of common society) Rolf kept solemnly presenting for his acceptance at least a dozen times over.

"He has been going on with such fun, — licking our faces, and putting his arms on our shoulders; and he rolled Tommy right over on the grass," said Will, the elder of the two boys. "Tommy tried to get on his back, and he did n't like it, and tumbled him off."

"Of course, he did n't like it," said Uncle Dick. "*You* would n't like to have anybody get on your back if you were lame of one leg; at least I know *I* should n't; I 'd tumble him off fast enough. Tommy may do anything else he likes, but he must n't try to make Rolf carry him, — must he, old Rolf?" said Uncle Dick, in his tender voice. On which inquiry Rolf gave such a loud, decided, instant "Bow-wow!" that it was quite clear he agreed with his master entirely, and had, indeed, the very strongest possible feeling on the subject. "Bow-wow!" said Rolf, in his very deepest tones; and he said it so explosively, and with such an unnecessary amount of energy, that both the boys burst out laughing; whereupon Rolf wagged his tail again, quite delighted, and wrinkled up his nose and laughed too; for Rolf was a vain old fellow, and liked to be noticed, and listened to, and made much of, just as you or I might.

The two boys and Uncle Dick began to walk round the garden, and Rolf, who was a very well taught dog, set himself to follow them with great propriety, whisking his tail about, indeed, rather more than was necessary as he went, but quite unconscious that he was doing any harm by that (though, to tell the truth, he was, for every now and then he whisked a flower right off its stalk, or upset a flower-pot, or did some other equally improper thing with that fine black brush of his); and presently they came to a summer-house, where, as it was very hot, Uncle Dick was glad to sit down, and where Rolf (knowing quite well that the right place for him was with his master, wherever that might be) made a decided stand too, and — only waiting long enough to make sure that Uncle Dick's pipe was alight, and that he was likely to sit still for a comfortable quarter of an hour — stretched himself out at full length on the ground, and laid down his head upon his

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paws, and gave a sigh, and shut his gentle old eyes. And then Uncle Dick smoked under the vine-leaves, and Will and Tommy played in the sunshine till they got all ablaze with heat.

They came to take shelter at last in the arbor too, just as Uncle Dick was knocking the ashes out of his pipe.

"You 've got fine red cheeks, boys," said Uncle Dick, "and two pairs of sturdy legs. Rolf and I would like to be able to jump about like you, — but *our* jumping days are over. Not but that Rolf took a finer leap once than either of you lads have ever done yet," said Uncle Dick, after a moment or two, and stooped down to pat his favorite's great head. "A noble leap, was n't it, my old dog?" he said; and Rolf looked up with his gentle eyes, and, being too sleepy to say much, but yet, no doubt, understanding the question quite well, just gave a little assenting flap with his tail, as if to reply, "Ay, ay, master, it was n't so bad a leap, as leaps go," and then composed himself to sleep again, as if it was such an old story that he could n't trouble himself to wake up and think about it.

The boys had sat down to rest; and so Will said, "Tell us what sort of a leap Rolf took, Uncle Dick."

"If you 'll keep your feet still, then, I 'll tell you," said Uncle Dick; and accordingly, after two or three moments, when Tommy had stopped rasping the gravel under his boots, he told this story to them: —

"We were both of us younger than we are now," he said, "when Rolf and I first came together. Rolf was a puppy, for his part, and I rather think I was a puppy too. At any rate, I had fifteen fewer years upon my shoulders than I have to-day, and fifteen years' less wisdom. (Always grow wiser every year as you grow older, boys, and you will come in time to be as wise as — Uncle Dick.) It was just when I was going out to Africa that some one gave Rolf to me. 'He comes of a fine stock, and if he proves as good a dog as his father, you won't part with him at the end of a year for a trifle,' my friend said; and I soon found that he was right, for I tell you, boys, by the year's end I would n't have parted with him, not if I had parted with my last shilling, and I 'd been asked to sell him for a thousand pounds. I 'd sooner have sold myself, if I must have sold one or the other of us.

"Ah, you 're laughing, I see. You think I 'm speaking in fun? Not a bit of it! Listen to my story, and when I get to the end of it you shall laugh, if you like.

"I went out with my regiment to Africa, to the Cape of Good Hope, and before I had been there for six months I fell ill with fever, and had it so badly that I thought — and others besides me thought, too — that I should never see old England again; and I don't believe I ever should if I had n't had the kindest black servant to nurse me, — the best nurse a man ever had, — and this poor old fellow here to help to keep up my spirits, and to show me that, at any rate, there was one creature in the world who could n't afford to let me die. Poor Rolf! Why, boys, if he had been a Christian he could n't have done more for me all the time that I was ill. Night or day he never left my room. They could n't get the faithful beast away. I knew little

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enough about his being near me, part of the time, but that made no difference to him; he stuck by me all the same, and when I began to get better, and to know him and notice him again, — well," said Uncle Dick, abruptly, "I think it was a thing to touch a man's heart if he had any heart in him. Upon my word, boys, I did n't believe there had been anything alive that would be so glad to see me living as Rolf was. When he threw himself upon me the first time I called him by his name and held out my hand to him, you would think me an old fool if I were to tell you what the sight of his joy made me do. I was very weak, remember; I was just as weak at that time as a child, you know.

"Well, I got all right again after a while; and let me tell you, in passing, that, after this one illness, I never had better health in my life than during the rest of the time I spent in Africa. I stayed there for four years, and they were as happy years, on the whole, as I ever spent anywhere. I saw a great number of new things in the course of them, and I made a great number of very kind friends. We were n't very hard worked out there, and many a pleasant expedition did I have of a few days up country or along the coast, sometimes with a companion, sometimes alone, with only my horse and old Rolf. I shall never forget some of those little excursions. I shall never, at any rate, forget *one* of them, for it was in the course of one of them that Rolf took his leap.

"I had been riding for five or six miles one pleasant afternoon. It was a delicious afternoon, like the afternoon of an English summer day. You always imagine it hotter out in Africa by a good deal than it is in England, don't you? Well, so it is, in a general way, a vast deal hotter; but every now and then, after the rains have fallen and the wind comes blowing from the sea, we get a day as much like one of our own best summer days as you ever felt anywhere. This afternoon was just like an English summer afternoon, with the fresh, sweet breeze rustling amongst the green leaves, and the great bright sea stretching out all blue and golden, and meeting the blue sky miles and miles away.

"It was n't very hot, but it was just hot enough to make the thought of a swim delicious; so after I had been riding leisurely along for some little time, shooting a bird or two as I went, — for I wanted some bright feathers to send home to a little cousin that I had in England, — I alighted from my horse, and, letting him loose to graze, lay down for a quarter of an hour to cool myself, and then began to make ready for my plunge.

"I was standing on a little ledge of cliff, some six or seven feet above the sea. It was high tide, and the water at my feet was about a fathom deep. 'I shall have a delightful swim,' I thought to myself, as I threw off my coat; and as just at that moment Rolf in a very excited way flung himself upon me, evidently understanding the meaning of the proceeding, and, as I thought, anxious to show his sympathy with it, I repeated the remark aloud. 'Yes, we 'll have a delightful swim, you and I together,' I said. 'A grand swim, my old lad'; and I clapped his back as I spoke, and encouraged him, as I was in the habit of doing, to express his feelings without reserve. But,

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rather to my surprise, instead of wagging his tail, and wrinkling his nose, and performing any of his usual antics, the creature only lifted up his face and began to whine. He had lain, for the quarter of an hour while I had been resting, at the edge of the little cliff, with his head dropped over it; but whether he had been taking a sleep in that position, or had been amusing himself by watching the waves, was more than I knew. He was a capital one for sleeping even then, and generally made a point of snatching a doze at every convenient opportunity; so I had naturally troubled my head very little about him, taking it for granted that he was at his usual occupation. But, whether he had been asleep before or not, at any rate he was wide awake now, and, as it seemed to me, in a very odd humor indeed.

"'What's the matter, old fellow?' I said to him, when he set up this dismal howl. 'Don't you want to have a swim? Well, you need n't unless you like, only *I* mean to have one; so down with you, and let me get my clothes off.' But, instead of getting down, the creature began to conduct himself in the most incomprehensible way, first seizing me by the trousers with his teeth, and pulling me to the edge of the rock, as if he wanted me to plunge in dressed as I was; then catching me again and dragging me back, much as though I was a big rat that he was trying to worry; and this pantomime, I declare, he went through three separate times, barking and whining all the while, till I began to think he was going out of his mind.

"Well, God forgive me! but at last I got into a passion with the beast. I could n't conceive what he meant. For two or three minutes I tried to pacify him, and as long as I took no more steps to get my clothes off he was willing to be pacified; but the instant I fell to undressing myself again he was on me once more, pulling me this way and that, hanging on my arms, slobbering over me, howling with his mouth up in the air. And so at last I lost my temper, and I snatched up my gun and struck him with the butt-end of it. My poor Rolf!" said Uncle Dick, all at once, with a falter in his voice; and he stopped abruptly, and stooped down and laid his hand on the great black head.

"He was quieter after I had struck him," said Uncle Dick, after a little pause. "For a few moments he lay quite still at my feet, and I had begun to think that his crazy fit was over, and that he was going to give me no more trouble, when all at once, just as I had got ready to jump into the water, the creature sprang to his feet and flung himself upon me again. He threw himself with all his might upon my breast and drove me backwards, howling so wildly that many a time since, boys, I have thought I must have been no better than a blind, perverse fool, not to have guessed what the trouble was; but the fact is, I was a conceited young fellow (as most young fellows are), and because I imagined the poor beast was trying for some reason of his own to get his own way, I thought it was my business to teach him that he was *not* to get his own way, but that I was to get mine; and so I beat him down somehow, — I don't like to think of it now; I struck him again three or four times with the end of my gun, till at last I got myself freed from him.

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"He gave a cry when he fell back. I call it a cry, for it was more like something human than a dog's howl, — something so wild and pathetic that, angry as I was, it startled me, and I almost think, if time enough had been given me, I would have made some last attempt then to understand what the creature meant; but I had no time after that. I was standing a few feet in from the water, and as soon as I had shaken him off he went to the edge of the bit of cliff, and stood there for a moment till I came up to him, and then — just as in another second I should have jumped into the sea — my brave dog, my noble dog, gave one last whine and one look into my face, and took the leap before me. And then, boys, in another instant I saw what he had meant. He had scarcely touched the water when I saw a crocodile slip like lightning from a sunny ledge of the cliff, and gripe him by the hinder legs.

"You know that I had my gun close at hand, and in the whole course of my life I never was so glad to have my gun beside me. It was loaded, too, and a revolver. I caught it up, and fired into the water. I fired three times, and two of the shots went into the brute's head. One missed him, and the first seemed not to harm him much, but the third hit him in some vital place, I hope, — some sensitive place, at any rate, for the hideous jaws started wide. Then, with my gun in my hand still, I began with all my might to shout out, 'Rolf!' I could n't leave my post, for the brute, though he had let Rolf go, and had dived for a moment, might make another spring, and I did n't dare to take my eyes off the spot where he had gone down; but I called to my wounded beast with all my might, and when he had struggled through the water and gained a moment's hold of the rock, I jumped down and caught him, and somehow — I don't know how — half carried and half dragged him up the little bit of steep ascent, till we were safe on the top, — on the dry land again. And then, — upon my word, I don't know what I did next, only I think, as I looked at my darling's poor crushed limbs, with the blood oozing from them, and heard his choking gasps for breath — I — I forgot for a moment or two that I was a man at all, and burst out crying like a child.

"Boys, you don't know what it is to feel that a living creature has tried to give up his life for you, even though the creature is only a soulless dog. Do you think I had another friend in the world who would have done what Rolf had done for me? If I had, I did not know it. And then when I thought that it was while he had been trying to save my life that I had taken up my gun and struck him! There are some things, my lads, that a man does without meaning any harm by them, which yet, when he sees them by the light of after events, he can never bear to look back upon without a sort of agony; and those blows I gave to Rolf are of that sort. *He* forgave them, — my noble dog; but I have never forgiven myself for them to this hour. When I saw him lying before me, with his blood trickling out upon the sand, I think I would have given my right hand to save his life. And well I might, too, for he had done ten times more than that to save mine.

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"He licked the tears off my cheeks, my poor old fellow; I remember that. We looked a strange pair, I dare say, as we lay on the ground together, with our heads side by side. It's a noble old head still, is n't it, boys? (I don't mean mine, but this big one down here. All right, Rolf! We 're only talking of your beauty, my lad.) It 's as grand a head as ever a dog had. I had his picture taken after I came home. I 've had him painted more than once, but somehow I don't think the painters have ever seen quite into the bottom of his heart. At least, I fancy that if I were a painter I could make something better of him than any of them have done yet. Perhaps it 's only a notion of mine, but, to tell the truth, I 've only a dozen times or so in my life seen a painting of a grand dog that looks quite right. But I 'm wandering from my story, though, indeed, my story is almost at an end.

"When I had come to my senses a little, I had to try to get my poor Rolf moved. We were a long way from any house, and the creature could n't walk a step. I tore up my shirt, and bound his wounds as well as I could, and then I got my clothes on, and called to my horse, and in some way, as gently as I could, — though it was no easy thing to do it, — I got him and myself together upon the horse's back, and we began our ride. There was a village about four or five miles off, and I made for that. It was a long, hard jolt for a poor fellow with both his hind-legs broken, but he bore it as patiently as if he had been a Christian. I never spoke to him but, panting as he was, he was ready to lick my hands and look lovingly up into my face. I 've wondered since, many a time, what he could have thought about it all; and the only thing I am sure of is that he never thought much of the thing that he himself had done. That seemed, I know, all natural and simple to him; I don't believe that he has ever understood to this day what anybody wondered at in it, or made a hero of him for. For the noblest people are the people who are noble without knowing it; and the same rule, I fancy, holds good, too, for dogs.

"I got him to a resting-place at last, after a weary ride, and then I had his wounds dressed; but it was weeks before he could stand upon his feet again, and when at last he began to walk he limped, and he has gone on limping ever since. The bone of one leg was so crushed that it could n't be set properly, and so that limb is shorter than the other three. *He* does n't mind it much, I dare say, — I don't think he ever did, — but it has been a pathetic lameness to me, boys. It 's all an old story now, you know," said Uncle Dick, abruptly, "but it 's one of those things that a man does n't forget, and that it would be a shame to him if he ever *could* forget as long as his life lasts."

Uncle Dick stooped down again as he ceased to speak, and Rolf, disturbed by the silence, raised his head to look about him. As his master had said, it was a grand old head still, though the eyes were growing dim now with age. Uncle Dick laid his hand upon it, and the bushy tail began to wag. It had wagged at the touch of that hand for many a long day.

"We 've been together for fifteen years. He 's getting old now," said Uncle Dick.

Georgiana M. Craik.

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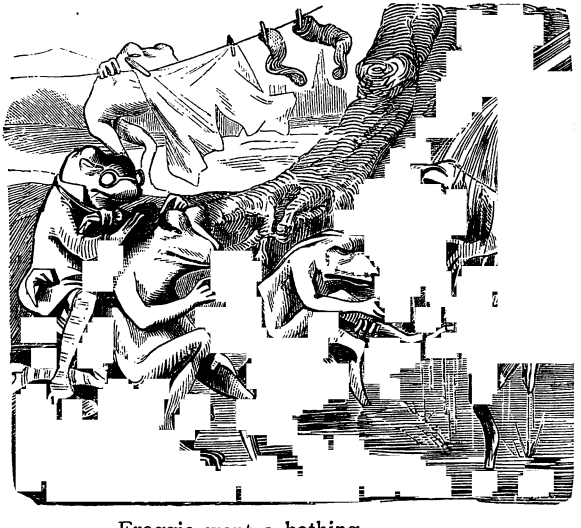
FROGGIE AND HIS FRIENDS.

FROGGIE was a dandy;—
"I and the sun, you see,
Rise early in the morning;—
Good morning, Sun!" says he.



Froggie went a bathing,
The barber made him shine;

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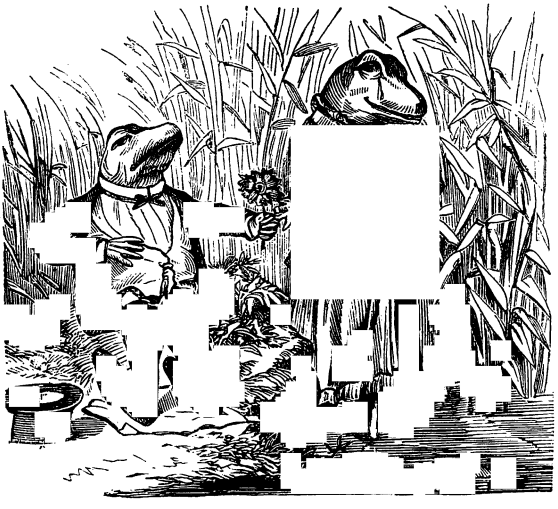
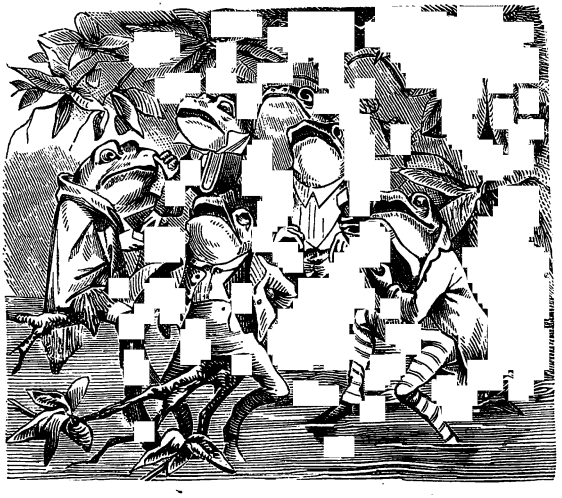
His mother washed his clothes out,
And hung them on the line.



Froggie went a wooing;—
"O lady fair," said he,
"Take, take this pretty posy!
And, O lady fair, take me!"



Froggie gave a concert
In a moonlit place;
The little frogs sang treble,
And the old frogs sang the bass.

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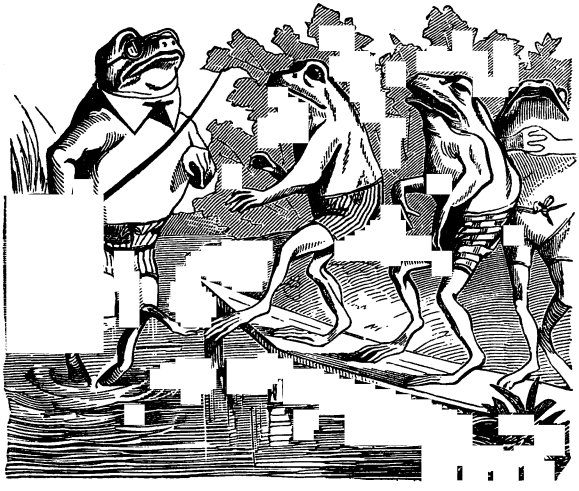
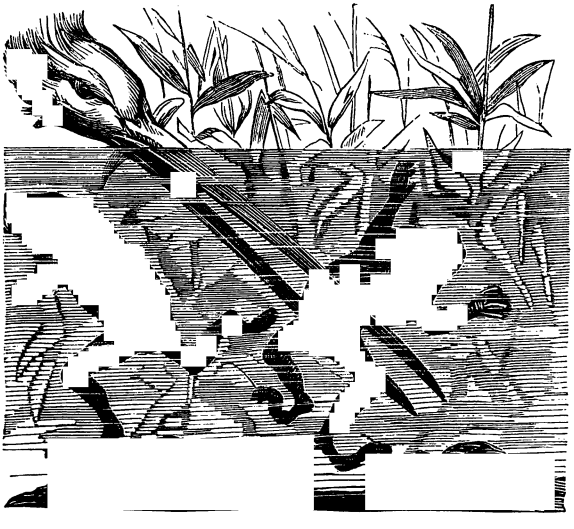


Froggie was a master;
He kept the village school,
And taught the little froggies
To dive into the pool.



Two little frogs played truant;
They went to have some fun;
Along came Craney Longlegs,
And then there was but one!

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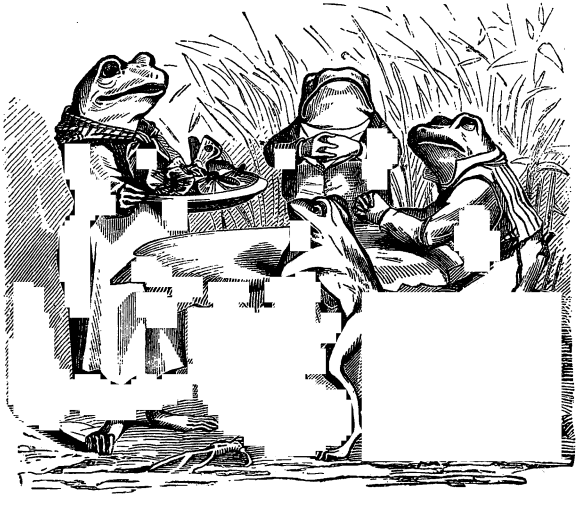
When good little frogs have supper,
He will cry and pout;
Says Mamma Frog, "You were naughty,
And you must go without."



With a mushroom for a table,
And butterflies for tea,
If I were only a frog, now,
How happy I should be!

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THE SCREW PROPELLER AND ITS DISCOVERER.

IT was in 1846. I had crossed the Atlantic in the "Washington." She was a paddle-wheel steamer, as all steam-vessels were at that day. The great objection to these ships was that they could not be used as line-of-battle ships, because the side-wheels were exposed to shot and shell. More than that, they could not carry a full battery of guns, and, come what will, ships-of-the-line must carry broadsides. A paddle-wheel steamer might have a few long pivot-guns fore and aft, useful enough for long ranges and for bringing to a rapid sailing vessel, but entirely unfitted for action at close quarters. In fact, it had been pretty much settled by officers in every navy of the world, that, without some substitute for the paddle-wheel man-of-war, it could only be employed in carrying despatches or towing other ships in or out of action. Ingenious men were, indeed, racking their brains for some new propeller, but everybody doubted their success.

There lived at that time a Middlesex gentleman, by occupation a farmer, yet, curiously enough, endued with great liking for things that do not concern farmers at all. Instead of filling his house and farm-yard with models of ploughs, reapers, and threshing-machines, his whole mind was bent upon ship-building, and especially on the application of screws as propellers for steamers. He would sit in his office, with a tub of water before him, a model of a boat by his side, and a corkscrew in his hand, boring the water for hours. Sometimes he would stop, take up the boat, look it over, under, and lengthways; then throw it down again, and take to boring the water with the corkscrew. Neighbors, touching forefinger to forehead significantly, said, as they saw him boring at the water, "At any rate, there's a screw *loose there*." But the inventor paid them no heed; went on accumulating long screws and short screws, screws with sharp threads and screws with flat threads, screws on spindles and screws on wheels, and, increasing his boat models, furnished at length each with a working screw.

Some time in June, 1846, I went upon invitation down to this gentleman's house. His name was Francis Pettit Smith.* He showed me his screw models. By this time he was getting to be known on both sides of the Atlantic, having taken out several patents, and I was greatly interested in his inventions.

First in order came No. 1, a clumsy boat, filled with clock-work, and having attached a screw running the whole length of the keel. Winding up the machinery, he placed her on a large vat of water, through which she cut her way superbly. "But she won't do," he said; "you can't fill a ship's hold with wheels."

Then came No. 2, a fair boat, well made, trim, still too full of wheels, and with two screws, one on each side, "which," says the inventor, "will never

* Mr. Smith was not the first inventor who tried to propel vessels through the water by means of a screw at the stern; but he was the first who succeeded in the attempt. — EDITORS.

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answer." No. 3 was a little boat with a long corkscrew poking out behind, where the rudder ought to be; the screw spinning round and round and pushing the little craft on by means of this self-same spinning motion. In spite of the awkward screw, sticking far out behind, No. 3 was evidently the pet of Mr. Smith.

"I have great hopes of that fellow," he remarked. "He is my man."

"But," I said, "if that notion is ever brought to bear, — if ever the screw be made to take the place of the paddle-wheel, and if the screw is to be fixed behind, pray, where will you put your rudder?"

"That is rather a poser," he replied, looking grave and scratching his ear; "but I hope to be able to make the length of that screw so short that it shall be far less inconvenient. Perhaps I shall be able to shorten it enough to fit it in between the dead-wood" (the after-run of a vessel) "and the rudder."

"Then, in diminishing the length of the screw, do you think that you diminish its propulsive force?"

"Of course I do. Does any one doubt *that?*" asked the inventor, sharply.

"Perhaps not. And you diminish the propulsive power *proportionately* to the length of the screw cut off?"

"Well," replied Mr. Smith, "we must wait and see. *That* remains to be proved."

Now, there is not an intelligent boy of fourteen who does not know that the propulsive power of a screw is not in proportion to its length. A short has precisely as much power as a long screw. It has more. There is less friction to overcome. But nobody knew this twenty-six years ago; and our Francis Pettit Smith, who grew to be one of the most famous men in England, to whom parliament granted a great pension, and for whom the scientific British workers made up a purse of many thousand pounds, — a mathematician and mechanic combined, whose head was clear as a bell, — even he went on, cutting his screw propellers shorter and shorter, fearing all the while that he was diminishing their propulsive power. It was not until after many weeks that he got at the truth. Piece after piece came off, and yet the speed of the model boat was not diminished. Finally he had shortened the screw to a helix of two turns, was afraid to reduce it more, put it on to a boat on Paddington Canal, and started her. She went superbly. He was delighted. Admiralty officers looked on with wonder. Two turns of a screw propelling a boat eight miles an hour! It was a marvel.

But accidents will happen; and one must needs happen at this auspicious moment of our friend's success. Some boys rolled a large rock down the sides of the canal. The little boat was just passing. It grazed upon the rock; there came a crash; the frail thing stopped, trembled, threw off one helical turn of her screw, which immediately washed ashore, started again, and went on *with greater speed* to the end of her course. She sailed all the better. There was no doubt of it. Mechanics understand now why this

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was. Nobody, least of all the great inventor, understood then. But, ever since, the problem of attaching a screw to a ship's stern has been as simple as making a poplar whistle or a paper kite. The screw fits into the merest slit of the thousands of steamers now thus propelled, and there is space quite enough for it in every one, no matter how squat and chunk the keel between the dead-wood and the rudder.

If that old Syracuse mechanic, Archimedes, could see the curtailed screw in the after-run of a steamer, would he understand it? I doubt. In fact, it is not a screw at all, but a mere flat vane. More than anything else, it is like the tail of a fish, cut short off, twisted a little in opposite directions, and mounted on a spindle.

N. S. Dodge.

ROBBIE'S CHICKENS.

ROBBIE had two chickens. Little round fuzzy balls they were, with bright black eyes and pink toes. They did n't live out in a cold coop in the yard, — no, indeed! They lived in a cosey box in a warm corner of the kitchen, and slept in a basket filled with cotton.

They were not common chickens, scratching around in the dirt, and eating bugs and such things off the ground; on the contrary, they took their food from a dish, — like other people who live in houses, — and drank out of one of Robbie's mugs.

They were odd little fellows, altogether. You see, they had the misfortune to come out of their warm egg-shell houses just at the beginning of cold weather; and Mrs. Morris — who brought milk to Robbie's mamma — tried to make them and their brothers and sisters comfortable in the barn. But one after another died, till only these two were left, and she brought them over in her pocket, and gave them to Robbie for pets.

One was buff and the other black, and they looked very cunning, running around the kitchen, and pecking at the floor as if it was good to eat. Robbie was perfectly delighted, but mamma did not know what to do with them.

"I don't see where we can have them, Robbie," she said.

"I know someping," said he, triumphantly. "I can six 'em! put 'em in a box!"

"But, dear me! they 'll be such a bother," said mamma.

"'T won't boder," said Robbie, dancing around so full of happiness that mamma could n't say another word. "I can get dinner. I 'm a cooker. Corn and oats, — the milk-woman said so. Papa 's got a whole crowd of oats out to the barn. Oh! — and water!" and he fairly jumped up and down with delight.

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These two chickens soon got to be part of the family. They ran all over the house as tame as kittens. It would be funny if they were not tame, for one or the other of them was generally in Robbie's arms. They would come when he called them, and eat out of his hands.

Now, nothing can be more cunning than wee bits of chickens, but they won't stay chicks, you know; they insist on growing up into hens. Robbie's chickens did just like their cousins who live in the poultry-yard, and by Christmas day they were almost hens. Droll enough it looked to see two hens walking around the house.

Mamma wanted to put them out in the coop, but Robbie was horrified at the idea. "I could n't sink of it," he said, when mamma proposed it; "they 'd be all cold." So they stayed in, and were dressed up for Christmas with blue ribbons tied around their necks, and had for their Christmas dinner just what Robbie did, for he got papa to fill a plate for them. Though I can't say they ate much of it.

A few days after, Buffy got sick; she moped around, refused to eat, and a great swelling came on her neck. Robbie was in great distress, and mamma sent to Mrs. Morris and borrowed a book. It was a sort of a doctor-book for chickens, and had a great gilt cock and hen on the cover. Mamma studied it, and made up her mind that Buffy was "crop bound," and must have an operation performed, or die.

Now mamma was n't fond of surgical operations, — she could hardly bear to dig out a sliver. But there was Robbie full of grief, and the book said it would n't hurt much. So she took Buffy, and went into her room and locked the door. Then with a pair of sharp scissors she just snipped the skin over the swelling on the chicken's neck, and, sure enough, there was her crop stuffed full of corn and wheat. Buffy did n't seem to mind it much. She took out a coffee-cup full, and then put a linen rag around the neck, and went out to the sitting-room. "There, Robbie, I think she 'll get well now," she said, putting her into her little basket.

If that chicken did n't get well, it was n't for want of care, for Robbie was as fussy a little nurse as you ever saw. He brought her everything he could think of to eat, from corn and oats to soft bread and mashed potatoes; but not a speck would she touch. She just sat humped up in a corner of her box, and would n't move. At last a cup of fresh water tempted her, and she took a few sips. Robbie was watching her, and in a minute he saw the water run out and wet the bandage on her neck.

"O mamma, mamma!" he cried, rushing into the sitting-room, with tears streaming down his cheeks, "the water all runned out! Buffy 's got a hole in her! put some camphor on."

"She don't want camphor on," said mamma, thinking a moment. "I 'll fix her all right; bring her here."

Robbie took her up very carefully in his two little hands, and kissed the top of her head as he gave her to mamma.

"Now go to my medicine-box and get my court-plaster," said she.

Robbie went and got the plaster; he knew it well enough, for he always

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had it on his fingers when he hurt them. Mamma cut a piece of the plaster, put aside the feathers, and stuck it over the little wound.

"Don't put on that old rag," said Robbie; "put on a hankerfish." And he dove deep into his little pocket and brought out a specimen.

"Not that dirty one," said mamma; "get a clean one."

So Robbie ran to his drawer and took out a little clean one with a red border. Mamma tied it around Buffy's neck, and let her go.

"Now, she looks 'stonishing," said Robbie. And she did look funny with her white collar.

"Why, what's the matter?" said papa, when he came in. "Is Buffy getting to be a dandy, with a fancy necktie?"

"No," said Robbie, earnestly, "Buffy got broke; she got a bounded crop; this is the doctor's shop, and mamma's the mother of it, and she must have dirt and gravel."

"Why, what does mamma want with dirt and gravel?" said papa, soberly. "I did n't know she liked such things."

"No, — Buffy," said Robbie; "she had to be cut with the fivers, and it did n't hurt, and the water runned out, and she could n't eat wivout we put on coat-plaster!"

"A dreadful state of things!" said papa. "Had n't we better send her to the hospital till she grows up?"

"No, this is the grow place," said Robbie. "She 'll get well in a mitit."

And she did get well in a few days, if not in a minute, as Robbie thought.

Olive Thorne.

"A PERFECT PLAGUE."

WHIZ — whew — rattle — slam — bang — clump, clump! Everybody knew Fred was coming. His mother began to gaze anxiously toward the door, trying to imagine in what plight her boy would enter. Aunt Harriet dropped her work, ready to run for rags, strings, or plasters, long experience having taught her to be on the alert for wounds, cuts, and bruises. The door flew open with a jerk, and with two leaps Fred and a big basket landed beside a table where Lute was mounting autumn leaves.

"See here, Lute!" exclaimed Fred, pushing the basket on the table, hitting the varnish-bottle, which, in its turn, gave the mucilage a friendly push, till over they went together.

"O Fred, you are the biggest torment I ever saw; you spoil something every time you come near me!" cried Lute, in her impatience.

If she had seen the look that crossed Fred's happy, handsome face, she would have been sorry for the thoughtless words; but she did n't look up. The hurt, sorry look changed to a hard, defiant one as it settled in his bright

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blue eyes, and he took up the basket to go out, muttering, "I guess she'll know it before I go near her again!"

"O dear!" groaned Lute, as she picked up the leaves, and wiped up the two little streams of mucilage and varnish that were slowly trickling down on the carpet, "that boy grows worse and worse! he's a perfect plague!"

"You ought not to speak to him as you did, Lucy," said her mother, gently. "I think Fred was sorry, but you didn't give him a chance to say so."

"Well, what if he was sorry? he will do something else just as bad in half an hour."

"I know he's a little rough," her mother went on, "but he does n't mean any harm."

"Now, mother, how can you say so? Only last week he threw the cat into the soap-barrel, and he must climb that young ash after his cap, and knock off my hanging-basket and break it. He could have taken a ladder, and not gone on the side of the tree where the basket hung. After he got his cap, instead of putting it on he threw it at the cat, and broke the handsomest dahlia in the garden. Then, last night, when Will Schofield and all the others were up here playing croquet, — I suppose you will think it was silly, — Will asked if I got my roses working in the garden. Before I had time to answer, Fred spoke up, and said, 'I guess she puts the roses on in her chamber; that's why she is so late to breakfast.' Of course, I could n't say anything, and I don't know what they all thought. Then, just look at what he's done now!" and the tears trembled in Lute's eyes.

"You 're somewhat to blame for that yourself," replied Aunt Harriet, "for you know I told you to spread a paper on the table-cloth and another on the carpet under the table. As for what he said last night, it is n't likely Will Schofield noticed it, or, if he did, remembered it two minutes. He'll outgrow such ways by and by."

"O yes, I know you and mother always take Fred's part," sobbed Lute. "I guess if mother would tell father some of his tricks, he would 'outgrow' some of them pretty quick. But if father finds out anything it is all smoothed over."

It was strange how, with a slight difference in the subject, Fred's thoughts were running in the same direction as Lute's.

"She grows crosser and crosser," he muttered, digging his toes into the chips behind the wood-house, "and since Will Schofield comes up here, she don't want me round at all. I s'pose I do plague her. I don't see why I have to upset everything before I fairly get near it." And the boy actually sat with his cap over his eyes full three minutes, resolving he would be very careful next time.

"Plaze, marm, can masther Frid go to the sthore fur me?" asked Bridget, putting her head in at the door, an hour later.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Randall.

"An' is he not back yit?"

"Why, is n't he about the house somewhere?"

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"Shure, marm, an' he stharted fur Toompson's Pond wid half a dozen boys an hour agone, but I thought he was back afoor."

"Thompson's Pond?" repeated his mother, aghast. "Why, his father has told him never to go there with the boys!"

"You see now just how well he obeys," said Lute, rather pleased with an opportunity to show her superiority in reading Fred's character.

"O marm," cried Bridget, putting her head in again, "shure, there 's a man here as says the boys is all kilt, and masther Fred drowndid wid both his legs broke, fallin' out a tree!"

O dear! how still the house was! Father and mother gone to find Fred, and Lute left with Aunt Harriet and Bridget, to get ready for their coming home. What kind of a coming home would it be? They did n't dare think. Tommy Witham, a sort of Job's comforter, came in, and followed Lute as she went restlessly about the house trying to do something. In one corner of the hall lay the big basket that had made so much trouble, but somehow Lute wanted it now. As she lifted it up, the cover slipped one side, and two or three bright leaves fell out. The basket was full.

"Yes," said Tommy, who found the silence very oppressive, "me and Fred 's been away over to Brickett's woods this afternoon to get them for you. I should ha' thought he 'd ha' been too tired to go off again. I 'm 'bout used up." A manly expression Tommy was fond of using.

"And he was going to give them to me when I drove him off," thought Lute, with a sharp pang. "What a wicked thing I am! Why don't they come? He must be —" No, she could n't bring herself to speak the word; and, catching up Fred's geography, she turned the leaves from sheer necessity of doing something.

On the fly-leaf was "Freddie Randall," in her father's writing. She remembered when he wrote it; they had all said it was hard to tell which was prouder, — Fred of the new book, or the father that his only son had advanced a step in learning. Would he ever write his boy's name again? Then there was the boy's scrawl, and here the name again in Old English type, and on another leaf strange-looking birds with banners in their beaks, bearing that name so precious now. And now his favorite picture of a prancing horse. How hard he worked over that with dirty fingers, head on one side, and tongue stuck hard into his cheek, — and how Lute had scolded because he abused his books so! She would have been glad at that minute to see him drawing in Tennyson's poems, a present from Will Schofield last birthday. He had taken two or three of her paints to color the illustrations in the book. Here the Falls of Niagara were painted a bright red with a dark green sky overhead. A party of negroes in very blue shirts were cutting yellow sugar-cane; and in a picture of the arctic regions, a ship was frozen among straw-colored and scarlet icebergs, while orange and vermilion Northern Lights streamed over the scene. Out from the leaves fluttered a bit of paper, upon which Tommy again vouchsafed information.

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"Fred writ that right in — the teacher had company — her feller, I guess," he added, by way of explanation. "He was going to put it in the post-office, but had to get an envelope first. Read it." And Tommy glowed with pride at Fred's skill. "I give him the paper," he added, swelling with generosity.

The paper looked as if it had been cut with a dull knife from the back of an old letter; and Lute read, —

"MR. SKOFIELD I do not want you to think what I sed about my sister was tru I toled it to plage hir she get up before I do she is the best girl in the world and I gess you think so two I rote this becaws I do not want what I sed too be a ly FRED RANDALL."

"Teacher thought he was writin' in his writin'-book all the time," snickered Tommy, but Lute did n't hear.

It was very still now. The early twilight had fallen, and it was almost dark, but nobody had thought of lamps. Aunt Harriet was slowly rocking to and fro; Lute, having cried herself so sick that she could cry no more, lay on the sofa, trying hard not to think; Tommy was stretched beside her on the floor; and Bridget, with her apron over her head, was rocking back and forth on the kitchen floor, moaning for the "two eyes that werr the light of the house." Was that the street door? It shut with a slam. Gus Robbins, probably. Why could n't people stay away just now! Somebody tumbled on the stairs. How much that sounded like Fred! If we could only hear him tumble up stairs again —

"Why, what are you all in the dark for?" Everybody jumped. There was no mistake this time, for this was nobody but Fred.

In answer to Aunt Harriet's and Lute's questions and Tommy's open-mouthed wonder, he only said, "O, Bridget is so stupid! We went up on Thompson's hill after beech-nuts, and Rufe Douglass did fall out of a tree and break his arm. When father and mother found me all right, they thought they 'd go round by Uncle Job's. Father told me to come and tell you, but I wanted to go round by Lin Foye's and see if his doves had any squabs yet, so I did n't get along very quick. Been to supper? I 'm 'bout starved."

Supper! Who had thought of supper? — and going after squabs when they were suffering so! They did n't know whether to give him all the preserves he could eat, for joy that he was safe, or send him to bed without a mouthful, they were so vexed at his not getting "along very quick."

But I rather think joy triumphed, for it was reported Fred had said at school it was "first-rate to have folks think you were drowned, it made 'em awful clever to a feller"; and about a week after, as Bridget was scolding because Fred had left mud-tracks on the clean floor, when he had been told so *many* times to wipe his feet, Lute wiped up the mud herself, and said, "You can't expect a boy to remember everything, Bridget."

Annie M. Libby.

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THE ROBIN'S PROTEST.

"AS idle as the birds," you say.
Ah, much you know about it!
We 're busy all the livelong day;
We can't get on without it.
"It is n't much to build a nest?"
Well, then, suppose you try it.
Just work a week, and do your best, —
There 'd not a bird come nigh it!

You don't know where to find nice things,
Nor how to weave them nicely,
And fix the sticks and straws and strings
Each in its place precisely.
You can't accomplish that small task
With twenty times our labor;
Then don't be hard — that 's all I ask —
Upon your little neighbor.

While wife is sitting, through the day
You 'll hear my music ringing;
She 'd tire to death, I 've heard her say,
If 't were not for my singing.
And when the little ones have come,
I help about the worming;
Each day full fifty we bring home,
And never mind their squirming.

I fill one mouth, and then away
As fast as I can skurry,
With voices in my ear that say,
"O father, hurry, hurry!"
Then, just before they 're taking wing,
I must keep close behind them;
It would be such a dreadful thing
If some bad cat should find them!

There is the twilight concert too,
And that must be attended.
And now, it must be clear to you
Our cares are never ended.
For thus we work the livelong day, —
You can't pretend to doubt it, —
You see there is no other way!
And that is all about it.

Laura Bowe.

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THE SLEEP ANGEL.

"O MAMMA! this is just the time for a story," said Charlie Lindsay, following his mother to the piazza one lovely evening in June; "please sit down in this comfortable chair, and tell the nicest story you know."

"O yes, do, mamma," said May Lindsay, a bright girl eleven years old; and "Yes, please do, mamma," was echoed by little Effie, the pet and darling of the household; and, springing into her mother's arms, she clasped her little hands round her neck, and showered her with kisses.

"Why, Effie dear," said Mrs. Lindsay, "it is almost your bedtime. I am afraid you could not keep awake to hear a story."

"Yes, I can, mamma." And Effie opened her bright blue eyes to their fullest extent, and, folding her hands demurely in front of her, sat up *very* straight on her mother's lap.

Mrs. Lindsay smiled, and, kissing Effie, said, "Well, children, I shall tell you a new story to-night, about a very sweet little friend of yours, whom you all know, and love very dearly too, sometimes, though often you treat her harshly, push her away, and pretend you do not know her at all. This is the little Sleep Angel, who every night, when the sun goes to rest behind the clouds, leaves her home in the sky and comes down to the earth to give rest to all the poor tired people in the world. The birds high up in the air first see her, as she starts out, and they gather around her, flying in front of her, behind her, and at the side of her, singing her their sweetest songs, telling her all that has made them sad or happy through the day, and whispering their secrets in her ear. Down they fly together, as merry and happy as the day is long, feeling that they never shall be tired with such a dear little friend so near them. But the birds are mistaken, for soon their songs grow more quiet, their wings feel heavy, and when they reach the tree-tops they fly to their nests, and, closing their eyes, the Sleep Angel drops a kiss on their soft little heads, and leaves them in charge of the wind, who rocks them to and fro all night long.

"When the birds are safely stowed away in their nests, the angel flies down into the great dark forest, where the lions and tigers are roaring and howling, rushing wildly around and frightening every one who comes within sound of their voices. The tiny little angel stops and listens to all this uproar, but she is not frightened by it, for she loves the wild beasts as much as the birds swinging high above her head; so she is not afraid to sit on the lion's broad shoulders, to smooth his shaggy mane with her soft white hand, fan him with her wings, and whisper pretty words in his ear, that all day long hears nothing gentle, till gradually the roughness dies out of his voice, the restlessness disappears from his limbs, he stretches himself out on the soft ground, and is far away in the land of dreams.

"Over all the earth the Sleep Angel flies. One evening she reached a great city just as the sun had set. The streets were filled with people hur-

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rying home, all anxious to reach their little boys and girls before sleep should shut their eyes. There were fathers with very mysterious looking packages under their arms, and from the kind look on their faces, one might guess there was a doll or toy for some little body looking eagerly for papa. Mothers had dainty-looking baskets in their hands, with delicious fruit peeping from under the covers, and the smiles on their faces told how they were thinking of the merry greeting the children would give them, and how their eyes would sparkle over the ripe strawberries and cherries.

"The angel saw all these people, but she stood aside from them, and let them go their way. Presently a pale, tired-looking woman passed her very quickly; her face was sad, and her step was nervous and hurried. Under her arm she had a large bundle, while in her hand she carried very carefully a small basket of fruit and a bouquet of flowers. The little angel knew at once that this poor woman needed her, so followed her silently, on through the crowded streets, past the stores where the lights were beginning to sparkle and glisten, through narrow streets and broad streets, till, far away from the handsome houses and brilliant shops, in a narrow alley, the woman stopped before a house that looked as clean and bright as anything could look in such a dull, dark place.

"The woman ran up the stairs with the same rapid step that had taken her through the streets, and, opening a door, said cheerily, 'Well, Jacky dear, have I been gone very long?' And she went close to the bed, where a little boy was lying, very pale and thin, while his great dark eyes had a restless look in them, as if he were seeking something he could not find. 'See what I have brought you, darling,' said his mother, opening the basket filled with strawberries. Jacky smiled, and, putting his little white hand on his mother's face, stroked it gently as she sat beside him. 'Mrs. Graham says you must go to see her, Jacky, when you get well; she wants you to play in her garden, and such a garden as it is, Jacky! It is like fairy-land. Here is a bunch of flowers from it; I will put them in your china vase at your side, and you can see them all the time.'

"The mother turned to get some water for the flowers, and, coming back, she said, 'Have you been asleep yet, Jacky?'

"'No, mamma, not yet; but I am very, very tired, and my bones do ache so, I wish I could sleep; I think some one is holding my eyes open, mamma, for I cannot close them, though I *do* try.'

"'Poor little fellow!' said the mother to herself, going to the window to brush away a tear; 'he has hardly slept the past two days, and I know he cannot get well unless he rests; I wish I could make him sleep.'

"'Sing him the good-night song you used to sing.'

"The mother started; the Sleep Angel had whispered the words, and they came to the poor woman like a new idea. So she prepared some strawberries for Jacky, with a bright smile on her face, and, going back to his bedside, fed him with the refreshing fruit, that was so cooling to his parched lips and throat.

"'How good it is!' said Jacky, with a smile, when he had finished eating; 'and how kind you are, too, mamma!'

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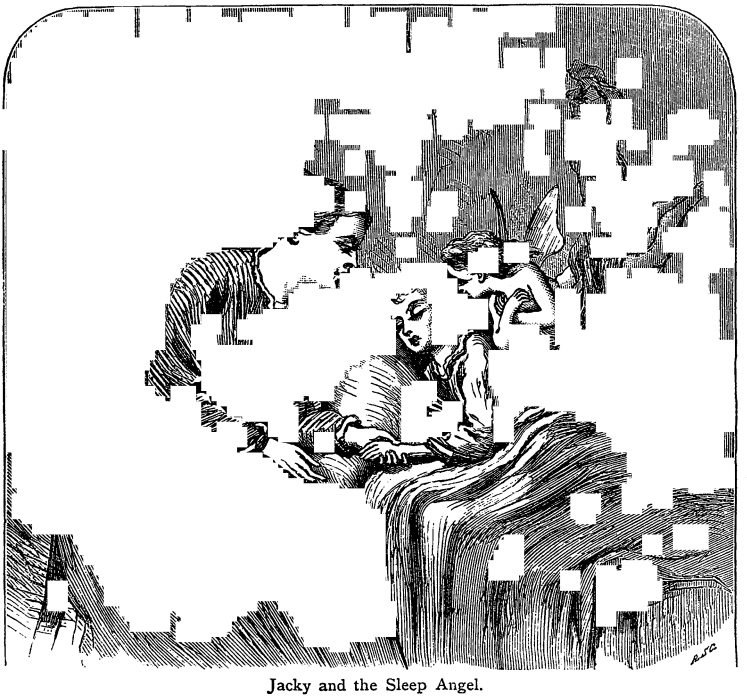
"'Now, Jacky, let me smooth the pillows for you, and then I will sit by your side and sing you the good-night song that always put you to sleep when you were very small. Give me a kiss, dear, and lie on this side, so that I can see your face and hold your hand.'

"Then the mother began her low song in a sweet, clear voice, and the Sleep Angel joined her too, though the woman did not hear her; she only wondered that she had never noticed before how soothing and quiet the song was, and how it rested her to sing it.



Jacky and the Sleep Angel.

"The little angel then hovered very low over Jacky's bed, smoothed all the pain away from his forehead with her soft white hand, folded her wings full of rest around his weary little frame, fanned his burning cheeks as she fluttered around him, and all the while sang with the mother the quiet, drowsy song. Meanwhile the gold died out of the western clouds, the twilight deepened into night; and as the moon and stars came out, they peeped in at the window and saw Jacky sleeping peacefully, his head resting on his hand, and a sweet smile playing around his mouth. The little angel kissed him gently, and then passed out through the open window, leaving the mother by the bedside, still singing the old song that had been so comforting to Jacky.

"All night long the angel was very busy, hushing little children to sleep,

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soothing poor tired people, whose heads ached and whose hearts were heavy, dropping such pleasant thoughts into sick people's minds that they forgot their pain and weariness, and wandered off into a beautiful dreamland, where no one was ever sick or suffering.

"The sun was high in the heavens when Jacky slowly opened his eyes and gazed vacantly around as if everything were strange about him, till, seeing his mother's anxious face, he smiled, and said, 'Where am I, mamma? Is this our home? I thought I must be in heaven; so many beautiful spirits were hovering over my pillow, I quite forgot my pain.'

"The mother clasped her little boy in her arms, while tears of joy rolled down her cheeks. When she could speak, she said, 'You must not talk too much now, darling, and when you have had your breakfast you must rest, and perhaps the angels will come back to you again.'

"The angel did come back, and told Jacky such pretty stories that his dreams by day were as cheery as those at night. She had made herself his nurse, and very tenderly she watched him, day and night too, taking care that no gloomy spirits should come to make the little boy sad.

"One day, when Jacky's mother was sitting by his side, talking to him as she sewed, the postman brought her a letter.

"'It is from Uncle Ned, Jacky'; and as Mrs. Nelson read the letter the tears came into her eyes, and her cheeks brightened.

"'What does he say, mamma?'

"'Just what I wanted to hear, dear. He has taken grandpa's old cottage in the country, and he and Aunt Mary want us to go to them as soon as we can. Just think, Jacky, we can go to the real country, where the flowers are blooming and the air is fresh and clear; you can roll on the hay and feed the hens and chickens, have plenty of fresh eggs and milk, and grow so rosy and fat that I shall hardly know you, darling'; and the mother stooped to kiss the little thin face that was turned so eagerly toward her.

"All day long Jacky and his mother talked of their visit, and the next morning they started on their journey. The cars flew over the road so fast that Jacky had not time to see half that he wanted to, when his mother touched him, and said, 'We get out here, dear.' In a moment he was clasped by two strong arms, and Uncle Ned was kissing his pale, thin face.

"'Come, Alice, walk by me, while I carry Jacky,' said Uncle Ned, calling a pretty, golden-haired child to his side. 'You and Alice will have merry times together when you get stronger; and you must get well very soon; we don't have sick people in the country.'

"They all talked on cheerily till they reached the cottage, which was really as beautiful as Jacky had imagined it, with roses and honeysuckles climbing over the porch, and the garden filled with flowers.

"The country was a constant wonder to Jacky, and Alice was such a charming cousin! She knew where all the prettiest places were around the farm, where the sweetest wild-flowers grew, where the brook was the deepest and the water dashed most merrily over the stones. All day long the children were out in the fields, or when the sun was very warm they would

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go to the barn and lie down on the sweet, fresh hay. Jacky never was so happy before; he could not possibly tell the little angels at night all he had enjoyed and seen through the day, but they understood his feelings, and were as happy as he was.

"One evening, after tea, they were all sitting in the porch. Jacky was very silent for a long time, looking at the western clouds. At last he said, 'It is 'most time for the Sleep Angel to come, Allie.'

"'What do you mean?' asked Alice, looking very much amused. 'Do you think when you go to sleep that an angel comes to close your eyes?'

"'Yes, indeed, I do,' replied Jacky, with a very serious expression on his face. 'Every night the Sleep Angel comes, followed by the Dream Angels, and we are very happy together.'

"Alice listened very eagerly to all that Jacky was telling her. Then she said, 'Who told you all these things?'

"'I think the Sleep Angel or her little friends must have told me,' said Jacky; 'for I never knew it till I was sick, and now I know it very well.'

"'I wish I could see the Sleep Angel,' said Alice. 'Is she pretty, Jacky?'

"'O, she is lovely! But you cannot see her with your eyes open.'

"'I will pretend I am asleep,' said Alice; 'I'll leave the corner of my eye open, and if I sing her a song, perhaps she will let me see her with her bright, shining wings.'

"So when she was in bed that night she sang: —

'Sweet little Sleep Angel,
Pray, come near to me,
That I may tell softly
How much I love thee.

'Dear little Sleep Angel,
Bend low over me,
That I may know truly
If thou lovest me.

'Kind little Sleep Angel,
If thou lovest me,
Come near to my bedside,
That I may see thee.'

"Allie's voice sank lower and lower; the words at last came out very slowly, and then died away altogether. The angel had been hovering over her head all through the song, fluttering her wings, laying her hands on the child's eyelids, and smiling sweetly at the innocent words that fell from her mouth; then, bending very close to the child at the last words, she pressed a warm, loving kiss on her lips, and spread over her face a sunny smile; but Allie saw her only in her dreams."

The moon and stars were shining brightly when Mrs. Lindsay finished her story. Effie was lying very still, and May, creeping softly round to her mother's side and looking at Effie, said, "See, mamma, the Sleep Angel has come here, too! she has kissed Effie, and left one of her sweetest smiles on her lips."

Martha Nichols.

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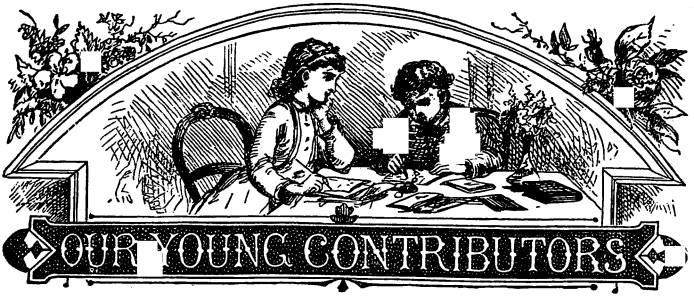

HOW HARRY GOT HIS PRINTING-PRESS.

WHAT was it that could interest Harry so much in the cover of his magazine? Only an advertisement, and he was not particularly fond of that branch of literature. But this one was of peculiar interest to him, and was gotten up in a very attractive style: — "Do your own printing with a Novelty Press," in big letters at the top, a vignette of a very attractive looking press at the side, and, at the bottom, a list of agents for the sale.

Harry sat in the broad window-seat, his curly head bent over the advertisement, reading it through again and again. It was a very fine October morning indeed, and, under ordinary circumstances, Harry would have been doubtless joining in the animated game of ball which was going on within a stone's throw of his window, on the little school-house green. But as it was, his mind was too much occupied by that advertisement to heed much else; so he went to school with it floating enticingly through his brain.

"I wonder how much they cost!" thought he. "Any way, I can get the circular for nothing."

So he took a sheet of paper from his desk, and began to write in a cramped, schoolboy hand. But what he wrote hardly seemed to satisfy him, and he crumpled up the sheet and breathed a half-sigh.

"I 'll get mamma to do it," thought he, "or else papa; perhaps he 'd do it best."

So at noon he broached the subject to his father and mother at the dinner-table.

"It 's nothing but a humbug, I guess," said papa.

"It would n't do you any good to have one," said mamma.

"And is unsurpassed for the use of amateur or general job printers," quoted Harry, glibly, from the advertisement.

"Well," said papa, thinking that now he was going to put an end to it, "if you will earn the money yourself, you may get one."

And so that point was settled. Harry set himself to work immediately to get the money. He wrote on little slips of paper, "If anybody wants to buy some white rabbits, call on Harry Burmar, one dollar a pair." A little mixed, but still they satisfied Harry, and conveyed the idea; so he took them, about twenty in all, to school in the afternoon, and distributed them among the boys.

These rabbits were the descendants of a beautiful pair that had been given him by an uncle, since dead. He resolved not to part with the old ones, but to sell all the young ones, of which he had several pairs. His notice brought a prompt response, and he was accompanied from school by Archy Ellesmere, the son of a rich merchant, who lived in the big Gothic cottage on the hill, with beautiful grounds laid out all around it. He bought two pairs of the rabbits, and paid Harry the money in two crisp,

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new dollar-bills. He was just putting up his pocket-book, when three or four of Harry's white fantail pigeons came whirling down, and settled in the yard, spreading their tails and strutting about like little white turkey gobblers.

"Will you sell me a pair of these?" asked Archy. "I will give you two dollars for your best pair."

"Well," said Harry, "I 'll ask mamma. Will you wait a minute?" And he ran into the house. In a few moments he returned jubilant. "Mamma says I can," cried he, holding out his hands with a little corn in them. The largest pair rose, and, flying towards him, lighted one in each hand, and began to peck at the corn. His fingers closed on their feet, and they were prisoners. "Sha' n't I carry the rabbits or the pigeons up for you?" he asked.

"Thank you," said Archy; "I was just thinking how I should get them all up alone." So Harry carried the pigeons, and Archy the rabbits, and they walked up the road, each rejoicing over his bargain. "What do you want to get money so much for, just now?" asked Archy.

"Oh! nothing," answered Harry, "only I want to buy a printing-press, and papa thought it was a humbug, and I said I 'd get the money myself."

"Oh! that 's it, is it?" said Archy. "I know a fellow — my cousin — who has one, an Octavo, Cabinet Novelty, he calls it, and he says it 's the best kind of fun."

They talked in this way until they reached the door of Archy's workshop, which stood a little back of the house. It was a low, two-story building, about twelve feet square, the lower part being used by Archy as a workshop. A little foot-lathe and a well-furnished carpenter's bench stood at one side; and one corner was occupied by a little forge, complete, while different tools were snugly put away in leather loops around the walls.

"Bring them right up here," said Archy, going up the ladder that led to the loft. It was a low, well-lighted room, with a row of holes in one end for the accommodation of his pigeons, which rustled about as the boys came up. They were all of the common breed, and Archy deemed the fantails an important addition. Along the side of the room was ranged a row of rabbit-hutches, some empty and some occupied. Archy placed the rabbits in the largest of the empty ones, and Harry put the fantails into a coop, which he placed where the sun and air could reach them. Archy showed him his pets and the workshop below, and the time slipped away faster than Harry thought, till Archy said, "Good night, Harry! I must go in now, it is my supper-time. Come up again."

And so they separated for the night, Harry rejoicing over his four dollars, and Archy over his new acquisitions.

The next day was Wednesday, and there was no school in the afternoon. So Harry set himself to work thinking how to get some more money.

"Harry," said his mother, after dinner, "up in the garret there is a great deal of old paper, and you may have it, if you will gather it up and carry it to the junk-shop."

Harry seemed to think this almost too slow a way, but concluded to try it. After a good five hours' work, he triumphantly exhibited a barrel full of tightly packed white paper, and a big pile on the floor besides. He was tired enough with the job, and, after eating a good supper, he went to bed early, his blue eyes closing almost as soon as his head touched the pillow. But he was up betimes in the morning, and wheeled the whole load to the junk-shop, where he received a dollar and a half for the result of his afternoon's labor.

After this there was a lull, and no more money seemed forthcoming. During all

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Thursday and Friday, Harry got only twenty-five cents by going of errands and selling an old jackknife. But Friday afternoon there was a call for another pair of rabbits, and at the supper-table he found by the side of his plate a blue-covered pamphlet directed in a bold hand to "Harry Burmar." It was the circular. Harry seized it with a cry of delight, and, after eating a few mouthfuls, ran to his room. When his mother came in half an hour later, she found him poring over the fifth page by the fast-failing light, and told him to go to bed, and put it under his pillow, so as to have it the first thing in the morning.

For several days the little blue-covered pamphlet was his constant companion, and he made and remade estimates, varying from twenty to fifty dollars. At last he fixed upon one that seemed to suit him more than any of the others, and which amounted to a little more than twenty-one dollars. But he found that it was easier to make an estimate, than it was to obtain the wherewithal to make a purchase.

A little money came in bit by bit, now from the sale of a pair of rabbits, now of a pair of fantails, and now from some errand, until at last he lacked only five dollars of the required sum. October had meanwhile worn off into November, and November into December, and as the tenth of December was his birthday, Harry hoped to find the reluctant five dollars on his table as a present from his father and mother.

So when he awoke on that morning, he stared around and rubbed his eyes, and then, suddenly remembering that it was his birthday, and what he expected, he sprang out of bed and rushed to the table. But no five-dollar bill met his sight. There was a pretty writing-desk, and a book, upon his opening which, two one-dollar bills fluttered to the floor. But this was n't what he had expected. He sat down on the bed and looked hard at the carpet for about five minutes, till the lump in his throat began to go down, and then went down stairs to breakfast, ate but very little, his face showing, in spite of him, traces of his late grief.

After he had left the room, his mother spoke of it to his father, and told him what she thought was the reason.

"Why, has Harry really been trying to earn that money?" asked his father. "I thought he had given it up long ago."

But when he really began to think of it, he liked Harry's pluck in setting out to earn so large a sum for so small a boy.

Two tedious weeks went by after that, and still one dollar was lacking. That night Harry had a curious dream. In it were mingled types, and rules, and sticks, and presses, and all in a great wheel, revolving slowly at first, the yellow rule and silvery type glittering as the motion rapidly increased, until it all melted into a broad, yellow glare, and Harry awoke, to find the sun shining brightly upon his face.

He sprang out of bed and rushed to the window; for there, placed where the brightest rays of the sun would strike it, stood the nicest little cabinet press, with the cunning little drawer-cases pulled out, displaying the shining type within.

Stuck into the press was a paper which said, "From papa and mamma," while on the type-cases were stuck little labels which said, "From Uncle John," "From Aunt Sue," and so on through the long list of his aunts and uncles, who had all combined to give him this one *big* present, instead of the usual lot of little separate gifts.

"Merry Christmas!" cried jolly Uncle John, peeping in through the door. "Make haste, youngster, and get yourself inside that pile of clothes, and come down stairs with me, for the whole string of aunts and uncles and cousins have come to see the new press and the young printer."

Harry dressed himself in a hurry, and went down and saw all the aunts and uncles

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and cousins; and they all kissed him and wished him a Merry Christmas, and kissed him again when he thanked them for his present, and there was n't a happier boy this side of the Atlantic.

The money he had so hardly earned he partly expended in extending his assortment of type, and his father deposited the rest in the bank; and Harry keeps the bank-book in the drawer of his birthday writing-desk.

So now he *prints* his rabbit notices, and every two weeks he retails to the boys, at three cents a copy, "The Dawes School Press." And he has, beside the amusement derived, gained a knowledge of an art by which, should it be his choice in the future, he might earn an honest livelihood.

H. Prince, age 15.

SUMMER TWILIGHT.

EVERY hour throughout the long bright days of summer has its own peculiar charms, but none are so pleasant to me as the sweet, peaceful twilight.

How many times, at the close of a warm, sultry summer day, have I sat upon the doorstep, watching the last rays of the setting sun, which seem to be giving to the tired world a parting benediction. Soon I am joined by the rest of the family, who form a pleasant group on the broad piazza, drinking in long draughts of the cool, fresh air (which is very welcome after the oppressive heat of the long midsummer afternoon), and rejoicing that the toils and labors of the day are over. Sinking lower and lower, the sun at last disappears altogether behind the western hills, the light gradually fades away from the skies, the birds utter a good-night twitter, and each, with its head beneath its wing, is soon in blissful unconsciousness of wicked boys and cruel snares. The silence seems too holy to be broken, the conversation lags, and at length ceases altogether. Occasionally a bat darts through the air in search of its evening meal, or a toad hops along the path, and the stillness is only broken by the shrill chirp of the cricket, and the evening concert of the frogs in the neighboring pond; while sometimes we hear in the distance the dismal hoot of some solitary owl. The shadows grow deeper and deeper, and at length lose themselves altogether in the darkness. And still we linger, though baby Trotty's eyelids begin to droop, and soon the mother lifts him tenderly in her arms and carries him into the house. Then through the open window we hear the sound of the baby voice repeating, "Now I lay me"; then the voice of the mother singing softly the evening hymn, —

> "Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber;
> Holy angels guard thy bed,"

rendering more holy the solemn hour. Soon the song dies away, and we hear from the doorway the voice of the mother, warning us, with anxious solicitude for our health, of the effect of the heavy night dew falling upon our unprotected heads and shoulders, and, after bidding one another a happy good-night, we retire to our rooms.

> "The housewife's hand has turned the lock;
> Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;
> The household sinks to deep repose,"

after prayers of thankfulness to Him who gives to us the precious, golden moments of the summer twilight.

Minnie R. Willard, age 15.

JAMESTOWN, Chautauqua Co., N. Y.

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BABY'S GOING TO SLEEP.

We are in the great arm-chair, Baby and I, close to the fireplace; Baby is going to sleep soon, but first she must warm the little pink toes that peep so cunningly out from the skirt of her white night-dress. So she sits still on my lap, dreamily talking to herself in the mystic tongue which only babies understand. The firelight, flashing up, lights the whole room, sending swaying shadows wavering over the wall. It flashes and glints and ripples in Baby's flossy hair and over the sweet little face, with its soft baby outline and dimpled pink cheeks, and on the little baby fingers clasping my own so tightly. Dear little chubby fingers, I wonder what work is waiting for you in the great world of the future. But they are only tired little fingers to-night, tired with mischief and play.

Baby laughs, — a little soft gurgle of laughter, and cooes with pleasure at the bright leaping flames. The shadows dance on the wall as if wild with the sweet music. Soon the pretty flames die down, and Baby leans back in my arms, sleepily watching the gleaming coals; her hands relax a little their hold on mine, and her little feet stretch lazily out to the heat.

What do you see in the coals, Baby? Do you build funny little castles there? — castles where Baby's little feet can walk, without the naughty floor swaying so, and throwing Baby down? Where Baby can have all the candy she wants, and where pussy-cat's tail does n't slip so exasperatingly out of the weak little baby grasp?

But Baby is going to sleep; the heavy lids droop over the sleepy blue eyes, and her red lips part a little. The firelight fades; the shadows cease their dancing, and hover darkly around Baby and me. Baby opens her eyes once more, and smiles up into mine with a trusting baby smile, then with a little soft sigh is fast asleep.

Daisy.

BOAT SONG.

Sing, sing, cheerily O!
Over the bounding waves we go;
Lightly we glide
With the flowing tide.
Sing, sing, cheerily O!

Sing, sing, cheerily sing!
Far o'er the water our voices ring;
Answering clear,
Echo is near.
Sing, sing, cheerily sing!

Sing, sing, cheerily O!
Onward and homeward we lightly row;
Low is the sun,
Day's almost done.
Sing, sing, cheerily O!

Sing, sing, cheerily sing!
Let us be happy for Time's on the wing.
Nearing the shore,
One chorus more!
Sing, sing, cheerily sing!

Marion Starr.

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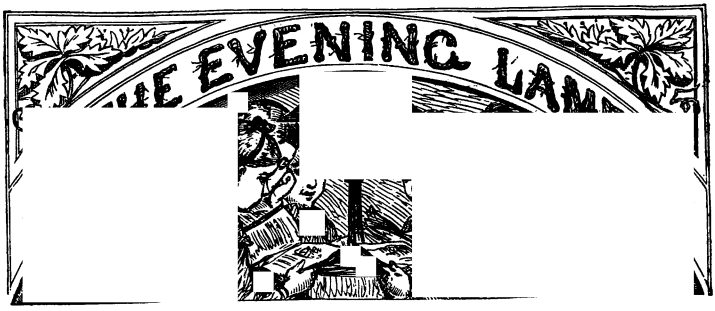

WINDFALL. — AN ACTING CHARADE.

CHARACTERS.

MRS. SUSAN LEWIS.
NELLIE GREY, *aged sixteen.*
PATTIE GREY, *aged ten.* } *Sisters and brother to* MRS. LEWIS.
WILLIE GREY, *aged eighteen.*
BIDDY, *the Irish servant.*

SCENE I. — WIND.

SCENE, *a very poorly furnished room.* NELLIE, *seated at a table, is sewing busily as the curtain rises.*

NELLIE. I wonder if the European mail will have a letter from dear sister Susan. How surprised, and O, how grieved she will be to hear of mother's death! It is not that we are so much poorer, for we were poor before, but we are so very lonely. (*Sighs.*) How the wind blows! Winter is coming now!

Enter PATTIE, *with her hair disordered, her hat hanging by the strings around her neck, and her shawl dragging.*

PATTIE (*panting*). Just look at me, Nell! I was nearly blown away by the wind.

NELLIE. You look, indeed, as if you had been fighting a gale. Is it very cold?

PATTIE. Not cold at all, but the wind is playing all sorts of pranks. I found something, Nell! See here! (*Gives* NELLIE *a kid glove.*)

NELLIE. A glove! Where did you find it?

PATTIE. I was passing Mr. Moore's large dry-goods store, when I saw a lady come out and get into a carriage. As she stepped in, she dropped her glove, and I picked it up to return to her, but the carriage drove off before I could speak.

NELLIE. What a pretty color, and how soft the kid is!

PATTIE. Yes (*taking it*). I mean to wear *one* glove to Sunday School. This way. (*Puts it on.*) O Nellie!

NELLIE. Why, what is the matter?

PATTIE. There is a ring in it! See! (*Shows ring.*)

NELLIE. What a superb diamond ring!

PATTIE. O Nellie, I will give it to you! You can wear it, or, no — you can sell it and buy all sorts of things for winter, — the wood and coal Willie feels so about, and a best suit of clothes, and —

NELLIE. Stop, stop, little sister! the ring is not ours to sell.

PATTIE. I found it!

NELLIE. But some one else lost it. We must advertise it, and try to find the owner.

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PATTIE (*sighing*). Must we, Nellie?

NELLIE. Certainly, dear.

Enter WILLIE, *with an open letter.*

WILLIE. Here is a bother, Nell! Sue has sailed for home!

NELLIE (*joyfully*). O Willie, what good news!

WILLIE. Stop a minute! She must have left Liverpool before our letter reached there. She will not know where to find us in our new home.

NELLIE. And mother —

WILLIE. Yes, that letter will reach her, but not the one telling her of our leaving the old house. She does not say in what vessel she will sail, nor how long she will remain in New York or Boston before coming here.

PATTIE. Where's your hat, Willie?

WILLIE. I've lost it! The wind carried it off, while I was reading my letter, and it blew over into the water.

PATTIE. You are not so lucky as I was. I found something while you were losing something. See! (*Gives* WILLIE *the ring.*)

WILLIE. What a beauty!

Enter BIDDY.

BIDDY. If ye plaze, Miss Nellie, the wind's carrying off the clothes-line, intirely, wash and all. If you could spare a minnit, to help take it off the ground.

NELLIE. I'm coming, Biddy!

WILLIE. The wind is certainly on a frolic to-day.

[*Curtain falls.*

SCENE II. — FALL.

SCENE, *same as Scene* I. *Curtain rises, discovering* BIDDY *dusting.*

BIDDY. And whativer is to become of the poor young things now, I'm sure I don't know. Not a cratur belonging to 'em, barrin' the sister that's wandering, nobody knows where, looking for them; and here's Mr. Willie laid up with a fall that was enough to break ivery bone in his body, but, lucky for him, only broke his right arm. That's a pretty thing for a man to break, that's got two beautiful sisters depending upon the writing he does in a store. O, indade, it's troubled I am about them, altogither, poor things!

Enter PATTIE.

PATTIE. Biddy, Nellie says I can dust here, while you go to the store for dinner.

BIDDY. It's all done, honey. How's Mister Willie?

PATTIE. O, the doctor says he ought to be thankful he is not hurt any worse after such a fall. But his right arm is really broken, as he thought.

BIDDY. O the poor fellow!

PATTIE. But, Biddy, just think what a mercy it is he did not break his neck.

BIDDY. How did he come to fall?

PATTIE. He was carrying some goods across the store, and one of the porters ran against him, and knocked him down the hatchway. It was closed on the next floor; but he had a bad fall.

Enter NELLIE, *with a paper.*

NELLIE. Pattie, can you sit by Willie a little while? I want to take this advertisement to the newspaper office.

PATTIE. Certainly I can. Is that the advertisement about the ring?

NELLIE. Yes, dear. Willie meant to take it. [*Exit* PATTIE.

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BIDDY. Can't I go, Miss Nellie?

NELLIE. I want you to go to the store.

BIDDY. I can do both.

NELLIE. Well, I will write a note, Biddy, and you can do the errand.

[*Exit* NELLIE.

BIDDY. And who knows, if it is a rale lady, what she may give Pattie for finding the same? It 's not beggars they are, to be sure, but a trifle of a present would n't come amiss, when they 're nading ivery thing. It was a tight squeeze to live while the old lady was a sewing her eyes out, but it 's worse now. If the sister that is in the old country with the rich husband knew how much she was wanted, I 'm thinking she 'd come home.

Enter NELLIE, *with a note.*

NELLIE. You know the newspaper office, Biddy?

BIDDY. Indade, and I do know that same.

NELLIE. Well, you have only to take this note, and give it to one of the clerks.

BIDDY. Yes, miss. I 'm hoping nobody 'll come for the ring. It would fit your finger beautiful.

NELLIE. It will soon have an owner, Biddy. We must try to find one.

BIDDY. Yes, miss.

Enter PATTIE.

PATTIE. Willie wants you, Nellie. He has let his arm fall off the arm of the chair, and he wants you to put it where the doctor did.

NELLIE. Yes, I will go. [*Exit* NELLIE.

BIDDY. And I must go, too. [*Exit* BIDDY.

PATTIE. O dear, O dear, I am so sorry for Willie! [*Curtain falls.*

SCENE III. — WINDFALL.

SCENE, *same as before. Curtain rises, discovering* WILLIE *seated in an arm-chair, his right arm bound up in splints. Enter* NELLIE, *with a newspaper.*

NELLIE. Here is the advertisement, Willie.

WILLIE. The next thing to come will be the owner. It is too costly an ornament to lie long without an inquiry for it. Where is it, Nell?

NELLIE (*taking ring from work-box*). Here!

WILLIE (*examining it*). Here are some letters. "R. J. L. to S. L.," — how odd!

NELLIE. What is odd?

WILLIE. Why, those are the initial letters of Robert and Sue. Robert James Lewis to Susan Lewis.

NELLIE. But Sue had no ring like that when she went away.

WILLIE. Well, goosey, it does n't follow that she has not one now. Five years is a long time!

NELLIE. Five years! I was not much older than Pattie when she went. I wonder if I should know her.

WILLIE. I should, I am certain.

NELLIE. By the way, why not advertise our whereabouts? She may see the notice!

WILLIE. Not a bad idea.

Enter PATTIE, *followed by* MRS. LEWIS. MRS. LEWIS *wears a black veil over her face.*

PATTIE. A lady, dear Nellie, about the ring.

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MRS. LEWIS. I saw an advertisement in the paper that led me to hope you had found a ring I dropped in a kid glove.

WILLIE (*aside*). Can my guess be true? (*Aloud.*) There were initials in the ring, madam, — but pray be seated.

MRS. LEWIS (*raising her veil*). Yes — yes — but your name, — tell me your name!

WILLIE. William Grey! Susan! It *is* Susan!

MRS. LEWIS. And you are Willie! (*Embracing* WILLIE.)

NELLIE. O Susan! dear, dear sister!

MRS. LEWIS (*kissing her*). My dear Nellie! And can this be Pattie? What a great girl you have grown! O, how we have hunted for you for a week past! Robert will be so glad!

WILLIE. We knew you had sailed, and that was all.

MRS. LEWIS. Yes, we left Paris as soon as we heard you were left alone; but I was sure you would be in the old house.

WILLIE. Too expensive, sister! And now I am laid up with a broken arm.

MRS. LEWIS. Don't talk of expense. Robert will come here as soon as he knows you are found.

NELLIE. I am so happy I can scarcely speak! You will take care of Pattie as I never could.

MRS. LEWIS. Dear Nell, it will be like having you over again. And tell me how you came to have my ring? It was Robert's present on my last birthday.

NELLIE. Pattie found your glove in the street.

MRS. LEWIS. It was a windfall for all of us, was it not?

PATTIE. And I must tell you, dear Susan, I did not want to advertise it one bit. I wanted Nellie to keep it, and now, just think if she had done so!

MRS. LEWIS. It is certainly very pleasant to have found you all through Robert's gift. Nellie shall have a diamond ring, one of these days, Pattie, and you too.

PATTIE. I am sure finding you is better than a hundred diamond rings, dear sister Susan. Willie can have all the things he wants for his arm, and Nellie need not stitch, stitch all day.

MRS. LEWIS. No, no. O, Robert will be so glad! But I must run now, and let him know. Give me the ring, Willie dear; it is my talisman. Good by, till dinner-time!

[*Curtain falls.*

S. Annie Frost.

ENIGMA. — No. 86.

My *first* is in biscuit, but not in bun.
My *second*'s in frolic, but not in fun.
My *third* is in woven, but not in spun.
My *fourth* is in novice, but not in nun.
My *fifth* is in pistol, but not in gun.
My *sixth* is in daughter, but not in son.
My *seventh* is in punster, but not in pun.
My *eighth* is in quarter, but not in ton.
My *ninth* is in gallop, but not in run.
My *whole* was a queen, and a famous one.

Alice Greene.

METAGRAMS. — No. 87.

First, I am a utensil. Change my head, and I am a young animal. Again, and I am a part of a wagon. Again, and I am friction. Again, and I am a boy.

"*A. White.*"

No. 88.

First, I am an article of jewelry. Change my head, I am a popular game. Again, I belong to a door. Again, I am useful in making a fire.

Sadie K. Plummer.

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DOUBLE ACROSTIC. — No. 89.

Foundation words.

1. An obnoxious article of apparel.
2. The unwilling wearer of it.

Cross words.

1. A nickname for the wearer.
2. Where he might live.
3. What he once was.

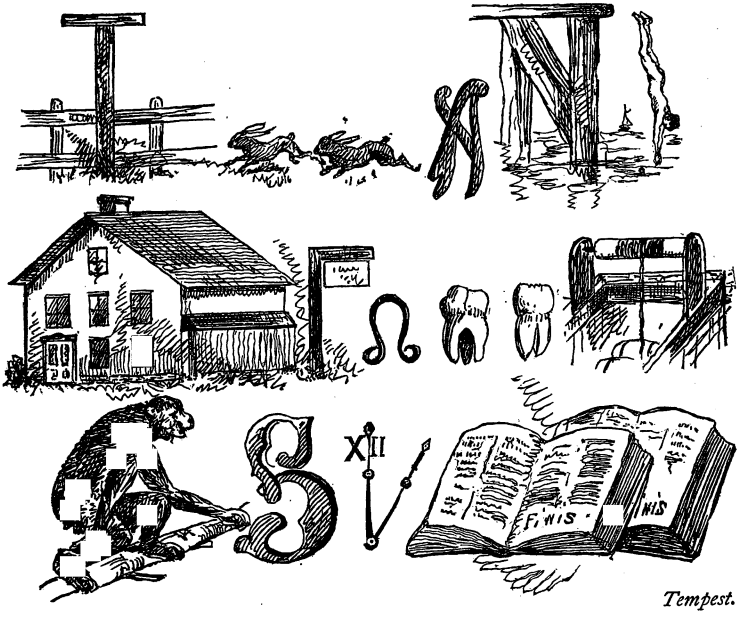
Pacific.

ENIGMA. — No. 90.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 13, 11, 12, is to embrace.
My 3, 10, 5, 6, is a kind of fuel.
My 1, 4, 2, implies permission.
My 9, 7, 8, 5, is a quoit.
My *whole* is a familiar quotation from England's greatest bard.

"*The Doctor's Daughter.*"

ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 91.



Tempest.

CHARADES. — No. 92.

My *first* is something sweet which children like.
My *second* is a foreign fruit.
My *whole* is one up for office.

Jew, Jr., age 8.

No. 93.

When my *first* is here, my second is green.
In my *second*, too, my first may be seen.
My *whole* is a place where a great man sleeps,
For the death of whom a nation weeps.

Kikeri.

WORD SQUARES. — No. 94.

1. Greater.
2. Smell.
3. A noise.
4. Sins.

Carrie F. Thompson, age 8.

No. 95.

1. An American general.
2. A Russian piece of money.
3. More prone.
4. Requires.
5. Neat.

Harry T. Black.

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ENIGMA. — No. 96

I am composed of 9 letters.
My *first* is in ship, but not in boat.
My *second* is in cape, but not in coat.
My *third* is in diamonds, but not in gold.
My *fourth* is in warm, but not in cold.
My *fifth* is in happy, but not in sad.
My *sixth* is in cod, but not in shad.
My *seventh* is in pistol, but not in gun.
My *eighth* is in daughter, but not in son.
My *ninth* is in caddy, but not in can.
My *whole* is the name of a noted man.

E. Z. E. Nuff.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 97.

Seldom seen.

Jack Straw.

HIDDEN WARDROBE. — No. 98.

1. Spring loves the flowers.
2. I must be through at six o'clock.
3. Andre's sad fate is a warning to all.
4. Minnie's ash-tree, though small, is pretty.
5. Miss Ackerman is very ill.

"*The Doctor's Daughter.*"

REBUS. — No. 99.

Some advice to farmers.

T. W N.

"*A. White.*"

CHARADE. — No. 100.

My First.

Well boiled or broiled, when brought to the table,
To eat a slice we all are able.

My Second.

In the Bible we read how the wicked youth
My second did to the man of truth.

My Whole.

In the long and sultry summer days,
Beneath some sheltering tree,
I often have been soothed to sleep,
While resting myself in thee.

"*The Doctor's Daughter.*"

ENIGMA. — No. 101.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 3, 13, 19, 21, 22, 2, 18, 17, 13, is one of the United States.
My 16, 1, 14, 22, is an ornament.
My 3, 13, 21, is a number.
My 12, 15, 21, is an island.
My 6, 1, 5, is an animal.
My 8, 9, 19, is a resting-place for travellers.
My 7, 15, 3, 5, 4, 13, is a girl's name.
My 10, 11, 9, is what some kinds of dishes are made of.
My 7, 20, 3, is a touch or blow.
My *whole* is a well-known proverb.

Katie H. Gower, age 9.

ANSWERS.

70. 1. Oleander (O Leander!) 2. A scarlet runner. 3. Weeds. 4. Docks. 5. Rue. 6. Box.
71. Theater, heater, eater, Ate, at, a.
72. Tennyson.
73. Tome, Rome, some, dome, home.
74. Go to the ant, thou sluggard. [(Goa) (t too) (th E) (ant) (T house) (lugger D).]
75. Tennyson's Locksley Hall. [(Ten y's *on* S) (lock sleigh) (H awl).]
76. Wisconsin.
77. Beloochistan.
78. 1. Tin. 2. Gold. 3. Zinc. 4. Lead. 5. Iron.
79. Mississippi River. (Formed by taking the initial letter of the first word of the first line, the initial of the second word of the second line, and so on up to the eighth, and then back again in inverse order, namely, the seventh of the ninth, sixth of tenth, etc.
80. Bank-note.
81. 1. Theodora. 2. Averill. 3. Rose Terry. 4. Jones. 5. Stephens. 6. Bartlett.
82. Hottentot.
83. 1. BeaM. 2. EddY. 3. RapieR. 4. YeaR. 5. LurcH. BERYL; MYRRH.
84.

U	N	I	O	N
N	O	O	S	E
I	O	N	I	A
O	S	I	E	R
N	E	A	R	S

85.

C	L	A	R	A
	L	Y	M	A
	A	M	O	N
	R	A	N	G
	A	N	G	E
				L

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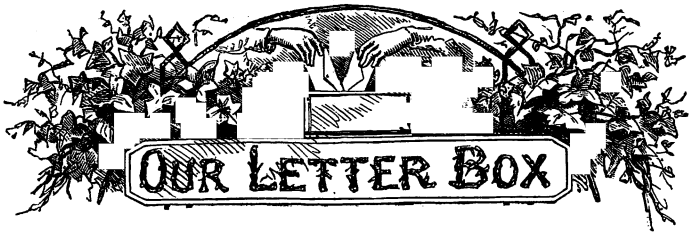

PERSONS interested in "camping out" matters are referred to the following extract from a letter written by Mr. C. A. Stephens to a Young Subscriber: —

". . . . You ask me as to the best time in the season to make a 'camping out' trip. I can only advise you with reference to Middle and Northern Maine; though the same class of facts would doubtless apply to the Adirondack region.

"I would not go out before the 12th July, nor be out after the 20th September, — the time of the supposed 'line storm.' I would not go in June, anyhow (unless, indeed, it were a purely fishing excursion). There is always an unhealthy dampness about the woods during the early part of summer. In June, too, the mosquitoes and 'black flies' are just simply unendurable. They will trouble you in July, and August even; but they are not so persistently torturous after the 12th July. I would advise you to take along a good supply of mosquito-netting (twenty-five yards, say); it is light stuff. With a little ingenuity this may be pitched 'bar' fashion over your 'shake-downs' nightly.

"I never had any success, myself, with 'smudges' nor *unguents*. But a young lady with whom I am acquainted contrived a sort of 'mosquito helmet' last summer. It consisted of a framework of *old skeleton hoop*, covered with black lace. It was modelled to stand off from the face and ears well, and clasp tightly about the neck. There was no difficulty in *seeing* through the lace. I wore it fishing one afternoon, and found it 'just the cutest thing in the world.' The fair inventress has applied for a patent, I believe; but I guess *she* would n't hurt you, if you were to *imitate* it 'just once,' — as nearly as you can from this description.

"Yes, a 'shelter-tent' would be a good thing; so would a hundred other articles. The only question is, can you carry them? I should much rather leave it behind than sweat under it all day.

"In closing, let me advise you never to camp on low ground, on pond shores, or near swamps. *Malaria!*"

Charlie A. Hamilton (Cincinnati, O.) writes on the same subject: —

"The proposition which I submitted for your consideration seems to have come into very general favor, and the success of the undertaking is entirely beyond my most sanguine expectations. . . . . As yet, no plans have assumed definite shape, and, until the correspondents are brought into closer relationship, only approximate results can be arrived at. It is our purpose to select a body of water, upon which to camp, as much isolated from humanity (to add romance) as circumstances will permit, and there hunt, fish, and enjoy ourselves as much as we can. . . . . It is possible that we may have as large a party as nine or ten, and I wish now to invite further correspondence in regard to the campaign. Of course, those who desire to undertake the matter must furnish references. I will do this myself, and will expect others to do likewise. This will more fully insure our safety from those with whom we do not care to associate. I should like to hear from 'Vieux Moustache,' the author of those charming 'Boarding-School Days.' Would he be willing to act as our 'Mentor'? It is at the earnest solicitation of many that I make this request. Will he kindly favor me with a communication?

"And I should like very much to receive communications in regard to the undertaking from those interested. Hoping you will, as in the former instance, insert this, dear 'Young Folks,' believe me to be

"Your constant reader and admirer,
"CHARLIE A. HAMILTON."

DENVER, COL., March 26, 1873.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

I have just read what your correspondent in Norway, Me., says about the snow there. To show the difference in the weather between that place and this, I wish to make this statement.

It seems almost incredible, but it is nevertheless a fact, that here, at an altitude of near six thousand feet, over one mile, above tide-water, and right in sight of perpetual snow the whole year round, there has not enough fallen the past winter, had it all come at once, to make five inches; the sun has shone almost every day all winter long. Sometimes in the afternoon it would cloud up, and apparently make a large preparation for a tremendous storm; but it would pass over, and the next morning the sun would rise as bright and

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clear as ever; making this the place of all others to run wild in the sunshine, and enjoy out-door life.

And such beautiful roads as we have here! nowhere else in the world can their equal be found. And yet, with all this brightness, we are not happy; we are longing and praying for some of that same element that your correspondent has so much of, — "The snow! the beautiful snow!"

Yours respectfully,

EMMA SMART.

Although it seems rather late to talk about snow, we are tempted to offset Emma's story with an extract from a charming little letter (dated March 27th) from West Charlton, N. Y.

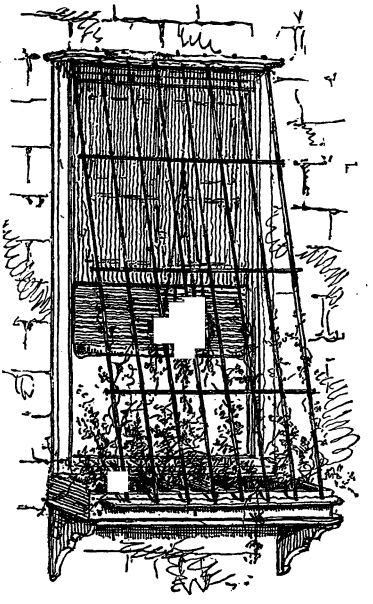
"A few weeks ago we had a very hard snow-storm, and as soon as it stopped snowing it began to blow, so that for two weeks not a sleigh went past. For fully five weeks now we have not been able to have preaching. At the end of the two weeks' blow, we had a *bigger* snow-bank than that which a 'favorite correspondent' told about. It was right in front of our school-house, and was so solid that we could walk right over it in going to school. No one *thought* of digging through *that* one (it was in the road), and so a road was made through the fields. There are a great many roads around here that are drifted full, and sometimes the roads in the fields do not run the same way as the *real* roads, so that though a great deal is cut off that way, you will sometimes not know where you are going. The day that our worst storm commenced, some friends of ours had been visiting here, and it looked so bad that they thought they had better start for home. The road they had to go was mostly in the fields, and they could n't tell where to go, and so had to come back. It is drifting badly to-day. Last year at this time the snow was almost all gone, and the first day of April I gathered flowers in our woods."

WHITE OAKS, ALA.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS":—

I 've been rummaging to-day in my box of flower-seeds, and coming upon a little package of verbena seeds called to mind my last year's window-gardening.

Mr. Vick sent us a flower catalogue early last spring, and I became enthusiastic on the flower subject, — particularly window-gardening. But our bungalow-like farm-house afforded nothing approaching a bay-window, so I wandered about, like a restless spirit, for several days, longing for a magic wand to wave over our narrow sills and change them into the Vick ideal. Finally a bright idea struck me; so, putting on my hat, I went over to "the quarter" and hunted up Joe, the plantation carpenter. A red flannel sack for one of his pickaninnies made him my obedient genie for one day, and soon he fixed a stout shelf about six inches below the sill of my favorite window.



On this rested two boxes, each two feet long, one foot broad, and six inches deep. On the outer edge of the boxes he fastened a thin strip of wood, with auger-holes two inches apart along in it. An exactly similar one was fixed above the moulding at the top of the window. Through these holes long canes were run, and three shorter ones were fastened with twine, at right angles with the uprights, forming a light and at the same time strong trellis. Thus, with very little labor, the mechanical part of my work was done. Every one laughed at me for planting three kinds of climbers for my frame, but my floral pets lived in the most amicable state possible; and the star-like cypress blooms and convolvulus bells, — red, white, and blue, — set among the wax-like leaves and fragrant spikes of the Madeira vine, made a wonderfully beautiful curtain for my window. Lovely verbenas — snow-white, delicate lilac, and rosy-red — covered the boxes, and then tried to follow their neighbors up the trellis, but when they reached the window-sill contented themselves with making endless efforts to get indoors. My hanging-basket was suspended from the highest cross-piece, and was running over with heliotropes and that most exquisite of all vines, the fern-vine, or Egyptian moss. "The sweet South" took a great fancy to my window as an entrance, and brought with it butterflies and humming-birds innumerable.

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But enough. I hope, dear Young Folks, that what I have written will induce some of you to try my simple plan of keeping floral pets. But then I am a country girl, and am learning the art that would be unnecessary in a city, — the art of extracting very great satisfaction from very trivial affairs, such as a few flowers in a bedroom window.

Yours truly,

"SWEET WILLIAM."

Belle C. B. — Do we "accept puzzles copied from other papers"? No, Belle; not if we know they are copied. We sometimes admit into the "Evening Lamp" department puzzles founded upon old ones, when they show ingenious changes improving upon the originals; and old puzzles are occasionally printed as curiosities in the "Letter Box." But correspondents should *always* inform us when the puzzles they send are not original. They will thereby save the editors a good deal of petty annoyance.

Bertha J. H. — The publication of "Our Young Folks" began in 1865. The numbers issued this year make the ninth volume. — It is not known who invented punctuation. Ancient manuscripts were almost entirely without it, the sentences being run together without any marks showing the pauses in the sense. Our modern points came into use, one after another, as the art of printing was improved; but it was not until about three hundred years ago that punctuation grew to an established system.

Lottie asks this interesting question: "Are adders deaf? If not, why use the expression, 'As deaf as an adder'?"

Adders, like other serpents, have no *tympanum*, or ear-drum, nor, indeed, any apparent organs of hearing. Their sense of sound must be, therefore, very imperfect. Whether they are really deafer than other snakes, or whether the sluggishness of some species, and their habit of not fleeing from danger, have given them that reputation, is a question. We have no adders, properly so called, in this country.

Jessie F. Blowers. — "'S death," is an old English oath, contracted from *His death* or *God's death*, alluding to the death on the Cross.

Your arithmetical question is not difficult, but at your request we give it out for some of our correspondents to answer: "Two men, A and B, wish to trade horses. A will trade for $15, while B asks $50 if he trades. As they cannot agree, they leave the matter to a third person, who merely says, 'Divide the difference.' What does A pay? Now, this looks very simple; but please think twice, and I'm inclined to believe that you will want to think three times before you are certain about it."

Jennie Richards. — The whole of Jack's Hazard's history, thus far written, is comprised in "Jack Hazard and his Fortunes," "A Chance for Himself," and "Doing his Best."

May Dudley. — Friday was probably chosen as "hangman's day" in consequence of the popular prejudice against it as a day of ill-luck or bad omen.

Caroline H. sends us fifteen word squares, all having the initial word Rave, but repeating no other word; and she "would like the readers of the 'Evening Lamp' to see if they can make any more squares with any word of four letters."

Whisperer wishes help from our Young Folks in solving a philosophical question: "Why does an addled egg generally (for it does not always) float, when placed in water, while a good one sinks?" He adds: "Here certainly is a chance for interesting experiments, and, what is more, this (May) is just the right season for available eggs; so we surely ought to make something out of it."

M. Caro Whittemore. — The quotation, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," is from Sterne's "Sentimental Journey." Herbert had said before Sterne, "To a close-shorn sheep God gives wind by measure"; and a French writer had said the same thing before Herbert. The authorship of the line, "Though lost to sight, to memory dear," is not known.

A WELL-KNOWN contributor sends the "Letter Box" the following

CHARADE.

1.

My first is seen in the skies above,
Or in the eyes of the friends we love:
It belongs to the army and navy too,
And serves as an emblem of constancy true.

2.

The voice of my second is solemn and sweet,
Though heard through the din of the crowded street;
It calls us to worship, to joy, and to woe,
And sounds the alarm for the fire or the foe.

3.

My whole in wildwood nooks is found,
And oftenest in Scottish ground;
Though the winds of March blow keen and shrill,
'T is brave and true and graceful still.

LAURA D. NICHOLS.

Susie H. Whedon. — "Will you tell me, through the 'Letter Box,' what 'P. P. C.' on visiting-cards signifies?"

The initials stand for *pour prendre congé*, the French phrase for "to take leave." They are marked on cards left by persons making farewell calls.

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NEW YORK, April 24, 1873.

DEAR EDITORS: —

I was much interested in the plan of the boat you described last summer, and also in your answer to "Young Boat-builder," last month, respecting a sail. But will you please tell him that not only will the boat be unsafe, but he will not be able to sail it, excepting directly "before the wind," unless he puts in a centre-board? For the boat, being flat-bottomed, will, when he tries to "beat," slide to the leeward faster than it will go forward.

G. S. T.

Certainly, — the boat must have a centre-board, or a "false keel"; we supposed Young Boat-builder would understand that.

Whisperer. — "Vacation Adventures in the Wilderness, or Camp-Life in the Adirondacks," by Rev. William H. H. Murray, is the book you inquire about. Price, $1.50; tourists' edition, with maps, $2.00. Published by J. R. Osgood & Co.

MEADVILLE, PENN., April 24, 1873.

DEAR EDITORS: —

Having reached the advanced age of twenty-five, I don't know that you will consider me as one of "Our Young Folks"; but I can assure you that I take as much pleasure in your magazine now as I did when it first made its appearance eight years ago. I like particularly the "Evening Lamp" and the "Letter Box," and spend a great deal of time in trying to solve the puzzles in the former. I have succeeded in finding answers to most of those in the May number, and enclose them. . . . .

If Houston Merrill will write to D. van Nostrand, publisher, No. 192 Broadway, New York City, for a list of his publications, he will find several books on seamanship, navigation, etc. I know of no *one* book that contains *all* those subjects except an English work, "The Naval Cadet's Manual," by Captain Boyd, R. N. [*W. K. S.* recommends "The Kedge Anchor," price $2, for sale at the principal bookstores. EDS.] The standard works on those subjects used in our navy are "Luce's Seamanship," "Bowditch's Navigator," and "Myer's Manual of Signals." The price of the "Seamanship" is $10. I do not know the price of the others.

In the April number, Mr. Jack Straw suggests that somebody send in "more novel forms of brainwork." I enclose something which may possibly be new to him. If it does puzzle his brain, I shall be delighted.

The following words are arranged according to a regular law, and will make complete sense if read in their proper order: —

"Men have well Meet will ten a armed me I with boat as at eleven, mill in the the strikes red readiness church old clock."

. . . . Hoping you will pardon my trespassing so long upon your time and patience,

I remain, very respectfully,

ZOBE.

The answer to Zobe's puzzle will be given next month. In the mean while can Jack Straw or any one else read it correctly?

AURORA, ILL., April 23, 1873.

MY DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

This is the second year I have taken your splendid magazine, and I think it is the most entertaining one I have ever read. . . . . Please tell Miss Mary Leland that I have learned her "May Polka," and I think it is beautiful. I hope some more of our Young Contributors will send instrumental pieces.

Now please answer me one thing: Do you think my writing good or bad for a girl of thirteen?

Your attentive reader,

ANNA F.

Quite good, Anna.

Our Young Contributors. — Accepted articles: "*Pony*," by "Shirley"; "*What we did at the Beach*," by Jeannie Newton; and "*One Night's Spearing*," by Fern.

Honorable mention: "*Patty's Remembrances*," by G. B; "*My Pets*," by L. H.; "*Who's dere?*" by Fanny Smith (age 11); "*Nellie's Party*," by E. A. de W.; "*After the Shower*," by Clover; "*Behind the Scenes*," by Lancelot; "*Under the Rainbow*," by F. S. S.; "*The Spinning-Wheel*," by M. G. O.; "*Thoughts*," by Charlotte L. D.; "*A Box-Elder Bud's Story*," by E. M. S.; "*Scenery*," by Edward R.; "*The Old Homestead*," by "Ivy"; "*Nellie Lost and Found*," by Mame; "*The Old Bars*," by Minnie R. W.; "*What the Cricket told Me*," by H. M. F.; "*Uncle Sam and his Children*," by Sallie More; "*A Robin Song*," by Mabel D. (age 11); and "*A School-Girl's Trial*," by Lillie May.

"*A Ghost Story*," by Nellie (age 9), has this amusing termination: "They" [pa and sister, with a light, hunting for the spectre] "came back into the hall, and there they found the *ghost* in the form of a *flying-squirrel*. It came skipping along into the room where we were sitting. Papa closed all the doors, and said he would try to catch it. We chased it round and round the room, but it was so active that we could not get near it. Papa said that he would set traps for it; so he laid his boots down in the corners of the room, and very soon the poor little frightened thing ran into one of the boots, and papa put it in a cage. So I think the *ghost* will turn out a nice little pet, for papa says they are very easily tamed."

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DEAR EDITORS: —

I believe I can tell the authors of several quotations which have puzzled Evelyn and A. D. The words, "A looker-on in Vienna," occur in Shakespeare's play called "Measure for Measure," Act V., Scene 1.

The second quotation, "Patience on a monument, smiling at grief," will be found in Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," Act II., Scene 4.

In a poem of Burns's, called "Here 's a health to them that 's awa'," I find these lines, —

> "It 's good to be merry and wise,
> It 's good to be honest and true,
> It 's good to support Caledonia's cause,
> And bide by the buff and the blue."

I am inclined to think the last two lines have been corrupted, to suit the public taste, into those which are quoted by A. D.

Evelyn's first quotation I have not yet been able to find; but I do not *yet* give it up, and, if it is not answered in the next number of "Our Young Folks" by some more fortunate contributor, I shall try again, and if I succeed will send you an answer. I should be very much obliged to any of the subscribers to "Our Young Folks" who would tell me the author of the following lines, —

> "The mourners throng the streets, and from the steeple
> The funeral-bell tolls slow;
> But on the golden streets the holy people
> Are passing to and fro,
>
> "And saying, as they meet, Rejoice; another,
> Long waited for, is come;
> The Saviour's heart is glad, a younger brother
> Hath reached the Father's home."

Also of this: "Mirth should be the embroidery of conversation, not the web; and wit the ornament of the mind, not the furniture."

Yours sincerely,
F. G. S.

C. R. S. answers the question with regard to Whittington and his cat: —

"Dick Whittington is the hero of an old story, in which he is represented as an orphan, who came to London in search of work. He was employed by a rich merchant as kitchen-boy; was much abused by the cook, and forced to sleep in an attic overrun by rats and mice. With a small sum of money he purchased a cat, which became his faithful friend and companion, and was at last the means of enriching him for life. Dick sent the cat on board of his master's vessel, bound for the coast of Barbary. At an entertainment given to the crew by the king of that country, rats and mice participated with the guests, and constantly jumped upon the table and seized the viands. The captain remembered Dick's cat, and sold it to the people for a very large sum, which, on his return, he gave to our hero. This money was the means of starting Whittington in a prosperous business. He finally married his former master's daughter, was knighted, and became lord-mayor of London. The story of his early life has no foundation on fact, but there really was, in the reign of Henry V., a Sir Richard Whittington who was three times appointed to the office of mayor."

NORFOLK, VA., April 21, 1873.

DEAR "LETTER BOX": —

I remember reading in a newspaper-corner a piece of poetry called "Creed," from which "Amy," of Vassar College, quotes. At the time, I copied from it a stanza and a half, which seemed to me the best of the piece.

> "I believe who has not loved
> Has half the treasure of his life unproved;
> Like one who, with the grape within his grasp,
> Drops it, with all its crimson juice unpressed,
> And all its luscious sweetness left unguessed,
> Out of his careless and unheeding grasp.
>
> "I believe love, pure and true,
> Is to the soul a sweet, immortal dew,
> That gems life's petals in its hours of dusk."

"Amy" may like to have this information, if no fuller answer comes.

Can you answer a question for me, please? What were the different titles, and what was the succession of them, by which Lord Lytton was known? I have heard him called Bulwer, Bulwer-Lytton, Sir Edward Bulwer (I think), and I do not understand it. Also, is there any Life or Memoir of him in print?

The magazine is a great comfort and pleasure to us, and the "Letter Box" full of information and entertainment.

Very respectfully,
HENRIETTA.

We believe that Bulwer's original name was Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer. His mother was a Lytton, and when he succeeded to her estates he also, by royal license, assumed the surname of Lytton. Being a baronet, his full name and title then read: Sir Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer Lytton. He was afterwards created Lord Lytton. He first became known in the world of letters as Bulwer, and is now sometimes called Bulwer and sometimes Lytton. Brief biographical notices of him may be found in any recently edited cyclopædia, and in various first-class newspapers issued at the time of his death, but no complete Life has yet been written.

With regard to the poem "Creed," Nettie L. Proudfit writes that it may be found in the "Woman's Journal" for January 27, 1870. W. K. S. kindly sends us the entire poem, neatly copied; we are sorry we cannot make room for it.

Several questions in our last month's "Letter Box" were correctly answered by Pigmy, who also thinks that the answer to Grandmother's riddle is *Mahomet's Coffin*. A pretty good guess,

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but the correct answer appears to be Jonah and his temporary abode, the belly of the whale, — sent in by "Kepple," Mary D. Nanman (with answers to the Shakespearian questions), Susie H. Whedon (with answers to the same), Walter K. Maston, "Bunyan" and "Cissy," Amy Talbot, Allie, Ora, Walter L. Lapham, and others.

The fullest lists of answers to our last month's puzzles were sent in by Lilly and Fanny (who answered all of them), C. M. G. (all), "Trident" (all but one), Morgan Brooks (all but one), William W. Shipman (all but three), Charles A. Mead (all but three), "Jeannie," Hellen W. Allen, Ninie and Gracie, A. B. C., Allie Havens, "Bunyan" and "Cissy," Susie H. Whedon, Edward W. Robinson (age 10), Minnie Thomas, Minnie R., "Aunt Peggy," "Brother Jonathan," "A. S. N. O. C. H. S.," E. Grace Shreve, C. B. Jr., Henry S. Concklin, Mabel Vaughn (age 11), Polly and Jane Perkins, and A. Prescott (age 8).

And now, here comes the following capital list of rhymed answers, sent in at Jack Straw's suggestion, printed in our April number: —

RHYMED ANSWERS.

No. 70.

"Hero" I planted, and "Love-lies-bleeding" grows;
A "Zouave," and the "Giant of Battles" arose;
A "Widow" I planted, and "Weeds" there grew;
"Wharves," and there came up "Docks";
I planted "Repentance," there came up "Rue";
A "Slap," and there sprouted "Box."

No. 71.

When I amuse, a "Theater" I;
Headless, a "Heater" to warm and to dry;
I am an "Eater," beheaded again;
Beheaded, curtailed, "Ate" caused strife to men;
Curtailed, I am "At," and again curtailed, "A,"
Which will leave "nothing," when taken away.

Nos. 72, 76, and 77.

"Tennyson's" known from "Wisconsin's" shore
To "Beloochistan," — the whole world o'er.

No. 73.

An old and precious "tome"
Is kept in ancient "Rome";
It was laid up by "some,"
Who reared St. Peter's "dome,"
And called that ancient city "home."

No. 74.

The wisest man, we 've often read,
"Go to the ant, thou sluggard," said.

No. 75.

"Tennyson's Locksley Hall" shall be
Ever the poem dearest to me.

No. 78.

"Tin" is used to make the kettle;
"Gold" is called a precious metal;
"Zinc" and "lead" we won't refuse;
But the "iron" most we use.

No. 79.

In the rhyming mystery
"Mississippi River" see.

No. 80.

Triumphant on the "bank" I stand,
Under my feet are soil and sand,
The linnet from his cool retreat
Now warbles forth his "note" so sweet.
My whole may be seen in the merchant's coffers;
He receives the "bank-note" for the wares he offers.

No. 81.

"Theodora" loves the flower's fragrancy.
"Averill" never loses dignity.
"Rose Terry's" words can warm the coldest clime.
Jones, Stephens, Bartlett, these will close the rhyme.

No. 82.

With a burning "hot" sun, and no breeze to steal
Round us in summer, my first we feel;
The soldier no longer has use for his "tent,"
But outside of my second his hours are spent.
The Londoner says of my third, it is "'ot,"
But the "Hottentot" savage replies it is not.

No. 83.

I stood upon a "beam,"
To watch the "eddy" in the stream
As brightly as a "rapier" gleam;
The stream flows on "year" after year,
And unseen blossoms "languish" there,
Although as "beryl" bright and clear,
And fragrant as the Eastern "myrrh."

No. 84.

In the "Union's" western borders
With a "noose" I cattle caught;
To "Ionia" them I brought,
Where the "osier" turns to brown,
As the river "nears" the town.

No. 85.

"Clara" loves thee still, though long,
"Lyman," distant scenes "among";
"Range" where'er thou wilt, the same
"Angel" lips will breathe thy name.

"*The Happy Four.*"

Jessie Hay also sends us some excellent rhymed answers, which are crowded out, together with much other interesting matter intended for this month's "Letter Box."

Elsie Douglass asks if any of our readers can explain the origin of the phrases "Praise from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed," and "The Pope's bull against the Comet."

May Munro. — No, young contributors are *not* permitted to print in our pages pieces taken from other publications. Please send us the magazine containing the original article which you say was copied.

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"OLD NICK."

DRAWN BY J. J. HARLEY.] [See the Story.

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OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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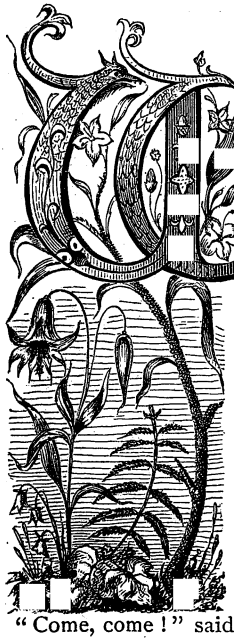
DOING HIS BEST.

CHAPTER XX.

THE GREAT SCHEME.



"We have no more land under cultivation now than we have had for the past four years. But here 's Jack, an extra hand, who thinks he ought to be earning something besides his board and clothes ; and I," said Moses, — "I believe I can do twice the work this year I did last."

"I hope so. But come to the point, come to the point," said the deacon.

"Well, there is Old Scattering's farm, which has been running down ever since he began to drink too much hard cider."

"Who is Old Scattering ? " demanded the deacon, sternly, — though he knew very well. "If you mean Mr. Treadwell, say so. Learn to speak respectfully of neighbors."

"He will do anything for Jack," said Moses ; "and I believe we can take some land of him, to work this summer, just as we did the sugar-bush."

"Come, come ! " said the deacon, thoughtfully ; "you must n't let your ambition run away with you. Bear in mind you 're only a couple of boys, and don't think, because you 've done tolerably well with the sugar-bush, you can make money at farming. Besides, we have n't the team to spare."

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"I 've talked with Mr. Treadwell," said Jack; "and he has promised to furnish team and tools, and one half the seed, and give us one half the crop."

"Well, that 's liberal, too liberal," said the deacon; "though I suppose it will be better for him than to have his land lie still. But it ought to have been broken up in the fall. Besides, it 's too far off."

"It is n't a long way, through the woods," replied Moses. "If he furnishes and keeps the team, we sha' n't have to go around the road very often. I believe we can raise a good crop of spring wheat on his old corn-lot, by just turning it over, giving it a good harrowing, and sowing some of Sellick's new kind of seed on it. The old fallow we can get ready during the summer for sowing with winter wheat in the fall. All that need n't interfere very much with our work here at home, if we only manage right."

"Who ever heard of such a thing? Two boys!" said the deacon, when he had got to the end of his objections.

"Jack and I can plough and harrow as well as anybody," insisted Moses. "I guess we can get you to sow the wheat for us; and we shall expect to ask your advice about some things."

Mr. Chatford began to waver. "What will the neighbors say to our taking land? as if we had n't enough of our own!"

"But it is n't you, it 's Jack and I! And if the neighbors say anything, I think they 'll say you 've got a couple of pretty enterprising boys in the family."

"Well, well! don't brag; that sounds too much like Phineas. I suppose he 'll want to go in with you?"

"But he can't, if he does. We gave him one trial. We don't want any drones in our hive. He don't know anything about it yet."

The deacon took time to consider the matter and talk it over with his wife. She was prepared to favor it. "You saw," said she, "how happy and industrious the boys were, at work on their own account in the sugar-bush. It is the very best education you can give them, — to throw them on their own resources a little, and let them think and act for themselves."

So at last the deacon gave his consent. Phin, when he found it out, was highly exasperated; and he declared that, if he stayed at home, while Jack and Moses took land to work, he would have a share of their profits, "any way!"

The two young farmers were impatient to begin their spring work; and, as soon as the frost was well out of the ground, they might have been seen one morning harnessing Mr. Treadwell's horses, and getting out the plough from the wagon-shed. The old man was present, and helped them start.

"Most happy!" said he, when Jack thanked him for his assistance. "At your sarvice! I am not what I was; I could plough once! Now I abrogate" (Jack wondered whether he meant *abdicate*) "in favor of my juniors. Old men for counsel, young men for war." And he proceeded to moralize,

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making odd gestures, and speaking in so funny a singsong tone that Jack and Moses had to put down their heads behind the horses to hide their laughter. "Time cuts down all, both great and small. Stephen will let down the bars. We are a flower, and we wither; we are cut down, and we pass away. The plough will ride very well on the shoe. Wine is a mocker, and strong drink is raging; and, boys, I bid you good speed. At your sarvice, and most happy!"

As the boys set off, Jack driving, and Moses holding the plough in the wooden "shoe," the old man suddenly screamed after them, "Ho, ho! hold on! wait! I — I — I forgot!"

"What can the old fellow want?" said Jack, pulling the reins. "He yells as if the world was afire!"

"I notify you!" cried Old Scattering, shaking his fist at them as they looked back. "Beware! Don't go home to dinner! The old woman's been fryin' some of her prime doughnuts this mornin', — at your sarvice! That's all!" And, waving his hand at them rather tragically, he walked off in the direction of his house.

"I guess the old chap has been taking a little more hard cider than usual this morning," remarked Moses. "Hurry up, Step Hen! take away those bars."

Once in the old corn-lot, the plough was launched from the shoe, and a broad "land" was marked out.

"That furrow is n't so straight as it might be," laughed Jack, looking behind him. "And it is n't turned so clean as your old plough turns a furrow."

"This plough will do better after it has had a little polishing in the earth; the rust will soon wear off. We must make a neat job; father will be over here to criticise and laugh at us, if we give him a chance."

"Now," said Jack, after he had gone two or three times round the field with Moses, "let me try it alone, and see how I get along."

He slipped the reins over his shoulders, and laid hold of the plough-handles, following in the furrow as the team moved slowly along. At the corners of the "land," he brought the horses about with a touch of the reins, and then hauled the plough around. The ground was tolerably free from roots and stones, and everything went well.

So Jack said to Moses, "Now leave me here to plough alone, while you go home and help your father. I want him to see that he is n't going to lose us because we have land of our own to work. Or you may plough, and I 'll go."

"You can plough as well as I can, but maybe I can do more than you at something else," replied Moses, who accordingly returned home.

Jack was delighted. Ploughing was his favorite work. It required little effort of the mind; and that was left free to think. Many a bright day-dream he had, walking in the furrows with his hands upon the plough-handles, — alone, but never lonely; many a lesson in his books he reviewed in memory, and many a problem solved.

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He had brought his dinner and a book with him ; and at noon-time, while the team was feeding, he hid in the barn on the hay, to avoid Old Scattering and his wife's "prime doughnuts"; and there he studied, "to make up for lost time," as he used to say. The necessity he felt for making up that loss was a good thing for him, since it stimulated him to efforts which soon placed him in advance of boys who had enjoyed far greater opportunities.

But we must not stay too long with Jack at his studies and his work, or we shall give the impression that he never played. This would be far from the truth. He managed to have no idle time ; yet, though he worked hard and studied hard, when any genuine sport was going forward Jack was just the fellow to join it.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CARAVAN.

THE spring work was done, the crops were doing finely, and the summer was well advanced, when the neighborhood was one day thrown into a state of joyful excitement by the arrival of a menagerie.

It passed by Mr. Chatford's house on its way to the Basin ; and Kate and Mrs. Pipkin, followed by Mr. Pipkin, ran out to see the long line of wagons, some drawn by four or even six horses, the band riding in their magnificent chariot, and O, the most wonderful sight of all, the two elephants !

"They've got the animals' cages in them big, close wagons," said Mr. Pipkin, — "bears, and painters, and hyenies, and rhinocroces, and monkeys."

"Monkeys ! O, monkeys !" cried little Kate, beside herself with excitement. "Where's Jack ? Where's Moses ? O, where are they ?"

"But you can't see the monkeys, child !" said Mrs. Pipkin.

"No, but I can think of them ! And, dear, dear ! I wish mother was at home, to say I can go to the show to-morrow ! I believe I shall die if I don't go and see the darling monkeys !"

The boys now came running ; and, although Mrs. Pipkin warned them that dinner was ready, curiosity proved stronger than appetite, and away they sped, following the menagerie up the road.

"They've stopped !" cried Jack. "Hurry, and we shall see the elephants yet !"

They ran on, and found that the whole caravan had come to a halt at Welby's Brook. A few of the lighter wagons had crossed, but, the bridge proving rather shaky, its strength was to be tested before the heavier wagons should attempt to go over. The boys were wondering what sort of test would be applied, when Jack exclaimed, "The elephant ! they are going to try the big elephant on it !"

There were two elephants ; one a huge, formidable, surly-looking old fellow, with monstrous tusks, and a tremendous trunk, which he kept constantly in motion, now swinging to and fro over the ground, now pulling a tuft of grass and stuffing it into his mouth, or using it to brush away the

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flies from his shoulders and legs, and now casting little volleys of sand over his back. The other elephant was about two thirds grown, and was without tusks.

"You 'd better keep away!" cried one of the keepers to the boys, as they were inclined to press near. "Accidents may happen."

So they jumped over the roadside fence, and viewed from behind that convenient barrier all that passed.

The big elephant was now led forward by his keeper to the edge of the bridge, where he paused, and carefully placed one foot on the timbers. That was enough. Having felt the structure shake beneath his weight, he drew back, and was then taken around through the bed of the stream below the bridge.

Preparations were then made to send the heavy wagons across in the same way. As the farther bank was steep, the teams had to be doubled; and so one after another the wagons passed.

"I wonder what the animals in the cages think, going down and then up, and shaking about, in that way!" said Moses.

At last came the heaviest wagon of all. Eight of the finest horses were attached to it, and it went reeling and plunging down the bank. It crossed the stream safely, and was ascending the farther bank, the eight horses springing with all their might, when it stuck in the mud, and all their efforts to start it forward once more were in vain. Phin screamed with delight.

"They 're stuck! the rhinoceros wagon is stuck in the bank, and they never can get him away!"

"It looks so, by George!" said Moses. "There 's no chance for any more horses, as I see; they 'll break something, if any more are put on."

"O, I 'm glad I came!" cried Phin, climbing up on the fence. "Say! Ab, Jase!" he called out to the Welby boys, who had just arrived, "we 've got a rhinoceros in the mud here; did ye know it?"

"How do *you* know it 's a rhinoceros?" said Jack. "It may be the lions. You would n't laugh quite so loud if the wagon should tip over and they should break out."

Phin changed countenance, and turned to see if the way was clear behind him. "I 'm going to climb that tree!" said he, starting for a little birch near the fence. "Lions can't climb, — can they?"

"Look!" said Jack. "See what they are going to do with the little elephant!"

The "little" elephant would have been thought big enough if the enormous size of his companion had not made him appear small by comparison. Viewed beside the largest horses belonging to the caravan, his bulk was immense; and now an opportunity had arrived to compare his strength with theirs.

His keeper led him down into the bed of the stream, and placed him in the rear of the mired wagon, with his nose against it. Then he gave him a signal. The elephant began to push. He did not seem to put forth his strength, and yet the wagon which the eight horses could not move was

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lifted slowly and steadily forward up the bank. The horses did not start until after the wagon did, and then they had little to do but to keep out of its way, until the elephant was withdrawn.

The boys were thrilled with wonder and admiration at this display of docility and power in the young animal. Jack declared he would n't have missed the sight "for anything"; and that he would have "given anything" if the folks had all been there to see it.

"We 're all going over to the show to-morrow; are you?" cried Jase Welby.

"I am!" said Phin, slipping down from the tree. "I tell ye, it 's going to be the biggest show that ever was!" And he went on to brag as if he had been the proprietor of the menagerie.

"The old folks are away from home; won't be home till to-morrow night," said Moses. "But I suppose they would let us go."

"Where 've they gone?" said Abner Welby.

"A visiting, — over to the place where we used to live before we moved here," replied Moses.

"They 've been talking about going there ever since that phrenologist came to our house," said Phin, "and I bet it 's to find out something about him, — they used to know him there."

"We *must* go to the show, Jack!" said Moses.

"Yes; and Kate, — it will break her heart if she can't go and see the monkeys," said Jack. "*We* could walk, but — And there 's your cousin Annie!" for Miss Felton was once more teaching the summer school. "To-morrow is Saturday, — no school in the afternoon, — she must go!"

"We might all go in a load together, in the double wagon, and have lots of fun," said Moses, "if they were only at home! They 've got old Maje and the buggy; we should have to drive the old mare and the colt, and the colt ain't used to the road."

"He 's broke," said Phin, "only he won't back; nobody could ever make him back yet."

"Jack says he knows how to make him; and father has said he might try it some time. We might this afternoon; we sha' n't feel much like work, thinking about the caravan."

The Welby boys said they would like to help and see the fun.

"Well," said Jack, "come over and bring your yoke of steers, and I 'll show you. It 's rather rough; but I 've seen more than one horse taught to back in that way."

To this Abner and Jase gladly agreed. Jack and Moses and Phin then hurried home to tell what they had seen, and to get sharply scolded by Mrs. Pipkin for being late to dinner.

"Don't say any more about it," said Jack; "and maybe — maybe" (laughing) — "we 'll arrange it so that you and all of us can go to the show to-morrow afternoon."

Mrs. Pipkin was pacified, and Kate clapped her hands with delight.

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CHAPTER XXII.

BREAKING THE COLT.

THE dinner was eaten in haste; and by the time the colt was harnessed, the Welby boys arrived with the yoke of steers.

The colt was a three-year-old; "going on four," as Mr. Pipkin said, and nearly as large and strong as his mother. He had been broken to ride, the previous autumn, when a good deal of sport had been had with him, particularly on one occasion, the precise circumstances of which Mr. Pipkin now related.

"Nobody 'd ever been on his back but once, then Mose tried it, — but he was off agin quicker 'n ye could 'a' said 'Jack Robi'son!' Colt was a nippin' grass in a corner o' the fence, an' Mose was a layin' on his back, jest where he 'd been flung. Deacon told him not to try it agin, an' got Don Curtis over here one day last fall; Don said he could ride any hoss 't ever stepped on four feet. Wal, Don mounted; an' for about half a jiffy the colt stood stock still, as if he was so much astonished he did n't know jest what to do. 'T was in the pastur', where there was plenty o' room. Colt looked around him, then all of a sudden he started; he walked right up to that big stun-heap ye see over yender, — stopped, — head went down and heels went up, — and there was Don on the stun-heap! He was ridin' that! he, he!" said Mr. Pipkin, chuckling at his own wit. "Don hung on to the bridle, an' got off 'm the stuns lookin' dreffle silly, — ruther sick, tu, for he 'd got a good deal of a bruise, and a good deal more of a scare. Then Jack says, 'I believe I can ride him!' Deacon tried to put him off; and Don says, says he, 'Let him try, if he wants a broken neck.' 'I 'll resk my neck,' says Jack; and he was on afore the deacon knowed it. Colt r'ared till he 'most went over back'ards; but Jack stuck. Then the colt tried the head-an'-heel business, — r'ared and kicked up five or six times like fury, — an' still Jack stuck. Monkey to the show to-morrer won't do no better 'n Jack done then. Bimeby colt got mad and begun to run. Hokey, how he did clip it! Round the pastur', round and round the pastur', like a streak. All thought he was runnin' away with Jack. But 't seems Jack was a lettin' on him go! For arter a while, when the colt was about used up, all of a lather, pantin' as if for his last breath, Jack jest reined him right up to where we all stood a waitin' an' wonderin', jumped off, stroked and patted colt's head and neck, then jumped on and walked him round the lot, slick as could be. We never had no trouble with him arter that, — only we never could make him back in harness."

"Huh!" said Phin, "anybody could have done just what Jack did, that had always been with horses, as he has! He was brought up in a stable."

Jack made no reply to this taunt; but, the colt being by this time harnessed between the stout shafts of a cart, he hooked one end of a log-chain into the ring of the ox-yoke, and made the other end fast to the cart-tail; the steers being headed in one direction and the colt in the other.

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Breaking the Colt.

"Now," said Jack, taking the reins, "I 'll try to back him; if he won't back, just start up the steers, and draw him back. Gently. — Back now! back!" And he pulled hard on the reins.

The colt, as he had always done at such times, braced himself obstinately, refusing to budge. Just then Abner touched up the steers. Greatly to the colt's astonishment, no doubt, the cart began to go backwards, and he with it, in spite of himself. Not liking to be beaten in that way, he fell on his haunches, and finally went down altogether.

"That will do!" cried Jack. "Unhook!"

The chain was cast free from the yoke, and Jack and Moses, one on each side, made the colt get up. He was then started forward, stopped, and ordered once more to back. He leered and braced himself as before.

"Hitch on again!" cried Jack.

The same operation was gone through with three or four times, and at last, when the colt flung himself, he was drawn backwards a little way along the ground. He did not fall again; but when the oxen began to draw, he yielded, and walked backwards without making any resistance. Then, when told to back, he anticipated their pulling; and finally backed very well with-

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out their help. All this time Jack coaxed and talked kindly to him, and never struck him a blow.

"Wal! ye 've done it!" said Mr. Pipkin. "Colt 's had a lesson he won't forgit in a hurry. He 's as well broke as anybody's colt now, an' for my part, I 'm willin' to give Jack all the credit on 't. Guess the deacon 'll be surprised!"

The colt was then harnessed with the mare to the double wagon, driven about the lot several times, and made to back occasionally. He was afterwards unharnessed, coaxed, and curried, and fed with "nubbins" of corn from the boys' hands.

"In this way," said Jack, "he will find out that we are his friends, and mean well by him."

CHAPTER XXIII.

GOING TO THE MENAGERIE.

AFTER supper that night Jack hastened to find Miss Felton at her boarding-place, and invite her to the show the next day.

"Everybody is going; we are all going, and you must go too."

"Who will take care of the house?" Annie asked.

"We can lock it up, and leave Lion to watch it. Oh! if you could have seen what that little elephant did!" And Jack went on to talk of the subject that filled his mind, until Annie caught his enthusiasm and agreed to go.

The boys dreamed of elephants that night, and were up early the next morning, impatient to have the time come to harness the horses and start.

The mare and colt were in the pasture, when Jack, a little before noon, went out and caught them.

Moses, who met him leading them in, saw at once by his anxious face that something was the matter.

"Moses!" cried Jack, "look! the colt is lame!"

"Lead him off; let me see how he steps," said Moses. "He must have strained a leg somehow yesterday."

"By hokey!" exclaimed Mr. Pipkin, coming up, "the critter 's ruined! So much for your fashion o' breakin' hosses! break their legs! I knowed suthin 'd happen, — I told ye 't wa' n't no way!" Although at the time he had thought it a very good way.

"Ho! Jack!" sneered Phineas, "ye did n't know so much as ye thought ye did! Anybody could break a colt in that way! Father 'll be home to-night; you 'll ketch it!"

"Shut your head!" exclaimed Moses, impatiently. "The colt is n't hurt so but that he 'll get over it in a day or two."

Jack tried to think so, and yet he could not conceal his trouble. "It won't do to drive him to-day, any way," he said.

"What shall we do?" said Mr. Pipkin. "Women folks can't walk; and when my wife 's made up her mind to do a thing, I don't want to be the one to tell her she can't!"

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Jack thought of Kate, and Annie whom he had specially invited, and looked blue enough for a minute.

"The neighbors' horses will all be in use, such a day as this; can't borrow one, for love or money," suggested Phineas, well pleased, since he could walk, whatever the rest might do.

"I 've thought!" suddenly exclaimed Jack. "I 'll get one of Old Scattering's horses! I know he 'll let me. So while you, Moses, get a rag, and some salt and vinegar, and give that ankle a good rubbing, I 'll put." And Jack "put" accordingly.

Unfortunately, the old man was not at home.

"When will he be at home?" Jack asked in some dismay.

"I sha' n't expect him before night," said poor Mrs. Treadwell, with a look which told of much sad experience with a husband who carried a red nose. "He 's to the Basin, with Stephen; of course they 'll stay to the show."

She knew nothing about the horses; and Jack, who had been accustomed to take them without asking whenever he wanted to use them on the farm, at last resolved to take one for his own private business that afternoon. Of course he did not feel just right about it, but necessity seemed to justify the step.

So he bridled Snowfoot (the old man gave fanciful names to his beasts), leaped upon his back at the gate, and returned home at a smart canter around the road.

Annie had already arrived; and all were waiting to see what success he had met with.

The brisk ride, and the consciousness of having by a prompt action overcome a serious difficulty, put him in excellent spirits, and caused him for a time quite to forget his misgivings.

After dinner Snowfoot was harnessed with the mare before the double wagon, and all "piled in," at Mr. Pipkin's suggestion, — Annie and Kate and Phin and Moses and Jack and Mr. and Mrs. Pipkin; a jolly load, like many another that went to the show that afternoon. Jack was the driver, and he took pride in passing every "slow coach" on the road.

The great tent was pitched just outside the village, in a large field divided from the street by a zigzag rail-fence, to which already a number of country teams were hitched. Jack drove up to a convenient corner, jumped down and tied the halters to a rail, while Moses and Mr. Pipkin helped the ladies to alight.

Close by, and quite near the opening which had been made for the crowd to pass in, was a sort of pedler's wagon, on the green sides of which were painted in fancy letters the words, *Dr. Lamont, Prince of the Healing Art.* The rear end of the wagon, which was turned toward the passing throng, had been opened so as to form a sort of platform, on which stood an astonishing figure, — that of a man in a wonderful green coat, or robe, that came down below his knees, with a shining brass helmet on his head, a brass trumpet in one hand, and a small bottle in the other. As he was making a

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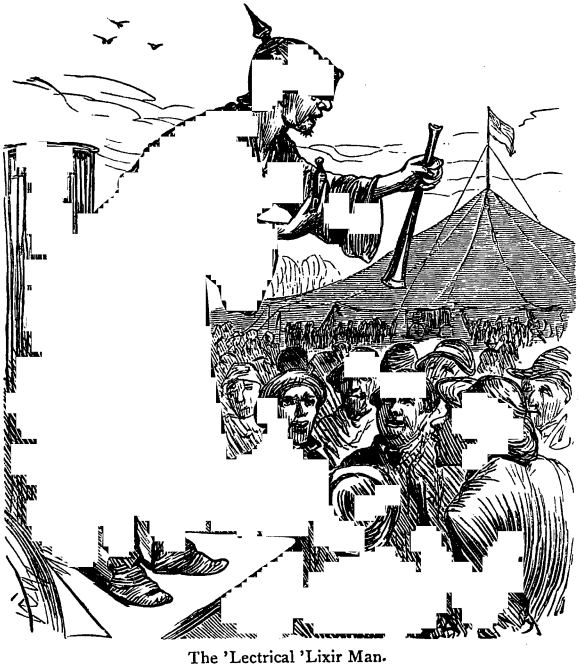
speech that attracted a good deal of attention, Jack and his party stopped to hear him.

After putting the trumpet to his lips and blowing a few not very melodious notes, the man proceeded in a voice rendered sonorous by the hollow brass: —

"The 'Lectrical 'Lixir, ladies and gentlemen!" (brandishing the small bottle.) "Here it is! here's the great remedy of the nineteenth century! Only fifty cents a bottle, — three bottles for one dollar, ladies *and* gentlemen! Cures ear-ache, sore eyes, hydreophoby, catarrh, consumption, dyspepsy, coughs, colds, burns, scalds, bruises, lameness in man or beast!"

"Better buy some for the colt," observed Mr. Pipkin.



The 'Lectrical 'Lixir Man.

"Walk up, walk up, gentlemen and ladies, *and* ladies *and* gentlemen!" said the mouth under the helmet. "The 'Lectrical 'Lixir" (Electrical Elixir, probably) "is compounded from the extract of the skin of the wonderful 'lectric eel, — the most curi's and wonderful creatur' in the known world. You 'll see some curi's creatur's under the tent to-day, — monkeys, moon-calves, rhinoceris hosses, chickens with two heads, and I don't know but whales; but you won't see nothin' so wonderful as the 'lectric eel. He inhabits tropical countries, and lurks in the beds of streams, and when trav-

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ellers go to cross, he discharges his battery at the hosses' legs, and hosses and riders fall down, and is drownded, and he feeds upon them at his leisure. No man can touch this eel without receivin' a shock; and a stroke from his tail, either in or out of water, has been known to produce in a few minutes instant death."

"Then how do they ever ketch him, I 'd like to know? There 's reason in all things!" chuckled Mr. Pipkin.

The man hesitated, the eyes behind the helmet turning now for the first time upon Jack and his party. He seemed for a moment to be looking for somebody or something else in the crowd, — perhaps a child or a dog, for his glance took a low range along by Mr. Pipkin's legs; then proceeded briskly: —

"The 'Lectrical 'Lixir, manefactered by a scientific and chimical process from the skin of this curi's beast, possesses properties unknown to the age a few years ago. If any gentleman present — gentleman *or* lady — is troubled with deafness, lameness, toothache, rheumatiz, let 'em step up, and if I don't cure 'em with a single application of the 'Lixir, before the eyes of all of ye, then I 'll ask no man to buy my bottles."

"Better cure us of our common-sense fust, then we 'll buy!" said Mr. Pipkin.

"I take jokes in good part," replied the quack, looking straight at the speaker through the eye-holes in his helmet; "but the 'Lectrical 'Lixir is no joke, as you shall find if you 'll step up and let me cure ye of that rheumatiz. No charge for the application; and you won't be obliged to buy a bottle, neither, — though it 's only fifty cents; three bottles for one dollar, *ladies* and gentlemen!"

"By hokey!" said Mr. Pipkin, "I have got the rheumatiz in my left shoulder! How did he know it? I 've a good notion to let him try his 'Lixir!"

"O, come along!" said Jack, seeing that Annie Felton, grown impatient, was walking on with Moses and Kate.

"Go ahead, if ye want tu," said Mr. Pipkin, stripping off his coat. "But *I* 'm a goin' to let him try, an' see if he *can* cure me, as he says."

Mrs. Pipkin gave her consent, influenced by curiosity and the gratuitous nature of the experiment, and held her husband's coat, while he stripped up his sleeve and presented his shoulder to the charlatan.

"This is what I like!" said the latter, pouring on some of the "'Lixir" and rubbing it into the flesh. "To be doin' good; to be healin' the 'flicted; curin' diseases; anything to oblige my feller-creatur's; that 's my weakness. If I git pay, very well; if I don't, it 's jest exac'ly as well; for I 'm the best-natered man in the world!"

J. T. Trowbridge.

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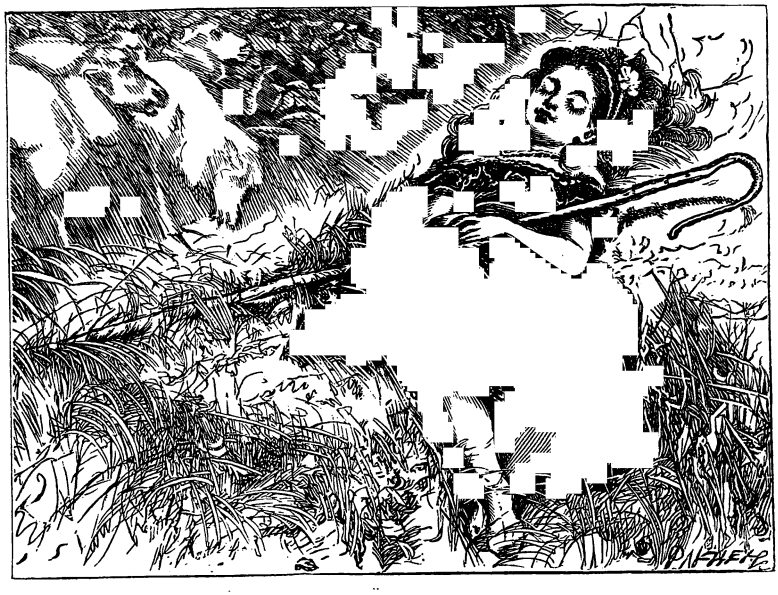
LITTLE BO-PEEP.

A NEW VERSION.



WHEN little Bo-Peep
Had lost her sheep,
And did n't know where to find them,
All tired she sank
On a grassy bank,
And left the birds to mind them.

Then the fairy, Sleep,
Took little Bo-Peep;
In a spell of dreams she bound her,
And silently brought
The flock she sought,
Like summer clouds, around her.

When little Bo-Peep,
In her slumber deep,
Saw lambs and sheep together,
All fleecy and white
And soft and light,
As clouds in July weather, —

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Then little Bo-Peep
Awoke from sleep,
And laughed with glee to find them
Coming home once more,
The old sheep before,
And the little lambs behind them!

A GOLD-MINER'S STORY.

MY Uncle George is a miner, and has recently returned from the gold mines of Montana. With him he brought home a buckskin pouch of gold-dust, which he sent to the Mint at Philadelphia to be coined into money. It has just come back in glittering little gold pieces, and he has given my sister Minnie, my brother Frank, and me, each a bright gold dollar.

"Now, what will you do with your money, children?" he asked us.

Sedate Minnie, aged thirteen, who is reading "The Lives of the Three Mrs. Judsons," and wants to be a missionary, answered promptly, "I shall put mine in the contribution-box to buy Bibles for the heathen."

I am not so good as Minnie, I am afraid, for I said, "I shall have a hole bored in mine, and wear it for a charm on my watch-chain, when I get one."

But Frankie, aged nine, said, "I shall sell mine, and put what I get in the savings-bank, and never spend it, but try to get more and more."

"Why, you sorry little miser!" said my uncle, "I am afraid you are beginning wrong. Money is a good servant, but a terrible master. Do you know, children, that nothing that comes near you can tell so sad a story of hardship and sin and suffering as your gold dollar? Shall I tell you its little history?"

Of course, we all said "Yes!"

"Well," said he, "I will try to tell you how we used to dig it in Montana; and when you don't understand you must ask me to explain. Minnie read to us the other evening how poor Evangeline wandered in search of her lover: —

> "'Far in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains
> Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits.
> Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and Owyhee;
> Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river Mountains,
> Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the Nebraska.'

A little farther north, where the mountains are thickest, are the headwaters of the Missouri, a myriad of little brooks trickling from the mountain-sides. The bleak, brown mountains are dreary wastes indeed. Grass does not grow on them; only wild cactus, and sage-brush, and a few stunted pines. The earth is parched like a desert. But if you dig deep enough, you

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will find their solid bases of granite, and through the granite, like seams, run long veins of quartz, where lie hidden the gold and silver."

"Can you see it, uncle?" asked I.

"Sometimes you can, but usually it is in particles as fine as meal."

"How did it come there, uncle?"

"Ah! you must write to Mr. Agassiz to tell you that. I am only a miner, not a geologist. But I think he would tell you that thousands and thousands of years ago the rock was riven asunder by volcanoes now extinct, and into the seams thus made were deposited, one little atom at a time, our gold and quartz. Then for centuries more the volcanoes burned, and great glaciers came down from the north, and under the heat and cold the rock rotted and crumbled away and set our gold dollars free from their walls of stone. Then came the rains and melting snows of more and more centuries, and formed little brooks, eating their beds into the mountain-sides, and bearing little by little the gold and sand and gravel down towards the valleys. The gold, being the heaviest, sank always to the rock at the bottom. Thus every passing year the careful little brook has brought gravel and sand and clay to hide your dollars from greedy men, till it buries them sometimes a hundred feet deep. Do you understand it, Minnie?"

"A little. But I should think the gold would not all be on the rock at the bottom, but scattered all through the earth under the brook."

"So it is, Minnie; but it is mostly at the bottom. If you take a few shot and a little sand, and shake them together in a pan of water, you will find the shot at the bottom and the sand above them. Just so the brook, on a larger scale, has shaken the gold and sand together for years."

"And I should think, uncle, that the largest pieces of gold —"

"Miners call them nuggets, Minnie."

"Would be near the beginning of the brook, and the finest gold washed farther down the valleys."

"So it is, Minnie. Do you understand, Frankie?"

"No, but no matter. I don't care so much how the gold gets into the earth as how they get it out."

"Well, you see how hard Dame Nature has tried to keep her gold from us. She has hidden it deep in the earth, — in a desolate wilderness, — and has put a rapid river above it, to set at naught all efforts to dig for it. Perhaps your gold dollars felt so secure that they laughed when a few miners, hunting for gold, rested by the alders of their brook one noon for dinner. 'While dinner 's cooking, I 'll pan a little dirt, and see if I can't find color,' said one of them, a huge, brawny fellow, named Fairweather. So he went down among the alders, and scooped from the edge of the brook a pan of earth, — a common milk-pan, only made of sheet-iron. Then, stooping down so that the water could flow into it, he shook his pan violently to and fro, dissolving all the particles of earth. Then, pouring out the dirty water and taking clean, he continued the shaking; and so on for a long time, until only a little black sand was left in the bottom with the gold."

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"But what is color, Uncle George?"

"Color, Frank, is what gold there is mixed with the black sand at the end of the washing. We think four cents' worth a fair color, but Fairweather showed his comrades more than a dollar."

"You don't mean a real dollar, of course, uncle," said I.

"No; but miners always talk in this way, and mean by a dollar one pennyweight and not quite four grains, Troy weight, which is about what a gold dollar weighs."

"And were n't they all very happy, Uncle George? I wish I had been one of them," said Frank.

"I can't say; but they tried more pans of earth, and were lucky in all of them. Well, in a few days news came to us at Bannack, that Fairweather's party had discovered a new and very rich gulch."

"A what, uncle?"

"A gulch, — for so miners call the ravines where they find gold. In California, they call them *placers*. We all hurried in hot haste to the new gulch, to secure a claim before it was all taken up. I got one far up in the mountains."

"How do you get a claim, uncle?"

"Why, whoever comes first selects what he chooses, and then all the claim-holders get together and make laws for the gulch. Our laws allowed every man to own two hundred feet in length down the ravine; but he must work upon it five days in each week, or anybody else could take it."

"But did anybody mind these laws?" asked Frank.

"Yes, indeed, they did, better than you do your laws in New England. We had a miner's court, which kept everybody strictly to the law."

"How could they punish men without prisons?"

"By banishing them, and hanging sometimes, Minnie, — I am afraid often a little hastily, too. Well, in a few days every claim for fifteen miles was taken. Ah! we were busy bees hiving our golden honey. Fairweather and his party had the best claims, as indeed they deserved."

"Now, keep in mind what I have told you about the gold, and I can make our rude process of digging it quite plain to you. It is scattered through all the earth in the ravine, but mostly in the coarse gravel and sand on the rock at the bottom. Miners call this the *bed-rock*, and the gravel and sand which lies upon the bed-rock, — perhaps five feet deep, — they call the *pay-dirt*. Can you understand why?"

And thoughtful Minnie answered that she supposed it was because this was the only dirt that paid the expense of working.

"Exactly," said my uncle; "and to remove this pay-dirt to the surface and save the gold from the gravel is all there is of gold-mining. The first great trouble is the water. The brook must be managed in some way, or no one could work. It would take too long to explain to you how this is done, but a long canal, or *ditch*, as we call it, is built through every claim, and every claim-owner must contribute to the expense of its construction. We worked many a weary day upon our ditch. How hard, after toiling for weeks in this way, to find that your claim is utterly worthless!"

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"Do they ever find them so, uncle?"

"O yes, often. Mining is only a lottery, and only a few draw a prize. I have seen poor fellows work for months on a claim and make nothing, while their neighbors above and below found gold in plenty. On Fairweather's claim it was only ten feet to the bed-rock; and when the diggings are as shallow as that, the miners shovel away all the earth which lies above the pay-dirt. This is called *stripping*. You should have seen the early days of our gulch for anxious excitement! There were the miners, — men of iron frames and arms bronzed by exposure; and near them, watching their success, the herd of lazy drones, thieves, and gamblers who throng about new mines as eagles gather together over a carcass. After considerable labor, quite a field of pay-dirt is laid bare, and the washing commences. Three boards are nailed together, making a long trough, or a box without ends, with cleats across the top to keep the sides firm. Several of these boxes are placed along in a line over the place stripped (supported by a staging built for the purpose), the end of each box fitting into the next. Thus is made a drain of from thirty to fifty feet long, which miners call the *sluice-boxes*. Across the bottoms of these boxes are nailed, every few inches, little cross-bars called *riffles*.

"Having arranged his sluice-boxes to suit him, the miner lets into them the water from the ditch, and his men commence shovelling in the pay-dirt. Great care is necessary in arranging the sluice-boxes, for if there is too rapid a flow of water, it carries along not only the sand and gravel but the gold also; and if the boxes are too nearly level, not only the gold but the sand also sinks to the bottom. But the experienced miner sets them at just the right angle, and the swift stream carries off the sand, while the gold, which is seven times heavier, sinks to the bottom and is caught by the riffles."

"But don't the larger stones sink to the bottom too?" asked I.

"Yes; but a man stands over the sluice-boxes with a common barn-fork, to pick them out as fast as the men shovel them in. Sometimes large nuggets are forked out in this way. I have seen one larger than my hand and worth more than two thousand dollars."

"But what stirs and breaks up the earth, uncle?" asked Minnie.

"O, the man with the pick breaks it into small lumps, then in shovelling it into the boxes it is broken more, and the riffles in the boxes keep it in constant turmoil, so that the particles are pretty well separated."

"Don't the tiniest and finest grains of gold wash away with the sand?" I asked.

"They must be pretty fine to do that; but in the lower part of the boxes they often put quicksilver, which your chemistry will tell you is like most of us, and absorbs greedily whatever gold comes near it."

"But still, I should think a great deal would wash away," said Minnie.

"So it does, Minnie; so much that in California they have washed the same earth nine times with profit."

"I should think they would want to stop and look to see how much gold they were getting; don't they pretty often?" asked Frank.

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"No, they are not so impatient as you would be. They shovel the dirt steadily all day till the sun begins to go down. Then the water is turned away from the sluice-boxes, and the miner looks after his harvest. With a small spoon he takes into a pan all that is left between the riffles in the bottom of the boxes, — a mass of black sand all yellow and glittering with gold."

"I should think it would be an exciting time for him, uncle," said Minnie.

"So it is, for he sees in a moment, almost, if he is on the road to fortune, or if his time and labor are all thrown away. Poor fellows! it is oftenest the latter. But Fairweather found many hundred dollars in his boxes, and he was rich in a moment."

"What did he do with the black sand, uncle?" asked Frank.

"After drying over the fire, it is easily removed by a magnet, as you can see by pouring a little black sand from your father's sand-box on the table over your gold dollars; the sand, you will see, clings in little spikes all over the magnet, but the gold does n't mind it at all.

"My claim was far up in the mountains, and, after digging a deep hole like a well for many days, we found the bed-rock seventy feet deep. This, of course, was too deep for stripping, and the pay-dirt was got out by a different process, called *drifting*. This is something like coal-mining. The miner on his knees digs caves in every direction, shovelling the pay-dirt into a huge bucket let down from above. As he digs farther and farther, he keeps the earth above from falling by a ceiling of boards held up by large posts."

"But is n't it dangerous, uncle?" I asked.

"Yes, indeed. Many a time when not placed exactly right, or when the waters loosens the earth above, — for it is always dripping in upon him, — the *drift*, as we call it, falls in and buries the poor fellows alive. In such a case all the miners leave their work and hurry to dig the men out alive, but almost always in vain.

"The buckets, as fast as filled, are hoisted by a man at a windlass to the surface and emptied into the sluice-boxes, and then lowered again to be filled. There, children," added my uncle, yawning, "it is time to go to bed, and I believe I have told you all I know about gold-mining."

"Why, don't they have to use mills and machinery, uncle? I think I have heard so," said I.

"Yes; but that is for quartz-mining, where they crush the quartz-rock. I have been telling you of the more common kind of mining, the gold-diggings. Perhaps some evening I will tell you of the quartz-mills."

"But is n't Fairweather the richest man in the world, uncle?" asked Frank.

"No, Frank, he is as poor as ever, — like most miners; his gold came easy and went easy, — wasted, and worse than wasted."

"But you are rich, uncle, now, — are n't you?"

"I am afraid, Frankie, that is an impertinent question."

Edward B. Nealley.

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WHAT THE BIRDS SAID.

IN the elm-shaded street,
  Broad and dewy and cool,
Loitered two little feet,
  On their way to school.

Two little wondering eyes
  Watched the swift wings fly
Into the free blue skies
  From the elm-tops high.

"Heigh-ho! the fields are fair,
  And the woods, and the swirling brooks,
And the birds, are free in the air," he said;
  "What do I care for books?"

And a dozen saucy birds
  Sang loud his mood to share,
Loud, bold, and clear, the words,
  "Tu-whit! what do *we* care?"

Then came another day,
  Fair and sunny and sweet,
And over the shaded way
  There came the little feet.

But O, 't was a rueful face,
  With eyes and cheeks aflame,
Where tears had left their trace,
  And penitence, and shame.

"Your wings should all be clipped,
  For the wicked things you say!
I have been soundly whipped," he said,
  "Because I ran away."

And all the saucy birds
  Sang loud his ire to dare, —
Sang bold and clear the words,
  "Tu-whit! what do *we* care?"

Anna Boynton Averill.

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THE FAIRY OF THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

IT was a dreary November day. The trees were stripped of their leaves, and the wind whistled through their bare branches. The hollow tapping of a distant woodpecker on some dry old tree sounded like a drum beating time to the sad music of the wind; and the only birds to be seen were a few robins and thrushes, which were gathering in flocks and flitting along the wood-sides, as birds do when they are preparing to leave winter behind them and make their way to summer lands.

Along a path that led through the woods there came an old, old woman, bent and withered with age. Her head was covered with a tall, pointed hat, the wide brim of which flapped over her face so as partly to conceal her features, and this, with her threadbare red cloak and russet petticoat, and the long, rough stick upon which she leaned, gave her a very wild and strange appearance, so that you would certainly have turned to look at her, if you, too, had been travelling through the forest on that gloomy November day. On she went, with tottering steps, until she reached the edge of a small plain, where a fallen oak-tree lay nearly across the path, and on this she sat down to rest.

Through the gray mist that hung over all, figures could be dimly seen moving to and fro upon the plain, and voices were heard; and the old woman knew that the mushroom-gatherers were there, — for the plain was noted for its mushrooms, and the young men and girls used to resort to it to pick them until the fall was far advanced. Presently several rude young people with baskets on their arms came to where the old woman sat, and, surrounding her, began to revile her in their coarse way.

"O, here 's an old witch!" cried one; "look at her red cloak, and the stick she 's been stealing out of woods that don't belong to her!"

"I am tired," said the old woman, mildly; "I am tired and hungry. Give me some alms, good young people, or something to eat."

"She calls us good young people!" exclaimed an ill-favored lad of the party. "It 's a long time since *I* have been good, I vow! Tie the crooked old hag hand and foot, and pitch her into the pond yonder, to see whether she 'll sink or swim!"

"If I were young and strong, like you," said the old woman, who did not appear to be in the least afraid of her tormentors, "I would gather mush-

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rooms too; but I am old, and my back is so stiff that I cannot stoop to pick them up. Give me, I pray, some mushrooms from your baskets, that I may sell them when I reach the village, and purchase food with the money."

"Give her mushrooms, indeed!" cried another of the party; "O, that's a good joke, and these the last ones of the season too! Mushrooms are money now, I'd have you know, you ugly old witch!"

"Ah! she's tired, is she, and hungry?" said the ill-looking young fellow who wanted to throw the old woman into the pond. "There's nothing better for hunger than that I'm going to give her," added he; and, searching along the stem of the fallen tree, he gathered one of those large, black, poisonous mushrooms that grow in the woods, and threw it, with a rude gesture, into the old woman's lap. "There! roast that on the coals when you reach your den, and you'll never need another supper."

The old woman bowed her head meekly, and, taking the deadly mushroom in her hand, rose to go upon her way. She had gone but a few steps, however, when she turned, and, extending her arm toward the young rascal who would have poisoned her, dropped the mushroom near his feet, and lo! it turned into a great brown snake, which, gliding upon him with the swiftness of lightning, coiled itself so tightly about his legs that he fell to the ground, while his terrified companions ran away and hid themselves in the wood.

Then the old woman in the red cloak pursued her way slowly across the plain, until the path again led her into the forest. There must have been something very strange about this old woman, because the hares of the wood did not run away from her, but remained quietly seated upon the dead leaves with which the ground was covered, and gazed at her without any signs of fear. As she went deeper into the wood, voices were heard, and she had not gone very far when she knew, by the smell of fire, that the charcoal-burners were at work not far off. Taking a path that led in the direction of the sound, she soon came to some huts, near which a group of rough-looking men, with their arms and faces all blackened by the charcoal, were at work.

"How now, you old hag!" exclaimed one of them. "The last time you came limping this way it rained, and our fires went out; and I hear the drops of rain beginning to whiz among the ashes now. If you can fetch the rain, you can stop it. Point up to the clouds with that long witch's wand of yours and bid the rain hold, or else I'll put you on to our fire and make charcoal of your old bones!"

"Alas!" said the old woman, "if I could only stop the rain I would, because I have far to go, and shall be very wet before I reach my journey's end. Give me some charcoal, I pray you, that I may carry it to my hut, and make a fire with it to dry my clothes."

"Here's all the charcoal you'll get from us!" shouted the man; and, taking a burning brand from the heap, he threw it at the old woman's head. It did not reach her though, but, striking a tree near which she stood, rebounded, and hit the man who threw it in the eye. At this, his comrades

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fell a-laughing, and, while their attention was thus distracted, the old woman plunged into the forest, and pursued her way until she came to a road that led to a village by the sea-shore.

And now the rain began to fall with great fury, making pools in the hollows of the road, and the mud became so heavy that the poor old woman had great difficulty in dragging her weary limbs along. She had not gone far when she heard the sound of wheels, and soon a pedler in his wagon came floundering past. Something went wrong about the harness just as he came up with the old woman, and he stopped his horse to adjust it. This gave her an opportunity to address him, and so she said, "O sir! the road is heavy, and my clothes are drenched so with the rain that I can hardly walk. Please take me up into your wagon and carry me to the next village. Heaven will prosper you if you do this good turn to a poor old woman."

"Why, how came you to talk about riding in a wagon?" said the man, with a coarse laugh. "Witches like you ride upon broomsticks through the air, as I 've heard tell. It 's the likes of you that turn the milk sour, and nip the fruit-tree blossoms in the spring. Get astride upon that long broom-handle of yours, and fly. Away with you, now, I say! — you don't ride in *my* company, that 's enough"; and with these words he drove on, and soon disappeared in the gloom of coming night.

Plash, plash, through the pools, soak, soak, through the mud, went the old woman in the red cloak on her solitary way. Another mile, and then some object loomed hazily before her in the dusk. Upon drawing nearer to it, she saw that it was the pedler's wagon, off from which one of the wheels had come, so that it lay there half upset, and stuck fast in the mud. The horse had been taken from the shafts, and the driver had probably ridden away upon him in search of assistance, but all around was lonely and silent as the old woman passed on. By and by the chimney-tops of the village became visible to her, and, as she neared the edge of it, she could just see the gable-end of a cottage that stood at a little distance from the road, and to the red light that gleamed like an eye from the window of this cottage she made her way.

Take a peep with me, now, at the interior of the cottage, and we shall see who was there. Working by the faint and flickering light of a lamp that stood upon a small table, there sat a pale woman, — a widow, as one might guess from her sad look and rusty-black garments. The room, though neat, had a poor look about it, and the furniture was of the cheapest and commonest kind. The only sound heard, except the moaning of the wind without and the beating of the rain against the window, was the whir of the spinning-wheel, as the woman kept it turning with her foot while she reeled off the thread with her nimble fingers. For it was by her spinning-wheel chiefly that this poor lone widow made her living, and she was noted all through the country round for the fine and even quality of the thread spun by her. A few embers of the wood fire were yet burning dimly upon the hearth, but they gave out no warmth; and, though the night was so cold and

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dismal, the widow was unwilling to use any of her small stock of fuel, lest she might suffer from the want of it when the frost and snow came.

"What an awful night!" said she, with a sigh, as a wild gust of wind shook the door and made the window rattle. "Heaven shield from harm my poor boy, if he is at sea in this terrible gale! My mind is always troubled about him when the wind blows like this, and yet I have hope in my heart to-night, for something whispers to me that he will return home, safe and sound, before long."

At this moment a low knock came to the door, and the widow's heart leaped at the sound, for she thought that her hopes had not deceived her, and that her boy had indeed returned safely to her from the sea. With trembling fingers, then, she raised the latch of the door, and there, upon the threshold, stood an old woman in a red cloak, shivering and shaking with the cold, and the water dripping from her soaked garments.

"I am wet, and hungry, and very tired," said the old woman; "pray, let me rest awhile by your hearth, so that I may dry my garments before I go farther on my way."

Leading the old woman in by the hand, the widow, who thought no longer, now, of sparing her stock of fuel, threw some wood on the fire, and fanned it with her apron into a cheerful blaze. Then she made the old woman sit close by it, and, taking the cloak from her shoulders, hung it in the chimney-corner to dry. "I have a boy on the sea this dreadful night," said she, as she set before her guest a bowl of warm bread-and-milk; "I was thinking about him when you came in, and had a feeling upon my mind that good luck was at the door. Mayhap it will soon be here and bring my boy with it."

"Charity and good luck travel hand-in-hand," said the old woman. "Listen to me: the wind that blows to-night is blowing your boy nearer and nearer to you every minute. Hush! the storm lulls already; by and by it will be calm, and the ship will drop anchor in the bay yonder before morning dawns."

And now the old woman arose, and, wrapping her cloak around her, — for by this time her clothes were dry, — prepared to take her departure; but the widow begged her not to venture out into the storm, saying that she would give her shelter for the night.

"The storm is over now," said the old woman; "see how the moonbeams dance upon the floor! I have a long way before me yet, and a weary, and I must go."

Then, as the widow grasped the wanderer by the hand, she felt very sad because she had no money to give her to help her on her way. A thought struck her, however. Taking the ball of thread upon which she had worked the whole of that day, and which was worth about a shilling, she slipped it, unperceived, as she thought, into the satchel of the old woman, wishing her God-speed upon her journey; but just as she had raised the latch of the door to let her out, behold! a light brighter far than that of the moonbeams shone upon all around, but the old woman was no longer to be seen.

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Instead of her there appeared before the eyes of the astonished widow a beautiful creature all in dazzling white. Her long, floating hair was as yellow and silky as the flax of the spinner, and she carried a silver distaff in her hand.

"Fear me not," said the beautiful apparition, "for I have come to do you good. My name is Rouette: I am the Fairy of the Spinning-Wheel, and my duty is to watch over all who work in flax. In the guise of a poor old woman I have tried the hearts of people to-night, and yours is the first in which I have found that charity has a dwelling. I know how hard the work is by which you make your living at the wheel, and, in exchange for your hospitality to me this night, I will endow you with a gift which will make you rich in time, and enable you to do much good."

The Spinning-Wheel Fairy.

With these words the fairy waved her silver distaff thrice over the spinning-wheel, which immediately began to go merrily round without any visible power to move it. "There," continued she, "I have imparted a force to that wheel by which you can make hundreds of others move at your will, without labor. And now, good and true-hearted woman, farewell, and may you find peace and plenty in the gift which you have so well merited!" and

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then the little room was once more dim with the moonbeam and the lamp, and the fairy had vanished away.

Whir! whir! went the spinning-wheel, and twenty times that night the widow commanded it to stop, and twenty times she commanded it to go on, and it obeyed her as if it were a living thing. There was no sleep for her then, and when the morning came riding up in a glory of purple and amber clouds from the sea, she looked from her window, and saw the ship lying at anchor in the quiet bay, just as the fairy had foretold. While she was hastening down to the beach a boat landed there, and in another minute the sailor-boy — I hardly need tell you that his name was Jack — was folded in his mother's arms.

But my story begins to run like the fairy spinning-wheel, and I must wind it up. Jack was an ingenious lad, and he had not been long at home when he made such good use of the power bestowed by the fairy that he had a hundred spinning-wheels running at once, and a large building had to be put up for them to work in, and many young girls were employed to attend to them, Jack's mother presiding over all. But Jack did better than this, even. Instead of going to sea again, he built himself a great rope-walk, all the spinning in which was done by the power of the enchanted wheel; so that, in process of time, he made a large fortune by supplying cordage for the ships that were built at the port.

Years went on, and the good widow became very rich. But she never forgot how needy and wretched she once had been, and so she spent a part of her fortune in building a house of refuge for poor persons who were disabled and unfit to work. And when this asylum was finished, the very first wayfarer who came to seek for shelter in it was a pale, broken-down cripple, with a crooked leg. On being asked how he came so, he said, "Long years ago, when I was a lad, I acted cruelly towards a poor old woman who asked charity of me, and a snake came out of the wood, and, coiling itself about my legs, brought me heavily to the ground, and I broke this leg, as you see, and, never having been able to do much work since, I have lived poor all my life, and poor I must die."

The second pauper who came to the asylum was an old man, one of whose eyes was sightless, and whose face was disfigured by a terrible scar; and his story ran thus: "I was a charcoal-burner, long time ago, and, as I toiled at my work, there came an old woman in a red cloak, who asked me for some charcoal, and I, thinking she must be a witch, threw a burning brand at her, but it glanced from a tree and hit me in the eye. Since that time I 've never had a day's luck, but have gone in poverty and grief; and all I ask now is a corner in your house, where I can finish my days and die in peace."

The third who sought a refuge of the good widow was also a man well stricken in years, the patches upon whose garments it would not have been easy to count; and this is what he said: "Once I was a pedler, and made a good living by my wares. It was a stormy night, as I drove along in my wagon through the mud, and I refused the petition of a poor old woman who

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asked me to take her up and carry her to the nearest town. Presently one wheel of my wagon came off. I took the horse from the shafts, and rode away upon him to seek for assistance, but when I came back, behold! robbers had been there, and had taken away all my goods, and I have been a beggar ever since."

And so, you see, everything came right in the end; for the three penitents, who had already been sufficiently punished for their wickedness, were taken into the asylum, where they were well cared for during the remainder of their days.

Charles Dawson Shanley.

THE LAST LOAD OF HAY.

A FOURTH-OF-JULY STORY.

A HOT afternoon in July. A broad, sunny field. Patient oxen were quietly chewing the cud, and whisking the flies with their tails. Behind them stood a large hay-wagon, which a stout Irishman and two sunburned boys were loading. The sun poured fiercely down on the three torn straw hats, and glistened on the steel prongs of the pitchfork.

The wagon was quickly filling. They worked as if for their lives. One boy, who seemed weaker than the other, almost exhausted, leaned for a moment on his fork, and wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"I 'm so tired, Harry," he said, as his brother looked to see why he stopped.

"Never mind, Frank, we 'll soon finish it," replied the other.

Yet he paused for a while too; and the man took time to say, "Boys, it 's a shame ye should be working all day on the Fourth, that it is. Sure, there is n't a boy in the village but is having his fun. It 's a shame, indeed, for the old man to be so mean. I hope ye 'll get off the rest of the afternoon. I 'll spake a word for ye till yer uncle."

The boys smiled, but there was very little hope in their smile. They had worked hard in order to get a few hours' holiday, yet even despaired of that. All the morning, while hard at work in the field which lay near the road, merry children had passed on foot and in wagons, going to a great country frolic. Every now and then sounds of fireworks and mimic artillery came to them across the meadows. Yet they had never left their work until noon, and had returned to it as soon as their hastily despatched meal was over.

"There goes the last load," said Harry, as he leaned on his pitchfork and watched the heavily laden hay-wagon roll slowly from the meadow. "There goes the last load; and O, but I 'm glad! Are n't you, Frank?"

As he spoke, he threw himself upon the ground. Lying there with his

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upturned face shaded by his hat, he continued, "And I think it will be the last hay I 'll ever help load, — here, at all events."

"Why, what 's up, Hal? What do you mean?" inquired Frank.

"Just what I say. I 'm tired of this work, work, from morning till night, from one year's end to another, and all for nothing, too. I don't mean to stand it much longer. I 'm old enough to do better for myself, and I guess I will, too."

Frank smiled. He was becoming accustomed to this sort of talk of late. He merely replied, "Well, I don't think it will be all work to-day. The hay is in. I 've been trying to think what uncle could find for us to do this afternoon."

"Let him alone for that," grumbled Harry. "He 'll find plenty for us to do. No danger of a holiday, I warn you."

"Let us beg one, then," said Frank. "I 'm as tired of work as you are, and, as far as I can see, there 's really nothing to be done this afternoon. Get up, old fellow, and come along. He 'll be expecting us soon."

With many a yawn, Harry rose from the ground; and, shouldering their rakes and forks, the boys followed in the wake of the wagon.

Frank and Harry Jones were twin brothers who had been left orphans when they were about six years old. Since that time they had lived with their father's brother, who owned a large farm in Connecticut. He had always been a hard-working man, and had tried to bring up his nephews to become like him. Against this the boys, and especially Harry, frequently grumbled. There was no play, except in stolen hours; no teaching, except the little they received from him in the long winter evenings. Ever since their coming to the farm, from the time when they were too little to do anything else than to feed pigs and chickens, and drive home the cows, each of the eight long years had successively increased the amount of their labor.

Mr. Jones had no children of his own, and, though very well to do in the world, hired little help. His neighbors gave him the reputation of being miserly, and said that he wanted to make as much out of the boys as he could. He was never kind in his manner to his nephews, and seldom granted their requests. Harry was stronger and bolder than Frank, and sometimes dared to steal a holiday to join the neighbors' boys in a frolic. Frank never ventured so far. The hard work did not make him thrive. He was weaker in body than his brother, and feared to incur the terrible wrath of his uncle.

"Well, uncle, the hay 's all in," said Frank, as he met Mr. Jones at the barn-door.

"Yes, and not any too soon either. We 'll have a storm to-night. The day has been too hot to pass without one. Bennett 'll get his all wet. He ought to set his boys to work and get it in," answered the old man, glancing at his neighbor's fields.

"May we take the rest of this afternoon, sir?" timidly asked Frank. "There 's nothing to do."

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"What! a holiday in hay-time!" exclaimed the uncle. "Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"But our hay is all in," quickly urged Harry.

"That need make no difference. There is plenty for you to do. No use of holidays. Why do you stand there idle? Take your hoes and hoe the young corn by the house. Holidays, holidays," grumbled he, going away; "I don't believe in boys having any time to themselves. I have worked hard every day of my life, and am better off for it too."

Frank wearily took up a hoe, and proceeded slowly to the corn. Harry soon joined him.

"The old wretch!" muttered Harry. "The corn don't need hoeing. He wanted to give us something to do, and could n't think of anything else. I 'm tired out. Are n't you, Frank?"

"Yes. That last load about used me up."

"Well, it 'll be my last load of hay, anyhow. I sha' n't be here another summer, see if I shall! The old hypocrite!"

"O, don't speak of him so, Harry!"

"How else can I speak of him? Everybody knows what a miserly, stingy old wretch he is."

"Don't, don't!" said Frank, anxiously.

"Well, is n't he? I 'm not afraid to say he is. You would n't defend him, would you?"

"Not exactly. He has given us our home, Harry; and he is our uncle, — our father's brother, — and we ought to respect him. I know he is cross, and don't ever give us a pleasure, and that he is unkind in his way, but —"

A quick, heavy step behind, and the uncle, who had heard the last few words only, grasped the delicate boy and dealt him several blows on the head. "I 'm unkind and cross, am I? You ungrateful little rascal! you young viper! This is your reward for me, is it? Well, I 'll keep up my reputation!" and his huge hands fell heavily on the boy's face. Frank staggered under the blows, and sank to the ground.

"It was my fault, uncle," quickly exclaimed Harry. "I called you names. He was defending you." But when he saw his brother faint and bleeding on the ground, he said, "You 've killed him! You 've almost killed him with work, and now you want to finish it up."

But Frank rose slowly, and urged his brother to stop.

"Go to your work," exclaimed their uncle, livid with rage. "And don't you dare to leave it till dark." He turned to leave them, when Harry called out, "It 'll be the last I 'll do for you. You treat us like dogs. I 'll not stay with you, see if I do!"

His uncle seized a stick and laid it across the boy's back.

"Now to your work!" he said. "If I ever hear you speak so again, you 'll suffer for it, I can tell you."

"No, you will never hear me speak so again," muttered Harry, as his uncle went away. "You 'll never have the chance."

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But Frank was silent. He went quietly to work, and after a while Harry did too, but with very little of the ardor displayed half an hour before in the hay-field. Presently Frank's strength gave out, and, after nervously attempting to hold his hoe, he suddenly let not only it, but himself also, drop upon the ground. There he lay in a swoon. Poor Harry, half frightened to death, dragged his brother from the field and called to the house for help.

They laid the boy on his bed, and bathed his face with vinegar, but to no effect; he still lay pale and motionless.

When the hard-hearted uncle looked upon his nephew, he was a little moved at first. "He has been too long in the sun," he said. At which Harry was bold enough to utter reproaches, and spoke of certain heavy blows which his brother had received. Then the old man drove him back to his work, and watched from the window to see him go to it.

Full of burning hate, the boy went to the corn, but not to give it protection. Out of his uncle's sight, he angrily seized his hoe, and dealt many blows here and there among the tender stalks. It was dark when the work of destruction was over. He stood for a moment to receive the cool wind on his heated cheeks, and then hastened to the house.

"I have no time to lose," he said, as he softly stole up the stairs, and gathered a few treasures into his pockets. The tears stood in his eyes as he bent over Frank and kissed him. "Good by, brother."

The sick boy opened his eyes, and said, "Why, Hal, what is the matter?"

"I 'm going, Frankie. I can't stay here any longer." And, after another kiss, he was gone.

Down through the meadow where he had tossed his last load of hay, and through a stretch of woods till he came to the river that came in from the sound and flowed by the farm. He went to a place where he knew a little old boat was kept tied. He scrambled down the bank, and hunted among the bushes for the oars hidden near at hand for ready use. As he was untying the boat, he heard footsteps behind him on the bank. He leaped quickly in, and pushed off; but, turning his head, he saw a boy standing on the spot he had just left, — a boy who held his hand to his head, and called in well-known tones, "Harry, Harry! wait for me!" So the old boat glided back to the shore again, and the surprised Harry said, "Why, Frank!"

"Did you think I could stay alone there, Harry? If you go, I must go too. You must take me with you."

"But 't is as much as your life is worth," replied his brother. "I thought you were too sick to get up; indeed, I did n't know but you were dying. No, no, Frankie, you 're not well enough to go with me."

"I must," urged the other, and he stepped into the boat and took his seat.

Harry pressed him once more to go back, but he would not. His life was linked with his brother's. The little boat glided quickly to the middle of the stream, and the retiring tide bore them to the sound.

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"Good by, old home," said Frank, waving his hand toward the farm.

"You 've seen the last of us, for a while at least," said Harry. "I 've done my last piece of work on you."

"That was our last load of hay, as you said it would be, Harry."

"I hope so, Frank. But we 're not quite out of his claws yet. Now you must lie down in the bottom of the boat and try to go to sleep. I 'll cover you up with my jacket to keep you warm."

"No, no. I can't let you do all the rowing," Frank feebly protested. But the excitement, which had thus far held him up, gave way now, and he yielded to his brother's commands.

"Remember, don't let me sleep long, Harry. Wake me up when you get tired, and I 'll take your place."

Farmer Jones sat alone in his living-room.

"I 'm glad I got my hay in, if I did have to work hard to do it," he said, as he glanced in the direction of the windows, upon which the rain was furiously beating. "This storm will ruin all the hay out, and double the profits on mine. Those boys did sweat over that last load though, and grumbled too, I guess. O, well, it 'll do 'em good."

Vivid flashes of lightning darted through the sky, and a terrific peal of thunder shook the house.

"I wonder if Harry is in? Just like the mad little fool to stay out in the storm. Sarah!" he called to the old house-servant, — "Sarah, go up to the boys' room, and see how Frank is now."

The woman obeyed, but soon returned, pale and trembling. "He 's not there, sir."

"Not there! where then?"

"He 's not in the house, sir. Nor Harry, either."

The uncle grasped his candle and rushed to their room to satisfy himself of the truth. Then suddenly flashed across his mind Harry's words of that afternoon.

"They 've run away, the little fools! And Frank not fit to hold his head up. But I 'll have them soon, and they shall suffer for it. They 'll have to stop somewhere on the road, for the rain. They can't be far away."

He called for a horse and wagon, and although the man who brought them warned him that he risked his life by going, he rewarded the faithful fellow with an oath, and plunged into the road through the darkness and storm.

Poor tired Harry, with arms strained by the long day's work, pulled nobly at the oars. He thought to cross the sound before morning, for it was narrow there, and lose himself from his uncle's search in the great city until something turned up for him, he hardly knew what. His first object was to get away. Poor, simple Harry! his country mind knew little of the dangers and bewilderments of the place he sought. It was some time before he stopped to rest, and then he first noticed that the stars were out and heavy clouds were lowering overhead.

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"O for one hour more!" he thought; for he believed that another hour would carry him to the opposite shore.

But even as he returned to his oars the storm came up, and all around him rose the great waves. The wind seized his straw hat and blew it far from his sight. Nobly did he strain every muscle to urge his boat forward, but in the darkness he lost his course; so he bent all his energies toward keeping her out of the trough of the sea. The waves took her up like a leaf, and tossed her hither and thither. Manfully did he struggle for life, and kept up heart; but when they cruelly wrenched his oars from his weak hands he gave over.

The water coming in woke up Frank, who till then had slept soundly through the storm. He rose, and called out, "O Hal, are we lost?"

"Nigh to it, Frank. The boat is filling with water. Take what you can, and help bale her out."

It soon exhausted Frank, who was obliged, unwillingly, to sink back again upon the seat.

Higher and higher rose the waves around them, and lifted the boat and dashed it down their sides into the valley of waters.

"We 're lost!" shrieked poor Harry.

But Frank's heart was stronger now, and his voice rang up through the tempest, "O God! have mercy upon two sinful boys!"

"Forgive me, Frank, for bringing you out," sobbed Harry.

"Do you think I would want to live after you were gone, Hal? No, no! And I shall not, either. There, there," he shouted, "comes the wave to destroy us! How like a mound of hay it looks! But it can't be, for we took in our last load this afternoon."

A tower of water rose beside them, and hung a moment over their heads.

"Let us go down together, Hal." And locked in each other's arms they waited the end.

The morning sun was rising as brightly as though all had been well, but the waters of the sound were still troubled. And why not? They had seen sad sights. They bore dread secrets and mournful burdens. A little group of fishermen's wives stood on the beach waiting anxiously for what the dawn would show. At some distance from the shore they could see a small boat borne on the crest of a huge wave. Nearer and nearer came the wave, till it dashed its burden, bottom up, on the beach. Then those anxious women crowded about the boat, and when they had overturned it, although strangers, all the human in their hearts united in a wail of sorrow, for there rolled out two little sunburned boys, whose hair was matted with seaweed, whose clothes were clinging and dripping, and who were locked in each other's arms.

W. N. Meeks.

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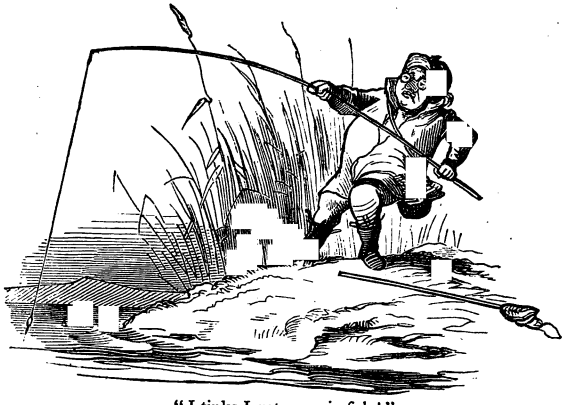
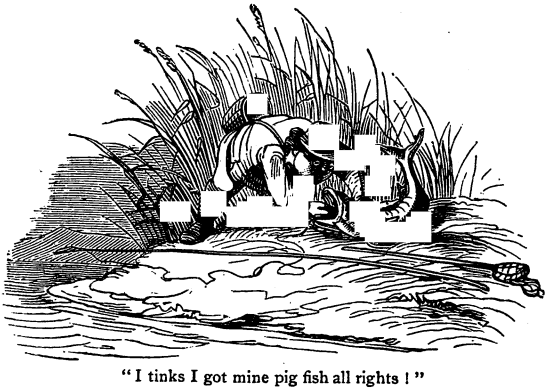
THE DUTCHMAN AND THE BIG FISH.



"I tinks I got vun pig fish!"

"I tinks I got vun wery pig fish!"



"I tinks I got mine pig fish all rights!"

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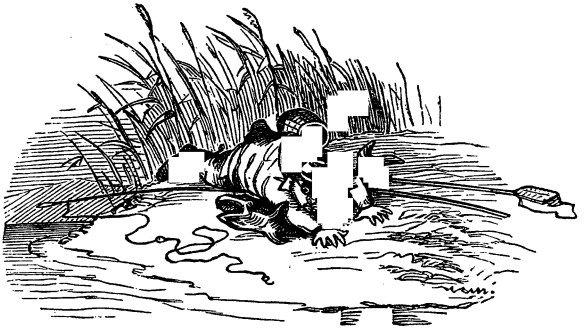
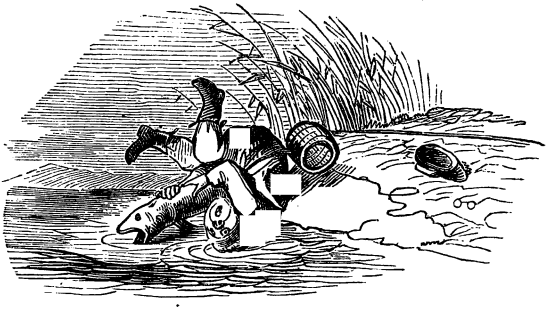
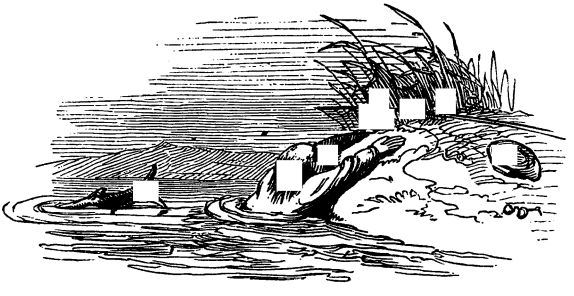


"I tinks I got him, — he tink I not got him, — so now we see who tink best; ha, ha! Hi! hi! So! Now you shtop!"



"Ho, ho! donner und blitzen! Mine pig fish tink he got me! Helf, somepody! he so — he so — shlippery! donner und bl — "



"Bllitttzzzzen! Vere ish mine fish? Vere is de shore? Vere I be mineself? I tinks I lose de shore from unter mine foot! I find him! I not care for no pig fish! Dat pig fish vas too pig for me altogeder!"

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THE STORY OF AN EMINENT MAN.

ONE evening in the month of June, 1820, a boy about twelve years old walked through the pleasant village of Worthington, Ohio, with a bundle under his arm, inquiring his way to the house of the bishop.

He was tall, awkward, and stooping. His clothes were worn and travel-stained, and he was covered with dust. He wore his hat on the back of his head, and walked with his neck stretched forward, with an air which is vulgarly styled "gawky." He had, moreover, an impediment in his speech, caused by too much tongue occupying too little space, and when he asked for Bishop Chase's house, it sounded like "Bithop Chathe's houthe."

Bishop Chase was well known, not only as Bishop of Ohio and Principal of the Worthington Academy, but also as a great and influential man in the country. His house — which looked very much like a common farm-house — was easily found; and soon the boy traveller walked timidly up the steps to the door, where he saw a man of large and massy frame, with a little black cap on his head, taking leave of some guests. He knew at a glance that this courteous and dignified gentleman must be his uncle.

"And now," said the bishop, turning rather austerely to the boy, after his guests were gone, "what can I do for you?"

"I am Salmon Chase, — your nephew," faltered the boy, who stood in awe of the great man, his uncle.

"Ah, Salmon, glad to see you! Come in. Your good mother wrote me that you were on the way. But how did you make the journey?" For in those days there were no railroads, nor even stage-coaches, through the great Ohio forests which the boy had traversed.

"I came from Cleveland in company with two young men on their way to the convention," replied Salmon, taking courage on finding that the bishop was only a man. "They had horses, and once in a while they would walk and let me ride. But I have been ever since last March getting here from our home in New Hampshire."

The bishop asked him a few more questions; and then — being full of business — turned him over to the ladies of the house. Everybody was full of business, in consequence of the convention of the Episcopal Church of Ohio being held that week in Worthington. The house was full of guests, in addition to the academy boys who boarded with the bishop; and the bashful young New Hampshire lad soon found himself neglected, forgotten, and homesick.

Salmon Portland Chase was born twelve years before — on the 13th of January, 1808 — in the town of Cornish, New Hampshire, and named for his uncle Salmon Chase, then a lawyer in Portland, Maine. This Uncle Salmon, his other uncle, the bishop, and his father, Ithaman Chase, belonged to a large Cornish family of Chases, all persons of quite remarkable character and talent. His father — a man of large stature and dignified presence

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— had died suddenly in his hay-field the summer before, and this calamity had been the occasion of the boy's going to live with his uncle in Ohio. Bishop Chase had written to his mother, that, if she would intrust her son to his care, he would be to him as another father; and this was an offer not to be neglected by a poor widow. She was then residing in Keene, whither the family had removed in 1815; and there Salmon had taken tearful leave of his mother and sisters, in the spring of this year 1820, and set out to make the long journey to find his uncle, far in the Ohio wilderness.

He had looked forward to an affectionate welcome in another such home as he had left; deep, therefore, was his disappointment when, after the first greetings were over, he found himself more like a stranger than a nephew in his uncle's house. The hope that had buoyed up his heart now deserted him, and he thought with grief and longing of his New Hampshire home.

Shy and diffident, he was slow to make acquaintance with the smart academy boys boarding with the bishop, who were inclined to make fun of the new-comer's lisp and his awkwardness. While they were young gentlemen boarders, Salmon soon found that, to pay for his board, he must do chores about the house and on the farm. He fed the calves and pigs, brought in the wood for the kitchen, and made himself generally useful, at the same time keeping up with his class in the academy.

Not that the bishop was unkind; he was simply too much occupied to give much attention to his young relative. He was, moreover, a person of a rather cold and stern disposition, like nearly all the members of this remarkable family. He himself worked with his own hands on the farm, and why should n't his nephew? He was wise and upright, if not fond and indulgent; and he always looked carefully after the best interests of the boys under his charge. Here is a very good anecdote of the man's sagacity.

Some boy in the house had been guilty of an offence, which all stoutly denied. To bring the culprit to justice, the bishop cut up a pine stick into splints, *all of equal length;* then called the boys to him, and said, "I am going to find out the guilty boy; none of the rest of you need be afraid." He put into the hand of each one of the splints. "Now," he said, "he that has the longest splint is the guilty one." He then made them all march by him in a row and give him their splints. All were found as he had given them out, except one; that was broken short. "You are the culprit!" cried the bishop, seizing the boy to whom it belonged. And indeed so he proved to be.

Salmon was a good student, and not afraid of work; and he soon had the respect of the best boys at the academy. One of his leading traits was determination of character, — a strong will. Whatever he set out to do he was bound to accomplish, if possible.

One day the bishop, on going away from home, told Salmon to leave school early enough in the afternoon to kill and dress a certain pig designed for the family table. Now, Salmon had never dressed a pig in his life; but since his uncle had charged him with the task, he must find out a way to do it. First, he had to catch the pig; which, after no little difficulty, he accom-

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plished. Then he killed it, — making quick work of a disagreeable duty. Then the bristles were to be taken off; and this was the hardest part. He had heard that scalding would make them come off easy; and he had prepared a tub of hot water accordingly. Into the tub, therefore, went the pig, which was all very well, so far; but, unluckily, the water was a little too hot, and the pig was left in a little too long. When he was taken out, his bristles stuck tighter than ever; they had — in farmer's phrase — become "set."

Here was a grave misfortune. Salmon worked at the bristles until his fingers were raw and his soul desperate. What could be done? Suddenly he remembered a pair of fine razors belonging to his cousin Philander.

Philander was the bishop's son, and chief tutor in the school of which his father was principal; a nice young man, who took great pride in his razors. These razors had the keenest edge, as Salmon had occasion to know, having seen his cousin clip hairs with them many a time. He felt some scruples of conscience against taking them, but they were his last resort, and the pig *must* be dressed! So he got out the razors, and shaved the said pig clean as an alderman's chin, from nose to tail.

When the bishop returned home, the boy was praised for dressing it so nicely. But Philander was hugely disgusted, the next morning, when he went to shave himself, and discovered the condition of his razors.

This determination of character helped Salmon in various ways. He was naturally indolent, — disinclined to study, like so many other boys; but, having made up his mind that studying was to be done, he did it with a will.

Conscious of his awkwardness, it was a painful and almost impossible thing for him to appear on the platform and publicly speak a piece. He saw with envy other lads of inferior talent declaim with ease and self-possession, while he could only speak thick, dangle his arms, and stammer. But this, too, was a thing to be done; and by dint of resolution and hard work he became, if not a brilliant, yet a respectable declaimer.

Then there was that impediment in his speech. He was glad the boys had made fun of it, for to become aware of such a defect is the first step towards a cure. He had heard how Demosthenes by severe discipline overcame a similar difficulty of utterance, and became the greatest orator of all Greece. Although he never expected to be a Demosthenes in eloquence, he resolved to imitate his perseverance. He therefore commenced the practice of reading aloud, which he continued for years, — slowly and painfully, but gradually and surely, overcoming his impediment, until it was hardly noticeable in the voice which afterwards became a power in the court-room and the Senate Chamber.

Salmon still walked with his ungainly stoop, his hat carelessly slouched, his neck stretched forward, and his eyes on the ground. One day he was passing a field where a man was splitting rails. The man stopped to speak with him, as the country manner was; but Salmon went by in his absent-minded way, without noticing him.

"What fool is that?" said the man to another student, who presently came along.

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"That," was the reply, "is one of the most intelligent boys at the academy"; at which the man put his finger to his nose and laughed.

When Salmon heard what sort of an impression he had made on the honest rail-splitter, he felt that this habit of personal negligence was also to be reformed; and from that time he dressed better, walked straighter, and spoke to those who accosted him. It was not until some years later, however, that he completely conquered his unfortunate stoop. He had grown up a tall, lean, consumptive-looking young man, when, as he was one morning going through with an exercise designed to bring his shoulders in and his chest out, he suddenly felt something give way in his side. A faintness came over him, and he became alarmed; but from that day he began to grow erect and strong. Those who knew him in later years, when he was more than six feet tall and large in proportion, straight as a pillar, — one of the noblest figures, in short, that ever stood in the halls of our national Congress, — could not easily believe that this magnificent man was ever a bent, consumptive, awkward boy.

Salmon remained at Worthington a little over two years; when, the academy having been broken up for want of support, the bishop accepted the presidency of the college of Cincinnati, and removed to that city with his family in the fall of 1822.

Salmon, now fourteen, entered the Freshman Class of the college, and still paid his way by doing chores for the bishop in this new home, — taking care of the horses and cow, feeding the pigs, and sawing the family wood.

Courage and frankness were also characteristic traits with him, as one or two anecdotes will show.

There was at the college a notorious bully and braggart, whom Salmon found one morning, in the midst of a group of students, entertaining them with some audacious falsehood.

"That is not true!" said a quick, firm voice in the crowd.

"Who dares tell me I lie?" cried the bully, flying into a passion.

"What you said is not true, and I can prove it," replied Salmon, undismayed by the braggart — who was much the larger of the two — advancing furiously towards him. "I don't care to fight, but I will argue the case with you, and if I prove that I am right and you are wrong, what will be the use of fighting?"

"I have n't time to stop and talk; — but don't tell me I lie again!" said the bully, walking off.

"Then don't lie," said Salmon.

A student, not long after, wishing to be revenged against the college for some fancied wrong, set fire to the benches in the recitation-room. Salmon and some other students, coming in, compelled him to desist, and put out the fire. The affair was investigated by the tutor, who began questioning the class, one by one. All declared themselves ignorant of the matter, until the question came to Salmon.

"Sophomore Chase, did you set fire to those benches?"

"No, sir."

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"Do you know who did?"

"Yes, sir," replied Salmon, to the astonishment of the rest, who held it less dishonorable to lie than to expose a fellow-student.

"Who was it?" said the tutor.

"I shall not tell, sir," replied Salmon, firmly, but respectfully.

The matter was referred to the president, and Salmon was called to account for insulting the tutor.

"I have not insulted the tutor at all," answered Salmon. "It is considered mean for one student to tell of another, and the rest lied about it. I could n't lie, and I could n't tell. That 's all, sir."

Salmon remained in Cincinnati not quite a year, when, in the summer of 1823, the bishop resigned the presidency of the college, and set out for Europe. Salmon travelled eastward with him as far as Kingston, on the Hudson, where their ways diverged, — the uncle was bound for England, the nephew was returning home to his mother, among the New Hampshire hills. The boy was to go up the Hudson on a steamer. The bishop paid his fare, and gave him this bit of advice: "After leaving the boat, get to Keene the best way you can. Trust in Providence, and don't spare your legs." Accordingly, after leaving the boat at Troy, Salmon did not spare his legs, but trudged on alone, with his little bundle on his back, over the hills of his native State, full of joy and hope at the thought of meeting mother and friends once more.

It was his intention now to enter Dartmouth College; but his mother, as I have said, was poor; and, in order to do something towards defraying his expenses, he resolved to keep a country school the next winter. His mother consented, and Salmon — then in his sixteenth year — took a school in a neighboring district.

There the future governor made his first attempt at governing. It was a failure. There were big girls and unruly young men in the school, and they proved too much for the authority set up by the boy master. At the end of two weeks he received a note from one of the trustees, informing him, politely, that they would "not insist on his keeping the full term for which he had been engaged." This meant that he had better go home, — and Salmon went.*

He spent the winter in study at home, and the spring at the academy at Royalton, Vt.; and in the following summer (1824) entered the Junior Class of Dartmouth College.

Reserved, abstracted, devoted to study, usually appearing with his face plunged deep in a book (for he was very near-sighted) when the companions around him were indulging in jokes and small-talk, young Chase made few friends at Dartmouth, but those few were stanch and true. Although usually cold and unsocial in his behavior, he was a person of strong feelings, as a single anecdote will suffice to show.

For an offence of which young Chase firmly believed him to be innocent, a

* This is a literal fact. Indeed, all the anecdotes of the late Chief Justice, here related, are drawn from the writer's personal recollections of conversations with him or with friends of his youth.

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fellow-student had been rusticated. Salmon felt his sense of justice so outraged by this, that he quietly packed up his portmanteau, and prepared to share his friend's exile. All remonstrance was in vain. "I will not remain in a college where my friends are subject to such injustice," he said to the worthy president; and he and his friend actually set off together that afternoon. They had not gone far, riding in a hired chaise, when they were overtaken by a messenger from the Faculty. The exile's sentence had been revoked, and the boys were requested to return to the college. But they now felt that it was their turn to punish the Faculty, which they did by continuing their journey, visiting their friends, and keeping away a week, then returning in triumph, amid the acclamations of their fellow-students.

Young Chase graduated in 1826, and in the fall of that year found his way to Washington, where he had another uncle, Hon. Dudley Chase, then serving a second term in the United States Senate.

There Salmon attempted to establish a classical school for the education of young gentlemen, but did not succeed. His money was soon gone, and poverty stared him in the face. At length, much against his will, he applied to his uncle Dudley to get him appointed to a place in the Treasury Department.

"Salmon," replied the senator, "I once got an appointment for a nephew, and it proved his ruin. I 'll give you half a dollar to buy a spade, and go out and dig for a living, but I will not get you a place under government!"

Salmon said he would not trouble him for the half-dollar, and rose, choking with resentment, to take leave.

"You think me harsh," said Dudley Chase, parting from him at the door; "but you will live to see that this is the best advice I could give you."

"Perhaps," said Salmon, coldly, as he walked away.

Days of loneliness and discouragement went by, until Salmon had nearly given up all hope of finding something to do in Washington, — unless, indeed, he were to go back for the half-dollar and buy a spade, — when he one day received a call from a gentleman who came with a strange proposition. He was the teacher of a successful private school for boys. But his wife had recently established a girls' school, which was so much more successful that he wished Mr. Chase to take the boys' school off his hands. We can imagine how gladly, how gratefully, the young man accepted the proposal.

The school-house was a little wooden building framed in the side of a brick house, which was still standing on G Street, a few years ago, when Mr. Chase, in one of his morning walks, took the writer of this sketch to visit the spot. He was then Secretary of the Treasury, and he had been Governor of Ohio and United States Senator, besides enjoying other high honors. "But," said he, pointing out the site of the little one-story schoolhouse, "I think nothing ever delighted me so much as my succession to good Mr. Plumley, in that boys' school."

This second attempt at teaching proved successful, young Chase having

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the sons of some of the most eminent men in Washington under his charge. He employed his leisure time in reading law in the office of the distinguished William Wirt, who also took the young schoolmaster into his family, and gave him his friendship and advice.

In 1830 he was admitted to the bar, and returned to Cincinnati, where he began the practice of the law. He made his way slowly in his new profession. In 1834 he went to Columbus to argue an important case before the United States Circuit Court, — was overcome with confusion in the midst of his speech, lost memory and breath, and was forced ignominiously to sit down. Angry with himself, and feeling the power of his old habit of carrying out what he had once undertaken come to his aid, he sprang to his feet again, and finished his argument. He was afterwards smarting with a sense of his failure, when the judge warmly congratulated him upon it. Mr. Chase was astonished.

"A person of ordinary abilities is not apt to be troubled with nervousness on such occasions," said the judge. "But when I see a young man break down once or twice in this way, I conceive the highest hopes of him."

Antislavery sentiments were at that time extremely unpopular in Ohio; but the same strong love of justice which had impelled the young student to quit the college from which his friend was unjustly suspended now forced the rising lawyer to undertake the defence of fugitive slaves escaping into the State from Kentucky, and of persons prosecuted for helping them away. This he did in most cases without any reward, and against the remonstrance of friends who sincerely believed that he was ruining all his future prospects by such a course. But he continued to do what he felt to be right, regardless of consequences, and did more than any other man in the State to shape the new public sentiment in favor of freedom. He rose rapidly to eminence as a lawyer, and a man of character and influence. In 1849 he was elected United States Senator, and in 1855 Governor of Ohio. He was appointed Secretary of the Treasury by President Lincoln in 1861; and he who might have remained a humble clerk in that department all his life, if his uncle Dudley had helped him to the situation he sought, held the control of the finances of a great nation during its great civil war.

In 1864, President Lincoln appointed him Chief Justice of the United States, which high place he filled until his death, which took place on the seventh day of May (1873), in his sixty-sixth year.

Judge Chase leaves behind him the name of one of the most eminent, one of the ablest and purest, of American statesmen. He was not without his faults. He was very ambitious, and no honor short of the highest in the gift of the American people could ever have satisfied him. He was a man of moods, and often appeared cold and stern to his nearest friends. To subordinates, his manner was sometimes very imperious. He himself was not aware of this, until on one occasion he noticed that his private secretary, to whom he was giving instructions in some unpleasant matter, appeared to lose all his wit and self-possession.

"Are you sick?" Mr. Chase inquired.

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"No, sir," was the reply, "but you frighten me so that I don't know what I am about!"

Mr. Chase at once saw his fault, and with characteristic frankness and justice thanked the young man for showing it to him, and promised to correct it. But sternness of temper was one of the strong traits in the Chase family, and it is not to be supposed that the late Chief Justice ever entirely succeeded in overcoming it.

J. T. Trowbridge.

OLD NICK.

"Babylon 's a-fallin'! Babylon 's a-fallin'!
We 's a-goin' ter occerpy de lan'."

THE voice came from a distance up the road, drew gradually nearer, paused a moment at the corner of the school-house, passed on under the windows, then, as the fall of Babylon was proclaimed with a final shout, the door was unceremoniously flung open, and a boy appeared on the threshold. Planting himself firmly, a hand on either hip, he coolly surveyed the room and its occupants. We sat motionless and returned his gaze, startled into silence by his abrupt entrance and his extraordinary appearance.

A broad red leathern belt was drawn so tightly round his waist that it gave him the appearance of an animated hour-glass. His sleeves were rolled up to the elbow, and each bronze-colored arm displayed a crimson strap with an enormous brass buckle. From his neck hung strings of shells, that, with every movement, jingled like miniature sleigh-bells. The soldier's slouch-hat which he wore, and which he made no attempt to remove, was covered with shells and bits of scarlet flannel, sewed on so closely that the hat itself was scarcely visible, and from the top three long rooster's feathers waved with a land-of-the-free air perfectly in keeping with the wearer's manner. A pair of bright, wide-open eyes looked saucily out from a shrewd, bold, impish face.

Finding voice at last, I asked of this independent young gentleman if he "wished to come to school."

"'Deed an' double, I don't. Yer don't kotch me stayin' in de house, an' settin' still on a bench like I wor feared o' my life ter move, like dem ar." And he threw into his face the most comical scared look, as he pointed with a gesture of contempt to the rows of children sitting quietly, book in hand. "But dis yer boy," — and reaching behind him he drew forward a little ebony morsel, who had stood unperceived till now, — "his mammy done sont him ter school. She wan' him ter larn his A B C's, an' sich, an' I done tole her I 'd fotch him 'long, an' 'tend ter it, dat nobody don't say nuffin ter him; and," addressing himself to the school, "ef any ob yer goes ter foolin' wid dis yer chile I 'se mash yer mouf, so now yer knows." And,

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slamming the door after him, he repeated from the porch the announcement that "Babylon was falling," and he was "going to occupy the land."

"Who is that boy?" I asked.

A dozen awe-struck voices replied, "Dat Nick Pinn, lib down in de holler." And one continued, "De sojers ca's him 'Ole Nick.' Dunno what dey does dat ar fer, kase he ain't so ole. He on'y leben, goin' on twel'."

So began my acquaintance with "Old Nick." He came every day with his little four-year-old charge, who seemed to have found the one soft spot in his heart. Carefully, even tenderly, Nick watched over *him*, but among the other children he was a most outrageous torment and tyrant. During school-hours he hung round the building, cutting all sorts of capers, and varying his rehearsals of the fall of Babylon by imitations of different animals, and an occasional whoop after the Indian method, greatly to our disturbance and annoyance. But the noon recess was his "hour of triumph." He frightened the little ones almost out of their senses by threatening to "cut dar toes off an' feed 'em ter de hogs." He chased the girls, and snatched away their lunch. He made the boys fight with him. Never a day passed but half a dozen or more came in with torn clothes and scratched faces and hands, the results of an encounter with "Old Nick." Once I tried to have him locked up in the guard-house, but he discovered my intention and was missing for a while, and on his return retaliated by behaving worse than before. The children were afraid to come to school, and I was literally at my wits' end. It really seemed as if this boy would compel us to give up the school.

So matters stood, when I was startled from my sleep one morning by a loud and continuous knocking at my door. Opening it, I was nearly overturned by "the Great Western" (so we called Missouri, our colored girl), who precipitated herself into the room, exclaiming, "Laws, missus, whateber is we gwine do? De Lord knows we hain't ben a-doin' nuffin, an' now heah de proffy-narshal" (provost-marshal) "done sont af'er us, an' we all gwine be locked up. O missus, what is we gwine do?" And she pranced up and down the room, wringing her hands and screaming.

"Do be quiet, Missouri," I said, "and tell me what's the matter. Whatever it is, it won't make it any better to scream in this way and rouse the neighborhood."

"Laws, missus, I dunno what de matter am, but dar's a sojer-man down at de do', say de proffy-narshal done sont fer yer, an' yer's got ter go right off dis minit. Whateber is he gwine do wid yer?"

"You go down stairs and ask the man to wait a few moments, and I will see him."

Making about the most hurried toilet that I was ever guilty of, I went down stairs, and confronted the provost-marshal's orderly. He was sorry to disturb me so early, he said; but there had been a grand row at one of the colored night-schools, the evening previous, and a boy who gave the name of Nick Pinn (I knew that was coming) had seriously injured another boy by striking him on the head with an axe. When brought up for exami-

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nation, he said that I knew all about him, and the provost-marshal would be compelled to ask me to step down to his office.

I said I would surely go, and begged him not to wait, for I did n't much like the idea of walking through the streets "under guard." Eating a hasty breakfast, seasoned with the lamentations of "the Great Western," I made my way to the "proffy-narshal's" office.

Nick looked rather subdued when he was brought in, and gave me a glance, half defiant, half appealing, as if he wanted to ask me to speak for him, but was afraid it would be too great a compromise of his dignity. The boy whom he had assaulted was there, with his head tied up. On removing the bandage, an ugly cut, that barely missed being a fatal one, was visible just over the temple. The evidence was conclusive. I was called upon to testify as to Nick's character, (to think of his referring to me for that!) but what I could say did not help him much. When asked what he had to say for himself, he only replied, sullenly, "He done sass me fus, an' I does n't take sass fum nobody."

"Well," said the provost-marshal, "you won't be likely to give or take any for some time, for I 'm going to send you to the guard-house for thirty days."

A wild look, like that of a hunted deer, came into Nick's eyes, and he turned to me with a gesture of appeal. Accustomed to living out of doors, as free as a bird or a squirrel, the prospect before him was undoubtedly very terrible. Notwithstanding all the trouble he had made for me, I really felt sorry for him when he was led away by the guard.

The days passed so peacefully in my little kingdom that I had almost forgotten Nick and the probability of his return at no distant period. But one morning the familiar "Babylon is falling" fell upon my ear; the four-year-old, who had not been to school since his protector's incarceration, walked in; and, glancing out of the window, I beheld Nick, astride of the topmost limb of a tree, regarding me with an expression that seemed to say, "You might have helped me out of that scrape if you would, and now I 'm here I 'll pay you up." And he did. During the next three or four weeks my life was literally "a burden" to me on account of "dat ar Old Nick."

One morning he came into the school-room so completely transformed that at first I did not recognize him. He had on quite a decent suit of clothes, which he said "a white lady done gib him." I doubted it, and learned afterwards that he stole them from a second-hand clothing-store. The old slouch-hat with its decorations was replaced by a new, clean cap; and I was astonished to see what a really good-looking boy Nick was, when dressed "like folks."

But he looked altogether too good and too innocent for ordinary, every-day life, and I was prepared for some startling development, but not for the announcement that he *was coming to school.* He must have read my utter discomfiture in my face, for he laughed quietly to himself, and took a seat with a monarch-of-all-he-surveyed air that was anything but encouraging.

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I kept one eye on him, and used the other as best I could. They were in the habit of working together, and did not take kindly to the separation. The children looked with a scared, uneasy expression, as a flock of sheep might at a wolf that had broken into their fold.

For a while he was so quiet that I restored the eye I had kept for him to the society of its mate. But at length a half-smothered exclamation from the children, with a crescendo howl from one voice, made me turn quickly; and I beheld Nick, with doubled fists, approaching a boy. I interposed.

"What is the matter? What has this boy done to you?"

"Done cuss me."

"That is impossible," I said. "He has not spoken. He could not have done so without my hearing him."

"Nebber said he done said nuffin. He cussin wid his eyes."

This seemed so complicated an operation that I did not feel competent to pronounce upon the merits of the case. I invited Nick to a seat at my table, with his back to the school, and supplied him with a book, whose pictures would, I hoped, have a soothing influence. For about half an hour there was a calm; then, the book offering no further entertainment, Nick turned his attention to the school once more. An A B C class was standing before the chart. He came and stood behind it and listened attentively, following with his keen, bright eyes every movement of the pointer. But after a few moments the look of interest faded from his face, and he exclaimed impatiently, "Do'n' wan' ter larn dat ar. Do'n' car' nuffin 'bout it. Wan' ter larn 'bout dem," pointing to the maps, "an' de places what de sojers tells 'bout, whar dey done come fum." And with a slam of the door that made every window rattle he departed, and by the aid of a luxuriant honeysuckle climbed to the top of the porch, from which elevation, a moment after, his "voice fell," though not exactly "like a falling star," informing us that "Babylon was falling," and he was "going to occupy the land."

I do not believe that many of our young folks know this song or its origin, so I will write it out for them. It was first heard among the colored soldiers during the war, but was quickly caught up by the colored people everywhere, and for several years was their favorite song.

"O, don't yer see de black cloud risin' ober yonder,
Down whar massa's ole plantation am?
O, no, yer is mistaken, it is but de darkies,
Come to jine an' fight for Uncle Sam.

CHORUS. Look out dar now, fer I 'se a-goin' ter shoot,
Look out dar, don't yer un'erstan'?
Fer don't yer know dat Babylon 's a fallin', Babylon 's a fallin',
An' we 'se a-goin' ter occerpy de lan'.

"O, don't yer see de lightnin' flashin' froo de cane-brake!
Looks like we 'se goin' ter hab a storm.
O, no, yer is mistaken, it is but de bay'nets,
An' de buttons on de uniform.

CHORUS. Look out dar now, etc.

"Massa wor a colonel in de Rebel army
Eber sence he ben an' runned away;

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But de Union sojers, dey 's a ben a-watchin',
An' dey tuk him pris'ner t'oder day.
CHORUS. Look out dar now, etc.

"*We* will be de *massa*, *he* will be de *servant*,
Try him how we like him fer a spell.
So we crack de butternut, so we eat de kernel,
So de cannon carry off de shell.
CHORUS. Look out dar now, etc."

I was surprised during recess by a request from Nick, in a wonderfully amiable tone of voice, that I would "please, ma'am, let him come in jes' a minit, ter ax me suffin."

I admitted him, and was still more surprised at his first question: "Whar Ne' 'Ork at?" I explained, as well as I could, the situation of New York. "How long it take to git dar?"

"A night and a day. We go on board the boat here in the afternoon, and sail all night, and when we wake up in the morning we are at Baltimore. Then we take the cars and ride all day, and get to New York in the evening."

"Specs dey won't let yer go in dem ar widout payin'."

"No, you have to pay your fare, of course. But what makes you want to know so much about New York?"

"Heern de sojers talkin' 'bout it, — dat it wor sich a big place, wid a heap o' shows in it; an' I t'ought, ef 't warn't too far, I 'd trabel up dat ar way. Specs I can't go dar now."

"No, you will have to wait until you are older, and have earned some money. Why don't you go to work now, and make a beginning? Many boys of your age make a great deal of money."

This idea did not seem to impress Nick favorably, and he brought the interview to a close by making an unceremonious exit through the window.

For two days I heard nothing of Nick. But his little charge was sick, and I concluded that, having nothing particular to draw him in this direction, he was lifting up the light of his countenance upon some other locality, and felt no inclination to mourn in consequence. I was about dismissing school on the second day, when, without the ceremony of knocking, a woman in the wildest state of excitement rushed into the room. Unable to speak, she stood a few moments panting and shaking her fist at me, then, recovering her breath, shrieked out, "Whar my chile at? Whar yer done sont my chile?"

"What do you mean?" I asked. "I don't know anything about your child."

"An' yer stan' dar an' tell me dat! Aṅ' all dem chillens done heern yer tellin' Nick de way ter go up Norf, an' yer done sont him! An' I 'se git de law an' make yer gib me back my chile."

It was of no use to try and reason with the infuriated woman, so I let her go. Tucking her bonnet under her arm, and throwing her shawl over one shoulder with the ends trailing on the ground, she tore up the road, shouting that she was "gwine right off ter Cong'ess an' Mass Linkum an' fin' ef free folks' chillens wor ter be stoled away fum 'em, jes like dey wor slabes."

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I went down to head-quarters and told the provost-marshal of the charge of kidnapping that had been brought against me. "Yes," said he, "she has just been here, going on like mad. She wanted me to have you 'tuk up' at once. The boy has undoubtedly run away, and will probably turn up in a day or two, all right. I don't think you need give yourself any uneasiness."

The next day — the third after Nick's disappearance — I received a letter addressed in a strange hand, and postmarked "New York." Wondering, I opened it, and my wonder was in no degree lessened at finding it dated "Police Head-quarters, New York City." It was written by the Chief of Police of New York, who said that a boy, giving the name of Nick Pinn, had been found wandering in the streets the night previous by a colored man, to whom he told a pitiful story of having been enticed away from home and then deserted at the depot in Jersey City. I could imagine just how good and innocent Nick looked while telling that. The man was on his way to a meeting at one of the colored churches, and, taking Nick with him, he repeated his story to the congregation. In five minutes the amount necessary to carry him back was subscribed. But it was decided to take him first to the police head-quarters and have some inquiries made; and if it proved that his parents were unable to pay his expenses back, the sum raised should be used for that purpose. On being questioned he gave my name, saying that I knew all about him. Hence my letter from "Police Head-quarters."

I wrote back that his mother was in great distress at his disappearance; that she was quite unable to pay anything towards bringing him home, and would be very grateful to any one who would be kind enough to send him.

In due time after the writing of this letter Nick returned, and came to see me, not in the least abashed, but with quite the air of a travelled gentleman. I had never felt more curiosity about anything than I felt now as to the means by which this boy, who had never before been five miles away from his home, and who had never seen a train of cars, — for no railroad ran through or near the place, the only access was by boat, — had been able to get safely to New York, making the necessary changes on the road. So I said at once, "Now, Nick, tell me all about your going to New York, — what you did, and what you saw, and everything that happened to you."

It never required much urging to make Nick talk, and he started off immediately. "Yer 'members de day I axed yer 'bout goin' ter Ne' 'Ork, an' yer telled me ter go on de boat fus?" I had good reason to remember it, I thought. "Af'er I tuk de chile home, I wen' right down ter de lan'in'. De boat wor dar, an' dey wor pilin' up a right smart heap o' bar'ls on it. I wen' on an' got 'mong de bar'ls. Nobody did n't see me, an' dar warn't no pusson comed dar all de night. In de mornin' de boat stop, an' bimeby dey sot ter movin' de bar'ls. Den I comed out an' slip along easy so dey did n't tuk no notice, an' I wen' on de lan', an' inter a big house whar dar wor a lot o' people goin'. Down ter de eend dar wor a big gate an' a little gate, an' t'oder side o' de gates dar wor a hull lot o' dem little housens on wheels, wid a big stove ter de front, an' de smoke wor comin' outen de stove right

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smart. De little gate wor open, an' folks goin' froo, an' I sot ter go 'long wid 'em. But dey all hed keerds dat dey showed ter a man stan'in' dar, an' when I did n't hab no keerd he kotch me by de arm an' done tole me ter clar out! De big gate wor shut, but it did n't come jam down ter de groun', an' I jes' roll froo un'erneaf; tored my cloe's doin' it. Den I walk 'long an' look in de winders ob de housens. Dey hed red benches, an' lookin'-glasses on de walls, an' picters on de ceilin' raal cur'ous. Bimeby I comed ter one house down by de stove. Dar warn't no winder in it, but I clumb up de steps an' look in de do', an' 't wor all full o' boxes an' sich, an' I step in an' git down in a little place atween two boxes. Bimeby somebody come an' lock de do', an' in a minit dar wor de awfullest screechin' an' noise, an' I feeled de house a movin'."

I asked if he did not feel frightened then.

"Warn't zackly skeered, but I feeled awful sick. Af'er a while a man comed in an' sot ter movin' de boxes, an' den he seen me. He wor awful mad, say he gwine frow me off. But bimeby he laff an' did n't say nuffin no mo'. We kep' a-goin' mos' all day, den we done stopped, an' some men come an' tuk de boxes outen de house. I got out den, an' wen' 'long wid de res' o' de folks. Dey all wen' on a boat, an' I done wen' too, an' we sail 'cross de ribber. Dat wor raal nice. Eberywhere dar warn't nuffin but boats. Nebber seed sich a sight."

I could imagine how the view of New York Bay, with its forest of shipping, would impress one who had never seen more than half a dozen boats together before.

His account of himself after reaching New York was somewhat confused. He seemed to have been so frightened and bewildered by the noise and the crowd that he made no attempt to leave the wharf until after sunset, when the streets were somewhat more quiet. Then he must have wandered up to Broadway, for he described several of the buildings, and became really eloquent, in his fashion, over the beautiful monument of General Warren in St. Paul's Churchyard, and the exquisite arrangement of flowers around it, an evidence of good taste which surprised no less than it pleased me. He made proffers of friendship to some newsboys, but they "sassed" him; and too tired to resent it in his usual fashion, he went on alone. Two or three times he lay down on a doorstep, but was always roused by a "sojer, dey call 'em p'leecemans up dar," who "done tole him to 'go on.' But," said Nick, "I did n't hab no place ter go, an' I wor stan'in' an' lookin' roun', an' a man done spoke ter me, an' ax me if I wor los'. I done tole him 'yes,' kase I wor feared dat ef I done tole him I runned away he mought luff me dar, an' I wor so awful tired an' hongry." Miserable indeed that poor little waif must have felt and looked, adrift in the streets of New York. This man took him first to the colored church, then home with him, showed him a "right smart o' places"; and when my letter decided his return, the same kind friend went with him to the depot and gave him in charge of the baggage-master, who promised to put him safely on board the boat at Baltimore.

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This proved altogether a wholesome experience for Nick. He had learned that there were people in the world whom he could not "sass," and places where he could not do just as he chose, and this knowledge had a very subduing effect upon him.

Shortly after his return, I was met on my way to school one morning by a flock of children, who spoke as with one voice, "Nick gwine off wid de sojers. His mammy done said he might, an' dey done dress him in sojer clo'es an' gib him a drum. Dey jes a startin' fum de camp now." So Nick was to be a drummer-boy. I really could not tell whether I was glad or sorry to have him go. The regiment was moving down the road as we reached the school-house, and we stood to see it pass. Yes, there was Nick, with his uniform and drum. The children cheered, and I waved my handkerchief to him. He smiled at us, and, raising his hand to his cap, gave me a military salute. The band-master raised his baton, the band struck up "Dixie," and proudly beating his drum in accompaniment "Old Nick" marched away.

Elizabeth Kilham.

A FALSE ALARM.

AS a Rose-Bug sat on a rose-colored mat,
With rose-colored hangings around her,
In the innermost room of a blush-rose's bloom,
Where some folks would n't have found her,
Scalloping curtains to suit her taste,
Under a sky-light, rocking, —
These words, in a dear little voice at her ear,
Were to her inexpressibly shocking: —

"Lady-Bird, Lady-Bird, fly away home,
Your house is on fire, your children will burn."

It is needless to say that she went home straightway,
And found them as well as they could be:
She just took a peep, — they were all fast asleep,
Though she could n't tell how long they would be.
She turned back to her rose, and her blood nearly froze, —
There the bush was, — no blossom upon it;
And her sky-lighted hall, scalloped curtains and all,
Going off on a little girl's bonnet!

Lady-Bird, Lady-Bird, fly away home,
And think of the hundreds of roses to come.

C. M. Woodward.

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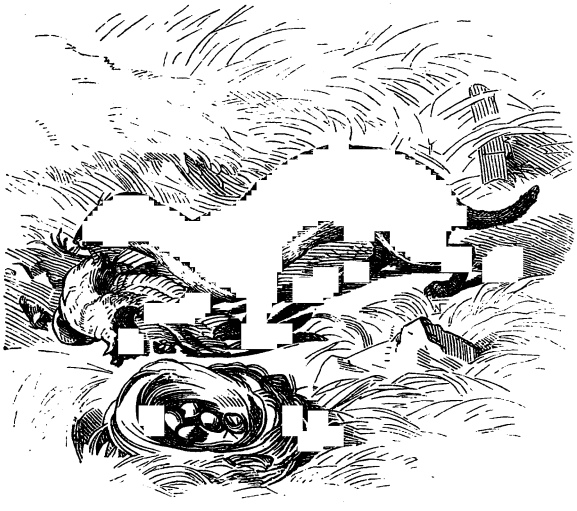
ABOUT WEASELS.



"SPRY as a weasel" is a very common phrase; and yet I know of no family of animals concerning which it is so nearly impossible to get anything like accurate information from our natural histories.

The genus *Mustela*, or, in straight English, the weasels, includes, — as every one knows, — besides the common weasel and the fisher, the ermine, the marten, and the sable. But if anybody can distinguish these last three apart, from the printed descriptions, they will do better than the writer of this sketch, who has often tried and as often got muddled. What one naturalist affirms another disputes, till a mere amateur might well lose confidence in them all.

During the last four or five years, I have had personal dealings — by way of traps — with five members of this family; and I hope our boy readers will pardon what seems to me a very natural desire to say a few words about them, which I shall try to render plain and reliable.

The five to which I allude were the mink, the fisher, the stoat (ermine), the marten, and the common weasel. These five are common in this State (Maine) and in northern America generally. They may be termed the American branch of the family, though found in the Old World as well. But the sable, properly speaking, is never found in America. Old hunters sometimes speak of trapping "saple," but they mean the pine marten, which they by mistake confound with the Siberian sable, — an animal which differs from our marten considerably in its looks and very much in the quality of its fur, the ears and nose of the sable being much the longer. And its costly fur, which I may briefly describe, consists of a downy wool next to

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the hide, through which grows a dense coat of short hair. Then, above both of these, there rises a third coat of longer hair. This last will lie in any direction you may stroke it, backward or forward. The value of the skin depends on this outside coat, according as it is abundant, black, and glossy.

I find the American *Mustelidæ*, as taken in our traps, to range in size as follows: first and smallest, the brown weasel; next, and about twice as large, the ermine; then the mink; then the pine marten; and, largest of all, the fisher or fisher-cat, — this last often growing from three to four feet in length, and being withal a very fierce, not to say dangerous, animal, more than a match for a hound. These all have long, slender bodies, leap when they run, and are alike wonderful for their courage, agility, and grit. Indeed, I have often wondered that "sportsmen" have never pitted them in matched fights, since they are the most obstinate fighters in nature.

The little brown weasel is the smallest, and perhaps the most warlike, of them all. Go out to where some noisy, fishy-smelling brook tumbles among great, mossy stones, shaded by dense hemlocks, and you will very likely see one darting and peeping about. Don't be afraid of scaring him; he won't run for you; will stay about those stones as long as he pleases in spite of you. Do your best to knock him over, and see how easily he will dodge your blows. But look out; the little fellow may get mad after a while. If he does, he will begin to scold, — a sharp, intense sound quickly repeated. And the more you strike at him the closer he will contrive to get to you, darting and daring up nearer and nearer, till, if you exasperate him too much, he may make a leap for your windpipe, quick as a wink.

The body of the brown weasel will be found to measure about eight inches in length. The legs are quite short, the neck long, the ears large and open, the eyes small but bright, and set in the head nearer the nose than the ears. In summer, the color is brown along the back and white under the limbs. In winter, it is white over every part of the body and limbs, with the exception of the tip of the tail, which is always black for half or three fourths of an inch. Draw out the tail and one of the hind legs straight; they will be found to be of exactly the same length.

From what I have observed, I do not think the weasel an animal that ranges very much, not more than the striped squirrel, at least. It has its home or nest in piles of loose, dry stones, ricks of wood and chips, particularly in heaps of dry rubbish near streams, brought by freshets and lodged against stumps or in hollows, sometimes in hollow trees and prostrate limbs. It makes a very cosey little nest for its young, of which it sometimes produces as many as fifteen in a single season, — three litters of five each. I never found less than four in a nest; generally, there are five. Circumstances may restrict the number of litters to two, or even one. Three, however, seems to be the usual number.

No bear or cougar ever defends its whelps with one half the courage shown by this little creature when any one comes upon its nest. I have often been obliged to back hastily off to avoid a bite on the leg, or a smart

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chance of being throttled. A person not acquainted with weasel grit would laugh at this. But, really, I had far rather take my chance in a fair fight with a bear than with three weasels, little as they are.

Some years ago, while fishing in company with a boy friend along the bank of a large brook, we accidentally stumbled on the burrows of several weasels. The first we saw of them, they were dodging and darting about us, making their low, scolding noise. There were four of them, but whether two pairs had their nests in the same place or not, I cannot state. We began to strike at them with our fish-poles to drive them off; but the more we struck the more they would n't go away; till, the conflict waxing hot, they would actually jump up three and four feet against our jackets in their attempts to get to our throats. We were obliged to run; and the resolute little warriors chased us for some rods.

A neighbor also tells me that, going along beside one of his "double walls" one morning, he happened to espy three weasels coming toward him on the wall (returning to their burrow from some nocturnal foray, probably). He knew their temper, and, thinking to have some fun, ran back to where the double wall narrowed into a "single wall," and as they came along tried to stop them with his goad-stick. He succeeded in keeping them back for a number of minutes. But erelong "they got so mad," as he said, and came at him so hot, that he was glad to stand back and let them pass.

And I have heard the story of a little girl who, in going to school, had to cross a pasture. One night she failed to come home at the usual time, and, after waiting awhile, her mother started out to meet her. Half-way across the pasture she came upon her child, — dead; gnawed and lacerated in the most shocking manner, while about her swarmed more than a score of weasels. Do you suppose they had observed the child passing day by day, and deliberately banded together to attack her?

Weasels live principally upon mice, — the red-backed mouse, the hamster mouse, and the common house mouse; also the brown rat. They will eat birds'-eggs, and often rob the nests of those building in the highest trees. Not unfrequently they surprise the birds themselves. Unless pressed by hunger, they rarely eat the flesh of their victims, but content themselves with the blood, which they suck instantly upon killing, and the brain, which they gnaw through the skull to get.

The enemies of the weasel are chiefly the hawk and the owl, — that stoop, and, clutching them in their talons, squeeze the life out of them without giving them the opportunity of using their sharp teeth. Unless seized firmly, they will soon bring down their captor by tearing and biting into its vitals from under its wing. Now and then one is snapped up by some passing fox; Reynard lays all tribes under contribution. Occasionally, too, a raccoon may pick off one; which recalls to mind a little rencontre I once saw between a raccoon and a weasel.

It was a dark and cloudy day in September. A raccoon would scarcely be travelling on a bright day. I had gone out into the woods to shoot gray squirrels, and was standing at the root of a tall rock-maple, looking up

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into the top after one that was hiding there, when a great rustling of the fallen leaves and snapping of twigs caught my ear. It seemed to be in the undergrowth which skirted the stream below, and, as I looked, a large raccoon burst out in sight, running almost directly toward me. As he ran, he kept pouncing and grabbing at something which I soon perceived to be a weasel.

A great beech-stub was standing near. The weasel, dodging and doubling, made for the stub, and, coming to the root, whipped into a hole out of sight. I cautiously raised my gun to secure the raccoon, which, wholly unconscious of my presence, was clawing at the hole; but ere I could raise the hammer the weasel popped its head out of another hole three or four feet higher up, then dropped upon the nape of the raccoon's neck. I heard its sharp teeth grit as with a low snarl the raccoon darted back, snapping in vain at his wily little adversary that bit at the roots of his skull. Their evolutions had placed the trunk of another tree between us. I stepped out, when the raccoon, catching sight of me, scuttled away among the bushes, the weasel still clinging to him. I went to the stub, and, tearing away the punky wood at the butt, uncovered, as I expected, a nest of young weasels. But before I had fairly looked them over, a slight rustle from behind warned me to step aside. The brave little mother had returned, unscathed, to her tiny family, ready to do battle again in their defence.

In the spring, when changing from white to brown, or late in the fall, when again turning white, the color of the weasel is often very prettily mottled; and a very apt way of showing these changes is to stuff three specimens, — a white one, a brown, and a variegated. Ranged side by side, they illustrate the subject better than any description can.

Now and then a weasel will voluntarily leave the woods and come to the outstanding barns after the mice. Sometimes it will even enter the farm-house. It is a wonderful mouser; far more expert than a cat, it will rid a house of mice and rats in an incredibly short time, — also of the chickens, ducklings, pet canary, etc. No chink or knot-hole seems too small for it to penetrate, and it will go up a smoothly plastered wall like a fly. It used to be a common thing, when a farm-house was overrun with mice, to catch a weasel and turn him loose in the chambers. For the next day or two there would be a dreadful massacre of the vermin. Sometimes, where there were rats, it would be impossible to sleep, for their dying squeals.

If any of the boys desire to witness some of these encounters, they can catch a weasel and turn him into a tight, unused room; then entrap mice and rats, and turn them in. The writer, with several other boys, tried some experiments of the kind a few years ago. We found that a chipmunk or a red squirrel was no match for our weasel. With a large rat there was sure to be a pretty sharp fight. But our best match was made with a large gray squirrel. The affray lasted some minutes. In every case, though, the weasel was the victor, and only yielded up its life at last to a big Thomas-cat that was let in to clear the arena.

C. A. Stephens.

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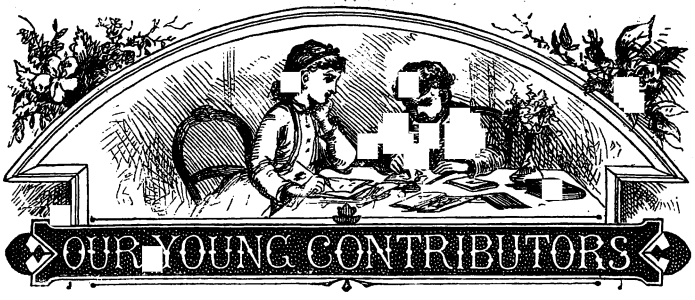

THE MYSTERIOUS GORILLA.

IT was the Tuesday before Ash Wednesday, and consequently the last day of the Carnival. Tom Jones and myself, who were at that time living in Florence, had determined to have "a grand spread" on this occasion, and we had, accordingly, bought a couple of masquerading suits, and laid in a large stock of bouquets, oranges, and small comfits, — the use whereof will more particularly and at large appear in the course of the narrative. We had also written up to our mutual friend, Jack Hill, asking him to be of the party ; but had been greatly disappointed on receiving a letter from that worthy, telling us that his "governor had got rambunxious," and would n't let him come.

Punctually at three o'clock the carriage we had hired drove up to the Jones's house, which was our place of rendezvous. Tom and myself got in and drove off amid the delighted yells of a parcel of street-rowdies. We were rather a queer-looking couple, that 's a fact ; for Tom was got up in the semblance of an immense rooster, — looking as like one, perhaps, as it is possible for a human being to do, although the effect was somewhat spoiled when he sat down, — while I (who had lately been reading "The Last of the Mohicans") was disguised as an Indian chieftain.

By our directions, the coachman drove us to the Corso. The Corso is a certain number of streets, forming a complete circuit, through which it is the custom for the carriages to drive in single file. There are two lines of carriages, one going round the circuit in one direction, and the other in the contrary. By this arrangement everybody has a chance of seeing and of being seen. Comparatively few of the occupants of these carriages are maskers, however, the great fun of the day consisting in the mimic battle which is kept up between acquaintances in the opposite lines whenever they happen to pass each other. The bouquets, of course, are reserved to throw at the ladies, but the gentlemen interchange missiles of a less innocent character. Favorite among these are sugar-plums, either large single ones, or else handfuls of the smallest sort. Oranges, also, are occasionally thrown, and in some of the narrower streets, when the two lines approach close enough, sacks of flour are emptied over the shoulders of the unsuspecting. Everything is taken in the utmost good-nature ; no unseemly brawls disturb the order of the day, and, best of all, a drunken man is never seen on the Corso, or in the streets, — for perfect sobriety is the great virtue of the Italians. For nearly an hour we drove about the Corso without meeting with any remarkable adventure ; and how we were employed during that time may be guessed at from the fact that, while our stock of bouquets was completely exhausted, our comfits and oranges were as yet almost untouched.

A sudden exclamation from Tom drew my attention to an open carriage in the opposite line, which was coming rapidly towards us, and within which was an indi-

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vidual disguised as a monstrous gorilla. He wore a pair of green goggles over his eyes, and, to make him ten times more ridiculous, an immense hat was on his head, fully three feet high, with a brim about two feet broad. This absurd monstrosity appeared to be on the lookout for somebody, and, judging from his actions, that somebody was ourselves; for as soon as he caught sight of us, he stood up in the carriage, clutched a bag of flour beside him, and, as he passed, emptied a blinding cloud full into our faces. We gasped and sputtered under the infliction in a most pitiable manner, for the confounded stuff had got into our eyes, ears, and mouths, and even down our backs. To add to our mortification, we found we were objects of mirth to the whole Corso, and the occupants of carriage after carriage, as they passed us, pointed us out to each other, and shouted with laughter. We were, indeed, a most ludicrous spectacle, being covered with flour from head to foot; and, although a white rooster may not be out of the ordinary course of nature, a white Indian is certainly a phenomenon.

The next time the gorilla crossed us, we were made aware of the fact by a couple of well-aimed oranges, one of which carried off Tom's beak, while the other played sad havoc with my head-dress of feathers. The gorilla was a singularly swift and straight thrower, so that every shot told, while his thick masquerading suit enabled him to treat all our puny attempts at retaliation with the loftiest contempt. After our sixth encounter with him, when for the sixth time we had come out second best, Tom suggested to me that perhaps we'd better go home and change our clothes; and we accordingly gave directions to the coachman to turn out of the Corso.

We had gone about a block or two, and were congratulating ourselves upon having given our mysterious opponent the slip, when we suddenly heard the rattling of a carriage behind us, and an orange came thump against the front part of the carriage, and, bursting, discharged its juice all over the seat. Tom jumped up and turned round. "Great Jehoshaphat! the gorilla!"

"Here," I cried excitedly, "take an orange! Pelt him! pelt him!" And, suiting the action to the word, I threw one at him with all my strength. The gorilla coolly waited till the orange reached him, caught it in his extended paws, then hurled it back. There was no catching *his* missiles, and down we dodged behind the back of the coach, — just in the nick of time, too, for the orange went whistling over our heads, and struck the back of the coachman. Jehu uttered a startled yell, and lashed his steeds to a gallop. Our pursuer did the same, and in this fashion we went thundering along the streets, the inhabitants of the neighboring houses all crowding to the windows to see us pass.

When we reined up before the door of the Jones's house, the gorilla swept past us, and, as he did so, emptied the contents of another sack of flour over our heads. Then he darted round a corner, and the last we saw of him he was waving his immense hat at us, in what was doubtless intended to be a most graceful manner.

There was no need of ringing the door-bell, as the commotion had drawn all the servants to the front steps, where they now stood, grinning from ear to ear with delight. We paid the coachman his fare, and, having bade him return for us at about eight o'clock, went up stairs to Tom's bedroom, where we changed our masquerading suits for every-day clothes, and washed off all the traces of the fray.

At the tea-table, that night, we endeavored to solve the mystery of our unknown assailant. Who could it be? We ran over the list of our acquaintances, but in vain. Was it Tom Smith? No, it was too tall for Tom. Johnny Brown? No, it was too short for him. Frank Robinson? Hardly; it was rather too slim for Frank.

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Harry Dickson? Well, it looked something like Harry's build, but then we all knew that Harry was a miserable thrower. The most startling conjecture of all was made by old Mr. Jones, who suggested that perhaps it was the man-cook, Oreste, whom the Joneses had turned off about a week previous for misbehavior, and who might have taken this opportunity of revenging himself. But then we objected that it was hardly likely that he would know us through our disguises.

After supper the carriage returned for us, and we were again driven off towards the Corso. The last night of the Carnival is known as the *moccoletto* night, when the fun consists in carrying round lighted tapers or *moccoletti*, — each person endeavoring to blow his neighbor's out and preserve his own. Tom and myself had duly provided ourselves with a *moccoletto* apiece. When we reached the Corso, the sight was truly beautiful. Along the whole length of the streets, as far as the eye could reach, nothing was to be seen but myriads of dancing lights, looking like a very galaxy of stars. These were not carried merely by the occupants of carriages, but every foot-passenger had one, and every window and every balcony was fairly ablaze with them. The streets rang again with peal upon peal of light-hearted merriment issuing from the throats of those overgrown children, the Italians. Shouts of "Death to him who has no *moccoletto!*" were heard in all directions, followed at last by the mournful cry, "*E morto il Carnivale!*" — "The Carnival is dead!" — and all was over.

"Boys," said Mr. Jones, when we had returned home that night, — and there was a queer twinkle in the corner of his eyes as he said it, — "somebody in the parlor wants to see you."

As we opened the door of the parlor, a tremendous yell greeted our ears, and, stepping into the room, we were face to face with our mysterious friend the gorilla. We drew back in dismay.

"Why, fellers," said a well-known voice, "don't you know me?"

"Jack Hill!" we both exclaimed in a breath.

In fact, it was no one else, as we were speedily convinced when, removing the mask which covered his face, he exposed to view the features of my fellow-countryman, now expanded into the very broadest of grins. Then *such* shouts of laughter as rose from all quarters of the room, as the young Joneses, — Tom's little brothers and sisters, — unable to contain themselves any longer, came streaming out from behind the curtains and under the sofas, where, it seems, they had hidden themselves to enjoy our surprise. I suppose I must have looked pretty sheepish just at that time, — I know Tom did.

"Look a' here, young man," I said, "you wrote to us that your daddy would n't let you come down."

"Well," said Jack, with the most refreshing frankness, "that was a lie. You see, when I got your letter, I determined to have some fun. So I came down on this morning's train, put up at the Hotel du Nord, went out to the masquerader's and bought these duds, and in the afternoon made my appearance in the Corso. I had n't any difficulty in singling you fellers out, for you may remember you sent me a long description of how you intended to be dressed. And I tell you what, I just did have fun, and that 's all about it!"

"By Jove!" remarked Tom, "it was n't much fun for us. I 'm sore all over. You can throw as straight and as swift as any fellow I ever met."

"Throw!" said Jack, "you bet I can! Why, you don't suppose when I was at home they made me catcher on the Conquering Hero B. B. C. for nothing, — do you?"

Wm. S. Walsh.

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PONY.

LAST summer was the happiest I have ever known. All my previous pleasures were forgotten in my joy at the gratification of my dearest wish. I became the proud and happy owner of a beautiful little horse.

Twice almost every day during last July and August he and I started off for two hours of happiness, — joyous hours spent in idling along shady wood-paths and lonely back roads, the summer stillness broken only by an occasional neigh from my little companion, answered by a plough-horse several fields distant, or by colts pasturing in the meadows.

Time flew almost unheeded as we wandered on, content with each other's society, until the lengthening shadows attracted my attention; then came a merry scamper homeward, weariness unthought of.

Spring is already here, and summer is fast approaching; then will the evenings be as cool and pleasant as formerly, the mornings as beautiful and still. The sun will shine as brightly, and its beams will fall as gently across our favorite paths, screened by their leafy walls. I may ride over the same roads again, but nevermore on Pony! Never again will his tiny hoofs, so fleet, so untiring, press the mossy turf, scarce leaving a trace behind.

A beautiful little horse, — strong, graceful, and spirited, with large, bright eyes, brimful of mischief; tiny, restless ears, a glossy, brown coat, a proudly arching neck, — I see him almost as plainly now as I did that lovely June morning when he and I met for the first time.

How pretty he was, as he pranced up the carriage-way in front of my summer home, looking curiously about him, and flatly refusing to "show off" before his new mistress! We soon became well acquainted, and then how many good times we had together!

My pony was no angel, although I loved him fondly, and considered even his faults virtues. For instance, he would bite other horses, shy at stones, jump at dogs, and kick, just for fun, when he felt extraordinarily "good."

His only serious fault was a habit he had of starting off whenever any one tried to mount him. It seemed impossible to break him of this trick. One day my father, who was holding him and helping me on, tired of his nonsense, boxed one of those saucy ears. In an instant, Pony's Southern blood was up, — he came from South Carolina, — and it took some time to calm him down, and soothe his injured pride. He was occasionally a little obstinate, and he also had a fashion of whirling around and retreating, if anything in the road looked very formidable.

I am happy to think that I very rarely whipped him; but every hard blow I ever gave him came back to my memory when the epizoötic robbed me of my brown-eyed darling.

He had almost recovered from his first attack, but he grew worse again, and on Christmas Eve, while I, in the country, was filling small stockings and preparing for Santa Claus, Pony died! When I returned to the city, I heard of his sudden relapse, his four days' illness, and his death!

All that is left to me now is a saddle, the girths *so* short; a bridle, so tiny, with one rosette rubbed off, just as its restless owner left it; my whip, so seldom needed; and a host of recollections sweet and bitter.

Although small, Pony was very strong. Until after his first illness I never knew

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him to be at all out of breath, and he once carried me twenty-five miles without a stop.

I cannot realize the truth yet. Only a short time ago I said, "Pony does — " then stopped with misty eyes, and a hard lump in my throat.

Every day I feel my loss more keenly; every day I come nearer breaking my resolution that I will not shed a single tear, even for him.

"*Shirley*," *age* 16.

ONE SATURDAY.

It was Saturday, October 12, 1872; and a most glorious day it was. John Williams, a city cousin of mine, was visiting me, and, it being a holiday, I proposed a nutting-excursion, which was immediately accepted by John as being the very thing for that gorgeous October weather. So about half past six we started, intending to take dinner with a friend of ours, Willard Grant, who resided on Chapline Hill, distant about six miles.

Six miles was but a pleasant jaunt for us, stopping every few minutes to gather nuts and sour-grass, or to drink from a clear, sparkling brook, or to lie on the green, mossy ground, and gaze through the golden and brown autumn leaves at the squirrels and 'possums, or at the patches of blue sky, darkened occasionally by a chicken-hawk or crow sailing noiselessly over.

But there was not time to make very lengthy stops, if we would reach Chapline Hill by twelve o'clock; so, after a little silent meditation, one or the other would jump up, look at his watch, and exclaim, "Pull out, old boy; no time to lose if we wish to get to Widdie's by dinner-time." Then we would rouse up and keep on, enjoying ourselves as we went, now rolling wheel-shaped stones down hillsides, and racing on levels. It was a pleasure to me to observe how much John enjoyed himself, being a city lad, and only very occasionally visiting the country. I little thought as I watched him, that within the hour, without the help of Willard Grant, one or perhaps both of us would have been lying mangled at the foot of a high precipice. The way it happened was this.

Chapline Hill is noted for its abrupt ravines; there was one of these between us and Mr. Grant's house; and around it the road made a large semicircle. We were standing apparently about the middle of one hillside, while the house was on the slope of an adjoining one, and between the two hills was the ravine. From our position, it appeared that one might run down one hill and up the other; but the slope upon which we were terminated, about half-waydown, in a steep precipice, which was invisible from the road on which we were approaching. John, being unaware of this, and catching sight of Willard chopping wood in the distance, started at full speed to run down and leap the brook at the bottom.

I shouted to him to stop; but he misunderstood me and kept on until too late, and the first thing he knew of danger was the sight of a yawning gulf scarce three feet from him. I heard a shout, and saw him fall, as I thought, over the precipice; but a swell in the ground hid the scene from my sight. The blood leaped with a great throb to my brain and almost paralyzed me; but, recovering slightly, and hastening down, I saw his head and shoulders above the edge, and his hands wildly clutching the weeds and grass. Quickly throwing myself down and catching his belt with one

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hand and a large weed with the other, and straining myself with all my might, I endeavored to pull him up. But, tug all I might, I could not move him, and I soon discovered that my hand was fast losing its grasp on the weed, and that I must either soon let go, or resolve to go down with him.

Thoughts of home and family and of my misdoings in life, which last seemed enormous, flashed over my mind; and my grasp on the weed was fast relaxing, when I heard a shout and footsteps, felt a hand grasp the belt beside mine, and saw John pulled steadily up to the level. Our deliverer was Willard; he had heard John's shout, and had come bounding to the rescue. In the exuberance of his joy, John could do nothing, at first, but hug him and then hug me. I tell you, after that I felt more kindly towards my friends and relations than ever before.

Harry T. Black, age 15.

WHEELING, W. VA.

SELF-FORGETFULNESS.

A GREAT musician, walking all alone
In a wide city, friendless and unknown,
Without a home that he could call his own,

Felt his heart sink in loneliness and care,
And turned his steps, for consolation, where
A church-spire rose against the calm blue air.

He touched the organ; low and deep and grand
The clear notes came from his familiar hand;
And in the gloom he saw a stranger stand,

Who listened: sweetly, softly, half afraid,
And then entreatingly, as though he prayed,
And then with strength, the sad musician played

Until one deep sound, like a great Amen,
Flooded the lonely church with triumph; then
The listening stranger went his way again.

And something deep in the musician's heart
Spoke: "Thou hast made another's gloom depart;
Therefore rejoice; to mourn is not thy part."

And, issuing from the dark and silent aisle,
The sunshine touched him like an angel's smile,
And in its joy his heart rejoiced the while.

And to himself the lone musician said:
"When by thy hand another's griefs are dead,
Then fear not for thyself; thy own have fled."

Nellie G. Cone.

HARLEM, N. Y.

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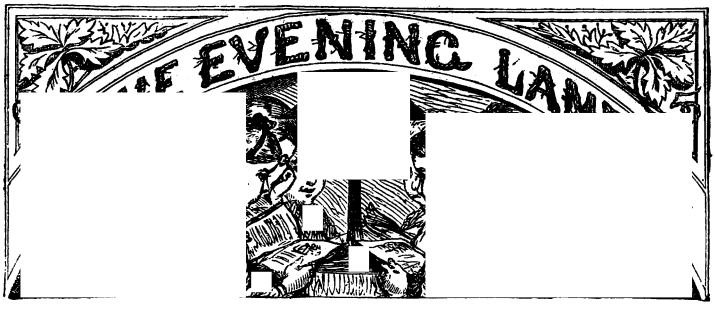


DIAMOND PUZZLE. — No. 102.

1. A consonant.
2. Aged.
3. Grain.
4. Owed.
5. A consonant.

Josie and Lillie.

CURIOUS COMPARISONS.

No. 103.

Positive.

I am a pronoun.

Comparative.

I am a space of time.

Superlative.

I am a ferment.

"*A. White.*"

METAGRAM. — No. 104.

First, I am a country in Asia. Change my head, and I am a country in Africa.

Josie and Lillie.

RIDDLE. — No. 105.

A woman's work and a heavy weight
Make the name of one who was good and great.

Percy.

WORD SQUARES. — No. 106.

1. A passage of water.
2. Ingenious.
3. Marks.
4. An incident.
5. Trials.

Hicks.

No. 107.

1. Kind of cattle.
2. A volcano.
3. Signifying before.
4. Abreviated word used in poetry.

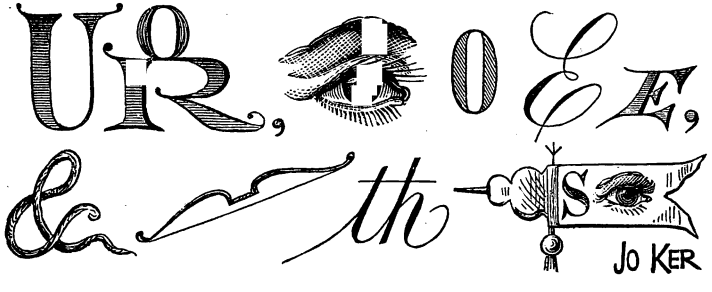
Pacific.

NAMES OF AUTHORS. — No. 108.

1. What an oyster heap is apt to be.
2. "Mamma is in perfect health, my child,"
   And thus he mentioned a post mild.
3. The value of words.
4. Meat, what are you doing?
5. A seven-footer.
6. A name that means such fiery things,
   I can't describe its pains and stings.
7. An animal, and what it can't do.

Helen W. Allen.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 109.



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GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.

No. 110.

METAGRAM. — No. 111.

Perfect, I am a mark;
Headless, I am a dish;
Tailless, I am a fragment
As small as you could wish.
Headless and tailless, I can run.
Headless again, I rend.
Transposed, in my perfect state
My aid at church I lend.

WORD SQUARE. — No. 112.

1. A citizen of an ancient empire.
2. A fruit.
3. Distances.
4. To turn aside.
5. Homes of birds.

"*The Happy Four.*"

DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

No. 113.

The two middle letters of each word read downwards will give two countries in the Eastern Hemisphere.

1. To deliver from danger.
2. A rural lover.
3. To extol.
4. A thin piece of wood.
5. A small insect.

"*Active.*"

PUZZLE. — No. 114.

What title is that which spells the same both backward and forward?

Ella M. N.

GEOGRAPHICAL HOURGLASS.

No. 115.

1. A city in Michigan.
2. A lake in North America.
3. A river in South America.
4. A river in Turkey.
5. A consonant.
6. A city in France.
7. A river in Scotland.
8. A city in Austria.
9. A city in Connecticut.

The central letters, read downwards, give a city in South America.

Beau K.

ENIGMA. — No. 116.

My *first* is in Jack, but not in Jerry;
My *second* in apple, but not in cherry;
My *third* in rake, but not in hoe;
My *fourth* in bread, but not in dough;
My *whole* is something nice and sweet
Which little children like to eat.

Edmund D. Howe, age 10.

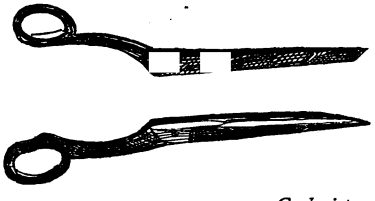
WORD SQUARE. — No. 117.

1. An undesirable tenement.
2. A rough character.
3. An early riser.
4. A distinguished writer.

Helene.

GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.

No. 118.



Geologist.

ANSWERS.

86. Cleopatra.
87. Tub, cub, hub, rub, bub.
88. Watch, catch, latch, match.
89.
B U B
I D A H O
B A B Y

90. "My cake is dough."
91. There's a divinity that shapes our ends. [(T hares) A (dive) (inn eye tee) (th hat) (ch ape s) (hour) (ends).]
92. Candidate.
93. Springfield.
94.
M O R E
O D O R
R O A R
E R R S

95.
G R A N T
R U P E E
A P T E R
N E E D S
T E R S E

96. Henry Clay.
97. A wise head (A Y Zed) on young shoulders.
98. 1. Gloves. 2. Hat. 3. Dress. 4. Sash. 5. Sack.
99. Owe very little in town.
100. Hammock.
101. A stitch in time saves nine.

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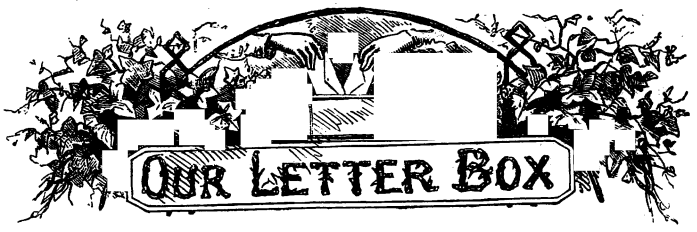

A CORRESPONDENT — herself a telegraph clerk — sends with this introduction the lines that follow: —

"I was much interested in the account of the telegraph given in a recent number. It occurred to me that some verses I wrote awhile ago, suggested by my own experience as an operator, might have some interest for your readers as illustrating the varied character of the messages which pass over a telegraph-wire. I believe those I have given are a fair sample, though I have had even sadder ones to send sometimes. A telegraph clerk sees much which appeals strongly to the sympathies, and comes (at least, according to my experience) to feel a strong interest in strangers. I know I am always affected by the character of the messages I send or receive. So I think I am justified in representing the operator as feeling such an interest.

"But I will not trespass upon your time and patience with a long letter. I cannot close, however, without expressing the admiration and interest felt by all in our family for your delightful magazine. We have had it from the first, and would not exchange it for *all* the publications of a similar character in America."

Here are the verses: —

THE TELEGRAPH CLERK.

Sitting here by the desk all day,
  Hearing the constant click
As the messages speed their way,
  And the call comes sharp and quick, —
What a varied tale they tell
  Of joy and hope and fear! —
The funeral knell and the marriage bell
  In the steady tick I hear.

"Mother is dying, come at once!"
  And the tears will almost start
For tender daughters and loving sons, —
  God pity each aching heart!
Ah, how the haunting memories press
  Back to the mind once more,
Of the mother's unfailing tenderness
  That is now forever o'er!

"I am well; will be home to-night."
  How some bright eyes will glow
All day long with a happy light
  As they watch the moments go!

"Have had no letters; is something wrong?"
  Some heart is sad to-day,
Counting the hours that seem so long
  For the sake of one away.

"Arthur Ross by accident killed.
  Tell his mother. Am coming home."
Alas for the home with such sorrow filled,
  When the bitter tidings come!
"Alice is better, gaining fast."
  And hearts that have been bowed
Under their weight of fear, at last
  Shall lose their weary load.

So over the wires the tidings speed,
  Bitter, and grave, and gay.
Some hearts shall beat and some shall bleed
  For the tale they have to say.
As I sit all day by my desk alone,
  I hear the stream go by,
And catch the wires' changeful tone
  With a smile and then a sigh.

GENEVIEVE H. COWLES.

Minnie Thomas. — It is *not* proper to say "the youngest daughter," when there are only two daughters. In that case the comparative form of the adjective, "the younger," should be used.

Your second question will be answered elsewhere.

Third question, "for my little cousin Arthur. He says, one day at school a boy broke one of the rules; but, on being questioned, all the boys denied it. One boy, Charlie G., knew who did it; and when the guilty one denied it, Charlie told the teacher, and the boys called him a telltale. Arthur wants to know if he did right. I think he did, don't you?"

That depends altogether upon his motive for telling; if it was the love of truth and a sense of duty, he did right; but if it was a mere love of talebearing, he did wrong. By the way, Minnie, please thank your cousin Arthur for the nice little letter he wrote and sent to us. We wished to print it, but could not find room.

Fourth question: "What has become of the Prairie Nymph?" As this question has been asked by several of our young readers, we feel constrained to answer (and we trust that we betray no secret in so doing) that "Theodora" has gone the way of Pearl Eytinge before her, and — got

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married. We hope that we have not lost her as a contributor, however.

C. B., Jr., inquires: "Why is it, if you take *any* number, double it, add thirty, take half, and subtract from this the number you had at first, the answer will be fifteen? Or, in other words, the answer will be half of the number added?"

Simply because when you double a number, take half of the sum, and then subtract the original number, that is, the other half, you have nothing left. Add a number before you divide, and half of this number will of course remain.

Helen W. Allen. — It must be through the negligence of your post-mistress that you have not hitherto paid twelve cents a year — the legal rate — for receiving "Our Young Folks" at your post-office.

Harry T. Black. — The instruments used in engraving woodcuts are gravers and gouges. The best wood for the purpose is box, although pear and apple may be used for the coarser kinds of work. We cannot tell why you did not succeed with your experiments at stereotyping. The fault was probably in the preparation of your plaster-of-Paris paste.

H. Everett Brown. — Coal (we suppose you mean anthracite or bituminous), although a vegetable product, is usually classed as a mineral.

Lulu H. Meredith. — Your cryptogram is ingenious, but quite too intricate to interest more than a very few of our readers.

G. W. C. drops into the "Letter Box" this item, which has an especial interest for girls: —

"Miss Emily Faithfull says that the great English watchmaker, Bennett, of Cheapside (late sheriff of London), has for years urged on public platforms the employment of women as watchmakers, but he has never ventured to take a practical step toward breaking down the barriers which exclude his countrywomen from this desirable occupation. Year after year he has sent thousands of pounds to Switzerland for work which he might have obtained from suffering Englishwomen, had he cared to put his convictions to the test. In the course of Miss Faithfull's inquiries respecting American industries, she has therefore been peculiarly interested in the development of the watch-making trade in its relation to women, and speaks in the highest terms of the way in which the National Watch Company Factory at Elgin is conducted. Three hundred women and girls are employed in it, tending the machines for cutting pinions, screws, and wheels, making hair-springs, setting jewels, etc., etc. A well-known supporter of women's rights told her not long since that she bought a watch at Geneva four years before her little girl was old enough to wear it, because she 'thought the opportunity too good to be lost.' Miss Faithfull thinks that American ladies should not lose the opportunity of giving a national product a well-deserved support, especially as the 'Lady Elgin watches' are such charming and perfect little time-keepers."

May 2, 1873.

EDITOR OF "OUR YOUNG FOLKS": —

I don't take your magazine, but my cousin does, and I think it splendid. I've been sick for the last two years, and the sight of "Our Young Folks" has always cheered me up. I am eleven years old. . . . . Could some girl near my age write to me? You can't imagine how tiresome it is to stay in the house all the time.

MOLLIE E. HENNESSY,
104 La Grange St., TOLEDO, OHIO.

Ellen F. W. and five others write that there is a dispute between them with regard to the correctness of the expressions "You was" and "They rode in a team"; and they wish to "have it left to the editors of 'Our Young Folks.'"

In our opinion, neither phrase is in accordance with the laws of English grammer. "You was" is sanctioned by some grammarians, and it is a very common expression, but it is incorrect, nevertheless, — *was* being the singular form of the verb, and *you* the plural form of the pronoun. True, the latter is used instead of the singular pronoun, but it is the plural form, notwithstanding, and should have the verb agree with it in person and number. *You* was first adopted in place of *thou* in addressing monarchs and superiors, and was afterwards introduced into deferential and polite society. The Germans and some other modern Europeans go still further, and substitute the third person plural, *they*, for the second person singular, in common speech; except in addressing familiar acquaintances and children, when *thou* is used in the singular and *you* in the plural. They do not say "They *was*," of course, but "They *were*." So we must say "You *were*," in speaking to a friend; for if we could say "You *was*" in the past tense, then with equal propriety we could say "You *is*" in the present.

A team is not a vehicle; but the animals harnessed to the vehicle are the team. One horse or one ox is not a team; two or more oxen yoked to haul the same load are an ox-team, and two or more horses harnessed together constitute a horse-team; but neither a vehicle nor a horse and vehicle can properly be called a "team." To say that you rode "in a team," when you simply rode in a vehicle, is therefore incorrect.

Mary D. Nanman. — The correct reading of the passage is, —

"All superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live";

and it occurs in Shakespeare's Richard II., Act III. Scene 4.

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NEW BOOKS. — "The Other Girls," by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, is a sort of sequel to "We Girls" and "Real Folks," and has the peculiar qualities which made those two previous books so popular with appreciative readers, — a quaintly charming style, shrewd observation of life and character, and an uncommon common-sense. In this last story we get interesting glimpses of old friends, and make many new acquaintances, whose futures are brought forward, through the great Boston Fire, to the present time.

A very remarkable book, and one we should wish to put into the hands of every boy and young man in America, is the "Memoir of a Brother," by Thomas Hughes, the popular author of "Tom Brown at Rugby." It is a nobly written biography of a noble youth and man, whose interesting story conveys a profound and wholesome lesson.

While speaking of new books, we must mention Mrs. Celia Thaxter's delightful reminiscences of life "Among the Isles of Shoals." It is not designed especially for the young, but is a book to charm all *good* readers of any age.

Our Young Contributors. — The following articles are accepted: "*Margie's Summer Days*," by C. E. M.; "*Willie the Soldier Boy*," by Jennie E. Webb; and "*Little Marie*," by L. L. S.

Honorable mention: "*Cracks in the Ceiling*," by Kate B.; "*Pretty Poll*," by Fanny; "*A Slave's Escape*," by May; "*A Day at the Cottage*," by Minnie E. S.; "*Spring Morning in the Woods*," by W. H. H.; "*Bertie*," by C. T.; "*May-Day at Hunter's Glen*," by Fred; "*The Sunbeam's Mission*," by A. H.; "*Our dear bad Children*," by M.; "*The Old Barn*," by E. A. de W.; "*Benny*," by Charlotte Daisy; "*How we watched the Wasps*," by Lillie A. Sanford (age 13); "*The Storm*," by John E. F.; "*Spring is Coming*," by Tulie (age 10); "*Grandma Stebbins*," by Lucy E. K (age 11); and "*The Butterfly's Story*," by Annie.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 19, 1873.

DEAR EDITORS: —

I find this in the "Harper's Bazar": — "A correspondent informs us that the oft-quoted line, 'Though lost to sight, to mem'ry dear,' originated with Ruthven Jenkyns, and was first published in the 'Greenwich Magazine for Marines,' in 1701 or 1702." The whole of the poem is there given as follows: —

"Sweetheart, good by! the flutt'ring sail
Is spread to waft me far from thee;
And soon before the fav'ring gale
My ship shall bound upon the sea.
Perchance, all desolate and forlorn,
These eyes shall miss thee many a year,
But unforgotten every charm, —
Though lost to sight, to mem'ry dear.

"Sweetheart, good by! one last embrace!
O cruel Fate! true souls to sever!
Yet in this heart's most sacred place
Thou, thou alone shalt dwell forever!
And still shall recollection trace
In Fancy's mirror, ever near,
Each smile, each tear, that form, that face, —
Though lost to sight, to mem'ry dear."

I noticed in the June "Letter Box" of "Our Young Folks" the statement that the authorship of the above-quoted line was unknown; and, seeing this in the "Bazar" almost simultaneously, I judged it would be of interest to you.

I have known you so long through "Our Young Folks," that I cannot help the feeling that I am talking with old friends. I owe you gratitude for beguiling many an hour of pain and weariness. For, although I am not a great invalid, yet for as many years as "Our Young Folks" is old I have never really known a well day, but much of real suffering; and, at my best, a few moments' indiscretion will shut me in my room for weeks. But I have many blessings too, — more than I can tell. And not the least among them is a lovely home, and the dearest and best friends a girl ever had, beside every want and wish supplied that money and love are able to meet.

But, dear me, I must stop, dear friends; and so, with a good-by,

I am yours most heartily,

ALICE J. K.

NEW YORK, May 19, 1873.

DEAR EDITORS: —

I have just received the June number. As usual I read the "Evening Lamp" and the "Letter Box" first. Zobe's kind attempt to puzzle my unfortunate brain has met the just reward of such a nefarious action. Here is my answer: "Meet me at the old red mill as the church clock strikes eleven. I will have ten well-armed men with a boat in readiness." After reading this, I am in doubt whether Zobe is a burglar, or only a pirate. However, I retaliate with the following, merely premising that the disorder of the words is only apparent; they are in reality systematically disarranged. Hence I shall require from Zobe not only the right answer, but also the theory thereof.

"Ends wicked yet and likes bad this he pirate Zobe to read that a hopes come to rejoices be straw men survives also to Jack."

I also thank "The Happy Four" for the ingenious rhyming answers to the May puzzles. But (we are nothing if not critical) the metres were rather lame. . . . . Allow me also to draw respectful attention to Enigma No. 86, in the June number. It has ten lines all rhyming together correctly and neatly. They are all metrically smooth, In rhyme and rhythm the enigma is perfect. Miss Alice Greene is to be congratulated upon having sent the neatest piece of verse I have

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seen in the "Letter Box" for some time, — since my own latest effusion, in fact!

Yours truly,
JACK STRAW.

Modest Jack! Enigma No. 86 was not in the "Letter Box"; and you ask more of Zobe than you have done yourself in answering his puzzle. Here is the correct answer to this, with the "theory thereof," which you evidently did not find, (though Lulu H. Meredith and "Fannie" did,) since your answer is not literally correct.

Arrange the words in five columns, taking them in the order in which they stand, as follows: —

1	2	3	4	5
Men	have	well	Meet	will
ten	a	armed	me	I
with	boat	as	at	eleven.
mill	in	the	the	strikes
red	readiness	church	old	clock

Then read down the 4th column, up the 1st, down the 3d, up the 5th, and down the 2d. The sentence will then stand: "Meet me at the old red mill with ten men well armed as the church clock strikes eleven. I will have a boat in readiness."

Katie Holmes sends this rhymed answer to Miss Nichols's charade: —

In the skies that bend above us,
Peeping the dark clouds between,
In the eyes of friends that love us
Oft the truthful *blue* is seen.

Sounding through the Sabbath air,
Comes the sweet chime of a *bell*,
Saying, "Put away your care,
Haste to church, who love it well."

In the shady woodland grove,
Swaying in the summer air,
Smiles the flower of Scotland's love,
'T is the *bluebell* small and fair.

Bombshell. — D. van Nostrand, 23 Murray and 27 Warren Streets, New York, publishes naval and military books.

Janet. — In the line you quote from Shakespeare's "Love's Labor 's Lost" (Song, Act V.),

"While greasy Joan doth keel the pot,"

"keel" has the sense of "cool," — "doth *cool* the pot."

"*Percy Vere*": —

1. "Where did the expression 'living in clover' come from?

2. "Why are the marines supposed to be so 'green,' as they say?

3. "How much shorter the Biblical years were than ours? for is it not thought they were shorter?

4. "Can any one tell me the right title of that book about butterflies? I think it is by Mrs. Whitney.

5. "I could not answer the egg-question, but my father told me a bad egg floats because it gets filled with gas. I wondered that I did not think of it, as I know a dead animal floats for the same reason."

Answers. 1. From country-folk; who noticed that fresh, growing clover was held in particularly high esteem by grazing animals.

2. Because they are only soldiers on board a ship, and have received this character from the sailors, who are notoriously sarcastic upon landsmen.

3. There is no evidence that the Biblical years were shorter than ours, — quite the contrary.

4. The "Butterfly Hunters," by Mrs. Conant, — not Mrs. Whitney.

5. It is not sufficient to say that the gas in a bad egg causes it to float, unless you admit that the bulk of the egg is thereby increased. A dead animal bloats; therefore the matter it contains occupies a larger space, and is lighter in comparison with an equal bulk of water than when the animal was alive.

MECKLENBURG, N. S., May 24, 1873.

DEAR EDITORS: —

I smiled a little when I noticed Jessie F. Blowers's arithmetical question in the last "Letter Box," for I remembered the many interesting discussions that were had in this place, last winter, over this very question. The way I should solve it is as follows: The "difference" between A and B being $65, each must make a reduction in his price of one half that sum, or $32.50. Consequently, if B asks $50, he will receive $32.50 less, or $17.50.

Respectfully yours,
"JENKINS."

M. T. Head sends us, in answer to Caroline H.'s challenge, thirty word squares all made from the initial word *slap*, and answers all but two of our last month's puzzles. Charles A. Mead and "Trident" answer all but two. Other lists of answers were also sent in by H. Williams, Mabel Vaughan, a correspondent of many initials, — A. S. N. O. C. H. S., — "Sissy and Bunny," "Sill, Pet, and Mame" (rhymed), Pelham W. Shipman, Helen W. Allen, Garver, Nettie and Nora, E. Grace Shreve, E. C. Brunson, Lizzie Grubb, Belle E. Bradley, Pigmy, "Percy Vere," and Minnie Thomas.

Erratum. — In Word Square No. 95, the rupee, a coin of British India, was mistakenly called "a Russian piece of money." The writer evidently confounded it with the Russian *ruble*.

Emma Smart, Denver, Col. — How happens it that our letters do not reach you? The last has just come back to us, restamped by your postmaster, May 16.

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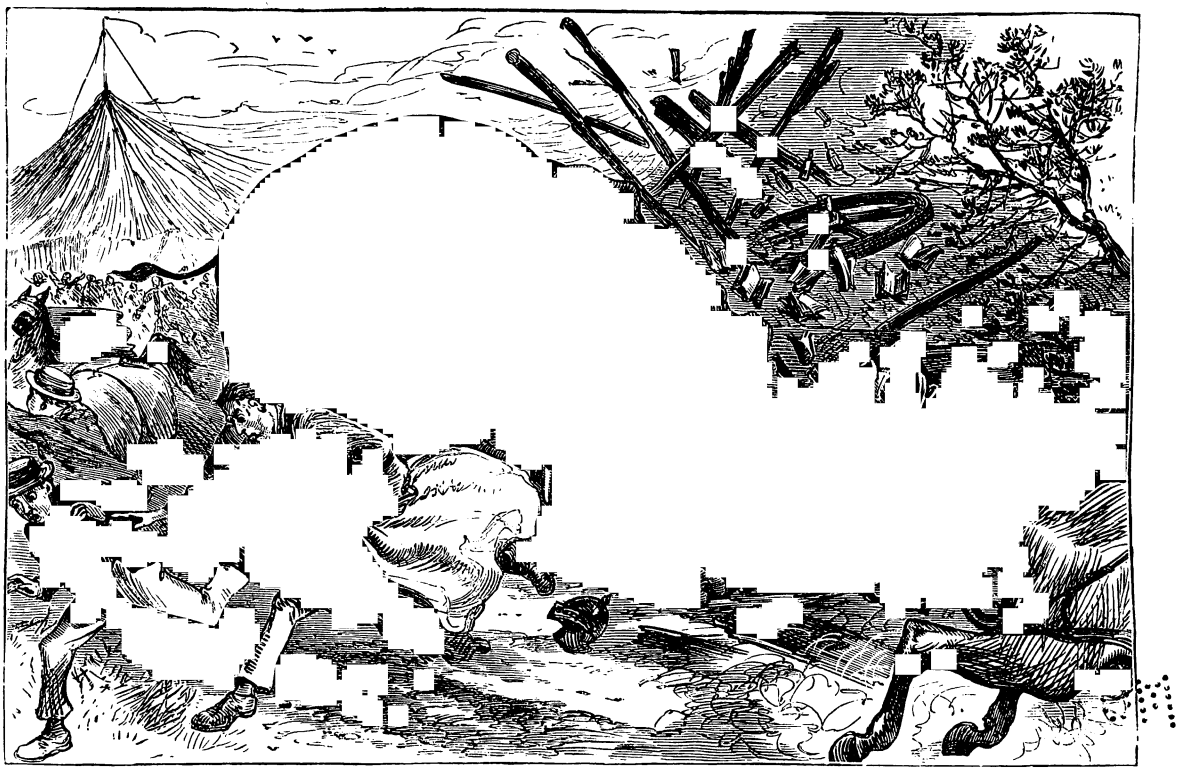

THE OLD ELEPHANT'S EXTRA PERFORMANCE

DRAWN BY J. J. HARLEY.] [See "Doing His Best," Chap. XXVII.

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OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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DOING HIS BEST.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN THE TENT.

IN the mean while, without waiting to hear the concluding speech of the man in the brass helmet and green robe, or once suspecting that he might be an old acquaintance, Jack hastened to overtake Moses and Miss Felton, leaving Phin to follow with Mr. and Mrs. Pipkin.

At the entrance to the tent, Annie wished to pay for herself, but O no! Jack was too proud and happy to be able to pay for her with money he had earned by honest work.

"Well, if it will please you," she said, with a smile. "Shall we go in now, or wait for the others?"

"Better go in, I think," said a well-known voice, "and see the animals before the tent is crowded."

"Percy!" said Annie, with a start and a blush. "Mr. Lanman!" cried the boys. He gave the young lady his right hand, and with his left shook hands with Moses and Jack and Kate.

They all entered the tent together. Percy escorted Miss Felton, and Moses had Kate in charge, while Jack followed with a lonely and disconsolate feeling at his heart. What troubled him all at once? Was it the recollection of the colt's lameness, or of the manner in which he had taken Snowfoot without leave?

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Percy had many anecdotes to relate of the animals they saw, and of the countries they inhabited; and Jack ought to have considered it a piece of good fortune that they had fallen in with him. Jack was indeed a grateful and admiring friend of the young man, whom he liked better than *almost* anybody else in the world. But now his lowering looks, as he watched him and Annie, seemed to say, "I know she expected to meet him, and that 's what made her hurry along so! And now she can't think of anybody but him! 'T was I that invited her, and what right has he to take her away from me? How happy they both are — without me!" And, unable to endure the sight, the wretchedly jealous and unhappy boy wandered away alone and lost himself in the crowd.

He tried to divert his mind by looking at the wild animals, — the sleepy old lions, crouched upon their paws; the sleek leopards, bounding over the bar which their keeper thrust into the cage; the restless hyena, pacing to and fro within his narrow bounds; the languid polar bear, panting over his pan of cold spring-water; the chained black bear, begging cakes and buns of the children; the boa-constrictor, which the man wound about his neck like a tippet; — and all these would have interested him greatly at another time. But now he was too miserable to care for them. As he remembered the joyful anticipations with which he had looked forward to this time, his heart seemed almost bursting with grief.

Then all at once he stopped and said to himself, "I am a fool! Worse than a fool! I am just as mean and selfish as I can be. I ought to be glad that she is happy; why am I not? I will be glad!"

Then came a struggle with himself; and, after a great gulp or two at his choking grief, which refused to be swallowed so easily, he at last got the mastery of it. When he met his friends again, he appeared with his hands full of oranges and his face full of smiles.

"Why, Jack!" cried Annie, "we thought we had lost you! Where have you been? Oranges! You naughty boy!" For they were rather a costly luxury in those days, and she thought him extravagant. But Jack knew how fond she was of them, and the hope of adding to her happiness had so lightened his heart that he would have held them cheap had they cost their weight in gold.

While they were all refreshing themselves with the delicious fruit, and looking at the monkeys, Mr. and Mrs. Pipkin came up.

"Hello, Phi!" said Moses; "what luck?"

"It 's the most wonderful thing ever ye heerd on!" answered that gentleman, screwing his mouth into a pleased pucker about his conspicuous front teeth. "That feller jest cured me in a jiffy! took the pain right away. I tell ye that 'Lectrical 'Lixir can't be beat for rheumatiz!"

"What 's that stuffed in your pockets?" asked Jack.

"Bottles; three for a dollar, by hokey! My wife was opposed to my buyin' on 'em at fust; but ye know Deacon Dresser? Deaf as an adder in one ear, — has been for ten year an' more. Wal! that chap jest rubs on some of his 'Lixir round and under it, and finally gives it a good squeeze

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behind with his thumb, an' out comes a great wad of ear-wax, and, I vum! the deacon declares he can hear as well now out of one ear as t'other. Arter that my wife was willin', for she 's a little hard o' hearin' on the off side."

"Mr. Pipkin!" cried that lady, sharply, "I 'll thank you not to make a public topic of my ears! And you 'll oblige me by *not* speaking of me as you do of your horses."

"I said the off side, an' the off side 's the off side, whether it 's a hoss or any other critter," Mr. Pipkin explained.

"Mr. Pipkin! I 'm amazed at you!" said Mrs. Pipkin.

"I leave it to the schoolmaster," grinned Mr. Pipkin.

"Then the schoolmaster will give judgment against you," said Percy. "We call the left side of some animals the *near* side, because we stand on that side of a horse when we go to mount him, and walk on that side of a horse or ox team we are driving, and that makes the other side the *off* side. Now, unless a man drives his wife as he does his oxen —"

"I give it up!" said Mr. Pipkin. "I drive her? by hokey, she drives me!"

Jack asked if Snowfoot and the mare were quiet when Mr. Pipkin came away, and where was Phin?

"I did n't notice about the team," replied Mr. Pipkin. "As for Phin, that 'Lixir man said he had a curi's thing to show him if he would wait till the crowd thinned out a little more. Phin was tickled enough 'cause he took notice on him, an' so he waited."

"I don't like that!" said Moses. "He 'll get humbugged!"

Jack said he would go and find him, but just then two acquaintances came along. It was Step Hen Treadwell and his father, — the old man so tipsy that he had to steady himself by holding fast to his son's shoulder. Jack hastened to meet them, thinking he would tell about Snowfoot; but the old man struck a solemn attitude and pointed to the cages.

"Good thing!" said he, leering, and balancing himself, with a hiccup.

"Yes," said Jack, "a very good thing."

"Good thing!" repeated the old man, waving one hand loftily, while he still held fast to Step Hen with the other. He then beckoned to Mr. Pipkin, and, when that gentleman approached, he once more indicated the show with a sweeping gesture, and reiterated, with an emphatic nod, "Good thing!"

His inflamed eyes, his veiny cheeks, that fiery sponge, his nose, the solemn grimace and emphasis with which he spoke those two words, as if they had been the last utterance of human wisdom, and the contrast of poor, little, timid, short-legged, round-eyed, round-faced, sober, staring Step Hen, attracted about as much attention as any animals belonging to the menagerie. The last Jack saw of them, the old man was standing by the great pole which supported the centre of the tent, — and which he probably mistook for a spectator, — calling its attention to the satisfactory display of wild beasts, and repeating, "Good thing! hey?" with a hiccup; "good thing!"

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Phin soon came in, and his friends noticed that he had a strange look in his face.

"What did the 'Lixir man say to ye?" asked Mr. Pipkin.

"Nothing much," replied Phin, with a shy and rather guilty air. "Made me a present." He pulled a small book from his pocket. "Keeps 'em to sell, but he gave me one, because he took a notion to me."

"A Dream-Book! 'Dream-Book and Fortune-Teller'! O Phin!" cried Moses.

"Need n't laugh," said Phin, resentfully, taking it back. "You 'll be glad enough to have some fun out of it some day, — but you sha' n't! Where did ye get your oranges?"

"O, a fellow came along and gave 'em to us!" said Moses.

"Who was it? Come, tell me, can't ye?" snarled Phin.

"I guess the fust letters of his name is Jack Hazard," remarked Mr. Pipkin.

"You might have kept one for me!" said Phin. "I think you 're real mean, anyway."

"Here, Phin," said little Kate, taking one from her pocket. "Jack was so generous, he gave me two. You may have this."

Phin seized and sucked it greedily.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE PIPKINS RIDE THE YOUNG ELEPHANT.

In a little while Kate complained that she was getting tired of the beasts. "They make such horrid noises when they yawn, and they smell so! I want to go home."

"We will go into this other tent, where there is to be a performance pretty soon," said Percy. "There we can find some good seats, and rest."

All followed him except Phineas, who said he was going to see more of the animals first. When, a quarter of an hour later, he came and occupied the seat they had kept for him, he was full of brag.

"Huh! I 've seen something you have n't, any of ye! I saw the man go into the lion's cage! He whipped 'em, and played with 'em, and was going to put his head into the old lion's mouth; but he was cross, and so he did n't dare."

Kate wished she could have seen what Phin described; but she was quickly consoled by what took place in the tent where they were.

Among other things there was a diverting pony performance, which filled the tent with shouts of laughter. Within a circular space, surrounded by spectators on the benches, a man, dressed like some country greenhorn, had a series of comical adventures with a little black pony, hardly larger than himself, — chasing him, catching him, riding him, and getting flung from his back.

Then "General Jackson" was introduced. The General was a monkey

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with chattering teeth and little snapping black eyes. He was dressed in "soldier clo'es," as Mr. Pipkin remarked; he walked on his hind legs with the help of a chain held in his master's hand, and wore a military hat, which he politely took off when he bowed to the spectators. Being relieved of the hat and chain, he mounted the pony, whip in hand, and rode swiftly round the ring first one way and then the other, clinging fast in spite of all the efforts made to throw him off. Now he leaped from the pony's back to his master's shoulder, and again to the pony's back; or hopped to the ground to pick up the whip, which he had dropped, and jumped up on the pony again when he came round, — all while the pony was in rapid motion.

Then, General Jackson retiring, any gentleman present, not too heavy, was invited to ride the pony. A long-limbed, lank, grinning young fellow stepped forward, saying "he guessed he could." "It's Hank Huswick!" said Jack. "Hank Huswick!" repeated a dozen other young fellows who knew him; and there was loud cheering. The applause was still more uproarious when, after trying in vain to cling on by locking his long legs under the pony's belly, Hank retired ignominously from the contest, with a dusty jacket and a bloody nose.

The pony then being withdrawn, the large elephant was brought in and introduced as the "Emperor Nero." As he had been advertised to walk over his keeper lying on the ground, lift and carry him on his tusks, and perform many other surprising feats, the result was disappointing. There was evidently something about the enormous brute's appearance which his keeper did not like; for, after a few turns about the ring, the Emperor Nero was led out.

"That elephant," whispered Percy, "is the Prince Royal, that lately got away and made such a panic in some town in Canada; his owners have changed his name, but he is the same fellow. He has periodical fits of ill-temper, and they have to be very careful of him."

"Here comes our little elephant!" cried Jack. And the boys had to tell once more how the great wagon, which eight horses could not draw, had been pushed up the bank by that powerful head.

After Napoleon — for that was the young elephant's name — had performed a few simple feats, a huge saddle, with a "sort o' pew on top on 't" (to quote Mr. Pipkin's phrase), was brought and firmly bound by strong girths to his back. He was then made to kneel down, and a short flight of steps was placed against his side, leading up to the open door of the "pew." This was elegantly cushioned, and capable of seating several persons.

"Now," said the keeper, "any ladies who would like to ride on the elephant can have an opportunity, such as will not probably occur to them again in the course of their lives."

Not a lady stirred.

"The animal," he went on, "is, as you see, perfectly docile and harmless. Hundreds of ladies — some of the first rank — have ridden on his back, both in this country and in Europe; and no accident has ever happened during these performances."

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Thereupon a lady stepped forward; and, encouraged by her example, another, and then another, followed.

"I am going! would you?" said Mrs. Pipkin, excitedly. "I believe I will!"

"Mis' Pipkin! Mis' Pipkin!" remonstrated her husband; "it's a terrible resk! Don't you ventur'! You 'll git a broken neck!"

"Mr. Pipkin!" said Mrs. Pipkin, severely, "I 'm ashamed of you!"

Other ladies were pressing forward, and she made haste to take her place with them, while her husband excited a good deal of merriment by calling anxiously after her, "Mis' Pipkin! Mis' Pipkin! you 're crazy! Heavens an' airth! You 're crazy, Mis' Pipkin!"

As many as twenty ladies presented themselves, eight of whom — Mrs. Pipkin being of the number — mounted the steps and took seats in the cushioned box on the elephant's back.

"She 'll git killed! they 'll all be spilt out when the elephant goes to git up!" said Mr. Pipkin, nervously. "I declare, if she don't beat all the women!"

The door of the box being closed, Napoleon, at a sign from his master, rose carefully to his feet, carrying saddle and ladies up with him without spilling one. Then the spectators cheered, and the ladies on the elephant waved their handkerchiefs in triumph.

After a few turns about the area, the elephant was made to kneel again, and the ladies dismounted. Eight others then took their places, rode round the ring a few times, and afterwards retired in like manner.

"Now," said the keeper, "would any gentlemen like to ride?"

A dozen sprang to their feet; and, strange to say, Mr. Pipkin was one of them.

"Mr. Pipkin! Mr. Pipkin!" said Mrs. Pipkin, sarcastically, "you 'll get a broken neck!"

"I 'm goin' to have my ride on the elephant as well as you, by hokey!" And Mr. Pipkin crowded forward into the ring.

No sooner, however, had the twelve gentlemen presented themselves, than the saddle was quietly removed, and they were invited to mount the ladder and take seats on Napoleon's bare back. Three declined the honor, and retired amid the jeers of the multitude. Some of the remaining nine would also, doubtless, have gladly withdrawn, but for the dread of ridicule. One of these was Mr. Pipkin, who declared afterwards that he "did n't exac'ly fancy the idee of straddlin' the critter bare-backed"; but, having committed himself to the enterprise, he "wa'n't the sort o' man to back out."

Mrs. Pipkin, however, seeing the saddle removed, was seized with genuine alarm; and, rising in her seat, she beckoned, and cried in a shrill voice, "Mr. Pipkin! Mr. Pipkin! don't you ventur'! you *will* get a broken limb! Mr. Pipkin, you *are* insane!" to the infinite amusement of the spectators.

The elephant rose, not quite so carefully as when he bore a fairer burden; but the nine men clung fast, each to the man before him, while the foremost kept his seat firmly on the animal's neck. So they were all carried safely

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up, and afterwards borne in ludicrous state around the ring. Mr. Pipkin, as he passed the bench where his friends were seated, waved his hand, and puckered his lips about his big front teeth with a droll smile. But his career of triumph was short. Napoleon suddenly stopped. His keeper stood facing him, with crossed arms.

"Gentlemen," said he, "this is a very docile and intelligent animal, as you observe, but he sometimes has the ague. I think he is about to be taken by a fit."

He opened his arms, probably as a signal, and immediately Napoleon began to shake. He shook till Mr. Pipkin screamed, "The ladder! quick! take me off! le' me git down!" He continued to shake, harder and harder, like a small mountain swayed to and fro by a violent earthquake, and off went two gentlemen over his tail. He shook again, and off went two more on one side and one on the other. The next man was Mr. Pipkin. He clung fast to the body of the man before him, who did the same to the next, who hugged as for dear life his fellow on the elephant's neck. But the ague was too much for them, and all went tumbling to the ground together.

Roars of laughter greeted this final catastrophe, which was considered the greatest sport of the day. Nobody was seriously hurt; and the manner in which the men picked themselves up as they fell, and ran away from the elephant's legs, seemed to amuse everybody except poor Mrs. Pipkin.

"He has broke — certainly he has broke something! Have n't you, have n't you, Mr. Pipkin?" she cried, as Mr. Pipkin came limping back to his place, looking ruefully at his bosom, which appeared to be saturated, if not with his blood, then with some liquid which he held equally precious. "Is it your breast-bone?" said Mrs. Pipkin.

"No, but my bottles! my three bottles of 'Lectrical 'Lixir! Dumbed if they ain't all broke, by hokey!" And the worthy Pipkin proceeded, with an aspect of the utmost dismay, to examine his unlucky pockets.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HOW PHIN SAW THE "ZEBRAY."

"If you had only thought to rub some of your wonderful Elixir on the elephant's back, you might have cured his ague," said Jack, slyly.

"So I might," replied Mr. Pipkin, "if it had been a real ager; but did n't ye see? 't was all a trick! The man gin him a sign for to shake us off."

"O, this is dreadful!" said Mrs. Pipkin, looking at her husband's clothes. "What did I tell you? If you had only heard to me! You do beat all the men!"

"Keep the 'Lixir in your pockets, Phi," said Moses, "and let it soak into your hide, and you never will have the rheumatism or any other disease again."

"I don't know, mabby 't ain't so great a loss arter all," remarked Mr. Pipkin, philosophically. "Fact is, I was beginnin' to feel my rheumatiz comin'

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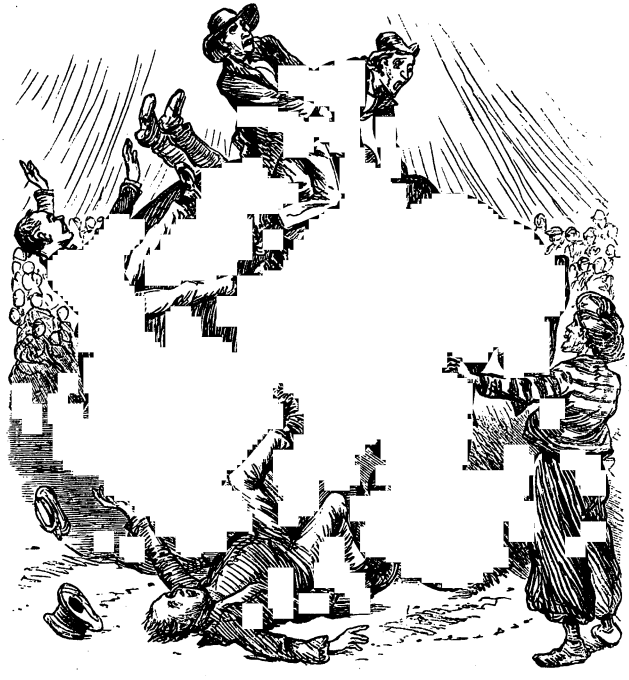

The Young Elephant's Ague-Fit.

on agin, settin' here, with this draft of air on my shoulder. Should n't wonder if the feller 's a humbug!" And, taking the broken glass from his pockets, he flung it spitefully under the bench.

Phin now said that he was going back to the large tent, to find the "zebray," which he pretended not to have seen. He had been gone about ten minutes, when it occurred to Jack that he ought to go and look at his team. He accordingly departed, telling his friends that, if he should not return, he would meet them as they came out.

As he passed through the large tent he looked in vain for Phineas ; and afterwards, to his surprise, found that young gentleman in close consultation with the man in the helmet and green robe. The man had, however, laid aside his helmet, which could not have been a very comfortable thing to wear in the hot sun, and in the shrewd, thin features thus exposed, Jack recognized, with amazement, his old acquaintance, "good-natered John Wilkins."

The fellow, using the platform of his wagon for a table, was showing Phin some interesting tricks with a pack of cards. "Now, this," he was saying, "is a mighty curi's trick, perty as it can be! I 'll show you. The jack o' hearts, you say, went into that pile?"

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"Yes, for I saw it," replied Phin, hugely tickled at the thought of gaining so much useful information.

"And of course you are willing to bet it is there? Of course. But don't bet, for I don't want to win *your* money. I 'm only showin' ye, and that 's 'cause I see you are such an uncommon bright boy, and 'cause I take such an uncommon fancy to ye. For now jest look! The jack ain't in that pile at all, but here in my hand! Ain't it curi's? Now, with practice, you may make a good thing on 't if ever you find yourself in want of money. Jest a good-natered little game, you know!"

But Phin, looking guiltily around to see if he was observed, had by this time discovered Jack standing by the fence.

"So this is the way you see the 'zebray,' is it?" said Jack.

"I 'm just having a little fun, and it 's nobody's business but my own," replied Phin, tartly.

"I hope you know what sort of a man you 're dealing with, that 's all," said Jack, with a significant look at the charlatan.

"I guess I know a good deal better than you do," retorted Phin.

"O, do you? Then maybe you can tell me just what he is, — a travelling phrenologist, or a quack doctor, or a book-pedler, or a gambler, or whether he 's chiefly in the horse-and-sleigh business."

"My young friend," said the man, "you do me injustice, and it 's nat'ral; so I forgive ye. I 'm a sort of jack-at-all-trades, and good at several; and when one don't pay, or I git tired on 't, I turn my hand to another; variety is the spice of life, you know, and I 'm the best-natered man in the world."

"What 's your name to-day?" queried Jack.

"Don't ye see it on my wagon? 'Dr. Lamont, Prince of the Healing Art'! And let me assure you, my young friend, that, whatever you may think of me, — and it 's my fate to be misunderstood, — the 'Lectrical 'Lixir, manefactered from the concentrated extract of the ile of the 'lectrical eel, is no humbug, but the greatest remedy of the nineteenth century, curin', by both out'ard and in'ard application, all diseases of the lungs, liver, stummick, skin, *and* blood, of which I am the sole proprietor."

"Proprietor of the diseases?" laughed Jack.

"My young friend, a joke is never out of place with me, for I am too good-natered to take offence. But now," said the Prince of the Healing Art, "I must don my helmet ag'in, and take up my trumpet, for the crowd will soon be comin' out, and I expect to sell one hundred bottles of the celebrated 'Lectrical 'Lixir 'fore the sun goes down."

CHAPTER XXVII.

EXTRA PERFORMANCE BY THE OLD ELEPHANT.

So saying, the Prince blew a blast which was answered by a strange and terrible noise in the tent, — the bellowing snort of some huge animal, succeeded by the yell of tigers, the roar of lions, and a tumult of human screams.

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Jack looked in the direction from which came the frightful sounds, and saw five or six men rush wildly out of the tent. Then some large object was pushed against the side of it, making it bulge and sway to its very top. Then out came a pair of enormous white tusks, tearing the canvas, followed by the head and shoulders and whole body of the great elephant, the Emperor Nero, breaking ropes and chains, trampling fragments of the tent under his feet, brandishing his trunk, and bellowing and trumpeting with tremendous fury.

It was the snort of his rage which had set the wild beasts in their cages to roaring, and now the sight and sound of the frenzied monster filled the horses at the fence with astonishment and terror. Two or three broke their halters and ran away with the vehicles to which they were attached. Some snorted, responsive, and tugged in vain at their fastenings. Others stood paralyzed and trembling with fright, while he rushed down upon them.

He started toward the street; but instead of passing where the way was clear, he struck the corner of the fence near the opening, and, with a toss of his tusks, sent the rails flying fifteen or twenty feet into the air, as a child might twirl a handful of jackstraws.

The wagon of Dr. Lamont, from which the horse had fortunately been removed, was next attacked. Nero went at it head downwards, and in an instant the air about him was thick with flying fragments, — wheels, shafts, splinters, Dream-Books, and bottles of Electrical Elixir.

While Phin fled for his life, and the Prince took to his heels, Jack sprang to unhitch Snowfoot and the mare, and get them out of the way. But he might as well have attempted to dodge a bombshell. He had barely time to escape with his own body and limbs, which luckily appeared too slight for Nero's notice, when the infuriated beast plunged at the quaking and cringing team.

The harness snapped like shoestrings, as the mare, caught upon the great tusks, was hurled over the elephant's head. Snowfoot now broke loose, parting halter and trace, and started to run. But his speed, compared with that of the hugest and most powerful of all beasts, was as an infant's to a man's. The elephant swiftly came up to him, tossed him, and caught him with his tusks as he came down.

Jack, glancing back over his shoulder, and seeing the destruction of the horses, uttered a cry of dismay, and stopped, little caring now what might happen to himself.

J. T. Trowbridge.

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BONES.

"THAT is a very homely little dog of yours, Tommy," said I, as our little chore-boy came into the office one morning, followed, as usual, by one of the most ill-favored little specimens of the dog tribe that I had ever seen.

"Think so?" replied Tommy, with his head on one side, surveying his pet with an air that said very plainly, "That is because you can't appreciate him," though he was much too polite to say so. "Why, he 's a genawine Scotch terrier, he is, the knowingest kind! My father used to say they knows as much as people; and their eyes is real human-like."

Doggie, as if understanding every word of his own praises, came up to me, and, putting his chin on my knee, looked me in the face with a sort of roguish twinkle in his keen hazel eyes, which were half hid in the shaggy, frosty-looking locks that covered his forehead. Yes, he had an almost human expression of intelligence. I could but grant so much, — though, not being partial to dogs, I did not encourage his attempt at familiarity; and, as he continued to wag and sidle round the room without regard to the safety or cleanliness of papers, books, paste, or ink, I told Tommy he had better put his dog in the entry while he replenished the fire and warmed himself.

"Here, Bones!" called Tommy, complying very cheerfully, though evidently wondering at my poor taste in not being glad of his company; and poor doggie was soon whimpering at the outside of the door.

Then I said, "Your dog has a queer name, seems to me."

"Well, yes 'm. But you 'd think it was just right, if you know'd about him."

"*Knew*, you mean, Tommy; know'd is n't proper."

"I know that too, ma'am, when I stop to think of it. Mother is always saying, 'Tommy, how you do talk! Where do you learn such words?' But I used to tell her these little boys that don't have much time to go to school, but has to work to help their mothers, picks up all sorts o' things. They can't always talk straight, nor act straight either. But I don't say nothing about school to her nowadays, it only makes her feel bad. She could n't get along noways without my wages, and I like to work too, so I make believe I don't want to go to school; but when I 'm a man, I 'm going into the oil-business so 's to make money quick, and then I 'm going to one of them colleges where they teach fellers everything in no time."

Poor little Tommy! I liked to hear him talk, he had such an old head, and he was so cheerful and bright, though he had but a hard chance in life.

"And I 'm going to send sis to board'n'-school, and make a lady of her."

"Why, I did n't know you had a sister."

"Did n't you? Why, that 's her dog; he ain't mine for real. She lets me call him mine since she come to live with us."

"O, then she is n't your own sister."

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"Well, all the same, only my mother ain't her mother. I wish she was. But when I 'm a man I 'll marry sis, and then she will be, — won't she?"

I laughed, but felt in duty bound to say, "Nonsense, child! what do you know about marrying?"

"Nothing, ma'am, to be sure," replied Tommy, meekly; "only I 've thought on 't a good deal, how that her and me shall never be parted, and it worried me 'cause she was n't really my sister, and I did n't know how else to fix it."

"Then you love her very dearly?" said I, pleased with his warm-hearted earnestness.

"Yes, and so does mother; but if mother should die, you know, I 'd have to take care of her. I helps towards it now."

"I should like to see this little girl you think so much of. You must bring her with you some day."

"Well, and sha' n't I tell you how we got her?"

"Yes, when I 'm not so busy. Now run away to the post-office with these. Your dog is in a hurry."

And so it happened that one day there came into the office a little yellow-haired maiden, escorted in state by her proud brother Tommy and her dear doggie, who bowed and scraped, and wiggled from her to me by way of introduction. She had on the cleanest of long-sleeved aprons, and her hair was carefully brushed and braided, and she looked up with two modest blue eyes from under very long lashes, and altogether inspired me with a favorable opinion of Tommy's mother, and a desire to know more of herself.

My wish was gratified one rainy day, when Tommy had less to do out of doors, because less than usual was going on inside.

"Why, you see," said Tommy, "my father kept a butcher-shop before war-times. We lived in Ninth Avenue then. You know the butchers, when they cuts up meat, flings the bones in a corner of the shop till they gets a pile. Before war-times they used gen'ally to know some poor folks as they give 'em to; but since everything got so high they sell 'em by the pound. There ain't much meat on 'em, but there 's enough that take their choice of that or none. At some o' the big markets they let 'em be till there 's a pretty tall pile, and then dump 'em in a big boiler, and then sell out the soup to the old beggar-women and rag-pickers, and the bones to them as makes things of 'em. O, some o' that soup smells horrid! but they 're glad to get it. My father never made none of it; his was only a small shop.

"We had a big dog in our shop, a real bull-dog, an awful fighter, and everything was afraid of him; but he would n't hurt nobody that went along peaceably. He knew who was who. He knew the most of any dog ever I heard of. He never touched a speck o' meat that we did n't give him, and never let anything else touch any when he was around, unless they had a right. Before we got him we was plagued with dogs hanging round the shop, and sometimes getting off with a bone or a piece before we knew it; but Bounce used to sit in the doorway and look out for customers of all sorts, and nothing ever passed him unless he was willing. I used to notice

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often around our place and the streets near there a miserable, lean, sneaking little Scotch terrier; but he seemed mighty shy o' Bounce, so he never came very near till one day, just after Bounce had a great fight with a dog 'most as big as he was. I 'll tell you how it was."

"No, I don't want to hear. I don't like anything that fights, whether dogs or boys; and it makes me sick to hear about them."

"That 's just like mother. She 's delicate, mother is, and such things scare her 'most to death. Well, I don't like 'em myself very well, but if they *will* fight, — and you can't always help it, — I likes to have our side beat."

"O human nature! But go on with your story, Tommy."

"Well, I can tell you, Bounce was pretty well battered up, but t'other dog was killed. He did n't know Bounce, so he did n't know no better than to try to walk right into the shop when he was on the doorstep. We had to chain up our dog in the cellar two or three days, for his eye and ears to get well; and father set me to watch the shop, while he went home to dinner. I saw that starved little terrier come round again, and, just for the fun of it, tried to call it up to the door to me. It looked all round very cautious and, not seeing Bounce, came and looked in. Our man was cutting the meat off a mutton-shank, and the poor thing eyed him so hungry-like, I would have given him a piece, only father had forbid me, 'cause it would draw every vagabond within a mile. Presently the man flung the bone over on the pile in the corner, and stepped back to the smoke-house. Quicker 'n a flash o' lightning that dog went by me and grabbed that bone, 'most as much as he could hold on to, and was in the street and streaking it for home before I knew what I was about. But soon 's I saw he had it I made after him. I did n't grudge it to the poor thing, I only chased for sport. He ran two or three blocks and then down an alley-way. I was most out o' breath, but I thought he 'd gone there to munch it, so I kept on.

"The last house in the alley was a rickety old thing, kept by an old man that sold candies and small trash in the lower window, and rum, the worst kind, in the back shop, and rented all the up-stairs. There was a small girl sitting in the doorway, and right in front of her stood the scrubby little dog, wagging his tail, and looking as innocent as you please.

"'This your dog, sis?' says I.

"'Yes,' says she, gathering up her apron, and taking a sharp look at me.

"'Well,' says I, 'you better keep him to home; he may get hurt if he comes around our shop stealing any more. We 've got an *awful* dog.'

"With that she jumped up and made a face at me, and was agoing to run up stairs.

"'Ho!' says I, 'you need n't be scared; I ain't agoing to touch you. Here 's a penny for you, if you 'll come and get it, little dirty-face.' You see, she was just the dirtiest little thing you ever come across. She stopped, and looked back, and says, 'You 'll hit me when I come to get it.'

"'No, I won't,' says I, 'honor bright. There, I 'll give you two if you 'll tell me what your name is.'

"'Put 'em on that stone,' says she.

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"'No,' says I, 'that ain't fair.'

"'But you want to catch me to see what 's in my apron,' says she, as cunning as could be.

"'Well, you show me yourself, and then I 'll go away and won't touch you nor nothing,' says I.

"So she came pretty near, and opened her apron and folded it up again with a jerk, and there was the bone in it, as I knew all the while. Then I gave her the two cents, and coaxed her up to tell me her name, and what she was going to do with the bone.

"It 's a long story, all the things she told me then, and after a while she went up to the corner of the alley with me for fear her mother 'd see her; and she said she was going to boil the bone and get a roll with the two cents, and that would be her supper. I laughed, and said a big supper she 'd get off that bone.

"'O,' says she, 'I 've got more. Bones got some this morning.'

"She spoke before she thought, so I guessed she 'd learned him to steal 'em. 'That 's it?' says I. 'So your dog steals bones for your dinner?' Then she spoke up so sharp and old like, and says, 'I guess you 'd steal more 'n bones if you never had nothing to eat.'

"I said maybe I would, but I 'd always had enough to eat, and if she 'd come to my house my mother 'd give her a good dinner. She asked where I lived, and said she went around to houses some days for cold victuals, and maybe she 'd come to-morrow, and if I was at home she 'd tell me about her dog; but she must run back then, for her mother would be after her.

"I told my mother, and she saved some dinner hot for her till she came. She said her mother used to be cook in a restaurant, but she got drunk so they would n't keep her. Then she took in washing; but after a while she could n't get work, for she had sold the clothes sometimes for liquor; and now she was drunk 'most all the time, and they had nothing left but a bed, and the stove, and a few dishes: she had sold everything. She would lie in bed till she was hungry, and then start Sallie out for cold victuals; and she did n't dare to go home till she got some.

"One day she got nothing but a few bits of dry bread. When she got home her mother was out. She was very hungry, and thought she would make a fire and boil some water to dip the bread in to eat with salt; so she ran down to the yard to pick up some chips, and there she saw a dog with a piece of fresh meat in his mouth. He was too busy gnawing it to see her till she had snatched it. He followed her up stairs, but she shut the door on him. She boiled the meat, and thought it good. Then she started to go out again, and found the dog lying by the door outside. He whined and hung around her; so she took a fancy to him, and gave him part of the supper she had saved for her mother. Then he followed her everywhere she went, and seemed fond of her for a while, and then went away. One evening she was in the alley when he ran to her and laid something on the ground, and jumped up on her for her to see it. It was a dead hen. She ran to her mother with it, and she cooked it and gave the dog a piece, and patted him,

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and talked to him, and let him lie by the stove all night; and when Sallie went out in the morning, she told her to keep the dog with her and teach him to bring home what she got. Then he went with her mother sometimes, and when he went with her he always brought home meat; so she thought her mother taught him to take it.

"My mother told her it was very wrong for her and her mother to do so, and they would get punished. Then Sallie cried, and was afraid to come to our house, but I used to see her on the street sometimes. Mother said she was pretty, and she was sorry for her, but I must n't talk to her or go where she lived.

"After that the war began, and my father sold the shop and went away in Colonel Carrigan's regiment. He got a small house for mother and me up on Third Avenue, 'most to Harlem, and told mother not to work hard, and to send me to school all the time, unless something happened to him and she could n't spare me. After he was wounded he was took to a hospital at Washington, and died there; but he 's buried over to Greenwood. It cost a heap o' money, but mother said if it took all he left for her, she should do it.

"Then she began to make cakes and molasses candy, and they did n't sell very well at first. I used to take the candy round some, but I did n't like to, 'cause the boys and ragamuffins teased me so. After a while mother took to making pies, too, and the business got first-rate. She makes splendid pies, my mother does; did you ever eat any of 'em?"

I confessed to never having had that pleasure.

"I 'll bring you one some day for lunch. They all have a stamp in the middle, made with a wire, a big letter Y, — that 's for Yates. Everybody knows her pies that way, and those that wants hers don't get nobody's else by mistake. Mother worked hard, and looked kind 'o worn out, but she would n't let me stay out o' school till her cough got so bad she could n't do all the work and had to hire a girl to help; then she let me go as store-boy.

"When she got better she says to me one night, 'Tommy, if I only had a girl o' my own, one about as big as you, I could get along now, I guess, and let you go to school again. I feel like as if I disobeyed your father's wishes, though, to be sure, he said, till I needed you.'

"'Don't you worry, mother,' says I; 'it ain't all schooling that makes a man.'

"It was a few days after that that Mr. Lyon sent me early one morning to the South Ferry. There was a deal o' truck there, waiting to be shipped, and it was hard dodging everything in the way. I could n't get anywheres near the ferry-house for a few minutes, so I got up on a barrel, and sat whistling, when I felt my coat pulled behind. I jumped down and says, 'Get out o' that, you!' — for I thought it was some o' them little wharf thieves, — and if there was n't Sallie! She was about half naked, only a dress on, and looking as if she 'd seen a ghost. She had just crawled out of an empty barrel that lay on the ground. She said they had a horrible row at her

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house in the night. Her mother lived in a cellar close to the ferry, and sold liquor, and some sailors had a fight, and her mother fought too; and Sallie was so frightened she ran out, and never stopped till she hid in the barrel on the pier.

"I felt so sorry for her! She daresn't go home again, and she was so glad to see me! I remembered my mother had forbid me to speak to her, but that was 'most two years before. I was a big boy and in business now. Maybe mother would do something for her. Then I thought of her wishing for a little girl. 'The very thing!' says I. So I hurried back to the store and asked Mr. Lyon to let me go home for an hour or two. Then Sallie and me got on a car and rode up to our corner, and I walked right into the shop and says, 'Here, mother, I 've brought you a girl.'

"Mother was n't pleased at first; but when she heard her story she said she might stay all night, and she 'd see what could be done. She washed her and dressed her up in some of her things, and she looked so funny, though they was n't much too big, for mother is little; but she looked pretty, and was so pleased, and mother kind o' liked her better.

"The first thing I set my eyes on when I got back to the store was that dog Bones. He sort o' recollected me, and snuffed around, I suppose wondering what I 'd done with Sallie. He 'd tracked her as far as the store, and there he waited for her to come back, and there he stayed till I went to supper.

"I told Sallie about him, and she seemed to feel bad for him; so I said if she stayed long I 'd go around near where she lived and look for him, and get him for her. And she did stay; she 's stayed ever since, and it 's more 'n a year."

"Did n't her mother ever come to look for her?"

"No; her mother 's at Blackwell's Island. My mother spoke to Mr. Docherty, a policeman who lives in part of our house, and told him she 'd be willing to keep Sallie if it was n't for her mother. So he said he 'd attend to it. He went where they lived and found out about the fight, and how they was all took up by the police, and Sallie's mother was sent to the Island for ever so long. Then he said the child of such folks has to go to the poor-house or orphan asylum, unless some one takes 'em; so he got it fixed so we could have her till she 's eighteen. She says she 'll *never* go away, and she 's so afraid her mother 'll find out where she is that she calls her name Sallie Yates, and says 'mother' to my mother, and never tells anybody where she come from. And she helps mother lots. She tries to do everything. She can make pies now. She made one for my birthday with my letters, T. Y., on it, 'most as good as mother makes."

"And did not she and her dog trouble your mother with any bad ways they learned when they were so wretched?"

"Well, yes; Bones *would* steal at first, but we cured him o' that by close watching and trying. And Sallie told some wrong stories, and had some dirty ways, but mother would n't have that. Anybody that lives with her 's got to behave, and Sallie 's so afraid of leaving us she 'll do anything.

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She tries real hard to be good. Mother 's going to let her go to school soon, if she keeps on learning good with me. I 've learned her to mark on the slate and read a little in my books, and she goes to the Mission Sunday School with me."

Caroline Augusta Howard.

THE WATER-LILY.

UP from the placid river,
One summer morning bright,
Came a merry boy to his mother
With a water-lily white.

Sweet as a breath of heaven,
Whiter than drifted snow,
The freshest, holiest flower
Among all flowers that blow.

And on her breast she laid it,
Wondering, it was so fair.
Uprose the pure, rich perfume,
Like an embodied prayer.

The boy forgot the flower,
And later, from his play
Returning, warm and rosy,
Called his mother, loud and gay.

And when she answered softly,
And her quiet work forsook,
He paused, and gazed upon her
With an unaccustomed look.

And over the delicate lily
He bowed his lovely head;
Then lifted his face and kissed her
With lips like strawberries red.

And said, with his young face shining
As clear as the morning star,
"Sweet is the lily, mother,
But your kiss is sweeter far!"

Celia Thaxter.

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PROSPECTING WITH SPOTTY.

A STORY OF QUARTZ-MINING.

UNCLE GEORGE was slow in keeping his promise to tell us about quartz-mining. But one stormy evening Frank and I, taking him just as he had finished his smoking, told him we had come to arrest him in the name of the Commonwealth, and to drag him before Judge Minnie, in the library, to answer the charge of stealing gold.

"A grave offence, boys!" said he. "Is the judge a merciful one?"

"Come and see." And we pulled him to the library, where Minnie sat with a very severe look behind father's desk. Before her lay a number of small pieces of quartz, all brilliant with little threads and spangles of gold.

"Prisoner!" said Minnie, with great solemnity, "you are accused of obtaining all this gold wrongfully and feloniously. Unless you can explain to the satisfaction of this court where and how you obtained it, it becomes my painful duty to visit upon you the severest doom the law allows."

"Most terrible judge," said my uncle, "what would that be?"

"To pay a fine equal to that of Atahualpa."

"And what was that?"

Minnie read from her history: "Atahualpa, the captured Inca of Peru, agreed to bring together for his ransom articles of gold which should fill a room twenty-two feet long and seventeen broad to a height of nine feet. When this was done, it was found to be equal to more than fifteen million dollars."

"Most learned judge! I cannot do that, but I hope to convince you of my innocence. You remember, do you, Frank, where and how gold is first found?"

Frankie had forgotten; but Minnie explained that it was always found in veins of quartz running through granite.

"And where these veins or seams have rotted and crumbled away," said my uncle, "and the gold has been washed down in the streams, the gulch or placer mining is done. This I have explained to you. But by far the greater part of this quartz has not crumbled and washed away, and the gold is firmly hidden in the solid rock. In this case the rock has to be got out and crushed with heavy machinery. And this is quartz-mining, which I shall try to explain to you.

"Miners call these quartz-veins *lodes*, or *leads*, and they are generally hidden deep in the earth. Like any ledges, they sometimes appear at the surface. Then we say they *crop out*. But usually they are hard to find. Shall I tell you of my hunt with Spotty for a lode?"

Of course we wanted to know who or what Spotty was.

"His real name was Hallowell, and he came from Spottsylvania in Virginia. But everybody called him Spotty. He was a spendid miner, over six feet

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high, and strong as an elephant. He had been in the mines many years, — in California, in Nevada, in Colorado, and in Idaho. He had owned many rich mines, but always left them if there was a faint chance of anything better. And he was always poor, — a fickle, shiftless, good-natured fellow, who would work hard for many days, and then waste all his earnings in an hour's folly. Most of the old miners are like him.

"Well, during a drought, when mining in the gulch was dull, our party sent out Spotty and me to roam about the mountains and find a rich lode. Spotty prepared the outfit, which was very simple. Under his management we soon stood accoutred for the journey. Spotty, commander-in-chief, was dressed in buckskin from head to foot, — a broad-brimmed miner's hat set jauntily to one side, and a pair of huge boots reaching above the knees. Down one boot-leg ran a long sheath-knife, and at his belt hung a dirk and his trusty revolver. I question if Washington in full regimentals looked half the hero he did. I was dressed very much like Spotty, but could not compare with him. Each horse had a heavy blanket behind the saddle. I formed the commissary department, and strapped to my saddle the supplies, consisting of a bag in one half of which was flour, and in the other bacon, saleratus, salt, and pepper. Spotty managed the quartermaster's department, and bore on his saddle the pick and shovel, the sheet-iron prospecting-pan, frying-pan, and hatchet. This was our whole outfit for a two weeks' campaign. So you see our army was not much impeded by its baggage. We started out with the cheers of our comrades, and were gone just a fortnight. All day we would climb over the mountains, seeking for signs of a gold vein; and at night, putting our two blankets together, slept soundly on the ground wherever we happened to be. O, it was glorious to sleep so soundly and to be so hungry! No king ever made a better feast than we made from our bacon and bread. The horses we let loose at night with a long lariat, and in the morning one of us hunted them up while the other was cooking breakfast."

"What is a lariat, uncle?" asked Frank.

"A long rope. They always turn these Indian ponies loose to feed on the rich bunch-grass that grows on the mountain-sides. But they are shy little fellows, and without lariats the owners would not easily catch them in the morning. So they put upon them these long ropes, which trail from twenty to thirty feet behind them.

"I told you that lodes are generally hidden deep in the earth, and you can't imagine how hard it is sometimes to find a little seam of quartz. It must be a practised eye which can tell where to dig. But Madam Nature gives always some little key to her closest secrets; as you read that Newton from the apple's fall found his great law of gravitation. Near and over these veins, sometimes loose, and sometimes partly embedded in the earth, are often little pieces of the quartz in some way thrown out to the surface. Miners call these *blossom-rock*. And Spotty and I wandered about day after day, picking up every little piece of burnt brown quartz that came in our path. When Spotty thought a piece looked as if it might contain gold, he pounded

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it to fine dust with his hatchet, and then washed it out as I have told you Fairweather did with his pans of dirt. If he could find a few flakes of gold, — what is the right name, Frank?"

"*Color*, — is n't it?"

"Yes, — if he found color, then we carefully examined the vicinity for other such pieces. If we found many, and if they lay along a regular line, we were led to hope there was a lode near; and where the blossom-rock was thickest we would dig in search of the vein. We failed very many times; but at last we succeeded.

"One day, meanwhile, we came upon an old man with a long rod in his hand, leaping stealthily from point to point like a monkey, and all the while watching his stick carefully, as if expecting it to change to a serpent like the rod of Aaron.

"'Hallo! there 's Old Mormon,' said Spotty. 'Let 's have him to dinner, and perhaps he can help us.'

"A sorry-looking fellow was Old Mormon, rusty and uncombed, ill-fed and dirty, and dressed like the man

> "'That married the maiden all forlorn,
> That milked the cow with the crumpled horn.'

They called him 'Old Mormon' because with his solemn face and his long white hair and beard he looked like a Mormon elder.

"'What luck, old fellow?' said Spotty.

"'Poor enough!' he answered. 'The' ain't no gold hereabouts. I 've been over nigh 'bouts ever mild of it, and the rod don't bend nowheres.'"

"Why, what did he mean by that?" asked Minnie.

"Did you never see men try to find good spots for wells by means of the witch-hazel? They do so sometimes, moving about like Old Mormon with a carefully balanced rod of witch-hazel; and many believe that in passing over a spring of water, no matter how deep down in the earth, the rod will be drawn as the needle is to the lodestone. Old Mormon believed he could find gold veins in the same way. He told us that he had been hunting a long time, — that sometimes his rod would bend, but he had not yet found gold. But he was not a whit discouraged. He left us full of faith in his witch-hazel, as if he were another Aladdin with a wonderful lamp.

"After many failures, one day we found pieces of blossom-rock in quite a regular line along the mountain-side. 'Here!' said Spotty, where the pieces seemed thickest, — 'let us dig here.' So we went to work with a will in the dirt and gravel, — Spotty with his pick breaking the soil, and I with the shovel heaping it to one side. By night we had made a large hole something like a well.

"Betimes in the morning we commenced again; very soon Spotty picked up a piece of rock which showed crystals of lead. 'Perhaps we have found a silver mine,' said he. 'I 'll *cupel* this piece.' I was not a little surprised to see him produce from his capacious pocket all the necessary apparatus, — a spirit-lamp, a long tube like a pipestem, and his *cupel*, which was a cow's

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horn filled with the dust or ashes of burnt bones. Making a little hollow in the bone-dust, he put in a small piece of the galena, perhaps as large as Minnie's thimble."

"But, uncle," said Frank, "I thought Galena was a city in Illinois where General Grant lived, and which he said needed a sidewalk."

"So it is; but General Grant's town got its name from the lead ore found in the vicinity; the correct name for which is *galena*.

"Spotty lighted his lamp, and, placing one end of the tube in his mouth, from the other turned a bright jet of flame on his piece of galena. Under this very hot fire it soon melted. Now, your chemistry will tell you that under this intense heat the bone-dust will little by little absorb the melted lead, and finally leave a little globule of pure silver, if there is any. Spotty kept on blowing his tube till his cheeks were blue; but at the end he had left a very pretty little ball of silver about as large as the head of a pin.

"'That is pretty well,' said Spotty. 'A silver mine is better than nothing. But I would rather find gold.'

"At last, after much labor, we reached the rock; and, brushing away the earth, Spotty cried out that we had '*found the crevice.*' And so we had, — a seam of rich brown burnt quartz running through the granite as straight as an arrow, and as clearly defined as — as — well, as the streak of raspberry jam in your mother's jelly-cakes. Spotty broke out a few pieces, and among them we found some all blistering with specks of pure gold. It was a pleasant sight to see.

"Having found our lode, Spotty and I prepared to return home to Virginia City, intending to come back in the winter, when no work could be done in the gulch-diggings, and test the value of our discovery, or, as Spotty expressed it, 'sink a shaft and open it up.' But first we must become lawful owners. So Spotty cut down a pine-tree, and fashioned and set in the ground, near the hole we had dug, a small post, and, smoothing one side with his hatchet and knife, scrawled upon it in large letters, 'JUNIATA LODE.'"

"What a pretty name!" said Minnie. "Spotty must have been a romantic fellow."

"Not very," said my uncle. "His choice for names lay between 'Bob-tail' and 'Grandmother'; and it was only because he could not decide between them that he allowed me to give the name. Below the name he wrote that he and I claimed the Discovery Claim for ourselves and for our friends (whose names he wrote on the post); claims from No. 1 to No. 5, both northeast and southwest from the Discovery Claim."

"I don't understand," said Frankie.

"Why, the laws of Montana allow every man, who discovers a mine, two hundred feet in length along the lode, which is called the Discovery Claim; and then any citizen can take claims of two hundred feet each along the lode on each side of the Discovery Claim, by putting his name upon the post set up near the lode, and making a record of his claim in the County Recorder's office. Do you understand, Frankie?"

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"Well, never mind," said Frank, with a sigh; "I suppose I am young. But you mean that *somehow* you came to own your mine, — don't you?"

My uncle nodded.

"And do you own it now?"

Another nod from my uncle.

"And are very rich, — aren't you?"

"Not yet, Frankie. It is one thing to know where gold is, — quite another to get it out."

"But did you go back in the winter?" I asked.

"Yes, we went there early in the winter, built a comfortable log-cabin, and worked on our claim many weeks; until we were deep enough to be sure our lode was valuable. Some time we hope to get rich out of it. But it is a costly process to get the gold, even when you have a good mine. Thus far we have had no return for all our labor and expense. I have seen many men endure every privation and hardship and exposure in the dead of winter, and yet, even when they were sure of owning rich mines, suffer for the bare necessaries of life, — winters such as you know nothing of, where one looks out only upon an endless succession of bleak, bare mountains, where the snow is more than fifteen feet deep in the mountain passes, and the poor traveller is too often bewildered and lost."

"Now, Uncle George, tell us how they get the gold out," said Frankie, not much moved, I am afraid, by what my uncle said.

"You have read about the coal-mines, of course, in Lawrence's Adventures? They will give you some idea of how the quartz is taken out; but you must reflect that, in a region remote from railroads and canals, everything is done more rudely, and with less system and plan, than in the heart of Pennsylvania. If the quartz is hard, it is blasted with powder; if burnt and rotten, it is easily broken with picks. It is then hoisted by a windlass to the surface, and carted to mills, which are always placed by the nearest brook, to be crushed.

"There are many new inventions and improvements being made constantly in quartz-mills, but the one still in the most common use is the old stamp-mill. The quartz, broken into small pieces, is crushed to fine powder by the fall of heavy stamps. These are solid weights of iron, about seven inches square and ten deep, fastened to large pieces of timber; the whole weighing more than three hundred pounds. These are placed in a frame-work side by side. In front of them revolves a shaft with cams, raising the stamps, first one and then another. The whole machinery, you understand, is worked by a steam-engine. A solid bed of rock or iron is below, and the great stamps fall upon the quartz like trip-hammers, pulverizing it to a fine dust. A current of water is generally allowed to flow under the stamps, and quicksilver is also used. I have told you how the globules of quicksilver travel about like mice hunting for crumbs, and pick up all the little particles of gold. I am afraid I could not make clear to you all the details of this complicated process. It is enough for you to know that, with heavy and expensive machinery, the quartz is crushed to dust, and that from this the gold is saved by the use of quicksilver.

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"Where owners of lodes are too poor to buy the expensive machinery of these mills, they use a rude machine called an *arrastra*, — a queer machine so entirely lacking in ingenuity that you may be sure it was not invented by a Yankee. It is only a circular basin of hard granite, in the centre of which stands a revolving shaft. From this extend arms, to which are attached by chains large stones; and the shaft is turned by mules, as bark is ground in a tannery. As the shaft revolves, the huge stones are dragged around, crushing the quartz to dust; and from this dust the quicksilver catches the gold, as I have explained to you. But, children, all these plans for saving gold are very poor, even the best; and if Frankie is anxious to make money so very fast, the best thing he can do is to invent something better."

"I mean to try, uncle," said Frankie; "I am sure I want to get rich."

"Foolish little fellow!" said my uncle. "But I forget I am a prisoner. Dreadful judge, am I found guilty, or not guilty?"

We held a little consultation, and Minnie soon announced the verdict, "Not guilty."

Edward B. Nealley.

AUNT PATTY'S BEAD BAG.

IT must have been a beauty when it was whole and new, when it had entire the cluster of roses on one side on a blue ground, every stitch a bead, and on the other side a love-knot in gold, also on a blue ground. It had a silver clasp in those days, and Aunt Patty always used to keep a vanilla bean in it for perfume. But when I first knew anything about it, the clasp was gone, the satin lining ripped out, and the side with the love-knot had been almost all cut up and given away. Even the side with the roses had had the scissors in it two or three times; and Achsah, Hetty, and I were just crazy after the beads.

Achsah and Hetty were my cousins, and we three had been sent to spend the summer at Aunt Patty's, — I, because my parents were travelling, and did not know what else to do with me; Achsah, because she had the whooping-cough, and her mother thought the change would be good for her; and Hetty, because she would very likely have it too. We took our dolls and books with us, and had the whole house to play in, besides the garret and garden. It really did seem as if there never could be anything nicer, not even if we lived to be a hundred years old. I was ten, Achsah was eight, and dear little chubby-faced Hetty was only five.

The way we first came to know about the bead bag was this: Achsah and I went into the woods, and would not take Hetty with us. She ran to Aunt Patty for consolation, and when we came back, we found her stringing beads.

"O, what lovely blue beads!" I cried. "Where in the world did you get them, Hetty?"

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"Dem pitty beads," she said, contentedly. "Aunt Patty gave me great piece."

She had not ripped them all off, and she lifted up the bit of bag to show us. Now Achsah and I had a perfect passion for beads, and only very short strings to satisfy it; and we immediately offered Hetty our two pockets full of acorn-cups to make a trade. She was dazzled into compliance, especially when we promised to show her how to make a fairy garden with them, and the beads were ours. We divided them scrupulously, so many blue beads apiece, and went straight to work on necklaces for our dolls. When Aunt Patty saw how much we cared for them, she showed us the bag, — all that was left of it, — and told us of its ancient glories. It was forty years old, and had been to a great many dances and tea-parties and bees, with a fine wrought handkerchief in it, a purse, and a gold thimble. But now it had come to this, — to be cut up bit by bit for rewards to good children.

Aunt Patty said, whenever any one of us was extraordinarily good, she should have a piece; whenever any one of us went to bed for three nights running at eight o'clock, she should have a piece; and whenever one of us sewed up a seam in a sheet, or learned a chapter in the Bible, she should have a piece. And if she thought of more things for us to do, she would tell us.

We at once set about earning the beads with all our might, and a spirit of emulation took possession of us. To begin with, Achsah's string was two inches longer than mine, but I hoped by swift sewing to catch up with her. I was quick with my needle, and could sew up two sheets while she was doing one; for, besides being slow, she had to stop every now and then for a fit of whooping, and to take her sirup. But she was patient and persevering, and, besides, had the best memory for learning chapters; so we kept pretty nearly even, first one ahead, and then the other. Poor little Hetty did not get along very fast, although Aunt Patty gave her easy tasks, and paid her faithfully. But no sooner did she get a piece of the pretty bead-work for going to bed early, or making a block of patchwork, than Achsah and I assailed her with splendid bargains, and easily bought them all away from her.

One evening we were sitting up in our room, reluctant to go to bed. We had the west chamber up stairs. There was no carpet on the floor, but gay-colored rugs lay before the bed and dressing-table. Little Hetty was already asleep in the old-fashioned trundle-bed; but Achsah and I sat by the table stringing and re-stringing our beads.

"Achsah," said I, "I finished Aunt Patty's last sheet this forenoon. Now tell me, just as true as you live and breathe, have you learned another chapter?"

"Yes, two," said Achsah, picking up six blue beads at a time on her slender needle; "I have learned the fourteenth and fifteenth of John."

"O dear, those long ones!" I exclaimed. "Well, I 'll learn a Psalm first thing to-morrow. Achsah, suppose we count our beads."

"Well, I will if you will," said Achsah.

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So we went to work, and a long, long, painstaking task it was; but I don't suppose a miser ever gets tired counting his dollars, and no more did we counting our beads.

"I have five hundred and sixty-three blue ones," I announced at last, drawing a long breath.

"And I have six hundred and six blue ones," said Achsah.

Then we found that we had twenty gold ones apiece (the last of the love-knot), and I had six rosy red, the pride of my heart; for, luckily, Aunt Patty, in cutting my last bit, had clipped off the edge of a rose-leaf. But still Achsah was ahead of me.

"Let's measure the strings," I said, hoping one of us had made a mistake counting.

So we held up the strings together, and measured them slowly along, side by side; we were very intent over them, and whether, in my eagerness, I stretched mine a little too much, I cannot say, but suddenly, just as we were almost done, the thread of mine snapped, and away went the beads slipping down and rolling all around on the floor. I don't think I ever felt so dreadfully before in all my life; I could not help crying.

"O Achsah," I exclaimed, between the sobs, "you naughty girl! You've broke my string and spilled all my beads. Now you must give me yours to pay!" And I caught at them passionately, hardly knowing what I did, when snap went her thread also, and away went all her beads in a shower, rattling and rolling after mine all over the floor.

Achsah was now in as great distress as I was, and down we went on our knees on the floor, groping about after our treasures. But Aunt Patty came up in the midst of the tumult, and sent us to bed. "Time enough in the morning to pick up the beads," she said; and she was afraid we would set fire to the house, moving the lamp up and down over the floor.

Early next morning, with the first ray of sunlight, we were out on the floor in our nightgowns, hard at work. I had awaked with a feeling of compunction for my part in the transaction, and had made several shy overtures to Achsah, so she might know I was sorry for breaking her string. She received them graciously, and we became even more friendly than usual in our misfortune, making an agreement that all the beads we picked up during that day should be equally divided between us, and, after that, whatever scattering ones were left should belong to whoever had the patience to hunt for them. The worst of it was, many of them had gone into the cracks, and it was tedious work picking them out, as we had to do, on the point of a pin or a needle. By night we had pretty well retrieved our shattered fortunes, but there were still nearly two hundred beads missing, which we expected to find one by one whenever we could devote a stray half-hour to the cracks.

After that I believe I never entered the room without a downward glance as I walked along, almost always rewarded by seeing a bead or two shining in a dust-filled crack. But little Hetty was the most patient gleaner; she would lie flat on the floor an hour at a time, patiently digging up the dust in

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the crack with a pin. In this way she actually found as many as fifty beads, and these she would not sell for any consideration.

Achsah and I rather neglected the cracks for a little while, we were getting so intensely excited about what was left of the bag. Aunt Patty had begun to cut into the cluster of roses, for the blue ground was all used up. She had given Hetty a perfectly lovely piece for going to bed early, which I, with the greatest difficulty, managed to buy with a whole army of small dolls, and even then Hetty looked sober over her bargain, as if she did not half like it. There was now remaining the principal rose of the cluster, with a bud, composed of pink and white and scarlet beads. The scarlet ones had tiny white centres, which made them much more beautiful in our eyes.

When Achsah and I came to recite our chapters, and I said a short Psalm, Aunt Patty looked at me shrewdly, and remarked, "I shall measure the size of the piece by the length of the chapter; and according to that, Achsah will get four times as much as you, Maidie."

Well, of course this was fair; but it reduced me to despair. I was just then re-stringing my beads in a new way, something like a chain, and it required a red bead to every four blue ones, and mine had fallen short. What could I do? There were no more sheets, learning was very slow, and it would take three nights to earn anything by going to bed early. Achsah immediately began another long chapter; but I ran to Aunt Patty for help and advice.

"Well, Maidie," said Aunt Patty, kindly, "I think I can give you a job; but it will be a hard one. If you will weed out my bed of china-asters, I will give you a piece of bead-work an inch square."

An inch square! That would take it into the very heart of the rose! I flew down into the garden and went to work at once. There were plenty of weeds, to be sure, and the day was excessively warm; but I did not mind that, and hardly stopped to take breath, until at last, thoroughly tired and heated, I paused, and saw that I had not gone half the length of the bed. I went back into the house then, thinking I would rest a little while until it was cooler; and, seeing no one to speak to, I took up my incomplete chain and sighed over it. Suddenly it occurred to me that perhaps Aunt Patty would be willing to pay me part of my beads in advance, so that I could go on with my work while resting, and I should be sure to have the bed all weeded by sundown. But I could not find her anywhere, though I even went to her own bedchamber. As I stood there, I thought I would just look at the bead rose a minute; perhaps I might even pull ten or twelve red beads off to work with, for, if I kept exact account, Aunt Patty could not possibly care. So I reasoned.

We all knew where she kept the remains of the bag, — in a box, in the little old mahogany buffet that stood by the window. I went to it, and opened the box. It was empty! Not even one bead left! I could not comprehend it at first. It had fallen down, or Aunt Patty had put it in her pocket. But it was nowhere to be seen, and, hearing her step that moment outside, I ran to her, and found she knew nothing whatever about it. This was a

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calamity. It was worse. Some one must have taken it. Of course, it was not likely to be Aunt Patty's faithful old Sally out in the kitchen, nor the hired man. Who, then, was it?

I could hear Achsah coughing in our room up stairs. My great fault has always been a hot temper, and drawing too hasty conclusions; and at ten years old I had not even begun to get this fault under control. I dashed up stairs, and confronted her.

"Achsah, you wicked girl!" I cried. "You have taken the red rose and hidden it, so as to get ahead of me! And it is just as bad as stealing!"

I can see her now, just as she looked then, turning round from the dressing-table with her little cup of medicine in her hand, her pale face a shade paler than usual, and her gentle voice full of wonder, as she said, "I don't know what you mean at all, Maidie!"

"The red rose!" I cried again. "It is gone out of the box; there is n't a single bead left, and I had just almost earned a big piece. Achsah, you *did* take it!"

But over and over again she declared that she did not, though I pressed her unmercifully. Aunt Patty, who had followed me, now interposed.

"Be calm, girls," she said. "We shall find it sooner or later. Maidie, you had better go out and finish your work in the garden, so as to be ready for your share of the rose when it comes back. I think you are laying up sorrow for yourself in speaking so to Achsah."

It was hard to go, but I bit my lips and went, and stubbornly pulled away at the weeds till tea-time. At the table Aunt Patty was rather silent, in spite of herself, and Achsah had not one word at all to say, but looked very dignified. It was a comfort to see Hetty's bright, innocent face, and hear her childish chatter. She had not yet heard of the loss, and was trying to reckon how long she had to sit up before eight o'clock.

A cloud seemed settling down upon us. There was an atmosphere of distrust between Achsah and myself, and we went to bed without our customary good-night kiss. The next morning it was no better.

As we were sitting round in a doleful sort of way the next day, not doing much of anything, suddenly Aunt Patty asked where Hetty was; for she had scarcely seen the child since breakfast.

"Up garret," I replied; for I had heard the little feet trudging up the stairs some time before. "She has a den up there, in behind the spinning-wheels."

"Dear me!" said Aunt Patty, rising at once. "She may get at the spindles and hurt herself. Come, girls, let us go up and see what the midget is about."

We followed her somewhat listlessly, and, when we reached the garret, looked around for Hetty. There she sat on the floor by a cobwebbed window, with the sunshine glinting on her; and what do you think she was doing? Pulling the *red rose* all to pieces, and stringing the beads!

"O Hetty! Hetty!" exclaimed Achsah, in a horrified, reproachful tone.

It was with more of a defiant than an abashed look that the little creature

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gathered up beads, string, needle, and all, in her apron, and betook herself straight to Aunt Patty for protection.

"*Mine* pitty beads!" she said, stoutly. "*Sall* the girls get 'em away?"

"Why, darling," said puzzled Aunt Patty, "what makes you say they are yours?"

The little thing was ready with her explanation. Her idea seemed to be that she had taken a great deal of pains and gone to bed early every night, and made three blocks of patchwork, and still she had no beads, for Achsah and Maidie coaxed them away from her as fast as she got them. So, to set matters right, she had taken what was left of the bag for herself, and had brought it up garret, so the girls should not see it, nor tease for it. There was no withstanding her infantile logic. She evidently had not the slightest idea that she had done wrong.

"Well, girls," said Aunt Patty, with her hand on the little culprit's golden head, "I won't say what I think till you have said what *you* think."

"Let 's begin all over again and divide even," I said, quickly. "I will if Achsah will. I did n't know Hetty cared so much."

To this Achsah agreed, and thus the affair ended happily all around. I really believe we enjoyed our beloved beads better than ever, now that Hetty's glad little face was bent over a boxful of her own, and her fat fingers were stringing and unstringing, like the rest.

Ah, the years and the changes! There is no longer an Aunt Patty in the pleasant old house to bid us welcome. Achsah and Hetty are far away, meeting the joys and sorrows of life. And I, — my feet have wandered far, but the other day I came back to the old house to make it one more visit. There is still the prim, old-fashioned garden in the rear, and the row of lilacs in front. I went up into the west chamber, and, if you will believe me, my eyes involuntarily sought the floor. For the life of me, I could not resist taking a pin and exploring the cracks till I actually found two blue beads! I shall not tell you whether I laughed or cried over them, — it was one of the two, you may guess which.

Mary L. B. Branch.

THE BROOKLET.

BROOKLET, dear brooklet,
O, whither away?
Can you not tarry
A moment to play?
Under this oak-tree
'T is shady and cool;

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I 'd like it much better
Than going to school ! "
But the breeze from the brooklet
Just wafted a sigh,
That said, " I would like to, —
I cannot ! Good by."

" Brooklet, dear brooklet,
Why hurrying still ?
I 'm sure they don't need you
At all at the mill !
The miller 's asleep,
His corn is all ground ;
The mill is not going,
I don't hear a sound ! "
But the breeze from the brooklet
Just wafted a sigh,
That said, " I would like to, —
I cannot. Good by ! "

" Brooklet, dear brooklet,"
The little girl cried,
" Just tell me *why* not,
As I run by your side."
" The mill-wheel is still
Because it needs me ;
Without me the fields
Brown and withered will be."
And the breeze from the brooklet
Then wafted a sigh,
That said, " I would like to, —
I cannot. Good by."

" Brooklet, dear brooklet,
O, what shall I do ?
I 've no one to play with
Unless I have you ! "
" I think, little girl,
I 'd go straight to school,
And learn every lesson
And mind every rule."
Then the breeze from the brooklet
Just wafted a sigh,
That said, " *I* would like to, —
I cannot. Good by ! "

Ellis Gray.

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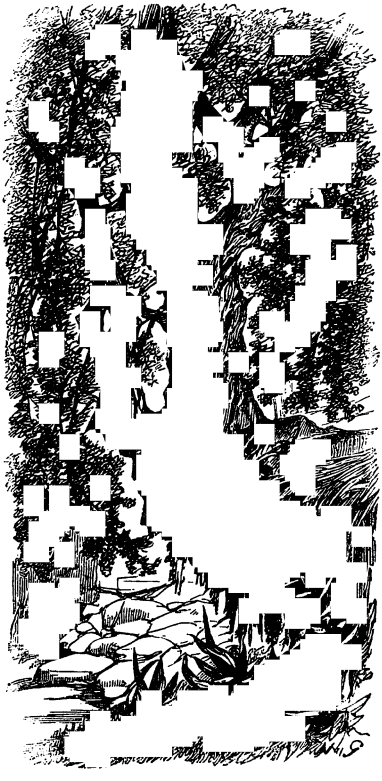
ABOUT CORK.



AS Cousin Tim sauntered into his uncle's door-yard one afternoon, he found Rufus and Ella hunting eagerly for something in the grass.

At sight of him Ella, thinking he knew everything, cried out, "O Cousin Tim! come and tell us what this was we saw running away! It was black, — and the funniest thing!" From which rather vague description Cousin Tim was expected to be able to tell all about it.

"How big was it?" asked Cousin Tim.

"O, — I don't know exactly, — about as big as a stopple."

Cousin Tim laughed, while Rufus exclaimed, "You might as well say 'as big as a piece of chalk.' What sort of a stopple? how big?"

"I mean a cork; you know how large a cork is, don't you? Perhaps not so large as a whole cork," Ella explained, after a moment's reflection, "but as large as a pretty large piece of cork."

"That's not very definite, after all," said Cousin Tim, amused. "For instance, there is the cork to one of your mother's little homœopathic phials, not larger than the end of your little finger. Then, again, I have seen a piece of cork as broad as a plank, and as long as — let me see!"

"As long as my arm?" said Rufus.

"Longer!"

"As long as *your* arm?"

"O, a great deal longer! As long as from here to the gate," said Cousin Tim, — which must have been at least a dozen feet.

"A cork as long as from here to the gate!" exclaimed Ella, amazed and incredulous.

"That must have been such a stopple as Butcher Ben tells about," laughed Rufus. "When it is raining hard, he says, 'It rains as if they had taken the stopple out!'"

"I didn't say it was a stopple, or a cork, but a piece of cork," replied

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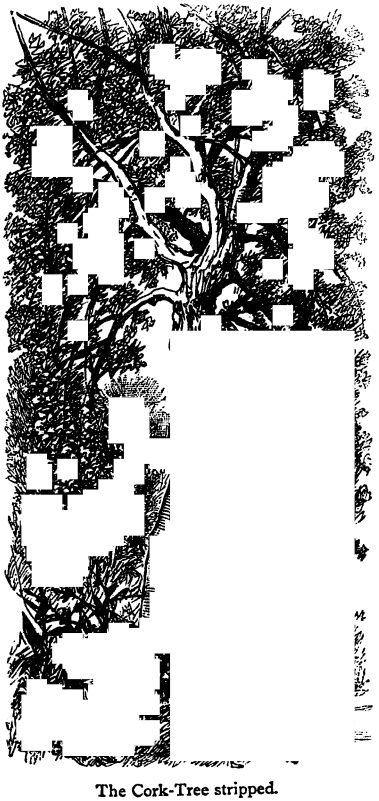
Cousin Tim. "Sit down in the shade here, and I will tell you about it. I can't say much of the creature you saw running away in the grass, Ella, since you cannot describe it, — though I think it must have been a beetle; but perhaps I can tell you something as interesting."

"O yes! about cork!" said Rufus. "What is it? I have heard that it was a kind of bark, — the bark of the cork-tree; but how do they get it? Where does it grow?"

"The cork-tree is a kind of oak called *Quercus suber;* in Latin *quercus* means oak, and *suber* means cork. Our word 'cork' itself is from a Latin word *cortex*, which means simply *bark*. This tree grows in the countries of Southern Europe and Northern Africa, especially in Spain, Portugal, and Algiers. It is a beautiful, large, spreading tree, and it is cultivated in parks for its beauty, and in forests for its bark."

"What you saw, then, was a strip of bark!"

"Exactly, Rufus. A tree is stripped in this way. A cut is made completely around it, through the bark, just above the roots. A second cut is made in the same way, just below the branches. Then straight cuts, up and down, divide the bark into broad strips. It is then pounded, to loosen it from the trunk, — something as you pound the bark of a stick of willow, to *ring* it for a whistle. In cutting, an axe is used that has a handle with a curved and wedge-shaped end, which is afterwards used to start the bark and lift it from the trunk. The strips are then wrenched and pulled away, leaving the poor tree naked from its roots to its branches."



The Cork-Tree stripped.

"Does it kill the tree?" Rufus inquired.

"Not when the work is carefully done. A tree completely deprived of its bark cannot live, of course; nor can one that has been simply *girdled*, if the bark is quite cut through. The sap of the tree, which goes to the leaves, just as your blood goes to the lungs, to receive oxygen from the air, returns to the roots through the cells of the bark; so a complete separation of the bark kills the tree. But the bark grows from the inside; the outer growths are constantly dying, while the new growth is forming under it. If you cut into the bark of any common

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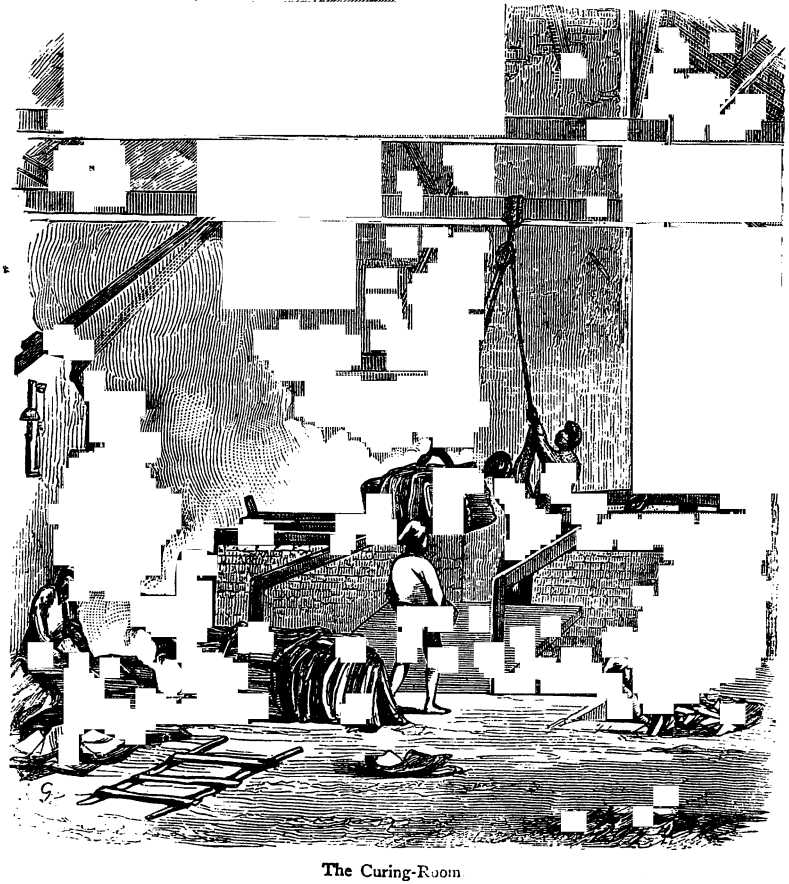
oak, you will find that the outer portion of it is comparatively dry and lifeless, while the inner layer is full of life and sap."

"I see!" cried Rufus. "In peeling the cork-tree, men take care not to cut clear through to the wood, but leave the living layer of bark, while they take off the dead outside."

"Precisely. The tree sheds that part naturally, in the course of time; but then the cork is so full of cracks that it is good for nothing. So the bark is taken off while it is in its best condition."

"And can they get another crop of bark from the same tree?"

"Certainly. The tree is first stripped when it is about fifteen years old, and every eighth or tenth year afterwards. As the cork-tree lives to be very old, it sometimes yields a good many crops, — fifteen to twenty, or even more. The first crop is the poorest; the quality of the cork improves until the tree is forty or fifty years old, and then continues at its best as long as



The Curing-Room

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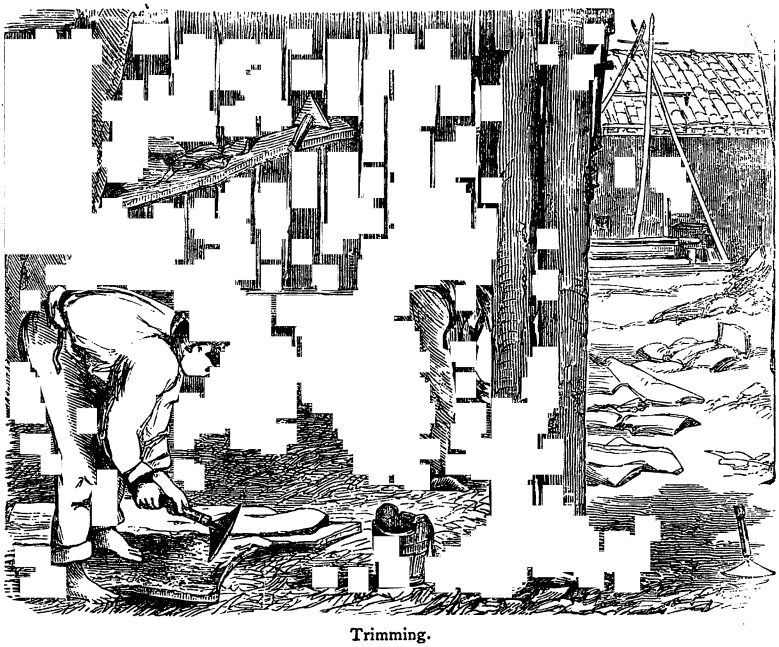
the tree retains its vigor. In peeling large trees, the bark is cut in rings, about three and a half feet broad, before it is divided and taken from the trunk. This work is done in the summer months. The wood of the tree is the poorest of all the oaks, — as if nature in this case had put her best forces into the growth of the bark.

"The pieces of bark, or *tables*, as they are called, when first cut, are curved, just as they grow upon the round trunk. The next thing is to flatten them. They are piled in narrow vaults, or trenches, one upon another, with the hollow or concave side downward, and pressed beneath heavy weights. After they have been sufficiently pressed, they are dried in the curing-house, by being constantly turned before hot fires. One way of flattening is by the burning process. They are placed, the convex sides down, over fires which warp them into shape.



Trimming.

"They have then to be dressed and trimmed; and here dishonest dealers find a chance to do a little cheating. Holes and cracks in the poor kinds of cork are filled with clay or chalk, and blacked over. Tables that have been through the burning process are most easily disguised in this way; and for this reason, though the burning does not injure the cork, they bring less in the market than the other sort.

"After it has been cured and dressed, the cork is packed in bales, and stacked ready for shipping. You, who have seen cork only in stopples or small pieces, would be astonished if you could look at, and perhaps climb,

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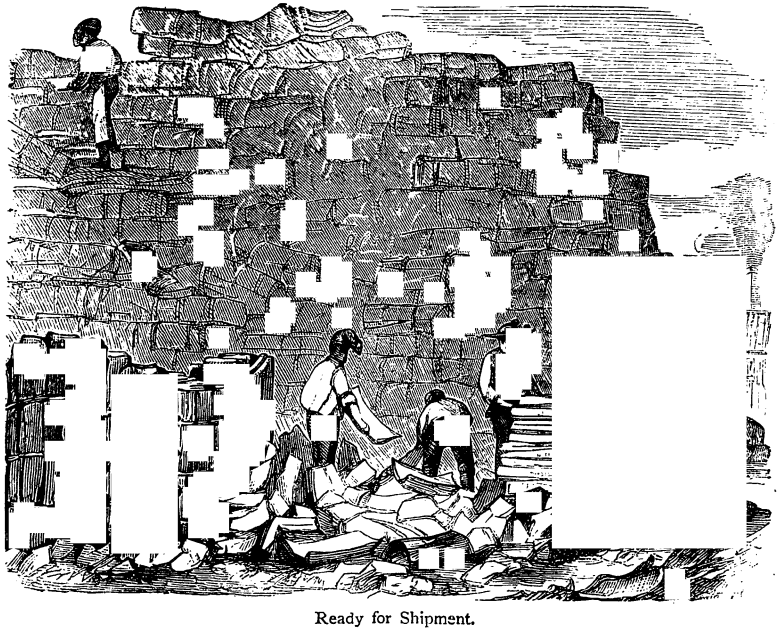

Ready for Shipment.

one of those mountainous heaps. You would fancy it contained material enough to stop all the bottles in the world. But there are a great many bottles in the world; and, besides, cork is used for other things than stopples. Cork soles are made of it, — cork hats, life-preservers, wads for small cannon, floats for fish-nets, bungs for barrels and hogsheads, artificial legs, and I don't know what else. In the countries where cork is grown, it is used for the roofs of cottages, tubs and cans, beehives, shoes, saddles, boats, pillows, pails, even for coffins.

"Corks for bottles used to be cut entirely by hand, — as they are still in European countries. A man sitting at a table, with a sharp, a very sharp knife in his hand, with two or three turns of the wrists finishes a cork, almost completely circular, and tapering slightly from one end to the other. But within a few years the Americans, who like to do everything by machinery, have invented cork-cutting machines, with the help of which one man can do the work of many men, and do it in some respects better. Machine-cut corks, however, have not the convenient taper those have which are cut by hand.

"Corks differ in quality almost as much as in size. Some are coarse and rough, others are smooth and fine; and their prices vary accordingly. I do not dare to say, though I have heard, how many thousand tons of cork are harvested and sold in the markets of the world every year; and a single ton of so light a material as cork," added Cousin Tim, "must make, you know, a pretty large pile!"

Harvey Wilder.

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DID THE CAT COUNT FOUR?

MY friend Mrs. Lyman lives in the country, and is a farmer's wife. She has no children, but a number of pets. A canary hangs in the sunny window of her kitchen, and sings when the lady is at her housework, but reserves her merriest notes for the hour when the sewing-machine is in motion. A large black-and-white dog, a hunter, eats his dinner from the same plate with Topsey, the cat. They lead peaceful and loving lives, save now and then, when the dinner is scanty, Topsey will give Mac a sharp pat with her claws if he takes the last mouthful.

Behind the little farm-house rises a wooded hill, and across the road is a grove of pines. The dog and the cat go hunting often in these woods, and I am sorry to say that Topsey has become quite expert in catching birds and squirrels when she craves fresh meat.

Last summer, Topsey was the happy mother of four kittens, — as charming a little family as a cat-mother could desire. When Mrs. Lyman saw them in their bed in the back chamber, she took two of the kittens away, in the absence of the mother, thinking that Topsey had not gone far enough in arithmetic to count four. She was, perhaps, mistaken. When Topsey returned, she was very much disturbed at the loss of two of her darlings. If she could have expressed her grief in words, her lamentations would, no doubt, have grieved the heart of her mistress.

Topsey suckled the two remaining babies, to hush the hungry "mew, mew," which filled the chamber, and then, leaving them asleep, went into the woods. When she returned, she brought with her two tiny new-born squirrels, and placed them in the bed beside her kittens, cuddling close to them, and suckling them as she did her own young.* From that time she made no distinction between them and her own children, but watched over them fondly, and carried them about with her teeth, just as if they had been kittens. One of the squirrels, I am sorry to say, died in a week or two, whether from grief at being taken from its own home in the woods, or from the new mode of nursing, — Topsey huddling her brood a little closer together than mother squirrels, — I cannot tell. But one grew up and became a pet, not only of Topsey, but of the whole household.

Bunny did not care to go to the woods, but built herself a nest under one of the beams of the wood-shed, going very often to see Mother Topsey in the back chamber. There was a little hole cut in the wall through which she came and went. She was a happy little creature, often sitting on Mr. Lyman's shoulder and cracking a nut, with her tail curled up in a very cunning way. She did not take to mice, like her foster-sisters, nor could Mother Topsey teach her the art of mousing; while, on the other hand, Topsey

* The writer of this sketch, in a private note to the editors, vouches for the entire truth of this curious story. We would observe here, however, that the cat must have gone twice for the squirrels, since she could not very well have carried both at once. — EDITORS.

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liked to catch squirrels as much as ever. She often killed them for her supper. Yet she watched over Bunny with jealous care, and once, when she fell among some boards in the shed, and could not get out, Topsey pulled her out with her teeth, and carried her as tenderly as if she had never known the pleasure of eating squirrel-meat. It was a very happy family,—Mac and Topsey, the two kittens, Bunny, and the canary.

But the question is, Did Topsey count four?

Mrs. A. E. Porter.

ACCIDENTAL DISCOVERIES.

THE great discovery that made Charles Goodyear famous was an accident. For ten years he gave all his time to ascertain how india-rubber could be treated so that it would neither stiffen by cold nor melt by heat. As everybody knows, he succeeded; but it was after a thousand mistakes, and at a time when he was not experimenting. Gesticulating earnestly as he stood arguing near a bar-room stove one winter's day, he let fall on the heated surface a piece of india-rubber and sulphur, which he had been rolling together in his hand. Upon recovering it, he found that a portion of the little ball had become more elastic than before; and, by subsequent trials, that the same portion was affected neither by heat nor cold. In fact, the interior portion of the ball had been *vulcanized* by chance; and from this trivial matter, which occurred in a country tavern thirty-four years ago, has grown up, in this and other countries, a business that employs a capital of many millions of dollars, and more than one hundred thousand workmen.

Again, during the process of vulcanizing large quantities of india-rubber, a residuum of hard black coal is continually being deposited. For several years this residuum was regarded as useless, and was got rid of by shooting cart-loads of it into holes or sinking it in the sea. Observing an Irish girl one day in Woburn, Massachusetts, cleaning cutlery upon what looked to be a black stone, Goodyear had the curiosity to examine it. To his surprise, he found the seeming stone to be india-rubber coal;—not a mineral at all, but a vegetable. Seeing that the upper surface of this novel knife-scourer had not only been worn smooth by use, but had taken a brilliant polish, the thought occurred to him that the material might answer as a substitute for ivory, bone, and horn. Upon trial, he found that it was so; and he immediately took out in the United States, England, and countries on the Continent, many patents of application; that is, patents not for the discovery of the material, but for the discovery of the uses of the material. Manufacturers saw the advantages of the substitute, and seized upon it eagerly. And now it is used the world over for handles to knives and surgical instruments; for laboratory tools; for harness-trimmings and house-ornaments; buckles and locks; parlor-furniture and study-

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conveniences; combs and backs of hair-brushes; door-knobs and walking-canes; caskets, bracelets, and necklaces; finger-rings and the settings of precious stones; and a thousand other purposes.

Tradition ascribes the first idea of the harp to the dried tortoise-shell; and of Tyrian dye to the purple lips of a mastiff which had been worsted in contest with a shell-fish on the shores of Tyre. Though these may well be matters of doubt, there are others which, to say the least, are probable. Take, for instance, the story of the Phœnician mariners, who, happening to make a fire of dry sea-weeds on a sandy shore, found *glass* in the ashes.

The operation of whitening sugar was discovered by accident. All sugar is dark until washed. Pack some brown sugar in a funnel; how is it to be washed? Clearly not by pouring water upon it, which would dissolve the crystals, but by letting it drain dry. Such used to be the process. Ten thousand loaves of sugar, in funnels, would sometimes be draining at once in a Cuban sugar-house. It happened at a plantation, early one morning, that old "mammy," after feeding the poultry, left the gate of their yard open. There had been a shower, and the feet of the fowls were sticky with clay; yet they nevertheless crossed over to the sugar-house, and, entering at the door, went *peeking* into the funnels and depositing moist clay on their contents. Nobody knew till then that moist clay gives off water so sparingly that it will purify sugar without dissolving it. The hint was taken, experiments were made, and the fact clearly ascertained. It was one of the most curious and useful of chance discoveries. To this day yellow and brown sugar in the West Indies is whitened by spreading moist clay over the surface. This is called "claying the sugar."

The processes of clarifying sugar in the United States and all over Europe are quite different. No moist clay, nor clay in any state, is now used. And yet, curiously enough, the original name sticks, sugar that has been whitened being everywhere called "clayed sugar."

The metal called cadmium, which when crystallized into white octahedrons is so beautiful, and which is also so useful in the arts, was discovered by a very odd chance. It is a custom in Germany, that the government every now and then examines druggists' medicines to see if they are pure. The chemical inquisitors whom it employs went into an apothecary's shop in Berlin some years ago, and, among other articles, tested some zinc. It was mixed with sulphur, and yet turned yellow. They were horrified. The druggist was arrested, his shop closed, a large fine was imposed upon him, and he was forbidden to trade. Why? Because zinc combined with sulphur is white, while arsenic combined with sulphur is yellow; and the experts reported our poor druggist for having arsenic in his zinc. He knew it could not be so, however; and he employed Professor Stromeyer to analyze it, who discovered the new metal, cadmium, to be the cause of the yellow. This white, brilliant, tin-resembling metal, from which *cadmium yellow* comes, is now regularly extracted from ores of zinc.

There is a color made and used at the famous Gobelin manufactory in Paris, called the *Gobelin red dye.* It was at one time in so great repute that

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the populace thought it must have been obtained from the Evil One. It was accidentally discovered by that odd Dutch philosopher, Cornelius Van Drebbel, who professed to have been the inventor of almost everything, from a mouse-trap to a machine which should move perpetually. He was probably the first constructor of a thermometer, and he improved the telescope and microscope. About two hundred and sixty years ago, when engaged one day in filling a glass tube with a decoction of cochineal, his dog sprang playfully upon him, causing him to spill a few drops. There was a solution of tin in a vessel on the table. Into this the decoction of cochineal fell, when lo! what has since been known as the Gobelin red dye was produced.

Steam-engines, in their early use, had no self-acting valves. A workman, at stated times, had to turn on and turn off a tap. As the work was light and attention only was required, boys were usually employed as tap-turners. It so happened, while this was the custom, that a young fellow — lazy, perhaps, but possessing brains — got tired of running hither and thither, and perpetually doing the same thing. Getting hold of a strong cord, he contrived a connection between the beam at one end and the tap at the other end, and tied both together. It answered perfectly. The movement of the beam turned off the tap at the proper moment, and at the next proper moment turned it on. The engineer saw it, and though he discharged the boy for laziness, he took out a patent for the invention. From that time, all steam-engines have been built with self-acting valves.

N. S. Dodge.

THE WHISTLE.

MY birthday came the tenth of June,
And I was eight years old;
The brier-roses kept the time,
And bloomed in pink and gold.
The robins sang their gayest song,
The sky was clear and pleasant,
And every person in the house
Bestowed on me a present.

A silver cup was grandma's gift;
My mother's was a blue
Silk-velvet coat; my father gave
A gold-piece, bright and new;
And Aunt Lucretia, always bent
On patterns for me finding,

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The "Life of Nathan Dickerman,"
In dingy purple binding.

But old black Dinah — well she knew
The hearts of little boys —
Had bought a gay tin whistle, — O,
It made the loudest noise!
The shrillest, most unearthly shriek,
That seemed together mingling
All manner of distressing sounds
To set one's ears to tingling.

The gold-piece was too much to spend, —
They bade me lay it up;
And on the china-closet shelf
Was placed my silver cup.
Blue-velvet coats and fearless play
Agreed but ill together;
And Nathan Dickerman and I
Were birds of different feather.

A little white-winged saint was he,
And I a wilful boy; —
Old Dinah's was the only gift
I really could enjoy.
In doors and out I blew my blast,
The dull old cart-horse frightening;
While Beck, the wild colt, down the field
Went like a flash of lightning.

The startled sheep, before the sound,
Ran, scampering up the hill;
And "Johnny," was the household cry,
"For mercy's sake be still!"
But vain were pleadings, vain were threats,
To part me from my treasure;
The shriller was the sound it made,
The keener was my pleasure.

Give silver to the grasping hand,
Give bay-wreaths to the poet,
Give beauty gems, and scholars books,
And love — on all bestow it.
But if you truly wish to win
The hearts of little boys,
The gifts that please the most are those
That make the loudest noise.

Marian Douglas.

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THE ERMINE.

THE name "ermine" is said to come from the proper adjective, *Armenian.* In olden times this weasel was known as the Armenian rat, — the skins having been first exported from the mountainous districts of Armenia in Asia. Indeed, the ermine is always a dweller on the mountains. I never saw one below a level of a thousand feet above the sea; though it may be scarcely fair to state this as a universal fact, my observation having been limited to the interior and northern part of this State (Maine). On all of our high mountains, especially those with a scrub growth of spruce and pine, the ermine abounds.

Like the marten, there is some confusion as regards its name and identity. Only a few months since I was talking with a gentleman who informed me that ermine was the skin of the Siberian sable! I ventured to dissent; whereupon he smiled at my rustic ignorance, and kindly offered to lend me certain works of Natural History.

Many hunters call it the "stoat," and say that there is a difference between the stoat and the ermine. There is. *Stoat* is the correct name for the creature while in its brown summer dress; *ermine*, when in its white winter garb.

Others confound it with the common weasel (the same described in the last number); they say that an ermine is merely a large weasel. But the ermine is full twice the length, and of more than double the weight, of the weasel. And there are other differences. The general mien and bearing of the animal is different; its head and nose have a different shape; and it inhabits higher ground.

It is during the winter months, while white, that the fur of the ermine is most valuable. It is much used in Europe for lining and trimming fur garments. Capes are sometimes made from it, arranging the black in tufts at regular intervals through the white ground. Like the weasel, the tip of its tail retains its color throughout the year, being always of the most intense black. Running along the snow with this trailing black tip, it presents a very peculiar appearance; though, like all color contrasts, this needs to be seen to be exactly appreciated.

The ermine has its burrow under loose rocks, where several are tumbled upon each other, in high and dry situations; sometimes in hollow tree-trunks. I once found one among the yellow, fibrous punk of a fallen spruce. They climb trees almost as nimbly as a marten, — after squirrels and bird's-nests. They frequently rob hawks' nests, and are, in fact, about the only enemy, save crows, the hawks have. No crag or over-leaning tree is inaccessible to them.

Passing along the face of a precipice, I once saw a robbery of this sort. A noise among the rocks first drew my attention. The hawks were swooping excitedly past a little shelf of the ledge, uttering short, angry squawks.

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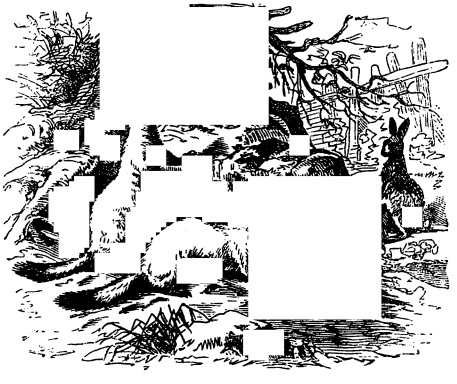
On looking more closely, I saw their nest on the shelf, and a small animal playing around it. It was within easy gunshot, and, on my firing, a stoat came tumbling down the rock, — in its summer coat of brown. This being in June, the fur was worthless. I had satisfied my curiosity, though at the expense of the pretty little creature's life.

But the hare is their easier and more common prey. They catch this timid little mammal with no apparent exertion, by merely creeping up within a few yards, then darting out upon it.

While trapping for marten on the Muculsea Mountain, I once saw a couple of ermines steal upon a family of hares that were browsing near one of our "dead-falls" (traps). It was just before sunrise. I was making the round of the traps alone that morning, and had come up within six or seven rods of this one, when, seeing the hares feeding, I had stopped to watch them a moment. Suddenly one of them rose on his hind legs and looked frightenedly toward a stone at the root of a large tree a few rods off; and, glancing in that direction, I saw the ermines (it was toward the last of December) peeping at the hares from over and around the stone.



I can scarcely hope in this little cut to give an idea of the subtlety, shrewd cunning, and grace of their eager motions.

While the hare stood looking they remained motionless; but the moment it resumed its feeding they both darted out, and, seizing one, soon despatched it. The others hopped away. Keeping the tree between me and them, I tiptoed up within a couple of rods. They were busily engaged sucking the blood, making a queer, low, growling noise, and snuffing like cats. It seemed a sin to shoot them, they were so lithe and beautiful; but then their skins were valuable. As I raised the hammer, they both glanced up, their cunning little heads not six inches apart. A discharge of shot knocked them both over.

We used often to find them crushed in the dead-falls instead of the marten, of which they are about half the size. And I once chased one into a crevice between two large stones. Like the weasel, they will get vengefully mad if plagued. I poked this one with a dry mullein-stalk till his little bead-like eyes shone like glass, and he was on the point of darting out at me, when, fearing that he would escape, I despatched him with my knife on the end of a stick. They emit the same odor as the weasel, and are equally tenacious of life. The famous "nine lives," which cats are fabled to possess would have to be doubled for the weasels, I fancy.

While at the Muculsea Mountain, we had made and set a bear-trap over

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among the "black growth" on the slope of the opposite mountain, which is known on the State maps as Mount Culcusso. The trap was of logs about nine feet square, laid up log-house fashion to the height of six or seven feet, and roofed over with heavy sticks upon which we laid large stones. In one side there was set a door of split sticks, which played up and down in grooves on either side. When set, the door was raised, and the button which supported it connected with a pole, which extended back overhead to a baited spindle on the farther side. Bruin had only to go in and tug at the bait, when down would come the door, and lo! a prisoner to be shot through the cracks next morning.

But it didn't always *work;* sometimes the bear would spring it, and somehow get back far enough to get away from under the door, dragging out the bait. We used to visit it once in three days. On going over one morning, I heard, as I went up through the woods, the short bark of a fox; and working up quietly saw, as I came out in sight of the trap, a very pretty crossed-gray fox picking at the hare with which the spindle was baited. Some creature had sprung it and dragged the spindle out; and this passing fox was improving the chance to get a meal gratis.

He had not yet seen me, and I wondered what had caused him to bark, — since foxes rarely bark unless frightened or vexed. But presently I saw an ermine steal out from behind the corner of the trap. Instantly the fox stopped gnawing, held his head perfectly still a moment with retroverted eye, then, as the ermine crept a little nearer, sprang at him with another sharp *yap*. The ermine dodged back, and the fox returned to his repast.

But pretty soon, desirous of a share, the little peeping nose again came out in sight. This was more than his foxship could stand. He made a furious dash after the persistent little intruder, chasing him round the trap with a whole string of snappy barks. The ermine took refuge inside the trap, going in through a chink.

So far from being driven off, the fox had scarcely returned to the bait when I saw the restless little head with its bead-like eyes pop out beneath the door within a foot of the bait. The fox snapped at him with bristled neck and a *swish* of his big brush. But the more he snapped, the more he had to. The ermine seemed resolutely bent on having at least a taste. I hoped to see a tussle between them, though the ermine could hardly have made much of a fight. But as, after waiting awhile, this did not seem likely to come off, I shot the fox, and the ermine ran off.

Only a few mornings after, hearing a great fluttering and *quitting* among the neighboring bushes, I ran along, and saw an ermine in the act of seizing a spruce or Canada partridge which had taken refuge in the snow, after the custom of these birds in winter. The ermine seemed to have been digging under the snow-crust after it.

Like the common weasel, the ermine eats nothing but the blood and brain of its prey, unless hard pressed by hunger.

In every instance where I have seen it attack the hare, it invariably sprang upon the shoulders and neck to get at the base of the skull. The hare

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would fall dead almost at the first bite, with but one plaintive note. And, on examining it afterwards, I have found that the sharp teeth had pierced sheer through the skull into the brain, — a far more sure and speedy means of death than a bite at the throat.

C. A. Stephens.

A RIDE ON THE ENGINE.

ONE cold day last March, in a certain part of the State of Maine, a little boy, about ten years old, was seen going along the railroad-track as fast as his legs would carry him. His cheeks were red, and his eyes wide open with excitement. Every few minutes he looked behind him, to see if a train was overtaking him, — sometimes putting his ear down to the track to listen. Then, as if he were in a great hurry, he would start and run, jumping rapidly from sleeper to sleeper, and leaping over the broad culverts without appearing to notice them. Occasionally he would slacken his pace, and, as if his little heart were bursting with grief, he would cry out in a discouraged tone, "O dear, O dear!" then the big tears would roll down his cheeks, which he wiped with the back of his bright red mitten.

He was a manly-looking little fellow, and his warm overcoat, and fur cap tied over his ears, — for it was bitterly cold, and the snow lay in piles on both sides of the track, — showed that he was cared for by loving hands.

This boy was carrying a heavy load; the heaviest he had ever carried in his life. He had been ten miles with it already, and had five more to go, and he was getting about tired out. He could not lay it down by the side of the track while he rested himself, and then take it up again. He must carry it every minute until he got to his journey's end. That was why he was hurrying so. It was a big, ugly load to carry, but nobody could see it. Nobody knew that he had it anywhere about him. He was not carrying it in his hand, or on his back, or on his head. He was carrying it in his heart. It was the burden of a guilty conscience.

This boy's first name was Sam. I will not say what his last name was, for this story is true, and Sam might not like to have it known among all the boys and girls who read it. If there ever was a lucky boy in the world, he was one. He had one of the best fathers that ever lived, and one of the kindest, dearest, and prettiest mothers. He had two brothers older than he, who made a great pet of him, and were always doing something to please him. They lived in a large, old-fashioned brick house on a hill, in a lovely village in Maine. At the side of the house was a big cherry-tree, on which his father had securely fastened a flying-trapeze. The way Sam turned somersets, and hung by his heels and his chin, and by one foot, on that trapeze, was a caution to anxious mothers. Near the tree was a big tent, which his

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brother Frank had made. In this tent Sam and Ned had circuses Saturday afternoons, giving due notice beforehand to all the boys and girls, and asking two cents admission. At such times I used to see Sam stepping briskly around, with his mother's long white stockings, which had been slyly smuggled down the back stairs, drawn tightly up over his knees, — cracking his whip and shouting to imaginary horses at a great rate. Ned often did duty as the wonderful performing-horse; but when Sam's whip came suddenly across his cheek, he was very likely to turn into a boy again all at once, and tell the ring-master (that was Sam, you know) he 'd better mind where he hit, or he would have to get another horse.

On the lawn back of the house was a croquet-ground, where the boys played with their mother after school. Then they had all sorts of out-of-door games, such as foot-ball, ring-toss, grace-hoop, battledore and shuttlecock, and I don't know what beside. I only know that they seemed to have everything to make boys happy. Did I mention good old Charlie, the horse, who seemed to know almost as much as a human being, and would let the boys ride him bareback all over the yard? Well, it seems as if you must all know about Charlie, — I forget that most of you are strangers, and live hundreds and thousands of miles away from Maine. You would laugh to see Charlie race up the hill with Sam hanging to him, holding tightly to his mane, and laughing with all his might. But I must not spend so much time telling about these good times, for I have something very different to write about.

I wanted, though, to give you an idea of what sort of a home Sam had; because if he had been a poor little boy, with no mother, and perhaps a drunken father, and had had nothing to make him good, you would not wonder so much at what he did.

Well, one night, just before bedtime, the mother called her three boys to her, and said, "Now, boys, I am thinking of making grandma a little visit." Grandma's home was a hundred miles away. "Your father will be very busy at the store, so I shall have to trust you to be good boys until I come back. Sammie, you won't do anything to make mother unhappy, — will you? You know you are very fond of being about the depots, but it is one of the things that makes me very, very anxious. However, I shall not bind either of my sons by a promise. They all love me, and know what pleases me."

Sam slid his arm lovingly around his mother's neck, and promised he would be just as good as if she were there. Ned's eyes moistened, and his voice trembled a little, as he said, "Don't worry about us, mother. I 'll keep fresh flowers in the parlor, just as you do, and water the garden every day, for my share, — that is, if I don't conclude to run away to sea while you are gone," he added, trying to joke a little. He had just been reading a story of that sort. His mother pressed his cheeks between her hands, saying, "Ned, Ned, I 'm afraid your sense of the ridiculous is too keen for such stories to benefit you much; but what about running away to sea?"

"O, nothing very special, only this boy here" — holding up a book — "ran away to sea; travelled all over the world, and, after several years, came back

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rich, — which seemed to be a good thing for his poor mother, you see. So I did n't know but you would like to have one of *your* sons celebrated in the same way. That 's all. This will be my style when I get back"; and Ned began walking sailor-fashion about the room, greatly to Sam's amusement.

"Well, Edward and Samuel," spoke up Frank, "if you have said all you want to, I will say my say. My beloved mother, I have only this remark to add to what has already been said, namely, I think *I* am *about* big enough to take care of myself." He stretched himself up on his tiptoes as high as he could, — and that was pretty high, for Frank was over six feet tall, although but sixteen years old, — and, spreading his arms out, seized his mother, and gave her a good squeeze. "Don't you think so, little mother? And as for those two small children, if they don't behave I 'll e-a-t 'em." At this, Sam and Ned rushed up stairs to bed, Frank roaring behind them.

Two days after, the boys went to the depot with their father, to see their mother on board the train for their grandma's.

On the way home Sam remarked, in a very important way, "I don't see what makes mother worry so about us. What does she think we are going to do so very dreadful? Pooh! I guess she 'll find us all right, — don't you, Ned? Wish I had n't promised not to hang by one foot on my trapeze though, for I promised Phil I 'd have a circus Saturday, and what 's the fun of a circus without the one-foot performance?"

The boys laughed, and guessed Sam's circus would have to be postponed.

Well, for a week everything went on smoothly. Every letter to mother contained good reports. But at last, one afternoon, as Sam was on his way from school, which was let out early for some reason, he met Bill Green, a boy who had never had any one to teach him to be good, and who was in the habit of lounging around town, and doing anything he pleased, whether it was right or wrong. He felt a pride in squirting a stream of tobacco-juice from his mouth, and in puffing away at a cheap cigar. He spent his evenings "down town," and, in fact, did many things which made him a dangerous companion. When he met Sam, he called out, "Hallo, Sam! where going?"

"Nowheres in particular," said Sam.

"You 'd better go down to Greenville with me on the engine, then. Bill Smith is fireman, and said I might go; I know he 'd let you too."

"O, I can't," said Sam; "mother would n't like it."

"Thought your mother had gone up to your grandmarm's."

"Well, she has," said Sam; "but she never likes to have me around the trains."

"Pooh! how 's she ever going to know anything about it? Besides, the other train will be back before your supper-time, and who 's ever going to know you went? Come on, Sam; it 's regular fun, — I 've been lots of times. You never rode on an engine, did you?"

Now, one of the greatest desires of Sam's life had been to ride on an engine, and this seemed to be a wonderful chance to do so. He knew his

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mother would not approve his going, especially when she was away from home; but Bill was a good deal older than Sam, and coaxed so hard that he finally decided he would go this once, and never say a word about it to anybody.

Just then the train whistled, and, without waiting to listen to the little voice within, which kept saying, "Don't go, Sam, — don't go, Sam, — just think how mother 'll feel! You know what you promised," and so on, he ran as fast as he could towards the depot, and, almost before he knew what he had done, he was being whizzed along the track at a rapid rate, and nearly deafened by the rush and thunder of the engine.

"Is n't this fun?" said Bill.

"Yes," rather soberly drawled Sam; "'t is so." But his little heart had grown suddenly heavy, and riding on an engine was not such glorious fun, after all. *Something* had taken all the fun out of it. The farther he got from home, the more he wished he had never started. It was only fifteen miles to Greenville; and so it was not long before the train stopped, and left Sam and Bill standing on the platform of the little country depot. Greatly to Sam's dismay, he learned that the train in which they were to return home had been delayed by an accident, and, instead of getting home before six o'clock, as he expected, he would not get there until nearly eight. His cup of misery was full. What! wait until after dark at that depot? No, indeed. O, what would he not have given to be in Frank's or Ned's place, safe at home! Then the thought of his mother came, and it seemed as if his heart would break.

All these thoughts passed through Sam's mind in a twinkling; but Bill was troubled by no such reflections. *He* was rather glad, on the whole, that the train was late; it would give them a nice chance to go down on Greenville Pond, and see the boys skate. Perhaps they could borrow some skates for themselves.

The mention of going to the pond just capped the climax for Sam. He had been bad enough already; he was not going to add to it by going down there, — something he was sure his mother would forbid. Bill might coax as hard as he pleased now. Sam's mind was made up, and he said in a determined voice, "No, sir-ee. I am not going to any ponds. I 'm going home."

"Going home! Guess you 'll have to walk it, then," sneered Bill.

"Well, I *am* going to walk; and, if you don't want to go too, you can wait for the train."

Sam buttoned his coat closely around him, and, without casting a glance at Greenville, started along the track towards home. It was a strange road to the little fellow, and fifteen miles was a long walk to take in cold, winter weather; but he did n't think much about anything but getting home as quickly as he could, and telling his father all that he had done.

Supper-time came at Sam's home, — six o'clock. The bright-colored cloth was spread, the big lamp was lighted, and a nice hot supper was waiting to be eaten.

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"I wonder where Sammie is," said his father. The boys did not know; but, thinking he would soon be in, they sat down. His father could not eat much, though. He kept getting up and looking out of the window. He was so used to Sam's bright, happy face at the table, that the sight of his empty chair and untouched plate took away his appetite.

After tea, he waited awhile for him, but, as he did not come, he started out in search of him. At the foot of the hill he met a group of boys, and one of them said he saw Sam jump on the train, that afternoon, with Bill Green. Then he became *very* anxious. He went directly to the depot, and there learned that the train which was due at a quarter of six had been delayed two hours. He hardly knew what to do, but decided to wait for it; then, if Sam did n't come, he would telegraph to the stations along the road. It came, and he looked among the passengers in vain for his boy. He then hurried back to the store, and was preparing to send the despatches, when the door opened, and in walked poor little Sam. He was completely tired out, and, the moment he saw his father, he burst out crying with all his might. Then, as soon as he could steady his voice, he told him all that had happened.

"Why did n't you wait and come back on the train, Sammie? You would have got home just as soon."

"O father, I could n't," said Sam. "I thought of what I promised mother, and I could n't. O dear! O dear! I am *so* sorry. What shall you do to me, father?"

His father lifted his tired boy in his arms, and kissed him tenderly; then, wiping away the tears, took him by the hand, and led him home. Sam was too tired to eat; so his father went up to bed with him, helped him undress, and tucked the clothes around him as carefully as a mother. All through the night he was awake every hour, to feel his pulse and his flesh, for he was afraid the long walk might make him sick. But Sam slept soundly, though he sobbed and cried out in his sleep a good deal. His father was sure that his long walk home was punishment enough for him.

A week later, when his mother came, Sam told her all about it, with such evident signs of repentance that she agreed, with his father, that he needed no additional punishment.

Sam had learned to his satisfaction that pleasure obtained through disobeying such a good mother was not much pleasure, after all. He told Frank and Ned, out in the tent, the next morning, that it would take more than Bill Green or any other boy to make him try it again.

The day Sam rode on the engine with Bill Green he did not have a good time at all. But when, a few weeks later, his father went with him on the same engine to the same Greenville, he thought it was the best time he ever had in his life.

You see, boys, it made quite a difference whether his conscience was easy or not.

Elsie Dee.

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PAUL AND THE POTTER.

"O POTTER, good potter! what is it you do?"
"I'm making a fine earthen bowl for you.

"Out of the earth comes the tough, hard clay;
We grind it, and beat it, and knead it all day.

"Now, pressed into shape on my wheel you behold it:
As it twirls, as it whirls, see me fashion and mould it!

"Then we set it up high on the shelves to dry,
With the jugs and the mugs you shall see by and by.

"Then deep in the great, dark oven we place it;
There slowly we heat it, and bake it, and glaze it.

"When at last it comes out, it will be a nice basin
For you, my fine fellow, to wash your nice face in!"

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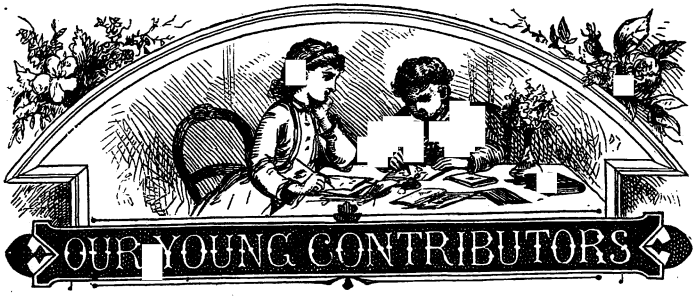

WHAT WE DID AT THE BEACH.

A FEW miles east of the city of Hamilton, a narrow strip of land, called the Beach, stretches right across Lake Ontario, at a point where it is about five miles wide. It is only a long, low, sandy bar, that few people care about; but as we spent two very happy months there last summer, we always regard it with interest, and perhaps you would like to hear something of our amusements while living there.

The house which papa rented for us was nearly hidden by the fine old gnarled oaks that grew around it. A large garden was attached. It was not kept so trim as it might have been in the city, but we had every freedom in it, and got lots of fruit and flowers.

On first landing, we all rushed round to see everything, each one making discoveries. Jack, who is five years old, found a dear little calf tied to a tree in a grass-patch. The children had been in the habit of feeding it with milk from a pail in which their fingers were placed. While Jack stood admiring it, — perhaps the first animal of the kind he had ever seen, — the young bull, expecting to be fed, tugged so hard at the rotten rope that it got clear, and went for his fingers. The first we saw of it was the calf, with tail flourishing aloft, in full pursuit; and Jack making for the house yelling as if a hyena were after him.

Every afternoon we started for the lake to go in bathing; and, the sand being almost hot enough to blister our feet, you may be sure we were not long in getting over it and rushing into the cool water. We never dared to go out far, for the bottom sloped down very suddenly, but contented ourselves with paddling around near the edge. Then we dug wells, and watched them as they were gradually filled and levelled by the waves; and piled up great cairns of flat stones, which the water always managed before long to reach and undermine. We were very fond of "skipping" pebbles over the water, sometimes trying to see how near we could come to the great loons diving out in the lake. Often we crouched behind an old fishing-boat, that lay on the beach, and, by imitating the unearthly cry of these birds, brought them so near that we could see their eyes.

Nellie once set herself adrift in a boat, thinking she could paddle in with her hands. But the wind was off the shore, and if she had not been observed and brought back by a fisherman, her mistake might have been a fatal one.

Dash, our dog, enjoyed himself as much as any one, going in after sticks, and chasing the little plovers away along the shore. We often stayed on the beach till evening, when the fishermen came to draw in their nets, filled with beautiful shining fish that soon lay gasping on the sand.

It was great fun swinging each other in the net-reels, going up, up, to the very top, and then coming down with a jerk.

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Sometimes, in the afternoon, we took our fishing-poles and walked along to the canal, where we could sit on the piers and fish, watching the schooners and steamers, that we had noticed away out in the lake in the morning, pass through on their way to Hamilton. There were several sand-batteries on the far side of the canal, built to guard it against hostile intruders; but then all was peaceful, and the teeter-snipe built her nest within their shadow.

One day, while walking with papa under the trees, he called our attention to a hollow in the ground four or five feet deep, with sloping sides. Many such, he said, were found at different places along the beach, and were believed to have been used by the Indians, in olden times, for the same purpose as rifle-pits are now by our soldiers. We were always suspicious of these holes afterwards, and, if near one of them after dark, almost expected to see a screaming Indian start up and scalp us. Of course, we had many questions to ask about the red men; and the next time papa came, he drove us to a farm-house, not very far off, where the farmer showed us a great many Indian relics he had found when digging the foundations for a new house a short time before.

Papa had a small skiff, and we had the use of a very safe, though not handsome, scow, in which we rowed about the bay. There was a little island, quite near the shore, where we had a pretty summer-house under the trees, and we often visited it in the heat of the day with our books. Once, when coming home, we were overtaken by one of those terrific thunder-squalls for which Burlington Bay is noted; and, though those in the scow were comparatively safe, it seemed every moment as if the skiff would be upset, and you may be sure we were very glad when we reached *terra firma*, if that name can be applied to the marshy shore on which we were driven.

Papa stayed in the city all the week, but came down to the Beach every Friday evening and stayed till Monday morning. He is very fond of birds, and often went among the rushes, with his skiff and his gun, to search for specimens for his collection. He came home one evening very much disgusted at having missed the chance of getting a fine rough-billed pelican, a bird that visits these waters so rarely that it would have been quite a prize. He had heard that it came every evening to the mouth of a certain lonely inlet to feed; so, having covered the front of his skiff all over with rushes, he sculled quietly off. In due time he was delighted to see the large white bird busily engaged in scooping up the little fishes in its great pouch. The evening was perfectly still, and slowly and surely the skiff was nearing the desired object, when a wretched little sunfish, in the exuberance of its spirits, jumped clear out of the water, and, landing in the bottom of the boat, went *flip! flop! flip! flop!* against the boards, and, of course, away flew Mr. Pelican. It is needless to mention that that sunfish startled no more game.

On Sunday mornings we rowed across to a little Methodist church on the bay shore. The men and women sat on opposite sides of the building, and papa created not a little amusement, the first day we went, by accompanying mamma, and taking his seat among the ladies. In the afternoon we usually sat on the beach, some reading, others looking away out over the lake, wondering what was beyond that blue line where the sky and the water seemed to meet. When it got cool in the evening, we went up to the house and sat on the doorstep, singing hymns, and listening to the sound of the church-bells, that came faintly to us over the water from the distant city.

Jeannie Newton, age 14.

HAMILTON, CANADA.

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CAMPING OUT.

HAVE you ever read "Gypsy Breynton"? And do you remember the time that Gypsy, Sarah Rowe, Tom, and Mr. Hallam "camped out," — how Gypsy nearly shot Tom, and how it rained so hard that they had to go to the nearest house one night? I had always wanted to "camp out," and, after reading about Gypsy's experience, I was determined that I would, and that I would n't go to any house, no matter how hard it rained, and that I would be as brave as any one.

When it was decided that we were to go to Catskill last summer, I made up my mind that we would find some place to "camp out" in, for surely the Catskill Mountains must be full of nice places for such exploits. "Where there 's a will there 's a way," you know; and as I had the "will," the "way" was made, and just a week from the day we left home we started for High Peak, the highest of the Catskill Mountains.

There were seventeen of us, and we drove off amid the waving of handkerchiefs, throwing of old shoes, tooting of horns, cheers, and whatever else could make a noise. We shocked the country people, as we rode along, by singing all the college and drinking songs we had ever heard.

When we reached Haines's Falls, which was as far as the wagons could go, we stopped to strap on our burdens; for every one had to carry his own blanket, and help with the provisions and cooking utensils, and everything must be strapped on our backs to leave our hands free; then, like the "Pilgrims," we started up the "Hill of Difficulty," and O, such a hill as it was! — five miles of stones, bogs, wet, slippery moss, rugged rocks, steep and dangerous, with the pleasant prospect of being dashed to pieces on the rocks below if we made one misstep. But "the longest lane must have a turning," and so I suppose the highest mountain must have a top; and finally we reached said top, tired, dirty, and hungry, as I think Christian must have been, and as glad to drop our burden as he was when he arrived at his journey's end.

The prospect was grand; we were four thousand feet above the sea, — but after one look we had to turn our attention to the necessities of this life; for we cannot live upon scenery, however grand and beautiful it may be. First, there was the fire to be made, so the gentlemen chopped wood enough to last all night, and soon we had a splendid blaze. Then the meat was cooked and the coffee boiled, and our dinner was ready. The next thing was to make a hut of boughs, for we had no tent; so we went to work at once, for it was after seven o'clock, and would soon be dark. The hut was almost finished, and we were congratulating ourselves on our shelter for the night, when, by some accident, the whole thing fell with a crash, and we were houseless, homeless wanderers on the face of the earth, or rather the top of the mountain. As it was too dark to build another house, we decided to sleep on the ground in the open air; a very sensible decision, since it was the only thing we could do. We sat by the fire and sang and talked until twelve o'clock, and then "we folded our cloaks about us," and would have "silently" stolen to sleep, but one of the gentlemen insisted upon singing us to sleep with that classical song, "His heart was true to Poll." We all sternly refused to be locked in the arms of Morpheus with such a key, and, as he persisted, some one called out, "O, do kill that Poll!" and a faint voice was heard, saying, "Will some one please choke Mr. Smith?" Still he kept on until he stopped from sheer exhaustion, I think.

There was one of the loveliest Aurora Borealises to be seen that night; and as there was nothing between us and the sky to intercept the view, we had the advan-

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tage over those who slept in houses. We sat and watched it until two o'clock; then I fell asleep.

There was a glorious sunrise the next morning, — a great ball of fire coming up from the sea, over the hills, and casting a lovely glow over the whole sky; but again the necessities brought us down from romance to reality. We had eaten almost everything the night before, and there was only a piece of bread-and-butter for each until we could reach home; so we shouldered our burdens and were about to start, when it was discovered that our names had not been recorded on the rocks. Now, that is a ceremony that should never be omitted; and if any one should go to High Peak, he would find the "Tapleyites" immortalized in white paint.

Of course we could not come home worn and tired, for that had been prophesied by those who stayed at home; besides, we were Tapleyites, and must be "jolly under all circumstances." So two of the gentlemen ran ahead blowing horns, and the rest of us followed in the wagon, singing, at the top of our voices, "We won't go home till morning." At every house the people were waiting to see us pass, for all the village knew that a party had "camped out" on High Peak the night before. We came home covered with glory, and our exploit was a nine days' wonder, as everything new is in the country.

M. C. S.

"MAKING HAY."

A warm and sunlighted morning,
Three little urchins at play;
I lift the shutter to watch them;
They cry, "We are making hay."

The plot of greensward is narrow,
Their scythe is a carving-knife;
But fingers are strangely eager,
And thrilling with restless life.

They see the red clover falling,
And pause, in a pitying way,
While one little hand is stealing
Some clusters "for ma's bouquet."

O dear little patient toilers!
There 's never a plot so small
Within the world's boundless garden, —
Where jubilant raindrops fall,

And summery sunbeams twinkle, —
That does not offer you still
Some fragrant hay for the making,
If so you work with a will.

And though, it may be, ungainly
Is the weapon that you take,
I know you can harvest blossoms, —
At least, for another's sake.

Morna May.

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WHAT I KNOW ABOUT PAPER-MAKING.

THE paper-mill is a large brick building, four stories high, and the river rushing under the bridge sweeps around beneath its windows.

We entered, — Harry and I, — and found ourselves in a large room, half of which was occupied by a long, complicated-looking machine. On our left was an office partitioned off in one corner. On our right we saw three or four tables. At one of these a woman was counting off sheets of paper from a pile in front of her, and folding them in the middle. A man was putting these up in packages.

All this we took in at a glance, and at the same time our ears informed us that the aforesaid machine was making a deafening clatter, so that we could hardly hear each other speak.

"Now," shouted Harry, "you must show me around, because you 've been here before, and I have n't, you know."

I led him past the noisy machine, through which a broad band of white material was slowly coiling and twisting.

"What 's that? — paper?" cried Harry.

I nodded, and we entered another large room, on one side of which were several boxes on wheels, full of a soft, damp substance, which looked like wet cotton-wool. On the other side were five tanks, oblong in shape, and each having a partition extending part way through the middle of it, lengthwise. They were arranged side by side, and each had a six-inch iron shaft across it, at right angles to the partition. They were filled, with one exception, with a thick mass of soft, wet stuff, which was sluggishly flowing round and round the partition in the centre. The empty tank was being washed out with lime-water.

Passing to the next room, we saw a large boiler, from which a man was raking out a wet, steaming mass, which we found, on closer inspection, to be rags. These he put into barrels. In another part of the room was a vat in which a heap of paper-rags was bleaching.

Having seen all there was to be seen here, we returned to the room we had left a moment before, and found a young man with half a dozen of these barrels full of rags. He was emptying them into the newly cleansed tank, into which there was also pouring an abundant stream of water from a hydrant at its side. Hearing a splashing in the water, we looked under a kind of paddle-box over the shaft, and saw what seemed to be a smooth cylinder revolving rapidly. There was one in each tank, and it was the cause of the current in each.

Just then a gentleman came up, whom I had seen at the hotel. He nodded to me, and volunteered to explain the process to us. "This wooden cylinder," he began, pointing to the revolving drum in the tank, "which is turning at the rate of three times in a second, is set with knives, which run lengthwise. Just below it you see another set of knives, which are stationary. These knives cut the rags up and beat them, so as to get rid of a good deal of impure matter. Here" (pointing to an eight-sided affair which was slowly turning, with its lower part just entering the water) "is a mechanical arrangement faced with wire gauze, which takes up the dirty water and conveys it off; so that although clean water is pouring in all the time, yet the tank does not overflow.

"When the rags have been pretty well beaten up, they are let through those traps which you see in the bottom, into a bin or vat below. After staying there a week, they are brought up in those cars," (pointing across the room to the boxes on wheels,) "and

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put into the next tank, where they are cut and beaten up again. Here is what drives the cutters," added he, opening a cover in a large box between this tank and the next. We looked in, and saw two pulleys about four feet in diameter, each having a belt around it which passed to unknown regions below us.

The next tank was filled to the brim with the sluggish mass of pulp which we had seen before, and with which the other three were filled. That in the others, however, was white, while this was red.

"Is this colored red on purpose?" I asked.

"No," replied our guide, "it is the color of the rags; these are not entirely bleached yet. In the next one they are quite white, you see," — taking up a handful of the stuff. I did the same, and found that it felt soft, wet, and greasy, but not so unpleasant as it looked. "This next is paper-rags," said he. It had a bluish tinge, and looked thinner than the other, which was made from linen rags, our guide said.

We passed to the cellar of the mill. Here we saw the bins into which the pulp was drawn off from the tanks above. In one of them a man was taking out the partially dried pulp and putting it into a car. A shaft with large pulleys on it ran through the room, from which belts went up to the room above, to drive the cutters in the tanks.

"Look out and not get caught," cautioned the overseer, for such our guide seemed to be. Dodging under the belts, we followed him to another part of the cellar, where he showed us the fire-pump and the shafts of the three turbine water-wheels. Retracing our steps, we entered still another room, where were two immense cisterns, ten or twelve feet high, and the same in diameter. "After passing through the tanks above and being well beaten up, the pulp is let into this cistern, where it is kept stirring until it is pumped into the mill or grater you saw above. In that it is ground up still finer, and then passes to this other cistern, from which it is pumped up to the room where you saw them making paper."

We looked into the cisterns and at the boilers, and then went up stairs. The paper-machine was still at work, and we found that the noise was made by one stout little cog-wheel. The shallow tank of thin pulp rested on this cog-wheel, which, as it revolved, shook the pulp so that it was kept well mixed.

The pulp first passed over a tight band of wet cloth, and was kept within bounds by a strip of rubber on each side of it. It looked rough, at first, like coarse blotting-paper, but it presently passed under a roller and became smoother. It now began a long and tortuous course between steel rollers and around eight large drums heated by steam; at length, passing out, it was wound up on a reel. The pulp had now become a strip of smooth white paper, about four feet wide. From the reels it was drawn into a spasmodic machine which unwound about three feet, at the same time trimming the edges and dividing it lengthwise in the middle; a long knife then started and sliced off the projecting pieces of paper, which were seized by two girls and laid on a pile between them. The girls threw away any imperfect or wrinkled sheets, and the floor around them was covered with such pieces.

Having a taste for mechanics, I was curious to find out how the machine was made to act, — first unrolling a certain amount of paper, and then stopping and cutting it off; but I presently found that it was a simple arrangement of cogs and levers.

The overseer invited us into the office, and we spent a few minutes there talking with him. Then, having thanked him for his kindness in showing us around, we came back to the hotel, feeling pretty well posted in the art of paper-making.

George P. Whittlesey, age 16.

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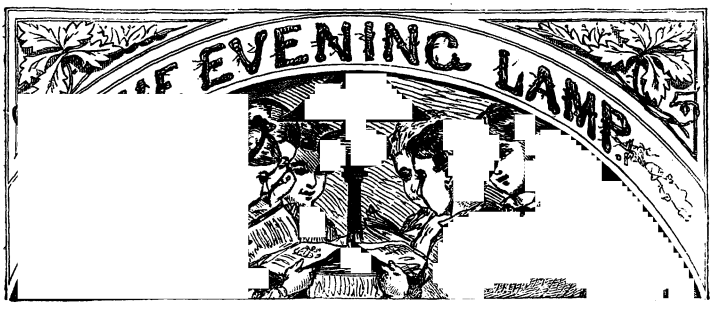

THE BIRD DIALOGUE.

SPEAKERS.

MARY.	HITTIE.	FREDERIC.
DEBBIE.	EVA.	ARTHUR.
DORA.	MINNIE.	JOHNNY.
EDITH.	JOE.	GUSSIE.
CAROLINE.		

Mary, Caroline, Debbie, and Dora are the largest among the girls; Minnie and Eva the smallest. Frederic and Joe are the largest boys; Johnny the smallest.

SCENE, *a school-room. Tables and chairs are placed around, upon which are books, slates, a globe, etc. Maps are hung upon the walls. A group of scholars assembled, waiting for school to commence.*

MARY *and* HITTIE *are sitting together,* MARY'S *arm around* HITTIE. JOHNNY *stands whittling.* GUSSIE *is seated, with open book in hand, twirling a teetotum.* DEBBIE *stands with sack on, holding and occasionally swinging her hat by one string.* CAROLINE *sits with slate and arithmetic before her.* EDITH *is seated with an open atlas.* FREDERIC *leans back a little in his chair, sharpening lead-pencils for the others, which he hands them at intervals.* DORA *is at work on tatting.* ARTHUR *stands, and is winding a ball, unravelling the yarn from an old stocking.* JOE *sits at work on the hull of a little boat.* MINNIE *is sitting on a low stool, with a bunch of flowers, which she is arranging in different ways.* EVA *is also on a low stool, near* DORA *and* CAROLINE. *These various occupations are introduced to avoid stiffness, and should not be kept up constantly, but left off and resumed occasionally, in an easy, careless way. Confused talking and noise heard behind the curtain. Curtain rises.*

MARY (*as if continuing a conversation*). Now, *I* should rather be a robin. He sings *such* a pretty song! Everybody likes to hear a robin sing. I don't believe even a boy would shoot a robin.

JOHNNY. Course he would n't!

MINNIE. Robin redbreasts covered up the two little childuns, when they got lost in the woods!

CAROLINE. And they don't do like other birds, — stay here all summer and have a good time, and then fly off and leave us. They stay by.

GUSSIE. How do you know that?

CAROLINE (*or any one that can sing*). O, I 've heard. They stay in swamps and barns, waiting for spring. Don't you remember? (*Sings.*)

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"The north-wind doth blow, and we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then, poor thing?
He will sit in the barn, and keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing, poor thing!"

(*Others join in the song, one or two at a time, and at the close all are singing.*)

MARY. Yes; he comes up close to our back door and eats the crumbs, and perches on the apple-tree boughs; mother says it seems as if he were one of the family.

DEBBIE. Now, I should a great deal rather be a swallow, and fly away. They go so swift, some of them are called "swifts." Mother says I never *can* keep still. Then I could fly away down South where the oranges grow, and figs, and sugar-cane, and see all the wonderful sights; and I 'd go to all the beautiful sunny islands away over the seas.

JOHNNY. Get tired, maybe, and drop down into the water.

JOE. No. Light on vessels' topmasts; that 's the way they do.

DEBBIE. 'T would be a great deal better than living in a barn all winter, or a swamp either.

DORA. O, this morning I saw the prettiest bird I ever saw in all my life! O, if he was n't a pretty bird! Father said 't was a Baltimore oriole. Part of him was black, and part of him red as fire. O, he was a beauty! If ever I am a bird, I 'll be an oriole!

ARTHUR. Uncle Daniel calls him the fire hangbird.

FREDERIC. That 's because his nest hangs down from the bough like a bag.

CAROLINE. Don't you know what that 's for? Where they first came from, 'way down in the torrid zone, they built their nests that way so the monkeys and serpents could n't get their eggs.

ARTHUR. I 've got a hangbird's egg.

EDITH. Do they have red eggs? (*Boys laugh.*)

FRED. No; black and white. Father calls him the golden robin.

CAROLINE. I 'll tell you what I 'd be. A mocking-bird. And I 'll tell you why. Because a mocking-bird can sing every tune he hears. Does vex me so when I hear a pretty tune and can't sing it! Sometimes I remember one line, and then I can't rest till I get the whole. Mother says I ought to have been born a mocking-bird.

FRED. Of course, *Caroline* would want to *carol!*

CAROLINE. Mother says he can whistle to the dog, and chirp like a chicken, or scream like a hawk, and can imitate any kind of a sound, — filing, or planing, or anything.

MARY. And he can sing sweeter than a nightingale.

ARTHUR. I 'd be a lark, for he goes up the highest.

FRED. He has a low enough place to start from.

CAROLINE. I know it; 'way down on the ground 'mongst the grass.

DEBBIE. No matter what a low place he starts from, long as he gets up the highest at last. Don't you know Napoleon?

DORA. And Lincoln?

JOE. I know what I would be. Some kind of a water-fowl. Then I could go to sea; and father won't let me, now, nor my mother either.

JOHNNY. You 'd better be a coot!

FRED. Or one of Mother Carey's chickens!

JOE. No. I 'd be that great strong bird, I forget his name, that flies and flies

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over the great ocean, and never stops to rest; through storms and darkness right ahead! *He* don't have to take in sail or cut away the masts! — Guss, what do *you* think about it?

GUSS. Well, I guess I 'll be an ostrich; then I can run and fly both together.

ARTHUR. And you would n't be afraid to eat things.

GUSS. That 's so! They swallow down leather, stones, old iron, and there don't anything ever hurt them.

DEBBIE. I heard of one swallowing a lady's parasol!

JOHNNY. But they 'd pull out your feathers!

GUSS. O, no matter. I 'd let the girls have 'em to stick in their hats, after I 'd done with them.

JOHNNY. I know what I 'd be. I 'd be an owl. Then I could sit up nights!

HITTIE. O, you 'd be scared of the dark!

JOHNNY. I guess so! 'T would n't be dark, if I was an owl!

MARY. Can't you play enough daytimes?

JOHNNY. O, daytime is n't good for anything. They have all the fun after we 've gone to bed, — me and Charlie!

FRED. 'T won't do for little boys to hear everything that goes on!

GUSS. You little fellers are apt to make a noise and disturb us!

HITTIE. Mother says if I was n't a chatterbox, I could stay up later. I guess I 'll choose a parrot, for parrots can talk just when they want to, and have blue wings, and green wings, and red, and yellow, and all colors!

EDITH. I should rather be a canary-bird, 'cause they have sponge-cake and sugar-lumps every day!

HITTIE. O, I would n't be a canary-bird, shut up in a cage!

DORA. I should rather live on dry sticks.

MINNIE. My mamma's got a canary-bird, and he sings, and he 's yellow.

HITTIE. Parrots are the prettiest.

MARY. Why don't somebody be a flamingo? They are flame-colored.

ARTHUR. I should think some of you girls would want to be a peacock!

DEBBIE. Now, what do you say *girls* for? Boys think as much of their new clothes as girls do!

DORA and MARY. Just as much!

FRED. I know who seems like a peacock. Nannie Minns. I saw her stepping off the other day, just as proud! About seventeen flounces! and yellow kids and yellow boots and curls and streamers! First looking at her dress, and then at her boots, and then at her gloves, and then at her curls, — this way. (*Imitates Nannie Minns's walking.*)

DEBBIE. Well, if some girls are peacocks, so are some boys hawks. I saw that great Joshua Lowe come pouncing down among a flock of little boys yesterday, and do everything he could think of to 'em, just to show he could master them!

MARY. And if you want a crow-fighter, take Andy Barrows; he 's always picking a quarrel.

DORA. I know it. I 've heard him. "Come on!" he says. "Come on! I 'll fight ye!"

CAROLINE. I think, as a general thing, girls act better than boys. What do you think about it, little Minnie? You don't say much.

MINNIE (*looking up from her flowers*). I 'd be a humming-bird.

EDITH. She thinks you 're talking about birds.

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CAROLINE. And what would you be a humming-bird for?

MINNIE. 'Cause they 're so pretty, and just as cunning!

HITTIE. So they are, Minnie.

MINNIE. And they keep with the flowers all the time, and eat honey.

ARTHUR. Eat the little mites of insects, much as they do honey.

EDITH. My brother found a humming-bird's nest. O, the inside of it was just as soft as wool, and little bits of white eggs, just like little bits of white beans!

DORA (*looking at* EVA, *and taking her hand*). Now, here 's a little girl sitting here all this time, and not saying a word.

CAROLINE. I know it. Is n't she a dear little girl? (*Stroking her hair.*)

MARY. She ought to be a dove; she 's so gentle and still.

DEBBIE. You dear little pigeon-dove, what bird would you be?

EVA (*looking up*). Sparrow.

MARY. You would? And what would you be a sparrow for?

EVA. 'Cause my mamma said, not a sparrow falls down to the ground.

(*The girls look at each other.*)

DEBBIE. Is n't she cunning?

MARY and DORA. I think she 's just as cunning as she can be!

JOE. Fred has n't said what he 'd be, yet.

FRED. Eagle. He 's the grandest of all. He can fly right in the face of the sun.

JOHNNY. Eagles can beat every other bird.

JOE. Of course, Fred would n't be anything short of an eagle!

FRED. No; nor anything short of the American Eagle!

GUSS. 'Cause he can beat all the other eagles!

ALL THE BOYS. That 's so! Three cheers for the American Eagle!

ALL TOGETHER. Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

(*Curtain falls. Or, if there be no curtain, a boy rushes in to tell them the organ-man is coming, and they all rush out.*)

Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz.

METAGRAM. — No. 119.

First, I am something used in the house. Behead, and I am often converted into a waterfall. Again, and I am all about you.

Ellá McNee.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. — No. 120.

My initials run down, my finals then climb,
An American statesman you 'll see.
A warrior, too, he was in his time,
And fought most successfully.

1. I keep a lookout.
2. I dye red.
3. I am an excellent little fish.
4. I am an ugly old woman.
5. I am a savage.

Zobe.

DIAMOND PUZZLE. — No. 121.

1. A consonant.
2. Mournful.
3. A watering-place in Europe.
4. A wild beast's lair.
5. A consonant.

"*The Happy Four.*"

ENIGMA. — No. 122.

I am composed of five letters.
My *first* is in church, but not in steeple.
My *second* 's in human, but not in people.
My *third* is in arch, but not in dome.
My *fourth* is in seek, but not in roam.
My *fifth* is in canister, not in can.
My *whole* is the name of a noted man.

"*Percy Vere.*"

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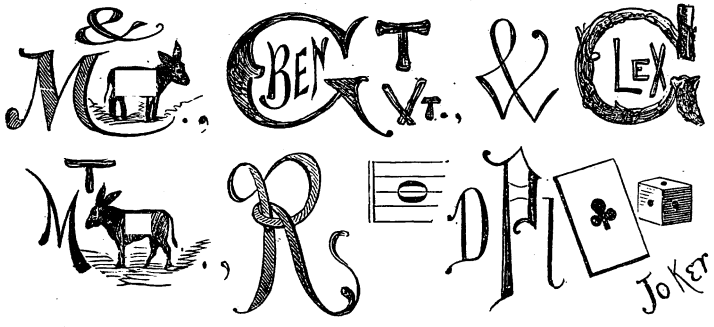
GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.—No. 123.



CHARADE.—No. 124.

First syllable.

Wanderer in a desert place,
Sidelong scuttling o'er the sand,
Woe to him who in thy reach
Ventures his unwary hand!

Second syllable.

My second should he chance to spy,
'T would make e'en "Truthful James" to lie;
A sentinel by me is lost,
Though keeping steadfast at his post;
Though blest is he who sleep first made,
What would it be without my aid?

My whole.

Touched by old age as by a frost,
We 're oft my whole, when youth is lost;
O, would that age could gently steal
As frost on nuts, and kindly peel
From our ripe hearts the useless rind,
And leave us sweet and good and kind.

Mary Bedford.

WORD SQUARE.—No. 125.

My first is a river.
My second means angry.
My third we do for pleasure and health.
My fourth is a girl's name.
My fifth are used in factories.

A. C. N.

METAGRAM.—No. 126.

Whole, I am first. Behead, I am often seen in winter. Restore and curtail, I am particular. Behead, I am the edge.

Jay E.

HIDDEN TOWNS.—No. 127.

1. Darius espied a big hen trying to fight a fat rooster.
2. They have used an Etruscan teapot for a year.
3. To prevaricate is bad enough; to lie is still worse.
4. A Turkish fez, or cap, is an odd headgear.
5. Do not laugh at them so unkindly.
6. At a most venerable age Noah entered the ark.
7. A skilful artisan, Francis Cowles by name.

Pacific.

CHARADE.—No. 128.

Behind a prison-wall he sat,
And, raving, tore his hair;
They, passing, called him by my *first*,
Nor stopped to linger there.
My *second*'s a word, a little word,
Of letters it has one.
My *third* lights up the spacious hall
At the setting of the sun.
My *fourth* conveys from strand to strand:
My *whole*, an island near the land.

Fannie.

WORD SQUARE.—No. 129.

My first, to escape from Morpheus' embrace.
My next in our hearts has a very dear place.
My third is to work—in a certain way.
My fourth is a name we can hear any day.

Sop and Fop.

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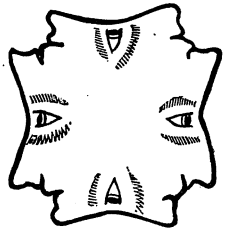
METAGRAM. — No. 130.

First, I am an article of apparel. Change my head, and I am part of the body. Again, and I am a small nail. Again, and I am to be in want. Again, and I am a boy's nickname. Again, and I am an instrument of torture. Again, and I am a vehicle. Again, and I am a bundle.

"*The Doctor's Daughter.*"

ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 131.

How many faces in this square?



Lucius Bishop, age 13.

NAMES OF AUTHORS. — No. 132.

1. A color, a preposition, and a letter.
2. A number, near, and a relative.
3. A combustible material, and an elevation.
4. Near the ground, and a measure.
5. Shiver, and a blade.
6. A road, and one fourth of the earth's surface.
7. A color, and a pebble.

Sop and Fop.

BURIED HEROES. — No. 133.

1. There! You 've spilt ale on Ida's best dress.
2. It 's bad to have a chill, especially in winter.
3. Can't you take a nap, O Leonora?
4. I rode to the Colonel's on horseback.
5. My ancestors built this wall a century ago.

"*The Happy Four.*"

GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS. No. 134.

W. A. S., age 11.

ANSWERS.

102.
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      F
    O L D
  F L O U R
    D U E
      R
```

103. Ye, year, yeast.

104. Siberia, Liberia.

105. Washington.

106.
```
I N L E T     N E A T
N A I V E     E T N A
L I N E S     A N T E
E V E N T     T A E N
T E S T S
```

108. 1. Shelley. 2. Motherwell. 3. Wordsworth. 4. Browning. 5. Longfellow. 6. Burns. 7. Cowper.

109. You sigh for honor, I sigh for ease, and both sigh in vain.

[(U) (ci) (pher) (*on* R), (I) (ci) (pher) (e's), (&) (bow th) (s eye) (*in*) (vane).]

110. Saxony. (Sacks on Y.)

111. Stripe, tripe, strip, trip, rip, priest.

112.
```
R O M A N
O L I V E
M I L E S
A V E R T
N E S T S
```

113.
```
      R E S C U E
    S H E P H E R D
      P R A I S E
    S P L I N T E R
        G N A T
```

114. Madam.

115. 1. Kalamazoo. 2. Pyramid. 3. Purus. 4. Van. 5. C. 6. Pau. 7. Clyde. 8. Lemberg. 9. New London. MARACAYBO.

116. Cake.

117.
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  C E L L
  E S A U
  L A R K
  L U K E
```

118. Connecticut. (Connect, I cut.)

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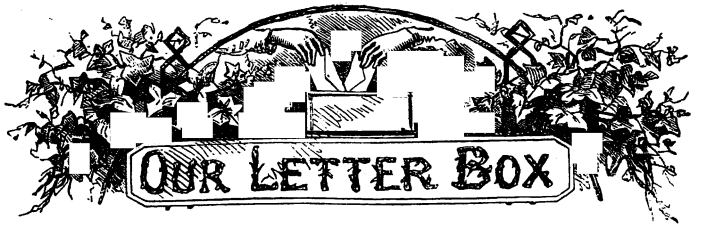

OUR recent article on "The Screw-Propeller" seems to have created no little discussion. Here are two letters on the subject: —

DOWNINGTON, PA., May 22, 1873.

EDITORS "OUR YOUNG FOLKS": —

The story of "The Screw Propeller and its Discoverers" in the number for June, says that the first successful application of the screw was made in 1846, by Francis Pettit Smith; I have read in two or three different works that John Ericsson built one in 1840 named the "Archimedes." Will you please explain matters through the "Letter Box?"

"INQUIRER."

NEW YORK, June 2, 1873.

EDITORS OF "OUR YOUNG FOLKS": —

In the Stevens Institute, at Hoboken, can be seen the engine and boiler, together with the propellers, used by Mr. John C. Stevens of New Jersey, in a boat on the Hudson River, in the year 1804. A small fraction of the pitch was employed in the blades of the screws, which do not differ essentially from many in use at the present day.

"Our Young Folks" for June, 1873, contains an article, in which Mr. Francis Pettit Smith of England is mentioned as the original discoverer of the principle that it was not necessary to employ the full pitch to produce an efficient propeller, — and as having made the discovery about twenty-six years ago.

In the same article, we read as follows: "Now there is not an intelligent boy of fourteen who does not know that the propulsive power of a screw is not in proportion to its length. A short has precisely as much power as a long screw. *It has more.*"

A reference to any good treatise on the screw-propeller will show that Mr. Smith himself made very extensive experiments, by direction of the English government, to determine the best length of screw, with a given diameter and pitch; and that numerous other experiments of the same kind have been made. (See Bourne's Treatise on the Screw-Propeller.) It would probably be asserting too much to say that the best length of blade is absolutely fixed, though there are some proportions that are generally accepted by engineers as correct; but the assertion that length does not affect the performance of a screw is certainly a novel proposition in engineering.

I assume that while you endeavor to please your readers by the contents of "Our Young Folks," you desire also to instruct, and do not willingly impart wrong information to that most confiding class of seekers after knowledge, — the young. If I am right in my assumption, you will probably publish this letter, — provided the author of the article referred to does not succeed in demonstrating to you that he is right, and that the general theory of engineers is wrong.

Respectfully,

RICHARD H. BUEL.

We sent these letters, with a note of our own, to the writer of the article in question, and here is his reply: —

ATHENÆUM LIBRARY, June 3, '73.

DEAR SIR: —

Application of the screw as a propeller was tried on the Thames as early as 1837, by both F. P. Smith and Mr. Ericsson. It was also tried by the latter on the Hudson in 1840. But its first *successful* application was after the accident on the Paddington canal in 1846 had revealed to Smith the heretofore unknown principle, that *the diminution in length of screw is no diminution of its propulsive* force. This principle made it successful, and Smith discovered (or invented, no matter how accidentally) the principle.

.... Of course exactness is important in teaching youth. But if, when I tell my children that Columbus discovered America, a bibliographer cries out, "No, the Norsemen discovered it"; or if to my explanation that the world is globular some geometrician explains, "No, it is flattened at the poles"; am I therefore inexact? Colt's revolvers in 1851 were confronted with a rude revolver from the Tower, and McCormick's reapers had their model in the British Museum; were neither Colt nor McCormick inventors therefore? It is all — nonsense.

When I wrote that "a short has precisely as much power as a long screw," meaning that Pettit Smith's screw, when broken, had more propelling power than when long, was I inexact? I did not speak of the "pitch," or the "diameter"; nor did I say that the "best length of the blade was fixed." I simply taught the boys that *the propulsive power of a screw was not in proportion to its length*; nothing more. None of your correspondents deny *that*.

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There is a German adage which says, "Straight forward is the best runner." I know no better way to teach boys; show a boy the simple fact, and get it into his head. I was taught that the earth was 95,000,000 miles from the sun. Am I damaged because it is since discovered to be somewhat less?

I stick to the absolute and positive truth of my screw-propeller. Ericsson to-day will endorse all I said.

Faithfully yours,

N. S. Dodge.

Providence, June 24, 1873.

Dear Editors: —

I should very much like to obtain your opinion and advice on the following subject: In sending articles to magazines or periodicals, would there be any harm in forwarding with them another name than your own?

For myself, if it were perfectly honorable so to do, it would be very desirable to use, possibly, a portion of my real name, but masked and in disguise. It is but right you should know some of the reasons why. I am just beginning to write, and my powers and talents, if I have any, are wholly untried and unproved. Deep in my own heart I cherish the hope of some day being a "writer." None of my home friends imagine that I harbor so wild a dream, and I must confess it is both wild and presumptuous. So until I have tested myself I could not bear that one of my friends should know of my aspirations, nor any one in all the world if I could help it. I know I am over sensitive in many things, and I may be so in this; but the *feeling* of their knowledge would paralyze all my efforts. I cannot understand *why* this should be so; I only know that it is, notwithstanding they are so kind and loving in all things.

I have been ill since I was quite a child, and health, if ever it is mine, lies dim and far off in the distance of years. I have through this illness watched the slow, lingering death of many brilliant hopes and ambitions, and out of their ashes, Phœnix-like, has grown this one of which I have spoken. I cannot believe it harms me, for, although it is dearer than almost anything else to me, yet if God has seen best to deny me the necessary talents and (by sickness) culture, I know I shall be happy, and I trust useful, in some other way.

Another thing: Among our family friends we have one or two editors, to whom I should wish to send, if ever I try my fortune in the great world. Now, is it not quite possible that through their friendship they might view my effusions with a little more partiality than if coming from a stranger? I should not like that.

It never occurred to me that there could be any harm in using a disguised name, until a few days since I read something to that effect, or rather that publishers *expected* the true names of their correspondents. If you will kindly answer through the "Letter Box" of "Our Young Folks," I will thank you most heartily.

I have written you because I know of no one else so kind and helpful to those young in life and experience.

Yours very truly and respectfully,

"Perplexed."

For the reasons which you have stated, we do not see any serious objection to your sending a fictitious name with your articles designed for publication. We sympathize with your aspiration to become a writer, and also with your sensitiveness on the subject; but the latter is something you will learn to overcome. Editors, to be assured that the contributions they receive are sent in good faith, have a right to require that responsible names should accompany them; but few will insist upon that, if you can convince them in other ways that your work is genuine.

Darby asks this interesting question: "Why is it that worms, frogs, and fish sometimes fall from the sky when it rains? I often see worms in rain-barrels, and about two years ago a fish three inches in length fell in our town."

Frogs, fish, and other small creatures, are often taken up into the clouds by whirlwinds and waterspouts, and are sometimes carried great distances before they fall to the earth. But we suspect that the worms in the rain-barrels might be accounted for in some other way.

Princeton, N. J., May 29, 1873.

Dear "Young Folks": —

I ask the opinion of the lovers of croquet, through your monthly, regarding this disputed point; I am unable to find a definite rule in the books: Can a player, having struck two balls by carom, discard the first one, and, after playing on the second, use the first as if he had not hit it in the first instance?

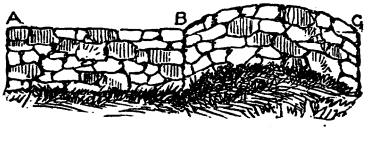
C. K. B.

We should say yes. What do our correspondents say?

A correspondent sends us this paradox, which is not new, but which we do not remember to have seen explained.

A bricklayer had to construct a wall, whose length in the direction A B C was twenty-four feet. The one half of this wall, namely, from B to C, had to be built over a piece of rising ground, so

Fig. 1.



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that the base of this part of the wall would necessarily be more than twelve feet. In making out his account, he charged more for this half of the wall than for that which was built on level ground from A to B. A geometrician assured him that the square contents of both portions of the wall were exactly alike; which may be proved in the following manner: —

Cut two pieces of card-board, in the form shown in Figs. 2 and 3, to represent the two parts of

Fig. 2.

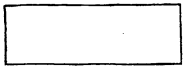
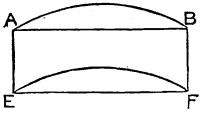


Fig. 3.

the wall; lay the piece representing the straight wall on the curved piece, as in Fig. 4, and it will be found that the part which projects at A and B will

Fig. 4.



exactly fill up the spaces at E and F. The piece of board representing the straight wall may thus be found to be exactly sufficient to form a piece equal to that representing the curved wall. You may then lay the curved piece upon the straight one, and, reversing the experiment, prove that the curved piece is capable of forming a rectangular piece equal to the other.

Now, who of our readers can explain *why* it is that Fig. 3 — the base and upper lines of which are evidently longer than those in Fig. 2, while the wall is supposed to be of the same height in both — contains only the same square contents, as demonstrated in Fig. 4?

Rather ingenious, for a girl of twelve years, is this

CHAPTER OF B'S.

Blossoms blow beside Bessie Brown's bronze buttoned boots. Bob Brown bids Bessie Brown blow bubbles. Bessie Brown blows beautiful bubbles. Balmy breezes blow black braids beneath Bessie Brown's blue bonnet. Brother Bob begins bothering Bessie Brown. Bessie's blooming beauty brought bashful Ben Bassett's blundering boots before Brown's basement. Ben brings Bessie bright bouquets, — bluebells, balsams, burning-bush, bachelor's-buttons, beside blackberry blossoms. Ben bows; Bessie blushes; Bob begins bantering Ben. Bessie bids Bob behave. Bob brings Ben's brother Billy. Ben and Billy bid Bessie and Bob "by by."

BETTY BENNETT.

BATTLEBOROUGH, BENTON CO.

C. H. writes: "I believe I must tell you a little joke connected with your name. Our little Sadie asked her grown-up cousin to read her a story. They were sitting on the doorstep; so Fannie called out to Harry to please bring one of 'Our Young Folks.' He responded, 'All right!' and, to her astonishment, immediately appeared at the door with his younger brother kicking and struggling in his arms! We thought a picture of the scene would make all the young folks that read 'Our Young Folks' laugh heartily."

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

Now, I have no *business* to transact with you, and nothing interesting or improving to impart, but I just want to tell you how much we *all* enjoy reading your dear magazine. I would have written long before this, had I not been afraid of trespassing on your time, for I suppose every month brings with it a pile of letters to be opened and read, and I know that your time must be very valuable to you. But, dear "Young Folks," I could not resist the temptation to tell you, as if you did n't already know it, how "perfectly splendid" you are. We have been subscribers for four years, and our experience is, that the longer we know you the better we like you. I can hardly realize that it *has* been four years. Time slips away *so* fast, and yet we think it a dreadfully long while to wait from one month to another for your welcome visits. "A whole month more," we say, and yet it seems but a *very short* time when looking *back*. Some one has thus prettily expressed the same idea: "Time while yet before us advances with a slow and tardy step: no sooner is it *past* than we discern its wings."

I should love dearly to know who wrote the lines, but have never been able to learn. Perhaps you may be familiar with them, and can tell me the author.

With a great many good wishes for your future success, I remain, affectionately,

Your sincere friend,

C. T. B.

Can any of our correspondents name the author of the lines quoted?

Jessie Lovell asks "Our Young Folks" these questions: —

1. Why is the "Ottoman Empire" so called?
2. Why are Chinamen called John?

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3. Where can I find the following lines?

"Ere down yon blue Carpathian hills
The sun shall sink again,
Farewell to life and all its ills,
Farewell to cell and chain."

Will S. F. says: "In your last issue you say that the formation of gas in an egg when it rots will not explain the fact that it floats, unless it is admitted that the bulk of the egg is also increased. If a balloon is full of air it will not rise, but if the air be excluded and its place occupied by a lighter or rarer gas than air, gravity draws the air to the earth with greater force than it draws the balloon, and the latter ascends; yet the bulk of the balloon is the same as before. I think the same principle will apply in the case of the egg."

But what has been excluded from the egg? If air, or any other ponderable substance, has escaped from it, leaving its place to be filled by gas, well and good. But the gas has really been formed from the decomposing matter in the egg, the shell of which is supposed to contain *just the same amount of material* it did before, though in a different form. Gas is lighter, bulk for bulk, than the substance which generates it, simply because it is rarer, or more expanded. In our opinion, the shell of an addled egg is slightly inflated by the gas struggling to get free; you know how a rotten egg sometimes pops!

Will also asks: "When new cloth is wet, it shrinks, but, after being shrunk once, it does not return to its original form when it becomes dry. Why not?"

Who can tell him?

"*Southern Sunshine.*" — Biographical sketches of the late Professor Samuel F. B. Morse appeared in the chief daily newspapers throughout the country at the time of his death; but no separate biography has yet been published. — Get the Diamond Edition of Bret Harte's Poems, complete in one volume; price $1.50.

Lulu Meredith. — Certainly; send us another. We shall always be glad to hear from you.

Charles P. C. — If you wish to stuff and mount birds and animals you had better provide yourself with a copy of Maynard's "Naturalist's Guide." Something on the subject has already appeared in Our Letter Box; but you will need more complete instructions than we can find room for.

ELIZABETH, N. J., June 21.

DEAR MR. EDITOR: —

I am not "Zobe," but I think I have found the answer to Mr. Jack Straw's latest effusion, and the "theory thereof," too. Arrange the words in five lines, and, commencing at the last word, read up the columns; it forms this sentence: "Jack Straw hopes Zobe likes to be a pirate, and also rejoices that he yet survives to read this: Wicked men come to bad ends."

Your attentive reader and subscriber,

EDITH C. C.

Answered also by R. C. F., Lulu Meredith, Frank S. Palfrey, W. E. F., A. P. Destryan, and "Fried Fish."

And now here comes a solution from Zobe himself, who furthermore says: —

"I enclose another task for Mr. Straw's 'unfortunate brain.' It has the same general appearance as my first one, but is constructed upon an entirely different plan.

"'Justice of has accuse him that appropriated my of than as puzzle piracy he crime I with could charge Jack much more me straw might.'

"Please make a complete sentence out of these words by placing them in their proper order; to do which, it is only necessary to find out the law according to which they are arranged."

"*Pussy Willow.*" — "Will you please tell me what 'Charles's Wain' is, in Tennyson's 'New Year's Eve'?

"'Till *Charles's Wain* came out above the tall white chimney-tops.'"

"Charles's Wain" is the northern constellation of the Great Bear, commonly called the Dipper, from its principal group of seven stars, with the sight of which any person in our latitude is supposed to be familiar. A *wain* is a wagon; *Charles's Wain* is the name given to the constellation in some parts of England.

Charlie Percy. — Thank you for your nice little letter. Aren't you a relative of Minnie Thomas?

Our Young Contributors. — Accepted articles: "*Prairie Fires*," by Eudora M. Stone; "*Charlie's Trouble*," by Fern; "*Bluebell Gallop*," music by Mary A. Leland; and "*Apple-blossom Waltz*," by Sophie Oliver.

Honorable mention: "*Jack's May-Basket*," by Felix; "*The Wood-Violet*," by Katie S. Holmes; "*Harry's Scarecrow*," by F. G. S.; "*My Experience in Gardening*," by Anne May Morgan; "*The Dewdrop's Mission*," by Elvie Jay; "*Our Darling*," by Charlotte Daisy Bentley; "*A Few Pictures*," by H. E. W.; and "*Full of Fun Gallop*," music by Annie Dean Shaw, age 11.

"*Trident*" sends in answers to all but one of our last month's puzzles; and other early lists of answers are received from "Kikeri," Bessie and Rob, Lottie and Harry Carryl, Frank S. Palfrey, Annette S. S., Anna H. Copeland, and "Grasshopper," age 9.

Erratum. In Word Square 106, "Ingenuous" was misprinted "Ingenious."

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THE JIMMYJOHNS IN THE TUB.

DRAWN BY S. EYTINGE, JR.] [See "A Morning with the Jimmyjohns."

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OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. IX. SEPTEMBER, 1873. No. IX.

DOING HIS BEST.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE CATASTROPHE.

CATCHING and tossing Snowfoot the second time, the elephant left him on the roadside, where he fell, and kept on up the street, his tusks low, his trunk in the air, and uttering, from time to time, his wild snort.

The panic-stricken spectators of the show came pouring out of both tents, without confining themselves to the means of egress provided for them, or even to the vast rent made by the Emperor Nero. More than one jack-knife made liberal slits in the canvas, to let out the crowd.

One of the foremost of the out-rushing throng was a little man in a short striped jacket, with a red Turkish cap on his head and a spear in his hand. He might have been heard to shout, as he ran swiftly toward the scene of Nero's doings, had not his voice been drowned in the tumult of noises. Finding he could not come up with the elephant, he turned back, and was met by an attendant leading a horse, saddled and bridled. The spearman seized stirrup and rein, flung himself into the saddle, and spurred through the crowd, which parted before him with cries of "The keeper! make way for the elephant's keeper!"

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Jack now ran toward the tent, eager to learn if any accident had happened to his friends. He soon saw Moses in the crowd.

"Where are they, — Annie, and the rest?"

"They are all safe," replied Moses. "Percy Lanman is with them."

"Nobody hurt?" said Jack.

"Nobody that I can hear of. Almost everybody was in the second tent when the elephant broke loose, and he did n't come into that. Any damage outside?" asked Moses.

"Our team, — he has done for the mare and Snowfoot!"

"Killed them?"

"Yes, or worse!" replied Jack, with a bursting heart. "Come and see!"

The Prince of the Healing Art was standing in his green robe, helmet in hand, surveying the wreck of his wagon and his scattered wares, and amusing the crowd with his philosophical remarks. On the roadside close by was the mare, entangled in the wreck of the fence, where she had fallen; while on the opposite side of the street, a few rods off, lay Snowfoot, bleeding from the wounds of the tusks.

"There 's your borrowed horse, Jack!" said Phin, with a satisfaction which he did not attempt to conceal. "Guess it 'll take all you make by farming this year, and more too, to pay the damages."

"That horse will die, or have to be killed," said Moses. "I don't believe the mare is hurt quite so bad; let 's see."

Some of the bystanders took hold with the boys, and helped get the mare out from among the rails and upon her feet. She was bleeding from a tusk-wound in one leg; and she trembled so that she seemed hardly able to stand.

"She has got what she never 'll get over!" said Phin. "Then there 's the colt at home, lamed for life."

"Take it coolly, my young friends," cried the Prince of the Healing Art, showing his trumpet, which the elephant had stepped on. "I shall never be able to blow any but flat notes, after this! No matter; these are trifles. Le's be jolly! Learn a lesson from the good-natered philosopher!"

While he picked up his books and unbroken bottles, and piled the pieces of his wagon on the side of the road, the boys took the dangling strips of harness from the mare, and, leaving her standing in a corner of the fence, went over once more to Snowfoot. The harness had been completely stripped from him; and there seemed to be nothing they could do, but to leave him where he lay. By this time Mr. Pipkin had arrived.

"Wal!" said that gentleman, in utter dismay and horror, "if this ain't ridickelous!" — which was about as strong an expression as he seemed able to make use of. After a moment's reflection, he added, "If it don't beat all creation!" Another pause; then, "Boys! boys! what 'll the deacon say? Jack, what 'll Old Scatterin' say to his Snowfoot? Deliver me from elephants, arter this! dumbed if I ha'n't had enough o' the brutes!"

Jack now saw Percy Lanman coming with the ladies. "Don't let her —

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don't let them see this sight!" he said, and ran to prevent their approach. "The elephant has almost killed our horses!" he cried. "You may as well know it, but don't go and see! The poor horses!"

Though greatly shocked herself, Annie, at sight of the boy's distress, put on as cheerful a look as she could, telling him to bear it bravely, as it was something for which he was not to blame.

"Things seem bound to go wrong with me, whether I am to blame or not," sobbed Jack. "I try to do my best, — but see what comes of it all!"

"Keep on trying!" said Annie. "Don't give up. This is dreadful, but you could not help it; and it will all come out right, I am sure!"

"Of course I could not know what would happen; but — Mr. Treadwell's horse!" said Jack.

She said what she could to console him, then left him, Percy having proposed to take her and Kate and Mrs. Pipkin to his father's house, which was not far off.

Jack, who had been looking, from time to time, for Step Hen and his father, now saw them coming. The old man appeared a little more sober than when he made so ridiculous a show of himself in the tent, and Jack hoped to find him reasonable.

"Somebody's horse killed?" interrupted the old man, as Jack began to tell the story. "Whose?"

"Yours, Mr. Treadwell! Snowfoot!"

"My Snowfoot? He 's to hum in the pastur', — ain't he, Stephen? Did n't drive over, — did we, Stephen? Though I 'most forgit! Hey, Stephen?"

"O Mr. Treadwell!" cried Jack, "I went to ask you if I could take Snowfoot, and you were not at home. I had invited the folks, and I felt sure you would be willing, — you had told me always to take the team without asking when I wanted to use it on the farm, — and I — I will pay for him, of course, when I get money enough, though I think the owners of the elephant — "

Here the old man again interrupted him. Still partially drunk, he forgot all his kindly feelings towards Jack, and, reflecting only that Snowfoot had been taken without leave, and had been killed, he flew into a passion. He refused even to see the owners of the elephant, declaring that he would have no dealings with them, they would never pay a cent without a lawsuit, that Jack alone was responsible to him for the loss.

"How much will it be?" asked Jack, in a faint voice.

"Seventy-five dollars!" replied the old man, sternly.

"You offered to sell Snowfoot once, to Don Curtis, for sixty-five," suggested Step Hen, in his friend's interest.

"That was when I thought of giving up the farm. Now, I 've fine crops growing,' said his father.

Jack thought it hard that what he had been doing for the old man should have added ten dollars to the value of the horse he was to pay for; but he only said, "I 'll do what I can; perhaps my share of the crops will come to near that."

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"I shall hold the crops," replied Mr. Treadwell. "As for the hoss, do what you please with him. I wash my hands of him!" And he stalked away.

Percy Lanman now returned, anxious to see what could be done to help the boys.

"We must find Duffer, the first thing," he said, "and put the horses in his charge."

"Duffer!" cried Jack. "He is my best enemy!"

"No matter, he is a good horse-doctor; I 'll manage him."

"He is down there by Snowfoot now," said Jack.

So they went and found Duffer, who, at Percy's request, consented to take charge of the wounded beasts.

"The next thing," said Percy, "is to find the proprietors of the show, and see what they will do; since Mr. Treadwell refuses to have any dealings with them, and Mr. Chatford is away, I 'd better act for you."

"O, will you? will you?" cried Jack, with joyful eagerness.

"I 'll see Judge Garty," said Percy. "I 'll get out a writ and attach their whole menagerie, if they refuse to pay the damages. But I think they will hear to reason; if they don't, they certainly can't expect to exhibit their show again in this part of the country."

Jack's heart kindled with hope and gratitude as he listened to these resolute and cheering words, and he ran to tell Moses.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AN ELEPHANT HUNT, AND WHAT FOLLOWED.

In the mean while the Emperor Nero's keeper, spear in hand, spurred swiftly after him up the road, followed close by two or three other mounted men, armed with rifles, and, at a more respectful distance, by a throng of spectators, curious to see an elephant hunt, and solicitous at the same time for their personal safety.

The enraged monster amused himself, at first, by demolishing one of the runaway vehicles, which he speedily overtook, and killing the horse, which he tossed two or three times and then trampled beneath his feet. He then opened a passage into a cornfield by scattering two or three lengths of fence, and went through it like a tempest, throwing up the hills with his tusks, and tearing and trampling the half-grown crop, and leaving a track of ruin behind him which his pursuers found it easy to follow.

Beyond the cornfield he entered a meadow and attacked a haystack, which he was busily tearing to pieces when the horsemen appeared. At sight of them he started off again at a swinging trot which soon left the swiftest behind.

He now entered a field where a man and a boy were making hay. Too busy to be able to go that afternoon and see the elephant, what must have been their astonishment to see the elephant coming to them! The boy had

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just time to dodge behind a stone-heap, and the man to spring up into a tree, when the animal passed, and went crashing through a thicket of young poplars farther on.

He was now getting into difficulty. On the other side of the thicket was a corduroy-road, laid across the edge of a morass which stretched beyond. Nero was too knowing to trust his tremendous bulk upon that soft and treacherous footing, so he took to the road. He did not seem to like that very well either, for the logs were broken in places, and there were mud-holes in which he was careful not to set foot. The way was also dangerous for the horses, and he might still have escaped, but for a circumstance which the wisest elephant could not have foreseen. The road led to the canal, and he suddenly found himself on the edge of a bridge which he dared not venture over.

As the road was here bordered by a swamp on both sides, he found himself in a sort of trap.

He turned about, and was going down from the bridge, when he was met by the foremost horseman.

It was the little man in the striped jacket and red cap. He threw himself from his horse, and it was a wonderful sight to see him, a mere pygmy in comparison with the brute's stupendous bulk, march boldly up to him, while that huge and powerful creature, fresh from killing horses and destroying wagons and haystacks, began to cringe and tremble, and actually roar for mercy! Perhaps there was never a more striking example of the supremacy of man over the brute. With one stroke of tusk or trunk, he could have slain his keeper on the spot, and no doubt the faintest sign of fear on the part of the latter would have proved fatal to him; but perfect courage and a merciless spear gave him the victory. Nero had suffered many severe punishments for his misdeeds, but probably never anything like what he received that day at the hands of the determined little man in the red cap.

Great was the surprise and wonder of the spectators, half an hour afterwards, to see the great elephant returning tame and contrite, with the mounted spearman riding at his side, and the horsemen, armed with rifles, close behind. The crowds fell back and gave him a wide berth as he passed.

"Now, gentlemen," said one of the horsemen, dismounting near the scene of the first catastrophe, and giving his beast and his gun to an attendant, "we will see about these damages."

"Thank you, Mr. Mundy," said the Prince of the Healing Art. "That sounds good-natered! I 'm a good-natered man myself, but —"

"I don't care anything about you!" interrupted the showman, putting the Prince promptly aside. "You have followed our show long enough; and if you want me to pay for your wagon, you must first prove it is your property. Who are the owners of these horses?"

"I represent the owners," said Percy Lanman. "The mare belongs to this young man's father; the horse is a borrowed one, and this other boy will have him to settle for."

"The mare will get well," said the showman.

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"But she never will be good for much; ask the farrier here," said Percy, bringing up Duffer.

"I have eyes of my own," replied the showman. "Harness ruined. Wagon-tongue broken. Anything else?"

"One whippletree," said Jack.

"Well, what's the damage?"

The boys looked at Percy, who, after hesitating a moment, said, "There are a dozen good judges of horses present who know this team, and —"

"No matter about that," said the showman. "I can see for myself. What's to pay?"

"One hundred and sixty-five dollars," replied Percy.

"That's fair. Walk over to the tavern with me in a minute, and I'll hand you the money. Who is the owner of that dead horse and broken buggy up the road?"

"I am," said a young farmer, who had been waiting to see how the first affair was settled.

"What's to pay?"

"Three hundred dollars."

"You'll have to go to law for your money," said the showman, promptly.

"Why so?" asked the young man, turning pale.

"Either you are a fool, or you think I am. Where's the owner of the cornfield?"

"See here!" said the young man. "I didn't mean to ask more than I honestly thought the horse and buggy and harness are worth."

"Yes, you did."

"Well, then, what do you think — what are you willing to pay?"

"One hundred and twenty-five dollars. If that don't satisfy you, sue."

"I suppose I shall *have* to be satisfied."

"Then come over to the tavern. And, gentlemen," added the showman, addressing the crowd, "I want it understood that the proprietors of this menagerie do business on straightforward principles. All danger is now over, and the Emperor Nero will be strictly guarded in future."

"Here is the owner of the cornfield!" cried some one, and an old farmer came forward. He said he had just been to look at the field, but that it was a hard thing to get at the actual damage. "I'd rather," said he, "let my neighbors look at it, and say what you ought to pay."

"That's honest talk," said the showman. "But let's see! You couldn't have raised a hundred dollars' worth of corn where the Emperor passed, — could you?"

"O no!"

"Fifty?"

"No."

"Twenty-five?"

"Considering the fences, the haystack, and everything, the damage may amount to that."

"Twenty-five dollars; that's settled, then. Come along with us."

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And the showman led the way to the tavern, while the Prince of the Healing Art took advantage of the lull in the excitement to get up a tolerably brisk sale of his Electrical Elixir, at twenty-five cents a bottle; "a ruinous sacrifice," he remarked, "owing to circumstances over which he had no control."

On the way to the tavern, Jack whispered to Percy, who, stepping to the showman's side, asked if he knew anything about "Dr. Lamont."

"The real Dr. Lamont, the Electrical Elixir man, used to follow our show through the country, with that very wagon, till about a month ago, when he fell in with this fellow. They got to gambling, and the doctor lost everything, — horse, wagon, stock in trade, green coat, brass helmet, trumpet, I don't know what all! He then staked his name, and this fellow won that too. He has been Dr. Lamont ever since."

Jack wished to learn more of the Prince, but they had now arrived at the tavern, and he forgot everything else in the joy of seeing one hundred and sixty-five dollars in good bank-notes counted out by the showman, and paid over to Percy.

"There 's Old Scattering painting his nose at the bar," remarked Moses; by which figure of speech he meant that the old man was taking a glass of grog.

"I 'll settle with him on the spot, before witnesses," said Jack; and, walking up to the bar with Percy and Moses, he offered the old man the price of Snowfoot.

The drinker paused, glass in hand, and leered with his red and watery eyes at Jack and his handful of bank-notes.

"Jack," said he, with emotion, "you 're a superlative chick — chick — chicken! A friend to my boy here, when he needed a friend! Forgive hard words, and shake hands. Now take a glass, and then go home with me and eat some of my wife's prime doughnuts."

Jack declined the glass, but, in order to draw the old man away from the bar, pretended to accept the other invitation, until he had got him and poor little patient Step Hen launched on their homeward way.

Then he left them, saying that he must see about getting his "women folks" home.

CHAPTER XXX.

PHIN'S PROGRESS.

MR. PIPKIN had already started for home on foot, accompanied by Phin, who was eager to meet his parents on their arrival, and tell them the exciting news.

The hopeful youth had that satisfaction. He met his parents at the gate, and, before they had time to alight, told them of all the disasters that had happened in their absence, — the laming of the colt, the taking of Snowfoot without leave, and the destruction of horses, wagon, and harness by the ele-

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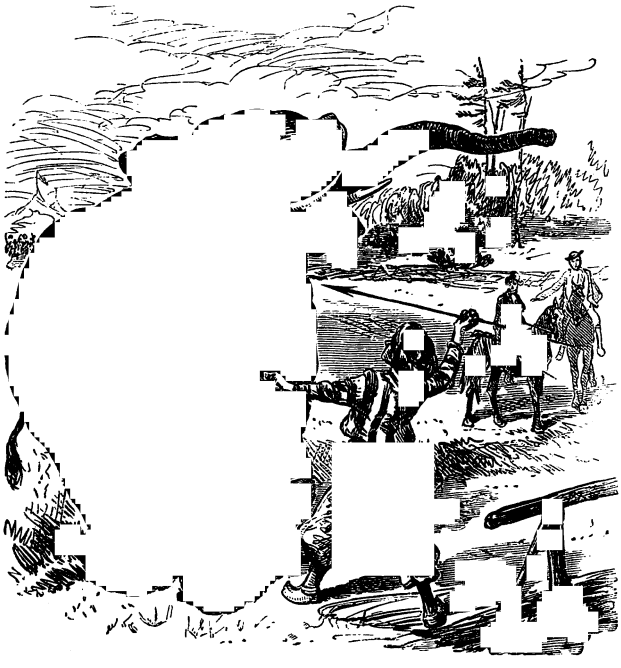

The Elephant Hunt.

phant; for you may be sure that he set the matter forth in as strong colors as his vivid fancy could paint.

The deacon, excited and alarmed, did not get down from the buggy at all, but, having taken Phin up in Mrs. Chatford's place, started for the Basin as fast as old Maje could travel. They had not gone far when they met Percy Lanman coming in a carryall with Annie Felton, Mrs. Pipkin, and Kate.

"Where are the boys?" demanded the deacon, with a stern and anxious face.

"They're coming 'cross lots afoot," said Mrs. Pipkin. "Don't be concerned; don't blame them!"

"Concerned! Blame them!" echoed Mr. Chatford. "Strange that I can't go from home to be gone a couple of days but everything must go wrong in my absence! You, Mrs. Pipkin, and your husband, ought to look after things better than this, instead of countenancing the boys in their folly. I suppose now I shall be responsible for Mr. Treadwell's horse, and have him to pay for, besides suffering my own losses."

"The horses are both paid for, Mr. Chatford," replied Percy Lanman. "Mr. Treadwell has the money for Snowfoot, and Moses is bringing home ninety dollars for the damage done to the mare, harnesses, and wagon."

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"The caravan people settled the hash, then, — did they?" said the deacon.

"Yes, and very liberally."

"And, uncle," added Annie, "if you will wait and hear the boys' story, I don't think you will blame them very much."

"And the horses, — both dead?"

"Neither, as yet," said Percy. "The mare will get well; possibly Snowfoot will too. Jack could n't bear to have him killed. The horses are both in Duffer's charge; the wagon is at the wagon-maker's, and the harness at the harness-maker's, and I think everything has been done that could be, under the circumstances."

The deacon's mind was relieved by this good news, though Phin did not appear so well pleased; and, turning about, he drove on after the carryall, concluding to postpone his visit to the Basin until the next morning.

Moses and Jack reached home about the same time with the others, and met Mr. Chatford in the yard. There the colt was examined and found to be much better; and then the day's adventures were discussed. The deacon was amused at Jack's account of Mr. Pipkin's ride on the elephant, but his brow darkened again when he learned who was the vendor of the bottles of Electrical Elixir.

"That villain in town again?" said he.

"Yes, and he 's likely to stay some time, if he waits to have his wagon mended," replied Moses. "He made a good deal of Phin, and gave him a Dream-Book."

For a moment the deacon stood speechless with astonishment and indignation. He then called for the book, and demanded of Phineas what the man had said to him.

"Nothing much," replied Phin, faintly, "only that he took a notion to me."

"Took a *notion* to you!" echoed the deacon, angrily. "Did he give you anything else?"

"No," murmured Phin.

"I charge you, one and all," then said Mr. Chatford, "if that scoundrel stays at the Basin, have no sort of intercourse with him. Phineas, do you hear?"

"Yes; though I can't see what hurt there is in it."

"What hurt! I 'll show you what hurt there is, if you disobey me!" And, walking into the house, the deacon helped forward the supper by stuffing the Dream-Book under the simmering teakettle.

Mr. Chatford rode to the Basin the next morning, and found both the mare and Snowfoot in an improving condition.

"Whatever else you may say of Duffer," he remarked, "he is certainly a good farrier."

"Reminds me," remarked Mr. Pipkin, "of what old Parson Plumley used to say of weeds, — that there wa'n't one but what was good for suthin', if we could only find it out."

"He offered fifteen dollars for the mare," continued the deacon; "but I

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said she had done us good service, and if she lived I would pension her off, — turn her out to grass, and let her raise a colt or two. He said he would give five dollars for Snowfoot; what do you think of that, Jack?"

Jack did not say anything for a moment, he was so astonished.

"I am glad we did n't have him killed! But he is not for sale. I never owned a horse before," he added with a smile, and a flush of pleasure, "and I 'll hold on to Snowfoot, if only for the name of it!"

"You own a horse!" sneered Phineas, his face turning almost green with spite and envy. "That 's a great thing to brag of, ain't it? But I suppose you got so used to driving old crow-baits on the canal, you 'll feel quite at home with a limping cripple!"

Jack gave Phin an angry look, but turned away without speaking a word.

The colt speedily recovered from his lameness, and was put to the plough beside old Maje. The business of the farm now went on as before, except that Phin appeared more discontented than ever. Neither threats nor coaxing could induce him to do an earnest stroke of work, and it soon became evident that he had some mysterious business of his own on hand. Often after supper he would leave the others to do the milking, and, scudding off across the fields, be gone until late in the evening, when he would return, prepared with some wonderfully smooth excuse for his absence, in answer to his father's questions. The next day he would appear languid, lagging behind in the field, and complaining of all sorts of physical pains and weaknesses, until his father would say, "If you are not able to work, I don't wish to compel you to"; then he would go and lie down behind a stone-heap, or in a corner of a fence.

But the deacon was not altogether deceived, and one day, stepping up softly to a wall, behind which Phin had lately dropped, overcome by an excruciating colic, he discovered that ingenious youth, no longer clutching his waistband with piteous groans, but practising tricks with a pack of cards!

"This is your terrible stomach-ache!" thundered his father; and, pouncing upon the frightened Phineas, he shook him till the cards flew in every direction, and his head seemed near flying away after them. "Where did you get these cards?"

"I found — bought — they are some Jase Welby gave me!"

"Tell me the truth! I shall ask Jason, and if I find you are lying, I 'll horsewhip you!"

Then Phin whimpered, "They are some that man —"

"That scoundrel!" exclaimed the deacon, turning pale, "after I told you to have no more dealings with him!"

"I have n't," said Phin. "They 're some he gave me that first day, at the show."

"Then you lied to me!" And his father grasped him once more by the collar.

"I — I was afraid you would burn them up, as you did the Dream-Book!" cried Phin.

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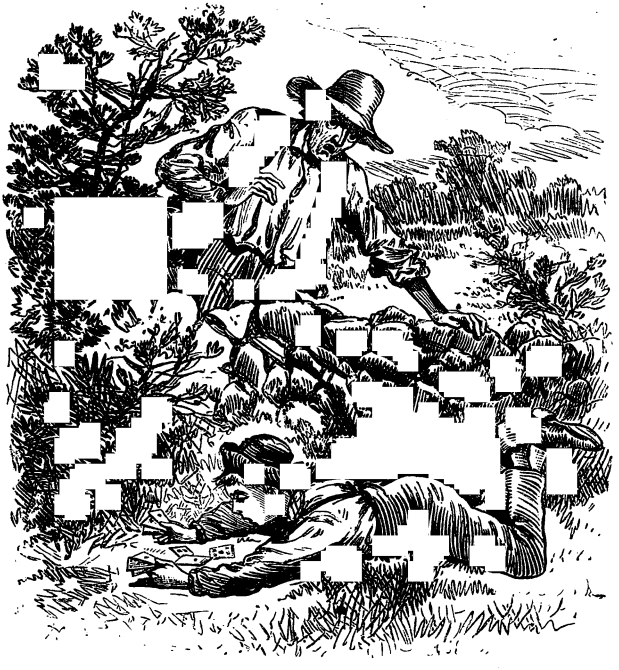

Caught.

"How many times have you seen that man since?"

"Only once, when I could n't help it. He 's at the Basin waiting for his wagon to be mended. I was over there, and I just saw him, but I — I remembered what you said, and did n't speak to him."

"Who told you that you might go to the Basin?"

"Nobody, but I wanted to get some string for my kite —"

"Look at me!" said the deacon. He felt that the boy was lying to him, but somehow he had not the heart to punish him as he deserved, so he said, "Give me those cards, and don't go to the Basin again, or out of sight and hearing of the house, unless you are told to. Will you obey me?"

Phin promised. But the next Sunday, having excused himself from going to meeting, he skulked away behind walls and fences, over the hills, then ran through the woods to the canal, and along the "heel-path," until he met a smiling and very good-natured man coming to meet him.

J. T. Trowbridge.

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A MORNING WITH THE JIMMYJOHNS.

CHAPTER I.

PRAIRIE-ROSE COTTAGE.

A PRETTY brown cottage, so small that the vines have no need to hurry themselves in climbing over it, but take plenty of time to creep along the eaves, to peep in at the windows, and even to stop and weave bowers over the doorways. Two "Baldwin" trees shade one end of the cottage, a silver-oak the other. In its rather narrow front yard grow damask rose-bushes, sweet syringas, and a snowball-tree. In one corner of this front yard a running-rose, called a "pink prairie-rose," climbs to the cottage roof, where it does have such a good time with the honeysuckle and woodbine! On either side, and roundabout, and far away, lie broad green meadows, apple-orchards, fields of waving corn, and many a sloping, sunny hillside on which the earliest wild flowers bloom. Ah, it must be a pleasant thing to live where one can watch the fields grow yellow with dandelions and butter-cups, or white with daisies, or pink with clover; where sweet-scented honey-suckles peep in at one window, roses at another, and apple-blossoms at another; where birds sing night and morning, and sometimes all the day!

CHAPTER II.

THE TWO TRAVELLERS.

BETWEEN the hours of seven and eight, one lovely morning in June, there might have been seen, turning the corner of Prairie-Rose Cottage, two travellers on horseback, each of whom carried a huckleberry-basket on his arm. These two travellers were of just the same age, — four years and ten months. The horses they rode were of the kind called *saw-horses*, or, as some call them, *wood-horses*. Both names are correct, because they are made of *wood*, and wood is placed upon them to be *sawed*.

Our young travellers were twin brothers, and were named, the one, Jimmy Plummer, the other, Johnny Plummer. They were dressed exactly alike, and they looked exactly alike. Both had chubby cheeks, twinkling eyes, small noses, and dark, curly hair. Both wore gray frocks, belted round with leather belts, and both belts were clasped with shining buckles. Their collars were white as snow. Their trousers were short, leaving off at the knee, where they were fastened with three gilt buttons. Their stockings were striped, pink and gray, the gray stripe being much wider than the pink. Their boots were button-boots. Their hats were of speckled straw, and in the hat-band of each was stuck a long, narrow, greenish feather, which looked exactly like a rooster's feather. Their whip-handles were light-blue, wound round with strips of silver tinsel, and at the end of each lash was a snapper. Their bridles were pieces of clothes-line.

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The *travellers* were bound to Boston, so they said, to buy oranges. It was hard work to make those horses of theirs go over the ground. There is n't very much *go* in that kind of horse; they are sure-footed, but not swift. But there was a great deal of *make go* in the two travellers. They jerked that span of horses, they pushed them, they pulled them, they made them rear up, they tumbled off behind, they tumbled off the sides, they pitched headforemost, but still did not give up; and at last came to Boston, which was, so they made believe, on the outside cellar-door.

And as they were playing on the cellar-door, the funny man came along, and began to feel in his pockets to see what he could find.

"Hullo, Jimmyjohns!" he cried. "Don't you want something?"

Jimmy and Johnny Plummer were best known in the neighborhood as "The Jimmyjohns." And it seemed very proper, their being called by one name, for they looked, if not just like one boy, like the same boy over again, so that some members of their own family could hardly tell them apart. They were always together; what one did the other did, and what one had the other had. If one asked for pudding four times, the other asked for pudding four times; and when one would have another spoonful of sauce, so would the other. And it was quite wonderful, everybody said, that in playing together they were never known to quarrel. People often tried to guess which was Jimmy and which was Johnny, but very few guessed rightly.

The funny man felt in every one of his pockets, and found — a piece of chalk! The Jimmyjohns laughed. They had seen him feel in every one of his pockets before, and knew that nothing better than chalk, or buttons, or tack-nails would come out of them.

"Now," said the funny man, "I 'm going to guess which is Jimmy and which is Johnny. No, can't guess. But I 'll tell you what I will do. I 'll turn up a cent. There it goes. See here, if it turns up *head*, this sitting-down boy 's Jimmy. *Tail*, he 's Johnny. Now, then. Pick it up out of the grass. *Head?* Yes, *head*. Then this sitting-down boy 's Jimmy. Right? Are you sitting-down boy Jimmy?"

"No, sir; Johnny."

"Johnny? How do you know you are Johnny?"

Johnny laughed, looked down, turned up the corner of his frock, and showed there a bit of red flannel, about the size of a red peppermint, stitched on the wrong side. Mrs. Plummer, it seems, had put red flannel peppermints on Johnny's clothes, and blue flannel peppermints on Jimmy's, so that each could tell his own.

The funny man passed on, but had hardly gone ten steps before he turned, and said to the Jimmyjohns, "Why don't you go a rowing?" They answered, because they had no boat. He told them Dan took a tub for a boat. Then they said they had no water. The funny man was just at that moment stepping over the fence, but he answered back, speaking very loud, "*Dan plays grass is water!*"

The Jimmyjohns looked at each other.

"Ask him what *oars* Dan takes;" said Johnny.

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"You ask him too," said Jimmy.

So they called out both together, "What *oars* does Dan take?" And then, the funny man being by that time far along the road, they scampered to the fence, scrambled up, leaned far over the top rail, and shouted, loud as they could, "*What oars does Dan take?*"

The funny man turned, held one hand to one ear to catch the sounds, and shouted back, speaking one word at a time, "*Can't — hear — what — you — say!*"

"*What — oars — does* — DAN — T-A-K-E?" bawled the Jimmyjohns, holding on to the last word as long as their breath lasted.

"*Takes — brooms! Dan — takes* — BROOMS!" the funny man bawled back; then walked away quite fast.

CHAPTER III.

BANTAM WHITE'S TUB.

"CLUCK, cluck, cluck! cluck, cluck, cluck! cluckerty cluck!"

That was what it sounded like, but in reality it was pretty Banty White, saying to her chickens, "Hurry back! Danger! Boys! Dreadful danger!"

Madam Banty White kept house under a tub, at the back of the house; and it was her tub which was going to be the boat.

"Over she goes!" cried Jimmy, giving it a knock.

"Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, cluckerty cluck!" clucked Madam Banty. "Run for your lives! For your lives!"

"Sister! Sister! Sister!" shouted the Jimmyjohns.

Annetta Plummer, six years old and almost seven, was often called "Sister," and sometimes "Sissy Plummer." Hearing the shouts, *sister* ran to the window, calling out, "What do you want, you little Jimmies?"

Then curly-headed, three-years-old Effie trotted to the window, stood on her tiptoes, and shouted with her cunning voice, "What oo want, oo ittel Dimmys?"

"Throw down two brooms! Quick 's you can!"

"Little boys must say 'please!'" said Annetta.

"Ittel — boys — say — *pease!*" repeated Effie.

"*Please, please, please, please!*" shouted the Jimmies. Then, "O dear! Oh! Ma! O dear! Ma! Ma! Oh! O dear! O dear!" in quite a different tone.

All the people came running to the window. "Who 's hurt? What 's the matter? O, they 've tumbled down! They 've tumbled down!"

The flour-barrel was at the bottom of it all. In their hurry to get the brooms, the Jimmies climbed on a flour-barrel, which lay upon its side. It rolled over, and they rolled over with it. It is plain, therefore, that the flour-barrel was at the bottom of it all!

The poor Jimmyjohns cried bitterly, and the tears ran streaming down. Still, they were not hurt badly, and the crying changed to kissing much

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sooner than usual. To explain what this means, it must be told that when the Jimmies were little toddling things, just beginning to walk, they were constantly tumbling down, tipping over in their cradle, or bumping heads, together; and Mrs. Plummer found that the best way to stop the crying, at such times, was to turn it into *kissing*. The reason of this is very plain. In crying, the mouth flies open; in kissing, it shuts. Mrs. Plummer was a wonderful woman. She found out that shutting the mouth would stop its crying, and to shut the mouth she contrived that pretty *kissing* plan, and at the first sound of a *bump* would catch up the little toddlers, put their arms round each other's necks, and say, "Kiss Johnny, Jimmy! Kiss Jimmy, Johnny!" And that was the way the habit began. They had not quite outgrown it; and it was enough to make anybody laugh to see them, in the midst of a crying spell, run toward each other, their cheeks still wet with tears, and to see their poor, little, twisted, crying mouths trying to shut up into a kiss!

But now must be told the sad fate of Banty White's tub. Alas for poor Banty! nevermore will she gather chicks under its roof!

Mrs. Plummer, it seems, allowed the Jimmies to take her third-best broom and the barn broom to row with.

"Let 's go way over there, where there 's some good grass," said Jimmy.

"So I say," said Johnny. "How shall we get her over?"

"Take the reins," said Jimmy.

"O yes; so I say," said Johnny.

The *reins* were then taken from the *horses* and tied to one tub-handle. The brooms were tied to the other tub-handle, and so dragged behind. The Jimmies hoisted the tub over the fence into the field of "good grass," squeezed themselves inside, put the broom-handles through the tub-handles, and began to row!

After rowing awhile, and finding "she did n't go any," they thought they would try to find Dan, and ask him how he "made her go." So the tub was hoisted over the fence again, and the brooms tied on for another pull; both took hold of the reins, and then away they ran along the road, up hills and down hills, to find Dan.

"How easy she goes!" cried Johnny, at last, as they were rounding a corner.

Both turned to look, and oh! what did they see? Alas! what did they see? Two hoops, pieces of wood scattered along the road, and the brooms far behind! The tub had fallen apart, and the hoops that bound it were rolling away!

The brothers Plummer stood still and gazed. It was all they could do.

"And now won't it be a tub any more?" Johnny asked, at last, very soberly.

"Tub any more? I — don't — I *guess* so," said Jimmy. "Maybe pa can tub it up again!"

Each boy took an armful of the pieces (leaving one that neither of them saw), hung a hoop over his shoulder, and in this manner turned to go home, dragging the brooms behind.

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But, finding themselves quite near Aunt Emily's, they went that way and stopped in there. And very good reasons they had for doing so. One reason was a puppy. One reason was a gold-fish. But the sweetest reason of all was Aunt Emily's gingerbread.

Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz.

DOCTOR DOLLFIX.

DOCTOR DOLLFIX, — name on shingle, —
Next-door neighbor to Kris Kringle.
Come with me, it is n't far;
Up one flight, and there you are.
Rap, tap, tap, and in we go:
Dozens of dollies in a row;
Waxen faces, queer and flaky,
Heads off, legs off, noses shaky.

In pops the doctor, rosy and round,
Like a peach, red-ripe and sound.
How his dimples overrun
With their merriment and fun!
Quick as a flash he stirs his pegs,
Sews on heads and arms and legs;
Glue and sawdust he 'll dispense;
Why, his practice is immense!

Dolls will tumble down the stairs;
Some get sat on unawares;
Some should be kept in a drier place;
Others melt before the fireplace.
But the doctor, in their places,
Tends to all the various cases;
Paints dull cheeks as red as roses,
Bridges over broken noses.

The bitterest dose that he can make,
The dollies don't refuse to take.
A patient who can hardly toddle,
Of patience is a perfect model.
Don't forget to call him in
When your dolls grow weak and thin.
Doctor Dollfix, — name on shingle, —
Next-door neighbor to Kris Kringle.

George Cooper.

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GLIMPSES OF THE MOON.

WE were playing croquet on Mr. Ridgeley's lawn, quite regardless of the falling dews, and everything else except the game, when the moon rose over the lake, so large and red that we all stopped and leaned on our mallets to gaze at the reflected wonder.

"I wish I knew," said Emma Ridgeley (aged twelve), "what makes the moon look so much larger when it is rising than when it is a few hours high."

"Question for our Autocrat of the Croquet-Ground," said Mrs. Ridgeley, with one of her pleasant, but slightly sarcastic, smiles at me.

Whether she alluded to my unfortunate name (it is always unfortunate to bear a name which another has made illustrious), or wished merely to give me a gentle hit for too strict an application of the rules of the game, I did not stop to consider; for a subject had been touched, of more interest to me than croquet.

"The moon —" I began.

"Hear! hear!" cried saucy young Rob Ridgeley; "the professor is going to lecture!"

Ever since I wrote out some of our talks with *the* professor and printed them in "Our Young Folks," I have had to bear that playful title. Rob, however, put a little spice of malice in it on this occasion; for the truth is, Emma and I had just been beating him and his mother in a most provoking manner.

"Now stop your fun, Rob Ridgeley!" exclaimed Emma; "I want to hear an answer to my question."

"I can answer that," said Rob. "The moon is magnified by the vapors in the atmosphere."

"That is the common opinion," I replied; "but" (it was now my turn to be sarcastic) "I am surprised that so intelligent a lad as Robert should fall in with that vulgar error. The moon on the horizon looks so large, because we then contrast it with objects on the earth, — as houses, trees, hills. But, high in the heavens, we compare it with the immense round of the sky. It then appears smaller to the naked eye, although optical instruments show that it actually appears larger."

"How's that?" cried Robert.

"Hold the ends of these mallets for me. There; let these handles represent two parallel threads at the end of a telescope, so placed that the newly risen moon will be seen just to fill the space between them, — this croquet-ball representing the moon. Apply the same test six hours later, and the edge of the moon will be found to extend a very little beyond the threads."

"Tell that to the marines!" said Rob. "Do you think I'll believe that the moon will be larger at midnight than it is now?"

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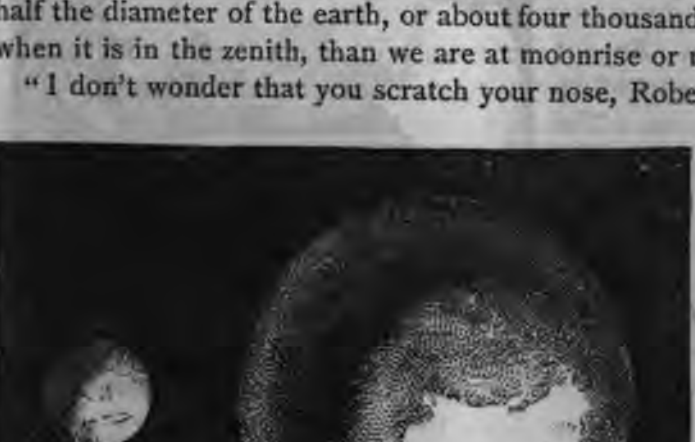
Moon at the Horizon.

Moon in the Zenith.

"No, my dear boy. It will not be larger, but it will be nearer, than it is now, and so will look larger, seen between the threads. To illustrate: I hold this ball on a horizontal line with the end of your nose, and stick a pin exactly on the top of it. Call your nose the moon, and the ball the earth, and it will be moonrise to the pin. Now turn the ball so that the pin will point straight at your nose, and we may say that the moon is in the heavens directly over Mr. Pin's head, but you will see that the pin is just half the diameter of the ball nearer your nose than it was before. So we are half the diameter of the earth, or about four thousand miles, nearer the moon when it is in the zenith, than we are at moonrise or moonset."

"I don't wonder that you scratch your nose, Robert, after being beaten in such an argument!" laughed his mother. "But, come! the grass is getting too wet for croquet; let 's adjourn to the piazza, and watch the moon as it rises over the water."



Comparative Size of Earth and Moon.

"And tell us all about it, — how large the moon really is, and how far away," said Emma.

"The diameter of the moon is a little more than one quarter that of the earth's; but the earth has thirteen times as much surface, and fifty times as much bulk. Our distance from the moon is about two hundred and forty thousand miles. That is, Emma, if you could travel to it by railroad express, it would take you about a year to make the journey."

"Now *I* have one question to ask," said Mrs. Ridgeley, as we took our seats on the piazza. "What makes the rising moon look so red while it

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ing the light of the sun. You know, too, that a ray of sunlight is composed of seven different colors. Pass it through a prism, and it forms on a screen in a darkened room a band of these colors, — violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red. This is called the solar spectrum. These colors are all refracted, that is, bent out of their course, by passing through the prism; but the violet is bent the most, while the red is the least bent. Now the vapory atmosphere acts like a prism, and in such a way that, when the moon is on the horizon, we see more red rays than any other. The air refracts, or bends, the direct rays of the sun, as well as the moon's rays; so that the sun itself often appears red at rising and setting; and the sunset and sunrise clouds are also usually red."

"I have seen the moon," said Robert, "when it was neither white nor red, — when there is a new moon, you know. Then just the rim of it is bright; but you can see the whole form of the moon above it, very dim, and after a few nights it disappears, so you can't see it at all. Why is that?"

"I said the moon shone only by reflecting the light of the sun. But I see I shall have to qualify that statement. The light part of the moon which you see is always a part which the sun shines on. But the dim part of the moon is a part which only the earth shines on. The earth, you must understand, is like an immensely large moon to the moon itself. When it is new moon to us, it is full earth, so to speak, to the inhabitants of the moon, — if the moon has inhabitants. That is, the fully illumined side of the earth is then turned towards the moon, lighting up, though very dimly, all the dark part of its disk, with what is called the 'ashy light.' This light ceases to be seen after the first quarter; but it reappears after the moon, keeping on in its course, gets around to its last quarter, when it is on the sunny side of the earth again."

The Earth as seen from the Moon.

"What is meant by the first and last quarter?" Emma inquired. "And, for my part, I don't quite understand why the moon appears to us at one time a thin crescent, then a half-moon, and so on."

"Come into the house," I said, "and with a lamp and a croquet-ball I think I can ex-

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not in its shadow, on the other side. "Now," said I, "you are the earth, the lamp is the sun, and the ball is the moon. The moon revolves around the earth once a month, while the earth revolves around the sun once a year. But we will consider only the moon's motion at present, and its phases or changes. It is now full moon to you, for the sun is on one side and the moon on the other, and you see its full face lighted up, — just as it is with the real moon to-night. But the moon keeps moving in her orbit about the earth, until now it is between your head and the lamp, — that is, the sun, — and you see no part of it lighted up. We will say that it is now new moon, but you do not know it and call it so until two or three evenings later, when it has moved so far along that it is seen in the western sky just after sunset. It is then a thin, bright crescent, which is just the visible rim of the side shone upon by the sun. This rim increases in thickness, until seven days after new moon," — I moved the ball along to illustrate, — "the moon has made one quarter of her revolution about the earth, and is in her first quarter. Now, how much of the bright side do you see?"

The Moon's first Quarter.

"One half is bright, and one half dark," replied Emma.

"The bright half is all you really see in the heavens," I said; "and this goes on increasing, until it is full moon again. The moon is now said to be in *opposition* to the sun; and I should have told you, that, when it is new moon, it is in *conjunction*. From full moon, it begins to *wane*, — that is, the bright part seen by you diminishes in size until it is once more only a half-moon; it is now in its last quarter. And so it goes on to new moon again, completing its actual revolution in a little more than twenty-seven days. But the earth in the mean while has moved on in *her* orbit, so that it takes the moon two days longer to get around to her relative position in regard to the earth and the sun."

With the help of the lamp and the croquet-ball, I made all this tolerably clear to Rob and Emma; but, to aid my readers, I shall make use of this simple diagram. The sun is supposed to be at the top of the picture. The central figure is the earth, divided into night and day by light and shadow. The half-illumined disks in the circle about it represent the moon revolving in its orbit in the direction the arrows point. Beside each of these is a figure showing the moon as it *appears* to us on the earth, when in that part of its orbit.

"But," said Rob, "I have heard that eclipses are caused by the moon's coming between us and the sun; now, why is n't there an eclipse every month?"

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The Moon's Phases.

which would then be eclipsed at every new moon. Then, again, the moon would be eclipsed at every full moon, by passing through the shadow of the earth. But it is only rarely that the three bodies come so directly in a line as that. I will not stop to explain the causes of this variation,* but only say that astronomers know the motions of the heavenly bodies so well that they can predict, to a second, the occurrence of an eclipse a thousand years hence."

"If the moon moves round the earth, I should think we would sometimes see the other side of it," said Emma. "But I have noticed that it always looks alike, with just those same curious spots on it."

"If the moon went round the earth as I carry this ball round your head," said I, keeping one side of the ball turned towards the door as I moved it in a circle about Emma, "it would present all sides to you successively in the course of one revolution. But it really makes one rotation on its axis while

* Only the most striking points of the subject can be brought out in a conversation or an article like this. But to all my readers interested in pursuing it further, I would strongly recommend — as I did to Rob and Emma — Guillemin's admirable little book on The Moon, ably edited in this country by Maria Mitchell, and published by Scribner, Armstrong, & Co., in their useful and entertaining

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side always turned towards you."

"Then," cried Rob, "if there are inhabitants on the other side of the moon, they never see the earth! Do you believe it is inhabited?"

"We have the best reasons for thinking it is not, although we cannot absolutely *know* about it. The most powerful telescopes bring the moon — so to speak — only within a distance of one hundred and fifty or two hundred miles. We might see the works of men so far off, but not the men themselves, unless they were monstrously large giants. Indeed, there are certain peculiar lines, called grooves, seen on the surface of the moon, which some have believed to be canals! immense canals, too, for the largest of them are at least ten thousand feet wide, and one or two hundred miles in length. But they are found to run over mountains and through plains; so they cannot very well be canals. Besides, it is pretty plainly shown that there is no water on the moon, — and how can there be canals without water?"

"How do you know there is no water?" asked Mrs. Ridgeley.

"Because the nicest instruments can detect no atmosphere or vapor there; and if there were any considerable body of water, there would certainly be vapor and clouds. And yet I believe that there was once both water and air about the moon, as there is about the earth now, — for the two are probably made of the same substance, and on the same grand plan."

Spots on the Moon.

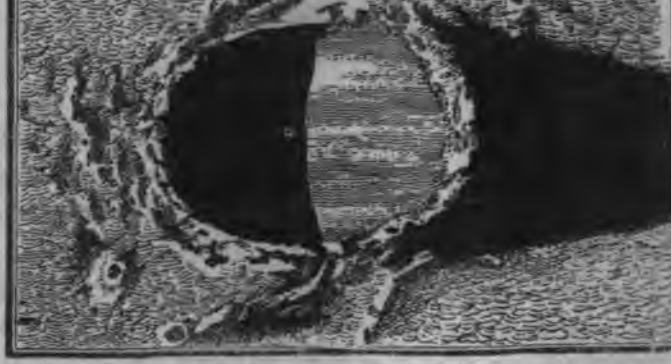
"I have heard of seas in the moon," said Mrs. Ridgeley, — "seas, lakes, and mountains."

"There are on its surface immense dark spaces," I replied, "which were once believed to be bodies of water. They still go by the name of seas, and are, probably, — some of them, at least, — the beds of ancient oceans and lakes. But even in the midst of these there are immense light spots, as if the seas had been spotted with archipelagoes of mountainous islands. Seen through a telescope, the moon — especially on the light parts — has a strange, mottled, honeycombed appearance, as if covered with the gray craters of dead volcanoes. The largest of these are called *cirques*, and are more than a hundred miles in diameter. Both great and small have a general circular appearance, like hollows or plains, surrounded by mountainous walls. The smallest bear so close a resemblance to our own volcanic craters that it is hard to avoid the conclusion that the moon was once the scene of tremendous volcanic action. The crust was broken through by enormous bubbles of the molten matter within, and every bubble left its crater and cirque, till a large part of the surface appears blotched and broken out with these fearful eruptions. Probably volcanic action was so much more

Craters in the Moon's Surface.

much smaller body, its cooling off from the molten state was much mor rapid."

As all seemed interested in what I was saying, I went on to explain, tha while the craters near the centre of the moon's disk, seen through a glas appear round, those nearer the edge appear more and more oval, until they disappear altogether in irregular ridges.



Crater after Sunrise.

"This," I said, "is because we look directly into the cup of the central craters, while we have side views of those nearer the edge, and see only the tops of the rims of those on the extreme edge. Another thing proves their cup-like shape (the word *crater*, yo must know, means originally, in Greek, a *cup*). Their walls cast stron shadows, both within the cavities and without, when the sun has just rise

on them, and similar shadows at sunset, but then in an opposite direction."

"Do you think there is any life at all on the moon?" Robert asked.

"I believe the moon to be a DEAD WORLD. It has gone through its phase of life, cooled off, and become a mere frozen clod. In cooling, it has shrunk, until it is full of holes and fissures, — porous as lava, honeycombed by craters, and cracked and split in every direction. The grooves I spoke of, once thought to be canals, I believe to be simply immense cracks."

Crater at Sunset.

"Is n't it warmed by the sun?" Mrs. Ridgeley inquired.

"The surface," I said, "is, no doubt, warmed intensely by the sun's rays beating down upon it for nearly two weeks at a time. There is neither cloud nor atmosphere to modify or retain that fitful, fearful heat. The surface suddenly cools again after sunset, and, in the long lunar night of two weeks that ensues, the part so lately baked congeals with an intensity of cold of which we on the earth can form no conception."

"And what has become of the atmosphere and the seas?"

"They have been drunk up and absorbed by the cracks and pores, and have retired into the body of the satellite; leaving the surface a scene of unutterable ruin and desolation, without herb or shrub, or any living thing, — for what can live where there is neither breath, nor moisture, nor genial warmth? A region where no sound is ever heard; for there is no atmosphere to conduct it, and no living ear to hear!"

"What a dreadful picture!" exclaimed Mrs. Ridgeley. "And do you believe, Augustus, that the earth is going through just such a process of cooling off, — only slower, because a larger body, — and that the time will come when it, too, will be a frozen clod, full of cracks and pores, without water, or air, or life of any kind?"

"If that time ever does come," I replied, "we have this to console us, — we shall not live to see it."

"Perhaps we shall," replied Mrs. Ridgeley, softly, with a sadly spiritual smile.

Augustus Holmes.

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THE BROWNIE.

ONCE the Christmas saint, who brings
Joy to children everywhere,
Brought, among the precious things
Which were blue-eyed Gracie's share,
A delightful fairy-book,
Written with so pleasant art,
That the charming story took
Captive Gracie's mind and heart.

It was of a Brownie old,
Queer and small, who lived and slept
In a cellar dark and cold,
Where the store of coal was kept.
Small his asking, few his needs, —
Sometimes playing roguish pranks,
Sometimes doing kindest deeds,
With no payment and no thanks.

Not a moonlight fairy bright,
Radiant with a wand and wings, —
Brownie was a household sprite,
Dealing in more prosy things ;
Always wise and merry, he
Lived a quiet, useful life,
Loving sport and harmony,
Hating bitterness and strife.

So the young folk learned to curb
Angry word and sullen frown,
Lest their bickerings might disturb
And offend their playmate brown.
Blest the household is that gives
Heed to the serene control
Of the quaint brown man who lives
In the cellar with the coal !

Not to women, maids, or men
Did the tawny elf appear, —
Like a mist he vanished when
Grown-up people came too near ;
Only little children's eyes,
Gifted with a mystic grace

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Fate to taller folk denies,
Saw the Brownie face to face.

In the closet where the coal
Lies in dim and dusty heaps,
Gracie of the sanguine soul,
Stealing tiptoe, slyly peeps,—
Some new fancy, bright and wise,
Dawns beneath her yellow hair.
"Hush!" she says, with dancing eyes,
"Maybe there's a Brownie there!"

And thenceforth, for every sound
Made by insect, beast, or bird,
Still the self-same cause is found,—
"That's the Brownie's voice I heard!"
Nightly thought and care she gives,—
Fills with milk her tiny bowl
For the little man who lives
In the closet with the coal.

When a rain-storm moans and sighs,
And the wind sobs all day long,
She believes the Brownie cries,
Grieving for some fancied wrong.
Brownie whistles, laughs, and shouts,
Brownie answers to her call,
When my sense, obscured by doubts,
Hears no voice or speech at all.

To the closet by herself
Oft she goes, and looks within,
Hoping thus the timid elf
From his hiding-place to win;
Coaxes him with bribe and smile,
Songs and stories, every day,
And by every childish wile
Tempts him to come out and play.

And if ever hasty word,
Fretful voice, or breath of blame,
In our household life is heard,
Gracie puts its source to shame.
"Hush!" she whispers, "you forget!
In his closet dark and cold
Brownie hears us when we fret,—
Brownie'll leave us if we scold!"

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So she tries to shun dispute,
  Angry word, and pettish frown;
Does her best to please and suit
  Her mysterious friend in brown.
Ah, a wholesome sway has he,
  Little man, alert and droll,
Living thus invisibly
  In the closet with the coal!

Elizabeth Akers Allen.

LIFE ON BOARD A WHALER.

TWENTY-FIVE years is not a very long time, after it has been lived; but twenty-five years ago I thought if I should live till this time I should be an old man. But here I am, alive and not old. To be sure, I have changed in these last twenty-five years, and I don't think my looks have improved. Of course, a man with no hair on his head does n't look so well as one with hair, as a general thing, — and then, there are other things that affect a man's looks. Time has been at work upon me, to be sure, but I am not old. There is something that does not appear outwardly, that has still the freshness of youth; and that — I say it modestly — I think has improved. Twenty-five years ago I did not think there was so much to learn. I have been learning all the time, — not very fast, but learning, — and, as yet, I have only learned enough to know that I have but just begun. I have come to the conclusion that, if I live twenty-five years more, I shall not be old. I do not think I shall ever be old, — though the body may wither and turn to dust, and be scattered over the earth. That 's the belief that keeps me young, and always will.

Twenty-five years ago I was a wild youth. I could not bear to stay at home and drudge on the farm. (I thought it was drudgery, — but, after all, I did not have to work very hard.) I thought I would go to sea; I *must* go to sea; and to sea I went. A whaler carried me around the Cape of Good Hope, across the Indian Ocean and the Pacific, to the Sandwich Islands, and thence to the northwest coast. In one year after leaving home I had arrived on the northwest coast, having repented of my going to sea a good many times on the way. I had even asked my captain to discharge me and send me home. But for several reasons that he thought better of than I did, he refused; and so it has happened that I have a story to relate.

We cruised far to the northward, over on the Kamschatka side, and clear up to the Straits, and then through them, so that we were fairly in the Arctic Ocean. I never shall go there again of my own accord; for I did not

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like the weather, nor the whales. I never liked the smell of whales ; and, when I finally got well clear of the northwest, I determined to keep clear of it.

The weather was cold, foggy, drizzly, — too much daylight for the night, too, though no great matter of sunshine, on account of the fogs and clouds. We had an uncomfortable time every way. Once in a while we had clear weather for a few hours, and bright sunshine ; and then, if we had only had the time, we should have enjoyed it at a great rate. But we had n't the time ; for as soon as the fog lifted or the weather cleared, the lookouts aloft would sing out, " T-h-e-r-e she b-l-o-w-s ! T-h-e-r-e b-l-o-w-s ! " and down would go the boats, and we would have to chase the whales.

We had just about clear weather enough to keep us at work all the time. Whales were plenty, and if we lost the one we lowered for, very often another, or others, would be raised before we got back to the ship. We were very successful ; and that means, among other things, that we worked hard. We had excitement, — plenty of it ; fun — well, that depends upon which end of the line you are at ; it is fun to read about it, perhaps, but if you do it, it 's something else. Sometimes we worked day and night, — what night there was, — till we got very tired, and sleepy too. It was heavy work heaving in the whales, — the blubber, I mean, for we never attempted to hoist in a whole whale, — and all who were not otherwise engaged then worked at the windlass-brakes. Forty-eight hours, sometimes, without sleep, made us shut our eyes and open our mouths while we clung to the brakes, rising and falling with this movement, wholly unconscious that we were helping a bit. Some of us boys could n't help heaving and sleeping in that way sometimes, — though the sleep we got never did us much good. What made it worse was that we were generally wet through, and getting wetter all the time. If it cleared off in the night, it was cold, and our clothes froze stiff, and our fingers ached. There 's where the fun was. Everybody would get sleepy, even the officers ; and once the second mate's drowsiness caused him to fall into the hold through the main hatch, as he was leaning over it. The blubber below saved him from being hurt ; but he was laughed at all the same, and never fell through the hatch but once.

We had taken some twenty whales, large and small, — all of them larger than the Boston whales, — and had tried out more oil, the officers said, than any whaler had ever tried out before in the same length of time. The try-pots were full, the flames and smoke streaming up through the brick flues behind, while the boat-steerers with their forks and skimmers were busy as demons in front, and the ship all over, inside and out, was as smutty and nasty as she could be. It was Sunday, the day of rest, and, because it had been so foggy all day that we could not see twenty fathoms from the ship, we were having watch and watch below. I had been below, sleeping very fast all the afternoon, — that is, from one till four, which is the length of an afternoon watch below in a whale-ship. When I went on deck, I had not slept half enough ; but I had to be satisfied, for I had no right to sleep any more till eleven o'clock that night. Our watch for the night was set at

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seven o'clock, which some folks will tell you is not the rule; but it was our rule.

When we went on deck at four o'clock, — or sometimes between that and five, for we did n't hurry much, — the fog was very heavy, and it was perfectly calm. It was dark, gloomy, silent, except for the falling of the damp sails against the masts as the ship rose and fell on the swells of the sea, and the noise made around the try-works. Dreary, cheerless, gloomy, depressing, — it was all these, up beyond the Straits of Behring at the close of that Sabbath day. The lurid flames shot up, and the black smoke could hardly lift itself away. The fog was around us, thick and heavy, damp and chill. There was nothing to show that there was anything pleasant in life anywhere, and the recollections we had of it only served to increase the gloominess of our situation.

The three hours of the dog-watch had passed, and we had had supper. The larboard-watch had gone below, the weather being still the same. But they had not long left the deck when we who remained were startled by two explosions, quickly succeeding each other, over the side, just off the starboard beam. We had all heard such explosions often enough to know what they were, but we had never before heard them while on board the ship. Every one sprang to the rail; and there, right alongside, within the wall of fog, were two monstrous old gray-backed whales. They were as long as our ship, and so near that we could see a crook in the back of one of them, as though it had been broken. They were moving very slowly, and, fortunately, heading the same way the ship headed, or there might have been a collision. It was Sunday, to be sure, and a bad time to lower on account of the fog; but the temptation was great, and the captain gave the word in a low voice to call the other watch on deck and lower the waist and bow boats. The boats were quickly in the water; but by the time they were under way the whales had disappeared in the fog, though moving so slowly that it seemed as if they would be surely overtaken. It was only a moment after the boats were fairly under way when they too were lost sight of; and then we who remained on board waited and listened.

They were out of hearing as well as out of sight, and when they had been gone half an hour, we thought it time to make some signal that would show them the way back. The bell on the forecastle was first rung, at intervals of a few minutes, and another half-hour went by without our seeing or hearing anything of the boats. It was growing darker, and we began to feel uneasy on account of those who were away. Besides ringing the bell, all hands gathered on the forecastle and joined in loud hurrahs, — waiting after each for any answering shout. None came; and then some tin trumpets — so big that none but very windy men could blow them — were brought out of the cabin, and made such dolorous sounds that one hearing them, and not knowing what they were, would certainly never have ventured towards them.

But there was no response, and no one came. To make it worse, wafts of wind began to be felt. They rippled the water, and the ship began to move

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ahead. But the fog still clung, though it grew thinner, and we could see a little farther from the ship. We could see no boats, however, and the captain was evidently alarmed. There were muskets in the cabin, and they came next, successive volleys being discharged, but bringing no sound in reply, nor any boats.

It was growing dark, and the wind was increasing. The boats had been pulled ahead, and the captain headed the ship the way they had gone, and we ran on, making all the noise we could, till the captain was afraid of passing them if we went farther, when for a time the ship was hove to. Then we all shouted, and the trumpets brayed, and the muskets rattled out a stunning volley, and we listened.

No sound; no boats. It was dark, for the fog was still thick, clinging to the water. The wind was freshening, and the waves were already dashing against the ship's sides. Then the bug-lights were rigged out on studding-sail booms over the sides. The bug-light I must explain. It is n't a coach-lamp, exactly. A basket, holding a bushel, perhaps, and made of hoop-iron, is filled with scraps and other inflammable material, lighted and suspended over the side. It makes a good light to cut in by, when that work is carried on in the night, and on such an occasion as this one suspended outboard over each side makes the most effectual beacon that could be devised.

While some were rigging the bug-lights, others went to cast off the lashings of one of the stubby old guns that graced each side of the quarter-deck, and haul it into the waist. It was loaded, — to the full limit of safety, probably, — and made the loudest noise we had made yet. Of course they would hear that, if they were still afloat; but, to make sure, the gun was fired several times. Then we waited, and listened, and peered into the darkness; but nothing came.

"They 've killed a whale, and are lying by him," said the captain; "but I don't see why one of the boats does n't come and let us know where they are. They must have heard the gun."

That was what we could n't understand. Even if they had killed a whale, one of the boats would naturally come to tell us, if they had known where to find us. But none came, nor did we hear any sound; and when we had lain with the mainyards aback for more than an hour, they were braced forward again, and, keeping close to the wind and going about often, we continued on the lookout, firing the gun at frequent intervals all through the night.

When it began to grow light, the fog was still clinging to the water, though the wind was blowing quite fresh. Whether we would ever see our boats again was a question in the minds of all; and we began to think of what our poor shipmates would have to endure, lost at sea, in those small, open boats. Unless the fog should clear, the daylight would not help us at all in finding them; and how far we were from them, or in what direction they were, we could not tell; we might be going from them or towards them, — it was as likely to be one way as the other.

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It grew lighter till it was broad day, except that we could not see the sun. But at last there began to be openings in the fog, and we rejoiced to see that it was dispersing and drifting away. Our eyes pierced every new opening, and soon a shout from the forecastle announced that the boats were seen. Every one rushed to the bows, and there, some two miles distant, were both the boats, with their signal-waifs set to show that they were lying by a dead whale. They were to leeward, and, keeping off a couple of points, we ran rapidly towards them. The boats were some distance apart, and both had waifs set.

"They 've got 'em both, as true as you 're alive!" exclaimed the captain, rubbing his hands. "I guess we 'll make a good night's work of it, after all!"

It was true, they had them both. One boat had fastened to each, and they had killed them with little trouble, though not till they had run so far from the ship that they had heard no sound from us, not even the firing of the guns, all through the night. It seemed strange that they should not have heard the guns, but probably they had been to windward until shortly before we discovered them; which, with the fog that covered the water, accounted for the fact. They had been not a little alarmed at their situation, but, having killed the whales, were determined to remain by them, especially as their chance of being found would be just as good as it would be if they should leave them.

The whales were both secured alongside, and it was a long job we had cutting them in. They were two of the largest whales which I ever saw or heard of, though I suppose others have been taken as large. Our ship was about one hundred feet in length, being six hundred tons; and these two old fellows, actually hoary with age, reached from the port-hole in the bows, through which the fluke-chains passed that held them, clear past the ship's stern. The two yielded full five hundred barrels of oil, and kept us greasy for a long time. We fried doughnuts in their oil, when it was boiling in the pots, and cooked whale-steaks, the officers allowing us to indulge in a general good time, owing to such unprecedented success.

This incident, which is strictly true, shows what risks whalemen sometimes run in securing their prizes. The danger of being lost from the ship is very slight, however, compared with dangers from other causes. It was during that very season in which we were so successful, that a brother of our captain, also in command of a ship on the northwest, was drawn down with his boat, and himself and five men with him all lost, in consequence of the line becoming foul while a whale to which he was fast was sounding. The news of this sad event came to us while we were cruising on the northwest, and for a time threw a deep gloom over our ship, though it caused not a moment's relaxation in our commander's efforts to make a quick and successful voyage.

J. H. Woodbury.

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A QUEER THEFT.

"AND yet this pretty little girl, who had almost everything that money could purchase, one day stole," said the mother, — "committed a glaring theft; and I 'll venture that not one of you can guess what she stole."

"An orange," said Charley, briskly.

"No."

"Cream-candy," guessed Roberta.

"No."

"What nonsense!" said Brooks, with great superiority. "You children think it 's oranges and cream-candy because *you* like oranges and cream-candy. Of course, that little rich girl had all kinds of knickknacks to eat, and did n't have to steal them. It was n't anything to eat, — was it, mother?"

"No; it was n't intended to be eaten, but it is well known that such things have been eaten."

"Homœopathic pills!" shouted Charley, triumphantly.

Everybody laughed, because everybody was reminded how Charley had frightened Aunt Maxwell out of her wits, a few days before, by eating every sugar-pill in her medicine-case.

"No, it was n't any kind of pills," the mother replied, drawing nearer the light, to close up the heel of a little red stocking.

"Green-apples?" asked small Dinkey, shyly, remembering how frequently she had been warned that the hard, sour things were not intended to be eaten, yet how possessed she was, whenever she was under the apple-tree, to pocket a few specimens of the forbidden fruit, and slip away behind the gooseberry-bushes for a feast.

"What a little goose you are, Dink!" Charley replied to her suggestion. "What do you suppose little What-you-may-call-her wanted to steal green-apples for? It was a ball, — was n't it, mother?"

"Now who 's a goose?" asked Brooks, always lying in wait to trip his impetuous brother. "Did you ever hear of anybody eating a ball?"

"Yes, I did," replied Charley, in boisterous triumph; "I knowed a boy onct, he just kept taking bites out of his rubber-ball, to chaw for gum, till he 'd et the whole ball up."

"It was n't a ball," said the mother; "and it was n't anything to eat. Now, what do you guess?"

"Was it anything to wear?" Brooks asked.

"Brooks tries to act like a lawyer," said Charley; "just sets up, and asks questions, and don't guess a thing. He 's afraid to."

"Carefully, Charley!" said the mother. "No, Brooks, it was n't anything to wear."

"Was it a doll?" asked Dinkey the shy; hastening to add, by way of justifying her venture, "little girls sometimes eat wax-dolls, and candy-folks, and gingerbread-babies."

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"No, Dinkey, it was not a doll."

"Was it anything to play with?"

"Lawyer Brooks has the floor," laughed Charley.

"Well," replied the mother, "such things as this little Nannie stole are very nice to play with, but they are good for other things besides."

"I think I know what it was," said the cautious Brooks. Every eye was turned, wide with expectation, to the speaker. "It was," continued Brooks, slowly and distinctly, "a puppy."

There was an instant of profound silence; then Charley's voice opened a perfect tempest of laughter. Brooks alone preserved a stoical calmness.

"Friends, countrymen, and lovers," said Charley, when he could be heard, "puppy-dogs are sometimes et."

"The Chinese eat puppy-dogs," retorted Brooks, with quiet superiority.

"It was n't any kind of a dog," said the mother, hastening to restore the peace.

"A kitten?" asked Roberta.

"No."

"A monkey?" Charley guessed, following up the line of association opened by the puppy-dog.

"No."

"Well, what under the sun, moon, and stars was it, then?" he asked, his face in an impatient pucker.

"Do you give it up?" asked the mother. "Shall I tell you?"

"Yes," agreed all the children except Brooks.

"Wait," he said; "let me think awhile, and have another guess."

"It was," the mother put in suggestively, "the queerest thing, perhaps, that a child ever stole, — the last thing you 'd ever think of a child's stealing."

"Well," said the irrepressible Charley, "it must be it was a spelling-book; that 's the last thing *I* should think a child would steal."

Again everybody laughed, for Charley's bad spelling was another standing family joke.

"If I spelt dog d-o-g-e," said Brooks, giving poor Charley a stabbing glance, "*I* 'd steal a spelling-book, and I 'd study it, too."

"I think a Bible would be the queerest thing to steal," said Roberta. "I 'd be afraid to; it would be like taking something from God."

"Well, mother, tell us what the thing was," Charley urged.

"No, wait; I want to think a moment," Brooks said.

"Well, go in the study and think," retorted Charley; "I want to know."

"I do too," put in Roberta.

Dinkey also was importunate; so the mother said, even while Brooks, gazing profoundly in the grate, went on thinking, "Well, the thing that Nannie stole was a — But wait; I must tell you how it all happened; and, remember, not one of you must interrupt me.

"There was a sewing-girl by the name of Theresa, who had spent much time at the house of Mrs. Pearson, Nannie's mother. This young woman

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had married in the summer, and the next spring moved into Mrs. Pearson's neighborhood. As Theresa had been very fond of Nannie, and Nannie had been very fond of Theresa, the little girl was aching with impatience to call on her old friend. The mother promised that this she might do the first pleasant day. Of course, Nannie discovered a great many pleasant days that the mother was forced to condemn. But finally a most delicious spring morning arrived, and Mrs. Pearson was only too glad to open the doors to the little puss who had been kept pretty close during the winter and the raw spring days. So, with the new sun-hat tied on, she went tripping along under the sunny skies, as happy as the birds twittering from every tree, to the neat cottage where Theresa lived.

"She did not wait to knock at the door, but opened it softly, and went in on tiptoe. 'I'll creep up behind Theresa, and say boo! and scare her to pieces,' Nannie thought. She went from a small hall into a sitting-room; Theresa was not there, and the house was as still as death.

"On one side of the room she espied a cradle. Anything suggestive of a baby had a fascination for Nannie. She hurriedly tiptoed over to the cradle, and, to her great delight, discovered in it a baby fast asleep. Her heart jumped and danced as she gazed at the little beauty. She cautiously put out her hand and touched its cheek; it was soft and smooth as velvet. She passed her fingers over its hair; it was like silk. And the little hand lying on the white cambric slip, — surely never was there anything so pretty as those dainty fingers with the shell-like nails, and 'the cunning little dirt under them,' as Nannie expressed it afterwards. 'I wish it was mine!' she thought, over and over. 'I 'd have it for my doll. I 'd feed it, and bathe it, and sew for it, and dress it every which way. It would be awful much better than them stupid dolls; they can't do nothing but set up straight, just where I put 'em, and stare like idiots. They can't cry pretty like a baby. You have to squeeze 'em and pinch 'em to make 'em squeak. I want it so bad! If Theresa 'll trade, I 'll give her all my dolls for this baby. I 'll ask her if she won't; I wonder where she is!'

"She went from room to room, but Theresa was nowhere to be seen. She looked out of the windows; she stood on the doorstep, and explored the yard; she went round to the back yard, and peeped in the wood-shed; she looked in the hen-house; nobody was in sight, and not a sound of life about the house. She went back to the pretty baby in the cradle. She had never seen anything in her life that she so much wanted; and the more she looked at it, the more she wished for it. Perhaps it was from the silence and solitude that the suggestion came, but suddenly the thought rushed through her, to run away with it. She did not stop to think of consequences. She lifted the baby; it was very light, she could easily carry it, and it did not wake. She went with it to the door. On the step, she reconnoitred the yard and the approaches to the cottage, — not a person was in sight. Carefully she picked her way down the steps, through the little side gate into the street. Again she looked. Up and down, the street was clear. Then away hurried the little thief, as though forty policemen were on her track.

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"People, as she passed, gazed wonderingly at the little flying girl and the bareheaded baby; but Nannie hurried past them, her heart like a lump in her throat with the fear of being stopped and questioned. Then, too, she was afraid the baby might wake, and set up a cry; and she racked her poor, naughty brain trying to make out how on earth she should manage a baby screaming along the street. But it was still sleeping when she reached her home. Into the house she rushed as into a refuge, shut the door, and bolted it. She was panting and aching with fatigue, but a new uneasiness immediately possessed her. She had forgotten until then to think of her home-folks, — of how her mother would view this baby-stealing. Her first instinct was to conceal her deed. Following this, she lugged the baby up stairs, puffing and blowing, and reached her play-room without meeting any one.

"The baby still continued to sleep, for which accommodation Nannie called it a blessed little darling. She laid it on her big doll's bed, which was a good fit for baby, and then ran off to her bedroom for some pillows. On these she deposited her charge, and then hurried to the store-room for her cradle. How she did fly around, — lifting and pulling, and pushing and dragging, and upsetting all manner of things! Yet the baby slept on, never winking or moving a muscle. Nannie fairly chuckled over her luck. 'Maybe,' she thought, 'nobody 'll ever find out I 've got a baby. If it only would n't cry! I 'll go down and get it something to eat. I wonder what babies do eat 'sides bottles! When you wakes,' she continued confidentially to the baby, 'I 'll feed you nice things, and show you my dolls and pretty things, and you won't cry a bit, — will you? And I 'll cook you something on my cunning little stove, and we 'll have splendid times, — won't we, darling Minnie? I 've named you Minnie, you know.'

"Then, with a last look at her treasure, she left the play-room, locked the door after her, and descended the stairs on a foraging expedition in baby's behalf. 'I do wonder what babies eat!' she kept saying, as she rummaged the pantry, with the fear of Bridget before her eyes. In a little paper sack she discovered some fresh lemons. Nannie was very fond of sucking a lemon through a stick of candy. Resolving to initiate baby into the delight, she pocketed four of the yellow beauties. Her next discovery was a boiled buffalo-tongue. At it she went with carving-knife, and had soon in possession a ragged, clumsy bit from the large end. With this she constructed a sandwich, and then slipped back to her play-room. The baby was squirming, and showed signs of waking. With eager, wide-open eyes and parted lips, Nannie stood by the cradle and watched. The sandwich was held up, all ready to forestall any betraying cry. After divers puckerings of the face, and workings of the hands, and kickings under the long white dress, baby opened its eyes and then its mouth. Nannie did not wait for the cry; she hurried the sandwich to the mouth, cramming and crowding it in. The baby began to gag and gasp and strangle in such a frantic manner that Nannie was half crazy with fright. With a piercing scream she snatched the strangling baby, and plunged down stairs, shrieking 'Mamma! mamma!' at every step. Doors flew open, and into the hall, from the four

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points of the compass, rushed Mrs. Pearson, the sewing-girl, the chamber-maid, and Bridget, her hands streaming with bread-dough, every individual with a frantic question in her face.

"'What is the matter?' cried Mrs. Pearson.

"'And is it afire the house is?' said Bridget.

"'It 's choking! it 's choking!' screamed Nannie, rushing to her mother. 'The tongue 's down its throat.'

"'In the name of wonder!' exclaimed Mrs. Pearson.

"She snatched the baby, dropped on the bottom stair-step, ran her finger and thumb down the baby's throat, and dexterously brought forth the offending tongue.

"'Whose baby is this?' she asked, as soon as the little one's condition permitted the question.

"'Theresa's,' answered Nannie, with drooping head.

"'What in the world did she let you take her baby for? Why, it can't be over a month old!'

"'She did n't let me. I — I —' stammered Nannie. Then, with sudden resolve, she rushed up to her mother, and, placing her lips close to the sympathizing ear, she whispered through the raining tears, 'You see, mamma, Theresa was n't there, so I could n't ask her for it. And I wanted it so — so bad. I never had a baby in my life. So I just took it, you see.'"

"I suppose Mrs. Pearson did n't laugh, nor nothin'," said Charley.

"Do you remember, there must be no interrupting?" said the mother. 'Mrs. Pearson," she continued, "carefully wrapped up the baby, who had gone off into a quiet doze on finding itself comfortable. Then she despatched the chambermaid with it to its rightful owner. As the girl with flying feet came into Theresa's neighborhood, she found all the women at the gates, and all the children in the streets, and heard the cry from a receding figure, — 'Strayed or stolen, a hinfant, one month and four days hold!' She waved her handkerchief wildly, beckoned, and nodded, and held up the baby.

"'Here 's the young un!' shouted a white-haired urchin, tearing up the street. 'Here 's the baby comin'! Here 's that stray young un!' he continued to yell, flying around the corner in pursuit of the crier. One child and another took up the cry, until the whole neighborhood rang. The poor frantic mother caught the word, and came rushing out of a neighbor's, head bare and eyes swollen with weeping.

"It proved that the baby had been attacked that morning with severe colic; the mother had administered a dose of paregoric. This had produced such a profound sleep that she had become alarmed, and, having no one to send for a physician, she had herself hurried around the corner to a doctor's office. When she returned to her home, it was to find her baby gone.

"And now you know what it was the little girl stole."

"A baby!" said Charley. "I should say, that *is* about the queerest thing!"

"A little pygmy girl that could walk and talk, I 'd rather have it for a doll

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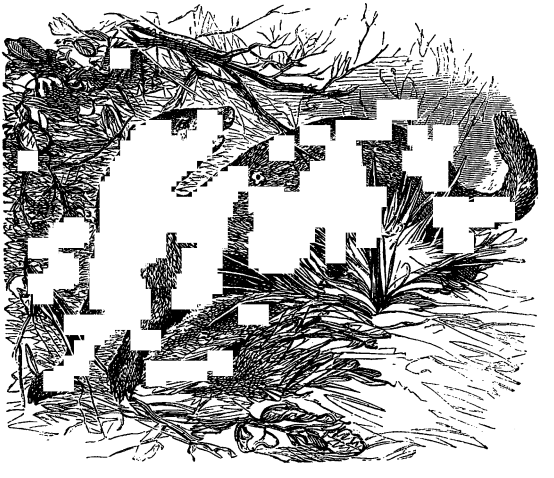
than to have a baby; one about as big for a pygmy, as I am for — for my mamma's girl," said Dinkey.

"Well, Dink, the first time I come across a pygmy-city, I 'll catch a half-grown pygmy-girl, and bring it home in my pocket for you," said Charley, in a confidential undertone.

"Well, now it is bedtime," said the little mother, briskly. "Up! Scamper! scamper! quick as a mink!"

Mrs. George M. Kellogg.

THE MINK AND THE PINE MARTEN.



I PRESUME that the most of the boys may have got glimpses of the mink. While fishing along some rocky little brook, shaded by great, damp trees, — while standing quiet, waiting for a bite, with great mosquitoes tormenting the backs of your hands, and your nose full of fishy smells, — have you not, on a sudden, seen a tiny black muzzle and two bright eyes like shiny beads pop out from under a log or a stone and as quickly dodge back? Wait as long as you please, you will not get another glimpse. He knows you are there, hears every breath you draw and every tiptoe step you take. Poke under the bank with your pole, you will have hard work to start him; very likely he has run in far out of your reach; or perhaps he has crept along, turned a bend, and glided off without your seeing him.

A sly fellow is this little mink; but his slyness does not comprehend traps at all. So set your rat-trap down there on the log, bait it with trout, and, very likely, on going down a few mornings after, you will find the

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little chap hard and fast by the leg. Perhaps you will find the trap sprung, and, on looking beneath the jaws, will see a little black foot, — just a foot, and nothing else, — where the resolute owner has gnawed off his leg to get away. If left in the trap over night, he will be very likely to do this. Sometimes you will find him in the trap all right, but, on holding it up by the chain, you will see that the mink has no tail. Look round; you will find it near. The mink often bites off its tail when caught in a trap. Old hunters say that it does this to revenge itself on them by spoiling its skin. You will hardly believe that, of course. But I could not give any better reason if you were to ask me. It is something I never could explain. For this reason hunters rarely use steel traps for mink. "Figure-four" traps, made of stakes and poles, which crush them down and hold them fast across the back, are much more to their purpose.

The mink has its home under banks, ricks of logs, or large, loose stones, generally near water, — on the shores of ponds, rivers, and brooks. But I have never found its burrow, save in a single instance. This was under an overgrown bank of a small river. There were but two young ones, — little wee creatures, seemingly but a few days old, and much lighter colored than the old one. I remember that on this occasion the old one took to the water and kept darting about in great unrest, poking up its head beside stones here and there.

For five winters past the same mink has spent the season under a bank on a near brook. I often see its tracks on the snow, and occasionally get one swift glimpse of the black rogue. During the first winter, I tried repeatedly to get a shot at him, — his skin would probably bring six or seven dollars, — but since that I have come to look upon him as a sort of neighbor, and merely wink my eye at him in passing. Sometimes, after a light snow, I see where he has been out after squirrels and wood-mice. The bank under which he lives opens into a famous "trout-hole," where the water is four or five feet deep. It is in such holes that the brook-trout pass the winter. I can imagine the mink darting out upon them under the thick, snow-laden ice.

From the glimpses I have had, I judge this one to be quite black, which leads me to say that there seem to be two varieties of mink in this section. The smaller, darker sort is often called the "mountain-brook mink," while the larger, especially distinguished by having (in many cases) a white spot on its breast, is called by many trappers the *marten*, though altogether different from the pine marten, which they call "saple."

The length of the mink is about a foot, — two thirds the size of an ordinary house-cat, but slimmer in proportion. Occasionally one of the white-throated kind may be taken considerably larger.

A friend tells me that his "figure-four" traps were repeatedly broken, one fall, by a marten. At first he had thought it a fisher, and set a large fox-trap to catch it. He caught a white-breasted mink as large as "quite a cat," he said, and after that had no more trouble with his traps.

Not long since, while fishing through a cleared meadow, I started up one of these. Just a glimpse, followed by a splash into the brook.

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Though usually found near water, the mink is by no means confined to it. Farmyards in the vicinity of brooks and ponds are often harassed by it. Like all creatures of the weasel family, it is dreadfully destructive of poultry, — will destroy a whole brood of chickens in a night, eating nothing but the brains and blood.

An old trapper, who has hunted for many seasons about the Umbagog Lake, tells me that one fall he caught over a hundred on the hills above the lake, but not one on the shore or on the stream. And only last fall I shot one in a crevice of a crag, over a mile from the water, and more than four hundred feet above it.

These exceptions, however, must not be used to disprove the fact that the mink lives mainly about ponds and brooks ; the plain reason for this being that trout and frogs are more easily captured by it than other prey.

Clad in its glossy brown coat, delicately slim and agile in every wary motion, the pine marten is the most beautiful inhabitant of the forest. Ah ! well do I remember the first one I caught. It was years ago. I was no more than ten then, — ten or eleven. It was my first attempt at trapping on my own hook. I had put down seven or eight mink-traps on a neighboring brook, — stake and pole traps save one, a fox-trap, which I set among a clump of hemlocks on a knoll near the brook. And, on making my very first round, I found a marten in the fox-trap caught by one fore-foot. It crouched still as a shadow, watching my every movement. No capturer of olden cities ever felt greater elation. I knew what it was, and stood for a long time admiring and gloating over its beauty.

But to possess its skin I must kill it. O, how I hated to strike it ! It was so pretty ! Its lithe form, its delicately shaped head, and its graceful neck, all appealed to my mercy. And, more than that, it seemed to eye me with such knowing glances, as if it knew my intent. It was more than an hour before I could get my heart hard enough to strike it. And I am not ashamed now to confess — what I was *then* very much ashamed of — that the tears would come at the seeming stern necessity which compelled me to take its life. For, boy like, I reasoned that if I was going to be a great hunter, I must, of course, have pluck enough to kill my game. My soft-heartedness worried me considerably all that fall. Whenever I had game to kill, I recollect that I used to shut my eyes when I struck, — a practice by no means consistent with mercy, for by so doing I frequently struck wild, and had to deal twice as many blows.

Quite late that fall, while going through the woods on my way down to the village with my *furs*, I shot another. Foxes were very plentiful that season. I had taken the gun in case I should chance to see one, or, indeed, any other game ; for at that time bears used frequently to cross the trail leading out to the road. I had come out into a partial opening, made by felling the largest of the pines, when a sudden snapping and scrambling in the old brush to the left caught my ear. Turning, I saw a marten jump from the ground against the standing trunk of a pine, up which it ran to a knot that

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projected a few feet. Here it paused, standing on the knot with its bushy tail hanging over, and I saw that it held something in its mouth that wiggled about.

The distance was, as I thought, rather too far for the old gun; but, on taking a step forward, the marten espied me, and began to wriggle and cast its eyes toward another pine standing near, as if to jump into it. So, taking as good aim as I could, I fired from where I stood. I heard the shot crackle on the knot, and at the same time saw the marten swing round under it, still holding on with its claws. I ran up, and just as I got under the tree there fell down a wood-mouse, bleeding, yet still alive. But the marten held on, though badly wounded; the large purple drops were trickling down. I began reloading, but, before I had finished, the animal fell, quite dead.

The marten is about one half larger than the mink, and greatly resembles a young fox, as it looks when about two months old. The color is a yellowish brown, a shade darker than a yellow fox, with scattering black hairs. These last are sometimes so abundant as to give the animal, at a little distance, a tinge of black.

Many pictures of the pine marten represent it with a white spot under its throat. There may be instances where the marten is marked in this way, but I have never found one. As in the case of nearly every creature, the fur is lighter colored on the under parts of the body than on the back. But out of over a hundred individuals I never saw a white throat.

I make this statement as *I* have observed them merely, having before me at writing a very respectable work which makes the white throat one of the distinguishing marks of the marten. I cannot help the suspicion that the worthy author has confounded the marten with the mink; although I do not deem it impossible that in other countries, or sections of this country, such a marking may be found.

Unlike the mink, martens are great climbers. Squirrels are their common prey. They pursue them to the very tops of the trees, and out to the tips of the boughs. The swaying and rustling occasioned by one of these chases will often direct the hunter, and, if he approach with caution, he may very likely see the marten devouring its prey on a limb, at its juncture with the trunk.

It is very difficult shooting a marten in a tree when once it has seen the hunter. Quick as thought it will whip round the trunk, and so keep the tree between them, with just the tip of its nose in sight. On two occasions I have seen the lynx chase the marten up a tree and follow it from limb to limb, but in both instances the marten easily escaped.

The marten is a great robber of bird's-nests of every sort, including those of the crow and the hawk.

While at the little settlement at the "head" of Lake Chesuncook, I shot a marten in the very act of robbing an oriole's nest. The scoldings of the distressed old birds first called my attention; and, creeping up, I saw the marten crouched on the limb of a great maple. The nest was suspended from two twigs near it. It seemed to have paused while about to take the eggs,

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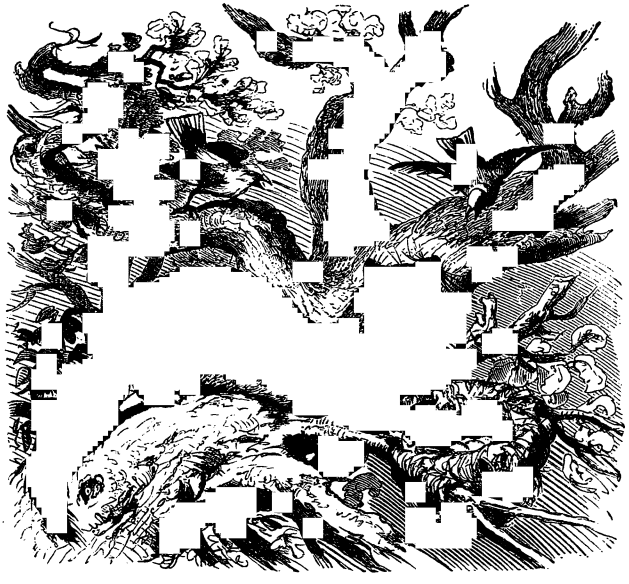

watching the birds that, with ruffed feathers and snapping beaks, kept darting down at their plunderer, the very images of impotent wrath.

A still more amusing incident came under my observation while at the Muculsea Mountain. As I was going along the ridge of one of the mountain spurs one afternoon, a great *chickering* and *chirring* broke out all at once a little way ahead; and, coming up, I saw a marten chasing a gray squirrel on a high pine stub, standing out upon the ledge. In racing up the stub they went round and round it, corkscrew fashion, quite to the top, then down again. The stub was sixty or seventy feet in height. I think they circled it all of twenty times in going up, and as many coming down, the marten not two feet behind.

I do not think they were seven seconds going to the top and back. Getting to the root, the squirrel whipped into a cranny between two stones too small for the marten, which began to dig and scratch, — a chance I improved to secure him.

I have, on one occasion, found the nest or burrow of the marten in the fibre of a decayed spruce. The young are very pretty little things, as soft and downy as young hawks, — three in number, sometimes four.

In trapping the marten, hunters generally use "figure-four" traps, or "dead-falls," in order that they may be crushed to death, or at least held immovable. Otherwise, like the mink, they will gnaw off a leg to escape, or bite off their tails. Their cry is a sharp little note, sometimes single, but often repeated several times. While ascending any of our high mountains on a cold October morning, the hunter will hear it all about him, even when there is not a marten in sight.

C. A. Stephens.

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PATTY'S RESPONSIBILITY.

THE brig Desire, Samuel Dwight, master, had sailed out of Salem harbor, crossed the rough waves of the Atlantic, and on this June day, at sunset, lay off the Guinea coast. The tropical sun had beat all day on her deck; the sailors had been lying idly in the shelter of the sails; and now, at evening, they lower a little boat, and row toward the shore to fill a water-cask at the spring which betrays itself by the soft verdure of a pleasant nook under a group of cocoa-palms.

While the sailors row lazily landward, two little girls have left yonder hut among the trees, and, with a rude wooden bucket between them, are running merrily down to the same spring. These children are sisters, the daughters of a negro chief, or king. Their skins are black, their heads woolly, and a single little garment of coarse cotton is all their clothing. But in other respects how do they differ from you and your sister? They are as happy in their plays, have perhaps their little quarrels and comfortable makings-up afterwards, love their home and their father and mother, and have, as do most other children, a good degree of curiosity. And so, as they run out round the wooded point, and reach the spring, their eyes open wide in astonishment at the sight of the great vessel that lies before them, and the little boat, so unlike their father's canoe, that is now within a few rods of the beach.

The sailors land; the children are half inclined to run away, but curiosity overpowers fear, and, holding fast each other's hands for mutual protection, they stand under the tall cocoanut-tree by the spring, and watch the white-faced men who roll their big cask up from the shore.

See! one of the sailors holds out a string of beautiful, shining beads. How they glitter in the sun! The children cannot resist the tempting bait; slowly and with timid steps they approach, and, once familiar with the nearer aspect of the wonderful strangers, they are easily persuaded to go with them to the boat, and then to the vessel, which is full of beads, bigger and brighter than any they have seen; at least, so the sailors seek to assure them by such signs as the little girls can easily understand.

Once on board the brig, I have no words to tell you of the dismay and distress with which the children find themselves rudely thrust below into what seems a terrible black hole, their cries unheeded, their attempts to find any way out of their prison utterly fruitless. To them comes neither day nor night; nothing but a weary round of waking to weep together over their lost home, and falling asleep in each other's arms, sobbing for their mother. They feel that they are moving over great waves; then follows a calm of a day or two, and, during this time, into their prison are thrust men, women, and children, like themselves negroes, like themselves torn from home and friends. And then the Desire, with a fair wind and all sails set, speeds homeward across the Atlantic.

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I need not tell you of the miseries of this voyage. Imagine, if you can, what such an experience would be to you and your little sister May. There is sickness and death among the wretched negroes; to them it comes like life and liberty. But the sickness spreads; sailors, too, fall ill and die; the captain follows; and at last the brig Desire makes the port of Barbadoes with only the mate and one man to manage her and her wretched cargo of African slaves.

The mate finds a vessel bound for Salem; puts on board, with other freight, our two little girls, consigned to his brother in that good town, and the bill of lading duly records, "Shipped, by the grace of God, a hogshead of molasses and two little nigger girls."

And now do you wonder why they are sent to Salem? Salem in Massachusetts! Slaves in Salem! Yes, it is too true that many a Salem vessel, before the year 1775, brought slaves from Africa; and if you will look to-day in the old files of the Salem Gazette, you may see them advertised for sale side by side with horses and cattle.

In the eyes of the Salem merchant these two little sisters are only Phillis and Dinah, worth so many or so few dollars, according as they prove strong, healthy, and able to work, or the contrary. He would be shocked, should you say to him, "They are the same, in God's sight, as your pretty Bess and Annie." He advertises in the next week's paper: —

"Two likely little negro girls, fresh from Africa; ages about nine and ten years."

Have you been wondering all this time where Patty is, and what she has to do with these children? Well, here, at last, we reach her; for it is her father, my great-grandfather, who, having seen the Gazette advertisement, steps in to take a look at the "two likely little negro girls," while the hostler at the Three Mariners gives his horse a good breakfast, preparatory to his drive of twenty miles to Newburyport.

"Let me see them work," he says; and Phillis is given a dust-pan and broom, and told to sweep the stairs. She is a cheerful, active little thing, and she brushes away with all her might; but still the dust will not come out of the corners. Beside the great fireplace hangs a pair of bellows. She has already witnessed their power in the way the ashes fly when Cæsar gives an ill-directed puff in blowing the fire. In an instant she has taken them from their nail, and is blowing briskly into the corners of the stairs.

"That's the girl for me," says my great-grandfather. There is some talk about the price, and Spanish dollars are counted out from a little canvas bag which the old gentleman fishes up from his capacious pocket; but what it all means Phillis does not know, nor what it has to do with her, until she finds herself lifted into the back of the wagon among bags of corn and packages of various kinds; and the horse has started on a brisk trot for Newburyport before she realizes that her sister is left behind, and that she is going away with this strange gentleman to some unknown place.

Poor little Phillis! Cries and entreaties are of no avail, and at last she falls asleep, awaking only to see her master throw the reins to Cato, and

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spring from the wagon to greet two merry children who run out of the house to receive him.

"Eh, Patty and Polly! There is something for you in the wagon. The new dress is for Polly, this time, and Patty may have the little nigger girl she will find there."

Polly runs with eager curiosity for the dress; but Patty hangs back, not quite so sure that she wants her present. In the mean time Phillis is brought into the kitchen, and Grandmother Sprague says in astonishment to her husband, "Why, what did we want of this child?"

"O, don't trouble yourself about her; let Patty have her; she shall be her responsibility; she'll be worth something one of these days."

In all the bustle of the father's arrival and the brisk preparations for tea, the little dark stranger would have been forgotten, had not old Rosa given her a morsel of supper, and put her to bed in a little dark chamber under the eaves.

Patty went to bed that night, thinking of her new responsibility. What should she do with her? how care for her? So busy were her thoughts, that she supposed she had not slept at all when she was roused by the sound of low sobs, and a piteous word half whispered between them, which, however it sounded, she knew must mean, "Mother, mother!" Patty thought she had not slept, and yet it must be midnight, it was so dark and the house so still. Yes, the old clock in the hall strikes. She counts twelve.

"Ah, my poor little girl!" she thinks, as she listens to the sobs. "What shall I do? I wish somebody would go to her; I wonder what is the matter. If it was n't so dark, I would go and see." Then a quiet voice within her own heart spoke to Patty, and said, "She is your child, your responsibility. If you want her to be comforted, you must comfort her yourself." Patty answered the voice by springing out of bed, and in a minute she stood, bare-footed and in her little white nightgown, beside the stranger's bed.

"Poor little Phillis!" she said, "what is the matter?" The sobs ceased for a minute, and the black little figure in the bed turned towards the kind voice that spoke to her out of the darkness. Then the sad cry of "Mother!" burst out again. Patty's tears, too, began to flow; in vain she tried to think of anything comforting to say. She could not promise that mother should come soon, could not even say that Phillis would ever go to her; there was indeed no comfort to offer but sympathy, and the longer Patty thought about it, the more sympathetic she grew. Her bare feet were cold upon the floor. Should she go back to her own bed? How could she leave this poor child alone to cry all night for her mother? She hesitated a minute, and then, gently lifting the bedclothes, crept softly into the bed, and put her arms about the weeping child. After all, that was the best cure. I sometimes think love will cure anything; and, at any rate, the two children were soon sleeping soundly.

In the morning old Rosa waked Patty with, "Why, chile! how come you here? What'll yer ma say?" But her ma did not say anything, for old Rosa did not tell.

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The next day, and for many days, did Patty think, think very seriously for a child of eight years old, of the new relation she had fallen into with the little stranger. One thing became very clear to her, and that was the utter wrong of slavery. And yet here was Phillis, far away from home and friends. It was impossible to send her back; equally impossible to give her freedom here, if freedom meant merely the right to go her own way and take care of herself; for where had she to go, and what could she do for her own support in a strange land of whose language, even, she knew but one or two words? Patty spoke to no one of her thoughts, but in her own true little heart she resolved that, as soon as Phillis was old enough to use her freedom, she should have it; and that in the mean time she should be made as happy as it was possible for her to be, away from home and friends.

So in time "Mistress Patty" became almost as dear to Phillis as if she had been her lost little sister; and the years went by filled with cheerful work and kindly deeds, until the little African was almost a woman. Then she bound up her head in a bright turban, hung gay rings in her ears, and when Prince Small came to see her, perhaps her dark cheeks showed a blush of pleasure.

One day, as Patty passed through the kitchen, she heard Prince, who stood behind the pantry door, say to Phillis, "You lub me, I lub you, gib you des yer buckle." And the next Sunday her young housemaid appeared in all the glory of new, shining shoe-buckles. Prince, who was a sailor-boy, had gone on a voyage; but when he came back there was a wedding, and in another year a little black baby crowed and danced in Phillis's arms. Then the old cradle was brought down from the attic, — the cradle in which Patty and Polly had long ago been rocked; and they took it, baby and all, into their sitting-room, and tended and petted the little Prince, as if he were indeed a prince.

But I must not fail to tell you that some years before this time Patty's cherished resolve had been carried out, and Phillis had her freedom, and worked only for wages. It was, indeed, easily accomplished, for those wonderful years in our country's history had come, when we were fighting against Great Britain for our own freedom, and the strong opposition to tyranny that stirred the hearts of those old revolutionary patriots gave them a new and keener sense of equal rights for all men. In those days, many of our true-hearted forefathers said, "We cannot fight for our own freedom while we hold other men enslaved." And the negroes who fell at Bunker Hill left behind them a legacy of freedom to their brothers in bondage.

By and by Mistress Patty herself married; and then Phillis, who had for some years been living in a snug little house down in Guinea (as we call it), came back to live with her dear young mistress. And when little baby Margaret was born, I think she lavished upon her all the stored affection of many years. And Missey Margry, following unconsciously in her mother's childish footsteps, would come some nights to sleep in Phillis's bed; and the old woman would honor the occasion by putting on a clean nightcap, and saying that she looked like "a spider in a pan of milk."

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There was a steadfast friendship between the two. When the child overheard her friend one day complaining to herself, that, of all the turkeys, she never had anything but the drumsticks, Margaret all at once took the strongest of fancies for drumsticks, and would eat nothing else; and Phillis, to her surprise, found more savory bits falling to her lot. Many a time, when doubtful of her mistress's approval of some piece of housework, she would say, "I do dis, Missey Margry, and you bear de blame." And then, in return, often was the ink-spot washed out of a clean dress, or the comfortable bit of dinner saved for the little girl late from school.

When other children came to visit at the house, and loved to watch Phillis at her work in the kitchen, she would say, "You tink my hands brack; you no see um Sundays. I wear de glub all de week to keep um clean; Sundays they white."

One day little Ephraim came to bring to Missey Margry a pretty robin, that he had caught, in a cage. Ephraim was one of Phillis's boys. When she named him, she said, "Ephraim a good name; Ephraim a Bibly name." Well, the boy thought, I suppose, that he should please Missey Margry very much by giving her a bird; for she loved every living thing, and had already a dog, a cat, and a white pigeon, that ate together from one plate. But no sooner was the boy out of sight, than Margaret opened the cage-door and let the robin fly; and then you should have seen Phillis, for her joy knew no bounds. She made a song, and sung it to a wild, melodious tune; and it told of her dear young mistress, who had let the bird go free because she could not bear to keep a slave.

But my story grows too long; and yet I do not want to leave the old woman without telling you what I myself remember of her. I was a very little child when she died; but I recollect the quaint, little, old creature, as black as night, who used to come into our kitchen, and always called my mother "Missey Margry." I used to be sent to shake hands with her, and if I hung back timidly, she would say, "Don' be 'fraid; de brack won't come off." Sometimes she would come in quite out of breath, lugging a great squash from her garden, and, when asked how much she should be paid for it, would answer indignantly, "If you won't 'cept of him, I carry him back."

She often talked of her own death, and always wound up with, "Missey Margry, you come to de buryin' yourself."

And when at last she did die, she had just such a funeral as she had planned for herself, only her dear "Missey Margry" was sick, and could not go.

In spite of the great wrong that brought so much misery to her childhood, I think her life was not without happiness; a happiness wrought in part by her own cheerful labor and kindly feelings, and in part by those who took the responsibility of bringing out of wrong, as far as might be possible, some gleam of right, — of converting at least a part of the shadow into sunshine.

Jane G. Andrews.

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UP, OR DOWN?

"O CHILDREN, I know something splendid for this afternoon! The very best thing we ever tried yet! Come, Hetty! Come, Dick! I want to tell you all about it!"

"We 're coming right along, little mother. Come, Hetty! Ellie has another cat scrape for us, I guess!"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Richard Adams! You are just hateful! I won't tell you anything about it; there, now! You know I did n't mean to hurt the cat; papa said you should not tease me about it! Uncle Will told me cats had nine lives, and I did n't think one would make any difference. Besides, she *did* come down on her feet. I knew she would."

"But you did n't know that, rather than come down again three stories at once, she would half scratch Hetty's eyes out, and almost get me a caning for 'aiding and abetting,' as papa called it! Come, kiss and make up, Ellie, and let 's have the new experiment!"

"Yes, Ellie; you know I did n't mind half so much as you did about the scratch; it was n't so bad as it looked, after the blood was washed away. Please tell us. We 'll help; won't we, Dick?"

"Of course we will, Hetty. O botheration! why can't you make up, little mother?"

It was a funny fashion with these three little folks — mercy knows how it originated — to call Ellie, who was Hetty's twin sister, and really the younger of the two, "little mother," perhaps from a certain patronizing way she always assumed towards them, especially to Dick, who at this time was at the advanced age of twelve, while the girls were only ten. Almost the first word Ellie ever spoke in her babyhood, after the conventional "papa" and "mamma," was "chilluns," a form of address she invariably used, as she grew older, whenever she wished to speak to Hetty and Dick collectively. Latterly, by a great effort, she had given the word the correct pronunciation, but would have felt shorn of half her dignity had they resented the title or ceased calling her "little mother." Leader as well as originator in all their scrapes, with a genius for experiments, never in the least daunted by their apparent hopelessness or the personal risk incurred, it was an increasing wonder to the whole household, and mamma in particular, how the child had thus far escaped broken bones.

Within three months she had become interested in experimental philosophy; many a lesson had she failed to commit in school-hours, because she could not shut her ears to the fascinating recitation in "Olmstead." There was no separate class-room, and the child devoured with delight and avidity every word she could catch when the senior class went up to Mr. Parker's desk to recite. A strange medley her busy little brain sometimes made of it too.

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She had swung pendulums and rigged pulleys down the well staircase, hitting poor Dinah, the cook, a tremendous whack on the head with the dumb-bell she had suspended by the clothes-line to count the vibrations, and nearly killed the dear old tortoise-shell cat, pet of the household, hoisting her up and down in her "fall and tackle"; the old thing broke, poor Tabby jumped for her life, landed on her feet, as Ellie said, it is true, waged fearful war with Hetty, who caught her and tried to carry her back again, and escaped for that time, only to be more severely tried in her feelings and her fur the next night, being rubbed backwards for electric sparks.

Only the week before, Ellie had broken the best mirror by putting a lamp too close to it, in order "to get a focus." An injunction at length had been laid on in-door experiments; what could be accomplished outside was permissible, but a lingering regard for what yet remained whole in the house made such a restriction needful.

If Ellie was excitable and quick-tempered, she was also good-natured to a fault; and Dick's hearty promise of help, and Hetty's co-operation also, soon restored things to a happy equilibrium.

"Well, children, if you won't tease, and will mind every word I say, I'll tell you. Would n't you like to go up in a balloon, and sail softly through the air like an argonaut?"

"O Ellie, you will kill me laughing! It is not an argonaut; you mean an aeronaut."

"Well, what difference does it make, Dick Adams, I'd like to know, as long as you sail in the air?"

"But where 's your balloon, Ellie? How are we going up?"

"Did I say go up? I did n't mean just that; we shall climb up, and then sail off with a pair of shoots; and when we want to come down, we shall come down like feathers."

"What do you mean, Ellie Adams? What is a 'pair of shoots'?—are they guns?"

"No, indeed, Hetty; you are as bad as Dick! Did n't you hear the class this morning? I saw the picture afterwards, on the board, and it is just like an umbrella, but Mr. Parker said they were 'pair of shoots'; any way, it sounded like that; and when people are up in balloons and want to send anything down—"

"Cats and the like," broke in Dick.

"Well, they do send cats down that way, and it does n't hurt a bit, and I saw a picture of a man coming down; and it 's ever so much more sensible than your Mr. Ignorance you were telling about, with his wings fastened on with wax! As if a man could be a bird!"

"His name was Icarus," shrieked Dick; "and the wings were all right if the foolish fellow had n't flown up to the sun and melted the wax!"

"Come, Dick, don't quarrel again," said Hetty. "I want to hear about the 'pair of shoots,' and how Ellie is going to make us fly."

"I said they were just like umbrellas; and we must get the largest ones we can find, and climb up over the pig-pen and the cow-house to the shed;

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then we can fly down with the umbrellas open, and perhaps, —" here Ellie's great gray eyes opened wider and the pupils dilated with her earnestness, — "and perhaps, if the wind is strong, we shall sail past mamma's sewing-room window, and she will look up and think it is a roc, or something else dreadful, and I shall laugh, and say softly, 'It is only Ellie and Hetty and Dick taking a fly!'"

"That sounds something like. You wait here, girls. I'll get the umbrellas."

Off went Dick, returning in two minutes with mamma's pretty sun-umbrella, papa's silk one with the ivory handle, and Dinah's family roof, an immense structure of whalebone and cotton, originally green, now faded and streaked with blue, black, and yellow, till it looked like one vast bruise, — the stick as tough and substantial as Dinah herself, the handle an immense brass hook that Squeers himself might have envied.

"Will these do, little mother? I had to cut quick for fear Dinah would spy her parasol, as she calls it. I was determined if you wanted anything in the way of an umbril, you should have 'Ten Acres Enough.'"

"O Dick, papa won't let you make fun of Dinah's things that way! He says it is not gentlemanly!"

"It was not I that said it first; it was Uncle Will, when he saw her going to church last Sunday, with this for a sunshade. She never will take the little one we gave her, because, 'if it *should* rain, you know!'"

"Well, well, Dick; just see here. I'll get up first, then you hand up the umbrellas and help Hetty; she's no account for a climb."

By dint of scrambling, pushing, pulling, and boosting, they all arrived safely at their destination; though Ellie's hat, always hanging by the strings, astonished the pig by descending on his head just as he settled himself for his afternoon nap. The roof of the shed sloped gently, so their footing was firm enough, but it was a dizzy height for little folks to jump from, with or without parachutes.

"Ellie's captain, give her the big one; you are a girl, Hetty, so you shall have papa's. I'll take the little one; if I should get hurt it won't matter, boys don't mind bumps."

"How you talk, Dick! As if I brought you and my darling Hetty up here to get hurt! I tell you we are going to fly! Now, all open your umbrellas; hold on tight; shut your eyes. We'll count one, two, three, and then jump. Now — One! Two! *Three!*"

A whir and a rush. Two little figures still stand erect on the edge of the shed with the 'pair of shoots' spread, looking earnestly up and around for the fearless air voyager. If they would see their dear little 'argonaut,' they must look down.

Providential, indeed, was the borrowing of Aunt Dinah's "parasol" and the gallantry that assigned it to Ellie. Braver at heart and more thoroughly in earnest than the others, because she believed in her theory as well as in herself, and they only believed in her, — and their umbrellas did n't have hook handles, — at the fatal *Three!* she jumped! The breeze was strong,

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but it did not carry her sailing past mamma's window; it capsized the big umbrella, and tipped Ellie into it, still firmly grasping the handle. The ferule struck the ground so forcibly that "Ten Acres Enough" shut up on the fearless little aeronaut, and when Dinah — who, nearest at hand, rushed first to the rescue — arrived, there was Ellie safe and sound, but somewhat surprised at the sudden turn of events; her curls in a tangle, cheeks red as roses, a little startled look in the big gray eyes, and a look about the lips that might herald smiles or tears, till she looked up and saw Hetty and Dick were safe; then the smile won the victory. She never thought to reproach them for their want of fidelity; she was so thankful no one but herself got bumped.

Dinah was ready to croon over "de darlin', bressed, dreffful chile, done gone clean kilt dis yer time for sartain"; but "de dreffful chile" burst into a merry laugh as she shook her curls at the "chilluns," who must climb wearily back to reach *terra firma*, and shouted, "Any way, you 're up and I 'm down!"

Ellis Gray.

DICK'S WATCH.

DEAR little Dick, curled up by the fire,
Sat watching the shadows come and go,
As the dancing flames leaped higher and higher,
Flooding the room with a mellow glow.

His chubby hand on his side was pressed,
And he turned for a moment a listening ear:
"Mother," cried he, "I 've got a watch!
I can feel it ticking right under here!"

"Yes, Dick, 't is a watch that God has made,
To mark your hours as they fly away;
He holds the key in his mighty hand,
And keeps it in order night and day.

"Should he put aside the mystic key,
Or lay his hand on the tiny spring,
The wheels would stop, and your watch run down,
And lie in your bosom a lifeless thing."

He crept to my side, and whispered soft,
While his baby voice had an awe-struck sound,
"I wish you would ask him, mother dear,
To be sure and remember to *keep it wound!*"

Mrs. L. M. Blinn.

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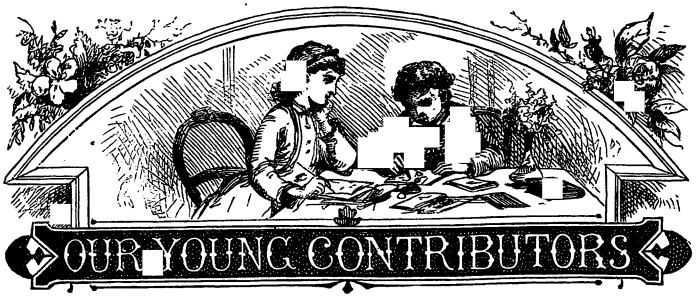

QUEER BABIES.

AFTER Daisa had seen all the chickens, and the goslings, and the calf, and the three little tiny white pigs, she asked, "Have you got any dollies, Josie?"

"Yes; I've got a big wax doll, that papa gave me Christmas, up stairs, put away in the drawer."

"Don't you ever play with it?"

"Not very much; Jimmy bit the nose off the one your mamma gave me, — he is *such* a mischievous boy! — and I dare n't let him touch this one."

"Well, you need n't let him touch it, — need you? If I had a little brother, I 'd never let him touch any of *my* playthings."

"O, you would if you had Jimmy! I 'd never play with anything *you* could n't play with too, — would I, Jimmy?" And Josie gave Jimmy a hug which nearly took his breath.

Jimmy endured it with the seeming indifference which becomes a boy, but with a look that seemed to say, "If I were a *girl*, I 'd hug you too, sister."

"We like to play keep house with *live* babies," said Josie. "Would n't you like to play so now?"

"O yes; I 'll be the mother. Let me be the mother!" And Daisa, in her anxiety on that point, forgot to wonder what the *live babies* were, until she had followed Josie to the vegetable-garden, adjoining the yard, where Josie began looking on the ground as if she were hunting for something. Then she did n't have to wonder long, for up came Jimmy with a live toad in his apron.

"O you nasty boy! you horrid boy! don't you come near me! go away" screamed Daisa, as Jimmy brought the toad up for her to see.

"He won't hurt you; that 's our old tame toad. Wait a minute, and I 'll find another one," said Josephine.

"What for?" asked Daisa, in disgust.

"Why, for babies; they 're just splendid babies, and you can dress 'em, and do anything you want to with 'em. There 's one! Keep still, and I 'll catch him!"

"They 'll bite," said Daisa.

"No, they won't; keep still! There! now I 've got him. Jimmy, don't you drop Napoleon!" — he was the tame toad. "Come on to the playhouse; let 's see how quick you can run!"

If Daisa had been a timid child, she would have run in screaming to her mother; but instead, she walked behind them, wondering how Josie was going to "dress 'em."

The playhouse was an old dry-goods box with a board nailed across the front to keep the toads in. Jimmy poked Napoleon out of his apron into it, and Josie put the

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other toad carefully in one corner, with a pat to make it keep still. It was still enough; as passive as if that were what toads were made for.

"What are you going to dress 'em in? they have n't any dresses," said Daisa.

"Yes, they have; lots of dresses! I'll dress 'em up and let you see. O, they look *so cute!*" said Josie; and, going to a box filled with "miscellaneous," she pulled it over until she came to a piece of red calico and a piece of pink, — round pieces with holes in the middle and on the sides. Taking up Napoleon and the piece of red calico, she stuck his head through the hole in the middle, and his front legs through the side holes; then tied a string around his waist, and there he was, all dressed! the drollest looking toad you ever saw.

How Daisa did laugh! "O you queer girl! I never saw anything *so funny* in all my life long! Won't he bite?"

"No, of course he won't!"

"Course he won't!" echoed Jimmy.

"What shall we name this child?" asked Josie, dressing the young hop-toad in pink.

"I think 'Josephine,' after you, would be nice!" said Daisa.

"So it would!" said Josie, very much flattered. "Don't you want her for your baby?"

Daisy thought she had rather have her doll, — she was afraid of Josie's live dolls; though it *was* nice to have your children move about sometimes when you did n't move them yourself. They were so cunning, because they could run away; then they had to be brought back, and whipped, and put to bed.

So for a whole hour they played; and the toads, "Josephine" and "Napoleon," went to school, had a party, and the scarlet-fever, and a big dinner, and I 'm sure I don't know what else! Then David called them down to the barn, and "toadies" were left to take care of themselves.

Mrs. Dean, Daisa's mamma, followed them out to the barn, with cautions to Daisa to keep out of the way of horses' heels; for Daisa was a venturesome, reckless little thing. On her way back to the house a toad hopped across her path, dressed in a pink dress, with a bright scarlet sash around the waist. Mrs. Dean was frightened, as might be expected, and her screaming brought Mrs. Clifton, Reuben, Maggie, and the children to see what the matter was.

"O Josie," said Mrs. Clifton, turning to her, "I can't let you play with those toads so! The poor things! it is cruel to dress them up in that fashion." She could n't help laughing, but she looked very sober at Josie, or tried to; and Josie could n't be cheated into thinking her mother cross, if there was the least bit of a twinkle in her eye. "Josie, just think how uncomfortable they must feel! It 's not their nature, you know, my daughter."

"The ugly creatures!" exclaimed Mrs. Dean. "Ugh! have you been playing with them, too, Daisa?"

"Yes'm; only I dare n't touch 'em; they 're too — too — cellar-stony!"

"I don't see how she can touch them!" exclaimed Mrs. Dean, with a horrified look at Josie.

"I don't, either," laughed Mrs. Clifton, with that pleasant little laugh of hers. "When she is sixteen, instead of six, she will be as much afraid of them as you are."

And so she is!

Elsie Locke.

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IN THE FOG.

WE went to Plymouth. This was a very foolish thing to do, under the circumstances; but then, we shall know better next time. Plymouth, in a direct line from Cut River, Marshfield, is perhaps ten miles; but if you go around the Gurnet, as we did, it is nearer fourteen. The Gurnet, a high, steep hill, crowned with a lighthouse, is the northern cape of Plymouth Bay. With a fair wind and a good boat it would n't have been so foolish; but we had neither. The wind was light and ahead, and the boat, or tub, christened the Old Hannah, was a relic of the last generation. For twenty-seven years she had carried her master lobstering, and now she had been condemned. We did n't learn this, however, till afterwards. We set out for a sail, but took it into our heads to go to the Gurnet. We reached it, all safe and sound, at about twelve o'clock, went up on the hill, examined the lighthouse, and then turned our attention toward getting something to eat. The lighthouse keeper would n't sell us anything, and the lobster-men, as it was toward the end of the week, could n't.

Plymouth stood over across the bay, sharply defined against the background of high green hills, — six miles off, they told us. "Let 's go," suggested one; "we can get something to eat there." The rest agreed, and off we started. That six miles was somewhat longer than we bargained for.

The tide was out, and mud flats reigned supreme; the schooners in the Harbor rested over on their sides, their slender masts pointing far out of the perpendicular. It seemed indeed desperate to attempt crossing those flats. We would even then have backed out, but our pride would not let us. We had set out to go to Plymouth, and to Plymouth we were going.

It was four o'clock when we arrived. We did not stop to see the town, or even the rock, but, having got our crackers and cheese, set out to return.

As we left the flats behind, we noticed that only the top of the Gurnet was visible. Slowly but surely it melted from our view, till finally it disappeared altogether. Softly the fog came creeping on, wrapping each landmark in its feathery mantle. On it came, and shut us in completely. We kept on our course as near as we could, hugging the wind closely. We saw a small patch of water, and all else fog. We heard only the slight ripple of the water as we forced our way, and the occasional warning note of the fog-horn, or the sudden splash of a fish as he leaped in sport from his watery home. We fidgeted in our seats; we rowed to help along; we shouted. Had we not passed the Gurnet and glided out into the ocean?

We began to get frightened in earnest, when suddenly the mist parted and revealed a fishing-village. It had an unnatural look, reminding us of pictures we had seen of villages across the water. A number of persons stood on the beach, gesticulating, and trying to tell us what to do. They had heard our shouts.

It was the Gurnet; and there, in a fisherman's hut, we stayed all night, with nothing to eat, and the soft side of a pine board for a bed. Romantic, no doubt, but nevertheless uncomfortable.

The next morning we decided to proceed; for though the fog had not lifted we could easily keep the beach in sight. We reached home safely and quieted the excitement which our absence over night had caused. Thus ended my first adventure in the Old Hannah. Though I have often been censured for it, I can't regret it; for, after all, is n't "all well that ends well"?

C. J. Hedrick, age 17.

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WILLIE, THE SOLDIER-BOY. — A TRUE STORY.

THE Sixth Regiment of Indiana Volunteers was stationed near Laport. It was in the beginning of the war, and great excitement prevailed. Men were constantly enlisting, and flags were flying from nearly every dwelling. Captain Copp was seated in his tent, one morning, busily engaged in writing, when, on glancing up, he saw a little boy, scarcely ten years of age, standing in the door of the tent.

"Good morning, Captain Copp," said he, with a sunny smile, doffing his cap; "don't you want a boy?"

"Want a boy, did you say, my little man? Why, what should I do with one?"

"Well, captain," glancing around the tent as he spoke, "I thought perhaps you would want a boy to take care of things for you. I could make your bed, and bring your water, and I could do a great many things for you."

The captain smiled, and said, "Well, my boy, you can come in and make my bed and set things to rights; and, when I am through writing, I will have a talk with you." After he had laid aside his writing, he called the boy up to him, and asked his name.

"Willie Fielding, sir, and I live in Laport. My father is a carpenter, and he and my mother said I might stay with you, if you were willing; for I want to learn to be a soldier."

The captain was puzzled. On seeing his perplexed look, Willie exclaimed, "My father said you might come and see him about it, sir, if you wished to. I will show you where he lives."

Accordingly Captain Copp followed his little guide, until they came to where Willie's parents resided. To his surprise they corroborated their little son's statement, adding that, so anxious was he to go, for three weeks he had scarcely slept or eaten anything. They had used every means in their power to dissuade him, but in vain, and they had finally given their consent to his going. Captain Copp at last agreed to take him, and the little fellow was almost beside himself with joy.

About the same time, the colonel of the regiment also took a little boy of about the same age as Willie; the two soon became excellent friends, and it was amusing to see how they tried to do exactly as the soldiers did. While these were drilling on the parade-ground, the two boys would watch and listen intently, and try very hard to obey all the orders. Their principal difficulty was to distinguish between the right and left foot. Finally, Willie suggested that they should tie hay on one foot, and straw on the other. Then they would march along with their heads erect, and, instead of saying, "Right foot! left foot!" they would say, "Hay foot! straw foot! Hay foot! straw foot!" much to the amusement of the soldiers. After they had mastered this, they each began to beg for a uniform, belt, and pistol. To their great delight, they were soon equipped, and they spent all their spare moments in shooting at a target.

When the regiment received marching orders, Willie marched by the side of his captain, and never wavered from his station. All through the battle he kept by his side, steadily pushing on, not the least intimidated by the shower of bullets that were falling like hail around him. The captain was finally wounded, and fell; but Willie was pushing on, and did not miss him for some time, until one of the officers, passing by, told him that Captain Copp was wounded, and he had better go and find him.

Almost beside himself with grief, little Willie made his way back over the dying and wounded, seeking in vain for his beloved captain. For two days and nights he searched faithfully, but without success. Finally some one found him wandering

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there, and told him that Captain Copp had been removed to the hospital. When Willie arrived there, and saw the captain looking so pale and sick, he burst into tears, and begged him not to die. "O captain! let us go home first, any way!" he exclaimed. However, thanks to Willie's good nursing, the captain did not die, but soon recovered, and he and Willie were afterwards in many battles together.

Finding that he could draw pay for Willie, he did so, and sent it home to be put in the bank for him until the close of the war. When the war was over, and peace had been proclaimed over the land, Captain Copp and little Willie both went home. Soon after their return, the captain put six hundred dollars into Willie's hands, and told him it had been accumulating in the bank for him while he was in the war. His delight was unbounded, and he declared that Captain Copp was the best captain he ever knew.

Willie soon went to Chicago, where he engaged in the business of stone-cutting. He now has a fine business, and is highly esteemed and respected by all who know him.

Jennie E. Webb.

PACKING.

ONE morning in early May, Nell and I got up feeling wild enough to stand on our heads. We were, as Jack elegantly termed it, "on the high horse." The next day we were to start on a sketching tour to North Carolina; the goal of three months' hard work was just in view, hence our rejoicing. This day, which opened so hilariously for us, was to be devoted to getting together our wardrobes and "things."

Packing is not the most delightful work; but when fun fills up the corners, it is not so bad as it seems.

The first trunk was finished, and I was just about to turn the key, when Nell exclaimed, "O, misery! We have never put in a single handkerchief, and the box is at the very bottom." I made a bold plunge, resurrected, filled, and replaced the torment, and again the hungry mammoth was about to close its jaws, when, "O horrible! most horrible!" There on a bed lay a dress, and not an inch of room to put it in.

"Deep horror then my vitals froze:
I could not get in all my clo'es,"

parodied Nell, as she saw my blank looks. The dress must go, and yet, where was the room? At last, with a great amount of squeezing and pushing, we wedged it in.

After these heroic endeavors, we took a rest, to gather strength for the next attack. "Once more into the breach" we plunged, and accomplished another trunk and a valise with only one accident, — the upsetting of a bay-rum bottle at the sacrifice of my favorite necktie.

"We packed and we packed,
Till at last we both grew weary."

Then, true to our American natures, we allowed ourselves only half an hour for dinner, during which my thoughts were so occupied with the lunch for to-morrow's journey, that, instead of saying "Amen!" at the end of the grace, I devoutly murmured "Doughnuts!" The laugh which greeted my irreverent ending to the blessing aroused me to a sense of what I had done.

After the meal, we laid a two hours' siege to an immense box intended for our books, easels, and the various other necessaries that constitute an artist's parapherna-

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lia. The number of things that we "really needed," and that must go, and yet could not possibly, was truly remarkable.

We were both seated on the floor, surrounded with heaps of odds and ends, when — "Mrs. Overpower, to see the ladies," was announced, from before our intrenchments.

"Nell, you must go down," said I, despairingly.

"I can't, just look at me!" And, indeed, although I had not noticed it before, she was a sight to behold; rummaging closets had given her a crown of cobwebs, and an unlucky catch had torn the ruffle of her dress in sundry places. I was not much better, but a hasty shaking and brushing rendered me semi-respectable. I descended to the parlor, where I received Mrs. Overpower with, as I afterwards thought, quite a creditable amount of effusion, considering the circumstances.

Well, she stayed, and she stayed, and she stayed; the monitor on the mantel-piece continually cried "*Tempus fugit*" in my ear; and I knew that the expressman would come at five o'clock. At last she arose to go, at precisely five minutes of five; then she had a thousand and one little messages to Nell and mother and almost all the family, it seemed to me. Unhospitable as it may seem, I was very glad to see her train sweep round the corner.

We had such a scramble to get our task done! but we did it, and the trunks stood ready, strapped, when the bell rang with that impatient snap which always heralds an expressman.

Of course, we left our tooth-brushes and combs behind us; but, indeed, I never do anything else. At all events, we went, and had the jolliest time two girls ever had.

A. C. H., age 16.

A CHILD'S MORNING SONG.

O EARLY morning, cool and clear,
How glad I am that you are here!
Though others praise the starry night,
I know my measure of delight
Is never full till I behold
The sky suffused with daybreak's gold.

The rivulets, now wild, now meek,
With sunbeams play at hide-and-seek;
The cobwebs glitter on the grass,
The crickets blithely o'er them pass;
The river-mists, uplifted high,
Float like great cobwebs in the sky.

The air is filled with one great song
From many birds, with voices strong;
But though each warbles merrily,
There's none more jubilant than I;
So still I murmur, "Morning dear,
How glad I am that you are here!"

Morna May.

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THE MISER'S SUPPER.—A TRICK-PANTOMIME FOR THREE BOYS.

THE apparatus used in the performance of this pantomime can be prepared by a smart boy in two hours.

CHARACTERS.

THE MISER. *Dressing-gown, spectacles.*
SERVANT. *Shirt-sleeves, white apron.*
BOY, *concealed under the table.*

Plate, knife and fork, plate of meat, glass full of molasses-and-water, long straw or tube of maccaroni bent in the form of a syphon, newspaper, bag of tin money, piece of money with a long horse-hair or black sewing-silk tied to it. A candle neatly fastened to a long white stair-rail so as to make it three feet long. Two short eatable candle-ends in candlesticks; these candles are cut from an apple, and have wicks made of almonds. A table covered with a cloth, in the middle of the top of which is a small trap-door opening downward, fastened with a hinge and button on the under side; on the right front corner a candlestick stands, with a hole in the bottom, over a hole in the table, through which the long candlestick is slowly pushed or lowered. Two auger-holes are made near the candlestick, and a cloth of same color as the table-cloth is neatly pasted over the table-top, through which the holes and cracks for the trap-door are neatly cut. The table-cloth should be tacked upon a strip which stands half an inch higher than the edge of the table in front. The boy who is to perform the tricks should be under the table when the folding-doors are opened or the curtain is raised. An empty glass. A tame cat under the table. A chair.

Enter miser, with bag of money, which he lays on the trap-door in centre of the table. Servant enters, places chair at right end of table, brings plate, knife and fork, and tumbler, and puts them down before miser, who points to his mouth to show his hunger. Servant strikes his left palm to show he must have money. Miser reaches for bag, which is gone. He accuses servant of having stolen it, and they search the room and are about to fight, when they discover that the bag is just where he left it; he takes out a piece of money, which the servant takes and puts into the tumbler. The money dances up and down very rapidly, being pulled by the invisible string. Both appear alarmed. When the money is quiet, servant takes up the tumbler, and the money jumps out and disappears. The miser gives him more, and he goes out for a newspaper, which the miser begins to read, holding it close to the candle, which the servant lights for him with a match. The candle slowly rises; the miser is absorbed in his paper, and rises as fast as the candle, until he sits upon the top of his

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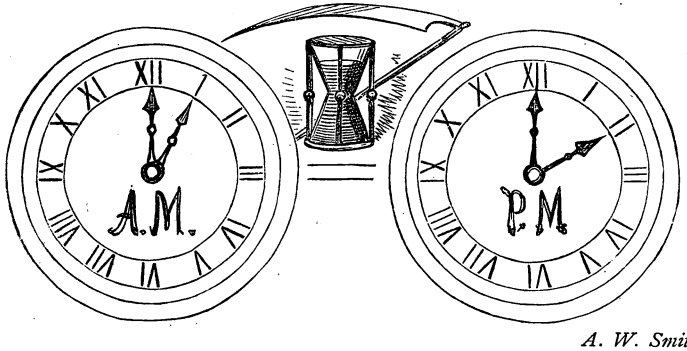
chair-back, with his feet upon the seat. As the candle descends, he comes down with it to his place. The same action is repeated. The servant then brings a glass of molasses-and-water, at which the old man smacks his lips with delight, sips a little of it, and places it near the auger-hole, and returns to his paper. The tube is put up, and the glass emptied through it. The miser picks up the glass, raises it to his lips, and seems much surprised that it is empty. The servant brings a plate of meat, goes for tin cover which he places over it, and when he lifts the cover to help the miser, the plate is empty. He goes for more, but returns and finds it all right. As the miser prepares to eat, the candle is pulled down and extinguished. The servant runs out and brings the two eatable candles. The other candle then appears, and is lighted by the servant. He then discovers that the dish and cover have both disappeared, and is about to go for more. The miser is so hungry that he eats both the candles, holding them in his mouth until he comes to the wicks, which he eats last. He is about to eat the long candle, when he discovers that the covered dish is in its place. He lifts the cover eagerly, and a cat jumps out; he runs away in horror, and the curtain falls.

G. B. Bartlett.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 135.



A. W. Smith.

CHARADE. — No. 136.

The monarch sits upon his throne;
His form is stout and strong;
With pensive air he gazes on
The vast assembled throng.

With wasted form and sunken face,
In contrast to his own,
The queen sits in her usual place
Beside him on the throne.

She is my *first*, you will allow,
And he my *last*, you 'll see;
And, judging from his thoughtful brow,
He too my whole must be.

Lulu Wickham.

HIDDEN HILLS. — No. 137.

1. I feel as happy as the clams at high tide.
2. I like mountains, and especially the Rocky.
3. Your allspice is by far too strong.
4. In English many a matrimonial Psyche is a butterfly.
5. Mother, please slap Ike, speak to George, and spank John, who is naughty.
6. He has now done work for the day.
7. Each has his pet national hymn.
8. I never saw glassier rain-drops than these.

Jack Straw.

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GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

No. 138.

Ivy requests the pleasure of "Our Young Folks'" company to dine, at six o'clock, P. M., September 1.

DINNER.

Soup: —
A river in Alabama.
One of the Fejee Islands.
A bay in New York.

Fish: —
A river in New York.
A river in Pennsylvania.
Mountains in Australia.
A river in Vermont.
A cape in Massachusetts.

Game: —
A mountain in Southwestern Africa.
A creek in Delaware.
An island in the St. Lawrence.
A river in Virginia.

Meat: —
An island off the west coast of Ireland.
A village in the north of France.
Islands in the Java Sea.

Vegetables: —
A creek in Georgia.
A station in Tennessee.
A lake in Canada West.
A township in Belmont County, Ohio.

PASTRY.

Puddings: —
A river in Illinois.
A province in France.
A river in Illinois.
A parish in England.

Pies: —
A creek in Illinois.
A township in Butler County, Ohio.
Islands off Newfoundland.
A creek in Virginia.

DESSERT.

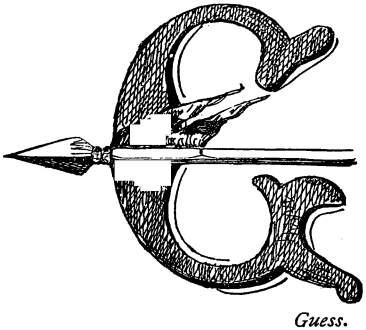
Wines: —
A river in northern Wisconsin.
A river in South America.
A river in Texas County, Missouri.
A province in France.
A gulf in North America.

Fruits: —
A valley in California.
A city in Massachusetts.
A creek in Texas.
A creek in Virginia.

Nuts: —
A river in Perth County, Scotland.
A village in Southern Illinois.
A creek in Virginia.

GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.

No. 139.



Guess.

PUZZLE. — No. 140.

Once in a minute, twice in a moment, and not once in a thousand years.

No. 141.

My *first* possesses my *second*, and my *third* is taken on my *first* and *second*. My whole is a pleasant exercise.

Mattie H. Munro.

HIDDEN CITIES. — No. 142.

1. Sambo, stone that dog.
2. How pleasant a fee is to a poor doctor.
3. But I can do it.
4. O ma! have you seen my shoes?
5. One war kills many men.

"*Ernestus.*"

ANAGRAM BLANK. — No. 143.

Fill the blanks with the same words of three letters, transposed. I —— less at —— than I usually ——.

No. 144.

Fill the blanks with the same words of five letters, transposed. One would not —— to —— here.

Jack.

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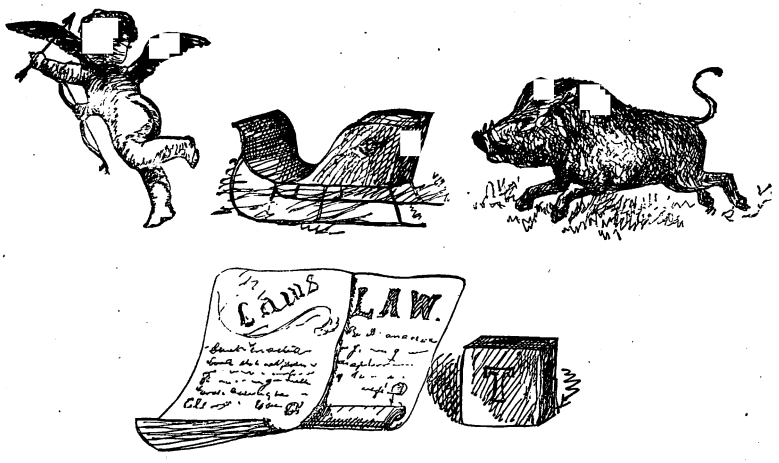
ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 145.



Tempest.

ENIGMA. — No. 146.

My *first* is in black, but not in white.
My *second* is in bait, but not in bite.
My *third* is in morn, but not in noon.
My *fourth* is in request, but not in boon.
My *fifth* is in scare, but not in fright.
My *sixth* is in chase, but not in flight.
My *seventh* is in shop, but not in store.
My *eighth* is in heart, but not in core.
My *ninth* is in port, but not in haven.
My *tenth* is in Jack, but not in Stephen.
My *eleventh* is in clay, but not in stone.
And my *whole* is a sea which is very well known.

Nip.

METAGRAM. — No. 147.

First, I am a useful article in housekeeping. Change my head, and I am a cross old woman. Change again, I am a nickname. Change again, I am a game. Change again, I am a drudge. Change again, I am a fragment. Change again, and I am a small horse.

Ivy.

WORD SQUARE. — No. 148.

1. A place for sale.
2. Expectation.
3. Undisguised.
4. Shut up.

Jay E.

ANSWERS.

119. Chair, hair, air.

120. Washington. 1. WatchmaN. 2. AnnottO. 3. SmelT. 4. HaG. 5. IndiaN.

121.
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    B
  S A D
B A D E N
  D E N
    N
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122. Chase.

123. Andover, Mass., Bennington, Vt., and Lexington, Mass., are noted places. [(And *over*) (M ass), (Ben *in* G T *on*) (Vt.), (and) (Lex *in* G T *on*) (M ass) R (note d) (pl aces).]

124. Crabbed.

125.
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T I B E R
I R A T E
B A T H E
E T H E L
R E E L S
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126. Prime, rime, prim, rim.

127. 1. Ghent. 2. Sedan. 3. Baden. 4. Pisa. 5. Ems. 6. Genoa. 7. San Francisco.

128. Madagascar.

129.
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W A K E
A U N T
K N I T
E T T A
```

130. Sack, back, tack, lack, Jack, rack, hack, pack.

131. Eight.

132. 1. Browning. 2. Tennyson. 3. Coleridge. 4. Lowell. 5. Shakespeare. 6. Wayland. 7. Blackstone.

133. 1. Leonidas. 2. Achilles. 3. Napoleon. 4. Nelson. 5. Wallace.

134. Montreal.

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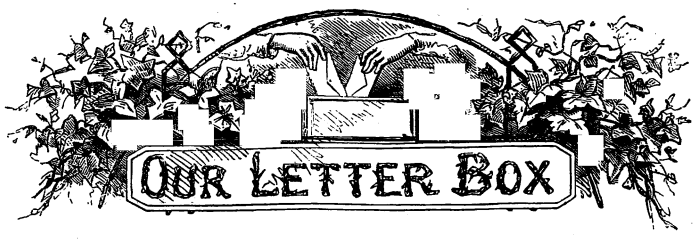

C. J. W. writes thus pleasantly about

A FUNNY PLACE FOR A BIRD'S-NEST.

It was in the bosom of a stuffed effigy which had been set up to scare away the crows from our corn. A bunch of pea-sticks and a little hay, dressed up in most artistic fashion with a suit of John's old clothes, — pants, vest, and coat, topped out with an old hat, which soon blew away, — formed this awful scare. And funny enough it was to see a pair of little pewees making its acquaintance; looking up its legs of sticks, and looking down upon it from the apple-trees; picking at the rags streaming from its coat-tails, and perching most audaciously upon its shoulders; prying into the secrets of its heart of clover, and pulling the long hay out of the stump of its broken-off neck.

What they meant to do was hard to tell for several days; but finally there was no longer any doubt, — they were building a nest in its bosom! And why not? the old clothes had been well washed in the rains, the hay was as sweet as any other hay, and the pea-brush just the same as any other pea-brush; besides, the thing was well fastened in the ground by its feet, which were only the ends of the pointed pea-sticks. Those the pewees could see as well as we, or any other *wees*, — as Cousin Sammy suggested, — and the crows were evidently afraid of it, as somebody else suggested, making it safer for the wise little birds. So, when the work was done (or rather *un*done, for the process of building consisted more in pulling out the stuffing of our scarecrow and making a hole into it, than in putting sticks together as most pewees do), and when the hole was well lined with the soft little nothings which the pewees find, we hardly know where, and the little brown hen settled herself down into her hiding-place, and paterfamilias sat upon the headless pea-brush neck, and carolled forth his song of triumph to his mate and his note of defiance to all crows that might dare to scale his castle-walls, and the rags of the sleeves fluttered merrily in the breeze, we doubted whether that suit of clothes was ever happier than it was then; and John doubted too.

The nest was carefully observed from a distance, for no birds like to be scrutinized too closely; and, in due course of time, a family of little pewees were taking their first lessons in flying. Some of them tried to fly too soon, and then came one of the funniest incidents of all. Our little ones were quite distressed that the poor little birds should be dispersed upon the ground, from which they were unable to rise, and so Charlie caught them all and tried to put them back into the nest, but he could not reach it; so, what must he do, but stow them all carefully away into one of the side-pockets of the old coat, into which he had first stuffed some hay to keep the pocket open; and how delighted were he and his sisters to see the old birds come there and feed the young and care for them several days until their wings were more fully grown, and they were able once more, and with better success, to take a start into the world!

Was not that a funny place for a bird's-nest?

"Our Young Contributors'" Department has now been a popular feature of this magazine for more than three years; during which time we have printed the most remarkable series of articles ever contributed to a periodical by young persons. Some of them have been so very good, considering the years of the writers, that it has been only after receiving, from parents and teachers, testimonials as to their genuineness, that we have ventured to accept and publish them. Our constant fear has been lest some foolish boy or girl, of more ambition than judgment, should be betrayed into sending us as original some article stolen and copied for the purpose. Of course, we do not claim to be familiar with all the publications in the English language, and such a theft might pass without being detected by us, though the stolen article would be very apt to bear upon its face *some* marks of the attempted fraud.

Now, what is very extraordinary, there has been during those three years but one downright piece of plagiarism charged and proved against a young contributor. A few months ago there appeared an article, — not one of the best, by any means, — which turns out to have been copied, almost word for word, with a few omissions and slight changes, from a magazine printed about the time the young girl claiming to have written it was born! On receiving evidence of this fact, we felt it to be our duty to expose it. First, however, we thought it fair to write to the young girl for any explanation which she might wish to make. She replies

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that her story must have been copied *unconsciously* from memory, — which does not seem possible, — expresses herself grieved that any one should think her guilty of doing so "wrong and mean a thing" as to copy and offer as her own what was written by another, and hopes we will not think it necessary to publish anything about the affair; adding, "Both my parents and myself feel so much mortified already at what has happened!" An appeal from the mother, which quickly followed, served to soften our original determination; and, although we felt that justice to our readers required the exposure, we have concluded, for the sake of the girl's parents and friends, as well as her own, to spare her a blot upon her name which might affect her whole future life. We trust that this course will be approved by our readers, who, we are confident, must sympathize with the unfortunate girl and her family, however strongly they may condemn her fault.

We cannot but add here a word of warning to all young persons who may be tempted to perpetrate a similar deception. Among our hundred thousand readers there will be pretty surely two or three, at least, to detect it; and, even if it should go unchallenged, what real gain or satisfaction can result from a success founded upon an untruth?

M. A. Barney. — Two of your questions seem appropriate for the "Letter Box": —

1. Should young ladies be educated in schools designed exclusively for their sex, or in colleges for both sexes?

2. At a party, should each guest be introduced to all the other guests present?

Answers. 1. Want of experience prevents us from giving a decided opinion on a subject on which so many experienced educators honestly differ. We see no good reason, however, why young ladies, wishing to pursue a regular course of studies, should not be permitted to do so at any of our colleges.

2. No, it is *not* necessary to introduce each guest to all the other guests at a party. That is a useless and annoying formality, unless the party be quite small. But have a proper care of your guests, and see that those are made acquainted who are likely to be pleased or profited by an introduction.

Several correspondents have written to inform us that puzzle No. 108, printed in the "Evening Lamp" of our July number, was not original. We certainly supposed it to be so, when we used it; nor can we understand why any intelligent young person should send us as original, puzzles copied from other publications. As we have said before, correspondents should *always* state the fact distinctly, when the puzzles which they send are not new.

H. D. Carryl sends us this puzzle, which we should like to see solved by some one, — by Lulu Meredith, if she will kindly oblige us: —

3, 15, 13, 16, 15, 21, 14, 4. 9, 14, 20, 5, 18, 5, 19, 20. 15, 14. e b f. 4, 15, 12, 12, 1, 18, 19. 6, 15, 18. b. 25, 5, 1, 18, 19. 1, 20. e. 16, 5, 18. 3, 5, 14, 20.

P. B. Peabody. — Andubon's works on Natural History are magnificent, but rare and expensive, even in the smaller editions. The best general work on the subject, for popular reading, is that by Rev. J. G. Wood, in three volumes: one devoted to mammals, another to birds, and the third to reptiles and fishes. Published by Routledge and Co., London; for sale, in America, by Routledge and Co., 36 Walker Street, New York, and also by most large booksellers. Price $7.00 a volume. There is a juvenile edition published in one volume, at $1.50. If you wish to make a special study of birds, you should get Coues's "Key to the Birds of North America," in one volume. Price $7.00.

N. W. — Having discontinued our Mutual Improvement Corner, we saw no special reason for publishing your request for a correspondent, — not that we considered it "impertinent."

DANSVILLE, N. Y., August 1, 1873.

Dear Editors: —

Here is a question in philosophy that I would like to have some of Our Young Folks explain: Why is it that the bottom of a tin or iron vessel containing boiling water is not hot? Many a time I have taken a tea-kettle of boiling water from a red-hot stove and rested nearly its whole weight upon my bare hand, to the amazement of some one who had never seen the "feat performed," and who did not understand the "theory thereof."

Any of Our Young Folks may do the same thing, but I caution them not to hold the vessel until the water ceases to boil, for the moment it stops boiling the heat will strike through the metal and burn.

I have found *twelve* faces (four dogs' faces) in that very curious and ingenious picture in the "Evening Lamp," by "Lucius Bishop, age 13," and I do not know but there may be a dozen more; at any rate, it is the cutest puzzle I have seen for some time, not even excepting *any* of Jack Straw's "effusions."

With the greatest respect for you and "Our Young Folks,"

I remain yours,

C. Clinton.

D. S. J. — Your questions regarding *mesmerism* cannot very well be answered in the "Letter Box."

"*Trident*" wishes to hear of some book on box-

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ing, from which two boys can learn the art without a teacher. Can any one oblige him?

Western Girl. — "Do the Chinese make firecrackers?" Yes.

"We sometimes hear of such a thing being *brand-new*. What does it mean?" *Bran-new* should be brand-new, and it means quite new, like an article newly manufactured, with the maker's *brand* fresh upon it.

Merlin says: "I should like to ask the meaning of the name *Guilderoy*, or *Gilderoy*. There is an old minor air by that name, whose history I have never been able to learn. Can some one inform me?"

"*Bessie Browne.*" — "What is the origin of the phrase 'Dog on it'? Pray, don't think for a minute that *I* use such words, but I want to know for the especial benefit of my big brother Fred; boys *will*, you know, talk slang.

"Do you pay Young Contributors? and when we send articles for the 'Young Folks,' *must* we send our real names? Now, suppose I send a story, may I sign my own name, and will you put my *nom de plume* in the magazine after the story?

"I don't know whether I direct my letter right, or not: please tell me the right way."

Tell your big brother Fred, Bessie, that "dog on it," like many other petty oaths which boys and even grown people use without thinking of their real meaning, is merely a substitute for one of the most profane oaths in the English language, the first syllable of which is here spelled backwards. Indulgence in such phrases is "neither polite nor wise."

Young Contributors' articles, if accepted, are paid for. To receive attention, each must be accompanied by the real name, age, and address of the writer. These may be given in a private letter to the editors, if you wish to publish the article over a *nom de plume*.

Business letters and manuscripts designed for publication should be addressed to J. R. Osgood & Co. Communications for the "Letter Box" may be addressed to either publishers or editors, or simply to "Our Young Folks."

Several Inquirers. — It is not necessary (as we have said before), in preparing rebuses for "Our Young Folks," to make drawings of the objects to be represented; although it is better to do so.

THE croquet question in our last number has called out from correspondents various opinions, the majority being against the discarding of the first ball struck. If the practice be — as it often is — to discard at will a ball struck, and go on as if a wicket or any other object had been accidentally hit, then we see no reason why the first ball, in the case supposed, should not be treated in the same way. But that may not be the best practice; and we are always willing to accept stricter rules of the game, if parties playing agree to them.

The following from a correspondent at Washington, D. C., is to the point: —

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

According to the rules of croquet as it is universally played here, when two or more balls are struck in the manner described, they must be played on, in the order in which they are struck, and in no case are you allowed to discard a ball, except when you run a wicket and strike a ball both in one play, when you may choose between the two, but are never allowed to take both.

Yours truly,

W. W. DODGE.

Fred, another correspondent, writing from Providence, R. I., says, "A player cannot discard the first ball and play upon the second. He may play on the first and discard the second, or, if the balls were both hit at the same instant, he may have his choice of them, discarding or playing as he chooses."

Sarah B. T., of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., writes: "I will describe our mode of playing in this particular. If the player strike two balls successively in the same stroke, he has to play upon the one that he hit *first*, and then place his ball by the second one hit, and play upon it, without having to strike it a second time."

Willie Haines quotes from Professor A. Rover's "Croquet, its Rules and Principles," premising that ricochet is the term for a carom, or the hitting of two or more balls at one stroke: "In making ricochet, the player is at liberty to croquet either a part or all of the balls roqueted; but the order of croquet must be that of the ricochet, — the player, however, has only one additional stroke, and not one for each ball he has roqueted."

While thus the rules of the game differ, parties playing should agree among themselves as to the system to be adopted, guided by the general principle that the plainest and simplest rules are the best.

William A. Howell, in answer to Jessie Lovell's first question, says that the Ottoman Empire was so named from Othman, or Osman, "the first emperor of the present Turkish Empire (1299 – 1326), who gave his name to his people. Though bred to war, this sovereign left so great a reputation for gentleness and generosity that the surname of The Kind-Hearted has been bestowed on him."

Answered also by "Hardnut," who says in regard to Jessie's second question, that "John Chinaman" is simply a nickname of the Chinese emigrant in America.

HERE is Zobe's solution of his own puzzle, in last month's "Letter Box": —

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"The words are arranged according to an old rule for forming what are called 'Magic Squares,' which consist of a series of numbers, 1, 2, 3, etc., arranged in such a way that the sum of each of the columns, each horizontal line, and each of the diagonal lines of the square, will be the same. The rule I am about to give applies only to a square containing an odd number of places, as, 9, 25, 49, etc. I suppose a great many of Our Young Folks know it already, but it may be new to some.

"In this case a square of twenty-five places is formed and the numbers from 1 to 25 are arranged in regular order, as follows: 1 is placed in the middle place in the top line. 2 would be placed diagonally to the right and above, but as that

17	24	1	8	15
23	5	7	14	16
4	6	13	20	22
10	12	19	21	3
11	18	25	2	9

would take it outside the square it is placed at the bottom of the column to the right of 1. 3 is placed diagonally to the right and above 2. 4 would be placed diagonally to the right and above 3, but that would bring it outside the square, so it is taken to the extreme left of the same horizontal line. 5 goes diagonally above 4. 6 would be placed diagonally above 5, but that place being already occupied by 1, it is placed below 5. Then 7 goes diagonally above 6, and so on with the rest of the numbers, always working up and to the right. When a number would have to be placed above the square, it is put at the bottom of the column instead; when it would have to be placed outside to the right, it is taken to the left of the horizontal line; and when a space already filled is arrived at, the number is placed below the one last written.

"I took the following sentence: —

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
"'As Jack Straw has appropriated my puzzle, I
9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16
might accuse him of piracy with much more
17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25
justice than he could charge me with that crime,'

and numbered the words from one to twenty-five, and then arranged them according to the above rule. I then wrote them down by columns, commencing with the first, in order to make the confusion greater. Therefore, to solve the puzzle, the first five words are written down in a column, the second five in another column, and so on. The words are then easily picked out by the rule."

According to this solution, there appears to have been a mistake in the puzzle itself: the second word, "of," corresponding with 23, should have been "with." We cannot now discover whether the error was Zobe's or the printer's.

"*Hamlet*." — Sunday is the first day of the week; the Jewish Sabbath is the seventh. The former was adopted by the early Christians, in place of the latter, as a day of rest and religious observances, because our Saviour rose on that day. A few Christian sects, however, regard the change as unauthorized, and still "keep Saturday."

Pigmy writes, regarding the lines quoted by F. G. S., in the June number, "The mourners throng the streets," etc., that they are the eighth and ninth stanzas of a poem by James J. Burns, called "The Death of a Believer"; published by Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., in a book called "The Shadow of the Rock."

On the subject of the "Screw-Propeller," we have received a second letter from Mr. Richard H. Buel, in which he ably insists upon the views set forth in his first, printed last month. He writes like an experienced mechanical engineer, and we regret that the length of his communication and the technical terms used render it unsuitable for the "Letter Box."

We have received several answers to the curious stone-wall question in our last number, none quite satisfactory, however. This is a really interesting problem, and we think some of our young correspondents ought to explain it.

Our Young Contributors. — "*The Pen and the Sword*," by Betsey Pringle, and "*A Day's Adventures*," by Adel, are accepted.

Honorable mention: "*Mas' Tom*," a well-written sketch, by Henrietta Hardy; "*The Chirping Waltz*," music, composed by Laura B.; "*The Blues*," by Rosabel; "*On the River*," by J. J. J.; "*My Book Friends*," by A. M.; "*Almost a Tragedy*," by M. D. V. G.; "*Three Dandelions*," by Alice; "*A View from my Window*," by Flora MacIvor; "*Borrowing*," by Helen Mar; "*Our Queer Guests*," by Charley; and "*A Picnic*," by L. R. T.

"*Skitzland*," by Rose, and "*Our Mysterious Visitor*," by Marion, would have been added to the foregoing list, had not the writers failed to give their ages.

Complete lists of answers to our last month's puzzles were sent in by H. Williams, Charles Mead, C. Clinton, Lucy L. Batchelder, Jennie M. B., W. and E. M. B., Kikeri, "Trident," and Minnie and Maud King. Other early and very creditable lists are received from "Mab," M. T. G. S., Carrie R. Porter, Mary Dimond, "Red Top," F. B., "The Coraline Triplets," Josie and Lillie Townsend, Annie P. Hammond, "Blue Bell," Percy Starre, Frank H. Burt, Effie Gates, Rosabel, Ruthie M., Frank S. Palfrey, and Florence W. Holmes.

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"LEONARD SPRANG FORWARD."

DRAWN BY A. R. WAUD.] [See "Lost in the Mammoth Cave," p. 593.

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OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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DOING HIS BEST.

CHAPTER XXXI.

BUSINESS PROSPECTS.

ANXIOUSLY, in the mean while, Jack and Moses watched the maturing of their wheat crop. They had seen with wonderful interest and delight the first tender spears pricking out of the ground; then the whole field turning green; then the tall stalks waving in the wind, and putting forth heads, which were soon filled with plump, milky berries; and now they saw, with more pleasure than they had ever felt in any romance or story, the gradual yellowing and ripening of the grain.

The season proved favorable. "But a wheat crop 's never safe," said Mr. Pipkin, "till ye harvest it, and thrash it, and git it to market, and git your money for 't." The great danger was the *rust*. A few days of warm wet weather might, almost at the very last, prove fatal to the finest crop, causing the stalks to mildew and the ripening berries suddenly to "shrink," losing their beauty and also much of their value. Then, even if that danger passed, a wet harvest might ruin all.

At last, one Saturday, the deacon said, "If it 's a fine day, boys, we 'll go into your wheat lot next Monday." And it *was* a

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fine day. And Mr. Pipkin and another man, hired for the special occasion, advanced into the field, swinging their white-fingered cradles, and laying the grain behind them in even swaths. Jack followed, raking it up into gavels, for Moses and the deacon to bind; and afterwards carried the bundles together, and helped set them up in stacks, ready for drawing to the barn and stack-yard.

In due time the grain was housed and stacked; and soon a thrashing-machine, which went from farm to farm, thrashing all the wheat in the neighborhood, was set up one evening on Mr. Treadwell's premises. When it left, two days later, there lay a huge heap of chaff behind the barn, two great stacks of straw stood in the yard, and the grain, the plump, golden grain, a great, spreading pile, covered all one side of the barn-floor. Ah, how proud and rich the boys felt!

The same machine afterwards thrashed the deacon's wheat, about which they helped, of course; then they took advantage of a few days of dull weather to run their grain through a fanning-mill, and get it in a fine condition for market.

While they were thus at work, a merchant from the Basin came and looked at it, and finally bargained for it at a good price. Mr. Treadwell sold his share at the same time, and all, carefully put up in bags, was afterwards delivered to the dealer at his warehouse on the canal. The boys' profits amounted to thirty dollars apiece. This may seem a small matter to us, but it was a very great matter to them; and I have heard Jack say that no subsequent gains, in the more prosperous years of his life, ever afforded him such happiness. And when we consider that he and Moses had given but a portion of the time that summer to raising their first crop, and that they had also prepared ground for a still larger crop of winter wheat, besides working at home enough to pay for their board and clothes and the help the deacon furnished them, we must allow that thirty dollars apiece was not bad.

Ah, but they had both gained more than that! In cultivating a crop of wheat, they had cultivated their own manhood, and reaped an experience of more value than any harvest.

Phin put in his claim for a share in the profits, as he had vowed he would do, and got well laughed at for his pains. And now Jack met with another piece of good fortune, which served greatly to aggravate Phin's discontent.

On visiting the Basin, three or four weeks after the menagerie was there, Jack had ventured to call on Duffer, and ask about the horses. To his surprise, that cordial enemy of his had received him with more respect and politeness than he had probably ever shown to any boy before.

"That 'ere mare," said he, leading the way to the pasture, "she ain't doin' so well as I 'xpected. But that 'ere hoss, he 's doin' better 'n I 'xpected. That 'ere mare, she never 'll be fit for nothin' but to raise colts; but that 'ere hoss, he 's a hoss yit. I 'll give ye twenty dollars for him."

Jack put his hands in his pockets, and his head on one side, and looked and felt very much like an experienced dealer in horse-flesh.

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"What will you do with him?" he asked.

"If I buys him," said Duffer, "I jest keeps him till he gits sound and strong, and then I sells him to go on the canal."

"The canal is a hard place for horses," said Jack, who knew.

"Yis; and I ca'c'late he'll git used up in jest about one season."

"Poor old Snowfoot!" said Jack, stroking the animal's flanks, "he's suffered enough on my account, and I don't think I shall ever be willing to let him go on the canal."

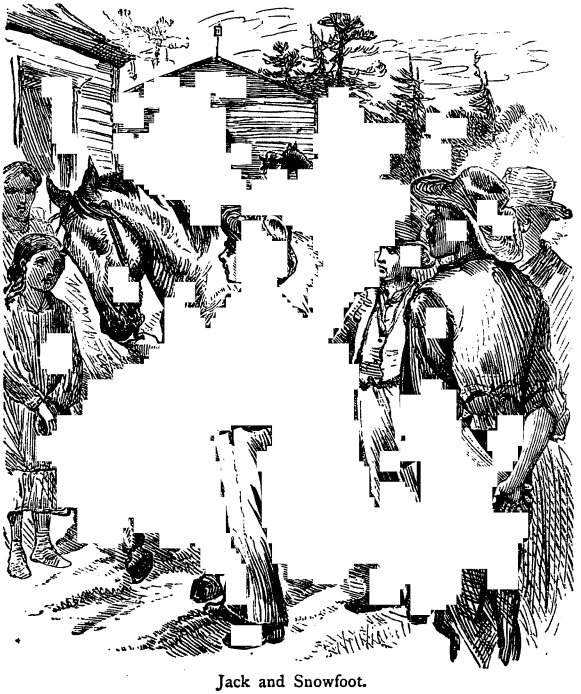
"I'll give ye twenty-five dollars," said Duffer, who thought Jack was only waiting for a higher bid, "and that 's about twice what you 'll ever realize on him arter my bill for nussin' on him is paid."

"Very likely," said Jack; "but Snowfoot shall never be killed on the canal, if I can help it!"

As he was going away, Duffer offered him twenty-eight dollars; and the next time he came, two dollars more.

Not long after, the deacon paid the farrier's bill — fifteen dollars — for attendance on both horses, and he and Jack led them home. The mare was a cripple; but Snowfoot was fast getting over his lameness, and, but for two ugly scars in his hip and side, would have looked almost as well as ever.

As they entered the door-yard, Jack took great pleasure in making Snowfoot "stand around," and in showing him up to his friends.



Jack and Snowfoot.

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"If it don't beat everything under the sun!" said the admiring Mr. Pipkin. "Five minutes arter the ol' elephant had the handlin' on him, I would n't 'a' gi'n a rusty copper for that hoss, with a shovel to bury him with throwed in; and now — by hokey!"

"Is he *your* horse now, Jack? O, I 'm so glad!" cried little Kate, delighted.

"I don't see but what the horse belongs to me, just as much as he does to Jack," said the envious Phin. "We all had him that day."

"Yes!" retorted Jack, "you were glad enough to ride with us after I had got him, and to taunt me with my bad luck after the accident; so you have no claim. But it is different with Moses; and I 've been thinking that I would give him an equal share in the horse with me. I think that is fair; and, Moses, I 'll do it."

"You won't do any such thing," replied Moses, much affected by this generous offer, "for I won't let you. You took all the responsibility for the loss, when you thought it would come out of your own pocket, and I did n't offer to share it; and now do you think I am so mean as to share your good luck? No! The horse belongs to you, and to nobody else."

"I 'll give you forty dollars for him," said Don Curtis, just then sauntering into the yard.

"Thank you," said Jack, "but my horse is not for sale." And he led Snowfoot proudly away.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE RACCOON HUNT.

"'Coons are makin' terrible work with the corn this year," Mr. Pipkin complained one evening. "Won't be much left to git ripe, at this rate."

"I 'm going to train Lion to track 'em," said Jack, who thought that what dog had done dog could do, especially if the last-named dog was Lion.

"He 's a dreffle knowin' animal, I allow," said Mr. Pipkin. "But you never can l'arn one o' that kind to be a good 'cooner. Now, young Lanman has got a fust-rate 'coon-dog; why don't ye ax him to bring him over next time he comes, and go a 'coonin' with ye?"

"So we will!" cried the boys; and so they did. And accordingly, on the first fine moonlight evening, Percy came over with his long-eared, tawny Lara, on purpose to "go a 'cooning."

"All ready?" he called, holding his dog at the door.

"Yes, and waiting," replied Moses, for it was late.

"There was no use in starting any earlier," said Percy. "The 'coons don't go into the corn much before this time. But now we must hurry, or the moon will set before we can catch a 'coon. Bring an axe, somebody; we may need it. And a gun."

"I 've got the old musket ready on purpose," said Moses. "Where 's Phin, I wonder? He was here fifteen minutes ago."

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"That 'ere boy's conduct is queer!" observed Mr. Pipkin. "He done perty well for a while, arter that 'Lectrical 'Lixir man left the Basin; but now he 's got some more mysterious business on his hands."

"The Elixir man is back again," said Percy. "He has come for his wagon, which has been mended, but he has n't the money to pay for it."

"Phin has n't gone to the Basin at this time of night, I know!" said Moses. "He 'll be back here soon."

They waited for him a few minutes, then, as he did not come, started off without him.

"Must be suthin' curi's, to make him miss a 'coon hunt," was Mr. Pipkin's comment, as he shouldered the axe and marched out into the moonlight.

The party proceeded in silence to the cornfield, on the side towards the woods, out of which the raccoons were known to come. Then Percy whispered, pointed, and released Lara. Throwing down his nose, the dog darted away between the two outer rows of corn, and disappeared. Jack at the same time released Lion, saying, "Seek!" and away went Lion also, though in another direction.

"You 'll hear from Lara presently, if there are any 'coons in the corn," said Percy.

The boys listened with anxiously beating hearts, but for a while heard nothing but their own footsteps, and the rustling of the long corn-leaves in the wind. Then suddenly Lara opened, — a long, loud bay, which was music to the ears of the eager hunters.

"Hark!" cried Percy, as the boys would have rushed forward. "He is coming out of the corn! The 'coon has started for the woods, and he is after him. Come on!"

He leaped the fence; Jack and Moses and Mr. Pipkin followed; and they all ran diagonally across the pasture towards Peternot's woods. All at once the sound of Lara's barking became stationary, and more violent than before.

"He has treed him!" said Percy; and so it proved.

They found the dog yelling, in great excitement, at the roots of a scraggy pine in the open field, and making occasional wild leaps at the trunk, up which his game had escaped.

"Here 's your 'coon," said Percy. "Now, what shall we do?"

"Father don't care about that tree," replied Moses; "he had just as lief it would be cut as not."

"Then, here it goes!" laughed Percy; and, taking the axe, he began to chop. But Lara kept running about and leaping at the tree, endangering his own head, and Percy had to take care of him.

"Lucky the tree ain't on old Peternot's land," remarked Mr. Pipkin, as he took the axe.

The trunk was not large, and soon the hunters began to watch eagerly to see which way it would fall. To give Lara a good chance, Percy had cut in on the side towards the cornfield, hoping to bring the pine down in that direction. But it leaned a little the other way; and just at the critical

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moment there came a gust of wind, which carried it over towards the woods. It fell with a crash ; and almost at the moment Lara was bouncing over and through the tops after the 'coon.

"Here he is!" screamed Jack. He had stationed himself between the tree and the woods, in order to head off the game, in case it should get the start of Lara in that direction ; and he now had the satisfaction of seeing an animal, about as large as a large cat, run swiftly away in the moonlight, not more than two rods off.

Jack followed ; and Lara, having been baffled a moment at the tree-top, was on the track again too soon to allow the 'coon to reach the woods. He turned, and ran up a tall poplar, before the very eyes of the boys, and almost between the teeth of Lara. The dog was an instant too late ; and now here he was barking up another tree.

"Father 'll hate to have that cut, it makes such a good shade for the cattle," said Moses, regretfully.

"Climb it!" cried Jack ; "climb it, and shake the 'coon off! Let me try! Give me a boost, will you?"

Percy and Mr. Pipkin "boosted" him, so that he had but a yard or so to climb before he grasped the lower limbs ; then he quickly disappeared in the branches.

"What 's going on here?" said the voice of Phineas, who just then came up, attracted to the spot by the felling of the pine and the sound of voices.

"Hello! where did you come from?" said Moses.

"I thought you'd given up the 'coon hunt, so I went to set my woodchuck-trap before the moon went down," Phin explained. "'Coon up this tree?"

"Yes. See him anywhere, Jack?" cried Moses.

"Not yet," Jack answered from the branches.

"Wonder what Lion 's barking at over yender!" said Mr. Pipkin.

"A 'coon, I suppose," said Moses. "I 've heard him for the past ten minutes ; but he 'll stay. We can't catch but one 'coon at a time."

"Lion treed a 'coon!" sneered Phineas. "I don't believe there 's any 'coon! I tried to call him away, but I could n't. I want Jack to call him."

"Jack has something else to do just now," said Percy, looking up into the tree. Just then Jack's voice was heard again.

"I see the fellow! He 's way up in the top, as high as he can get! Wait a minute. Now, look down there, — I 'm going to shake!"

The hunters below ranged themselves on the side of the woods, while Lara stood under the tree, expectant, his head thrown back, his eyes turned upwards, and his mouth opening and shutting, and uttering wistful whines and yelps. There was a heavy rustling of boughs above, at which he leaped and danced, in eager anticipation of the descending game, — but no game fell.

"I tell ye, he sticks!" cried Jack. "Wait till I get a little higher!"

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Another and still livelier clashing of the topmost branches of the tree; and yet nothing came.

"Ho!" said Phineas, "'t ain't so easy to shake a 'coon off! and you ain't quite so smart as you thought you was!"

Jack did not heed the taunt. After another vigorous shake he cried, "I wish I had the gun up here! I could put the muzzle right to his head. He 's fast in the little notch there, and I can't move him. I 'll cut a good stout stick, and see if I can't poke him out." A branch was cut and trimmed, and the poking began. "He 's savage!" cried Jack. "By George, he 's fighting me!"

"I 'll get the gun up to you in a minute," said Percy. "Hand it to me, Moses, after I get into the tree."

But before he began to climb, Jack screamed, "Look out!" And he had just time to spring away from under the tree, when down came a dark object, clashing through the lower branches, and striking the ground with a heavy thump. It was the game, which Jack had dislodged by a skilful twist and thrust of his stick.

Lara was on the spot almost at the same moment. A confused snarling and snapping followed, and then a violent shaking of the said dark object in the dog's mouth.

"There 's your 'coon!" said Percy Lanman, quietly. "Lara has finished him. Let go, Lara!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE 'COON THAT LION TREED.

JACK slipped quickly down from branch to branch, and dropped from the lowest branch to the ground, just in time to see Lara's master take the dead game and hold it up by the hind legs.

The boys were almost as much excited over it as the dog; but Phin beat all the rest in bragging about it.

"I tell ye, that 's a dog for ye! Did n't he shake him! Lion never could have killed that 'coon! Lion 's no dog at all for hunting! Call him, Jack! he thinks he 's got something over there, but he 's a fool of a dog!"

"I 'm going to see whether he 's a fool of a dog or not," replied Jack. "I don't believe he 's barking so for nothing. Come on!"

He led the way, and all followed eagerly except Phin, who seemed suddenly to have lost all faith in his old favorite, and to be greatly disgusted because the rest put confidence in his barking. After trying in vain, however, to induce Jack not to go, but to call the dog, he reluctantly accompanied the party.

They found Lion barking at the roots of a butternut-tree, that stood in a bare pasture, near the lane that led past the cornfield to the barn.

Two or three rods farther on, close by the lane fence, was a fine large elm-tree, which Percy looked at twice.

"Lucky for us the 'coon did n't take to that, — and it 's a wonder he

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did n't! Now we must be careful, or we shall get him out of the butternut, only to put him into the elm."

"See!" said Phin, triumphantly, "Lara don't say there 's a 'coon here!"

Indeed, Lara did not seem to strike any very fresh track about the tree at first; but now, prompted by his master, he began to sniff at the roots, and then to bark with Lion at the game in the tree.

The butternut was easy to climb, and Jack was for going up into it at once. But Percy said no.

"The fence will bother the dogs. We don't know which side of it the 'coon will fall if you shake him off. Even if he falls on the side of the dogs, he can run through before they can get over; and we don't want to give him a chance at that elm."

"We can take the fence all away!" said Jack, proud of Lion's exploit, and eager to get at the game. He declared that he heard a rustling in the branches, and thought he could see something up among them, although the moon had now set and it was growing dark.

"We 'll build a fire of some of these old rails," said Percy, "and make a light we can see to shoot him by."

"And have a supper of roasted corn afterwards!" exclaimed Moses.

"I don't think father 'll want you to cut up the rails, or roast the corn either," said Phineas. "I say, come away! I 'll bet a thousand dollars there 's no 'coon in this tree."

"I 'll bet a thousand dollars there 's something," said Jack; "and we 're going to have a shot at it, any way."

He hastened to pull some splinters off the fence, and whittle some shavings, while Percy, with matches he carried for the purpose, started a blaze. Mr. Pipkin split up fragments of a rail, to add to the fire; and Moses went to the cornfield to find some good roasting ears.

Soon a bright flame shot up from the corner of the pasture, casting a wide gleam around, lighting up the human figures and the dogs about it, and shooting its rays into the boughs of the butternut. Suddenly Jack seized the musket.

"I see him! I see him!" he screamed, and brought the gun to his shoulder.

"Here! here!" said Phin, running to stop him. "What are you going to do?"

"Shoot the 'coon! Don't you see him up there?"

"Don't shoot!" yelled a voice from the tree. "Take the dogs away, and I 'll come down!"

"It 's Colonel Crockett's coon!" laughed Percy.

"It 's a man, by hokey!" said the astonished Mr. Pipkin.

"A minute more, and I 'd have brought him down!" said Jack. And he pulled Lion away, while Percy called off Lara.

Then the owner of the voice came slipping lightly to the ground.

"No harm!" said he, gayly. "I like a joke, even if it tells ag'inst myself; it 's all the same to me; for I 'm the best-natered man in the world!"

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

PHIN'S REVENGE.

"THE 'Lectrical 'Lixir man!" — "Dr. Doyley!" — "Good-natered John Wilkins!" — "Prince of the Healing Art!" exclaimed Mr. Pipkin, Moses, Jack, and Percy Lannam, all in a breath. To which Moses added, sharply, "How came you up that tree?"

"How does any biped without wings get up in a tree?" replied the doctor. "Nat'rally, I clim' up."

"What did you climb up for?"

The 'Coon that Lion treed.

"What for? To git away from that dog, — and I must request that you 'll keep a tight holt on him, young man, or I shall have to shin up agin!"

"What were you doing here?"

"Havin' a pleasant and profitable conversation with that interestin' brother of yours, — jest a good-natered talk; I take such a fancy to him, you know! — when along comes this brute of a dog, and would have had me by the throat, if my young friend had n't hild him till I jumped into the tree."

"Why did n't you tell of this?" said Moses, turning to Phin.

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"'Cause! I knew you'd go and tell father, and I didn't want to get a licking," whined Phineas.

"This, then, is the reason why you came and asked Jack to call Lion!"

"Yes; I tried to get him away, and couldn't. I'll own up all about it, if you won't tell father."

"I know enough about it!" said a stern voice; and Phineas, turning, saw his father standing behind the fence, in the lane.

Kept awake by the barking of the dogs, and at last seeing a fire kindled in the field, the deacon had got up out of his bed, dressed himself, and gone to see what sort of game had been treed so near the barn. He had approached, concealed by the shadows of the fence, while he himself, glancing between the rails, saw by the light of the fire everything that took place. He now got over the fence, and stood angrily confronting the wily doctor.

"You unblushing scoundrel! what business have you on my premises?"

"Maybe you wouldn't like to have me tell, before these witnesses, what my business is!" replied the doctor, with a sickly grin, in the firelight. "If you would, here goes!"

"You have the advantage of me; and you use it meanly and cruelly!" said the deacon, trembling with agitation. "I would appeal to your honor, if you had any to appeal to. I would appeal to your affection for this boy, — which you profess to feel, — but your own conduct shows that you are his worst enemy, instead of being his friend. I've a good notion to let the dog take you! — Phineas, come with me!"

So saying, Mr. Chatford seized the boy by the collar, and led him away. The doctor, who had stood with folded arms, nodding and leering sarcastically, while the deacon was talking, now followed him with a glance which would hardly have entitled him to be considered the best-natured being in existence. In that glance were malice, cunning, and revenge.

"Good!" said he, with a mocking laugh. "Very good! Things is workin'! We'll see! ha, ha!"

"Look here, doctor!" said Percy Lanman. "I know something about this business" (Jack wondered whether he had learned it of Annie Felton), "and I have a bit of advice to give you. Let that boy alone. Why, after all that has been done for him, do you wish to bring about his ruin? You are an unnatural — "

Percy checked himself.

"Say on! speak it out!" said the doctor. "Ha, ha! well! I am patient! I submit to be misunderstood. Ah, if you knew my heart! But adieu! Keep back the dog till I am well off these premises, and I promise you never to set foot on 'em agin."

"I advise you to make tracks pretty fast," said Moses, "for we sha'n't hold the dog much longer."

"Show yourself Prince of the *Heeling* Art, by the way you take to your heels!" cried Jack.

"Ha, ha! a good joke!" said the doctor, as he gracefully retired. "But

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no offence! for I am — I think I have shown that I am — yes, good-natered is the word!" And with a bow and a flourish he turned, leaped the fence, and disappeared in the darkness of the lane.

The hunt was over for that night. Moses roasted the ears of corn he had picked, and Percy, Mr. Pipkin, and the boys sat for an hour round the fire, and ate them, and talked over the evening's adventures, and told stories; then they separated, the boys carrying home the raccoon.

The next day Phin kept his room, which his father had forbidden him to leave until he should have settled with him for his misconduct. His meals were carried up to him by his mother, who talked and wept with him, and implored him to "turn over a new leaf," and try to do better.

"There is Jack," said she, "doing his very best, — and see how cheerful and happy he is in it! Why can't you learn a lesson and take an example from him?"

"Jack!" said Phin, with an angry sneer. "Don't say Jack to me! I hate him!"

"Why, what do you hate him for?"

"'Cause! you think more of him than you do of me, and that's enough."

"If any one in this house thinks more of him than of you, there's a reason for it. Your opportunities have been much greater than his; and you are smart enough, — if you only had a disposition to do well."

"I'll be revenged on Jack!" was Phin's only reply to his mother's last words; and she left him, with sorrow of heart.

His supper was brought up to him, as his breakfast and dinner had been. He ate a little; then, hearing the folks sitting down at the table in the room below, he took from under the bed a bundle of clothes which he had already tied up, and dropped it out of the back window. After that he went into Jack's room, took a key from the pocket of Jack's Sunday trousers, and with it unlocked a chest at the head of the bed. In a corner of the chest he found another key that unlocked the till. In the till was a silk purse, a present to Jack from his dear friend Annie Felton; and it contained all Jack's hard-earned money. Every dollar he had received for his share of the wheat crop, together with what was left of his "sugar money," — about thirty-three dollars in all, — was in that purse, the gold in one end and the silver in the other, each confined in its place by a silver ring.

Phin listened for a moment, and glanced over his shoulder with a wild look, then slipped the purse into his pocket. He then locked the till, and the chest itself, putting both keys back in their places, glided out of the room, crept softly as a cat down the stairs and out at the front door; picked up his bundle behind the house, stooping low so as not to be seen from the windows; dodged behind the wood-pile, gave a low whistle for Lion, and disappeared in the orchard, followed by the eager, unsuspicious dog.

J. T. Trowbridge.

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LOST IN THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

"HURRY up, Rita! they are waiting for you to start," cried an impatient voice from the hall.

"I am quite ready," said Rita; "but come in; mamma wishes to speak to you."

"Now, Leonard," said Mrs. Barclay, when the rather reluctant boy had entered the room, "since I cannot go with you to-day, I wish you to remember that I put you under Rita's care —"

"You had much better put Rita under mine, mamma," he interrupted. "I am half a head taller than she is, and will take splendid care of her."

"I am not jesting, Leonard. I wish you to remain near Rita all day, and to regard her authority as you would my own."

Leonard tossed his head in a manner not very promising of obedience, and, seizing his hat, darted from the room; while Mrs. Leonard reiterated her charges to Rita, who, a few minutes later, joined the merry party in the hall below, all ready to start on the "long route" through the cave.

They had gone over the shorter one the preceding day, and, in stepping over the stones, Mrs. Barclay had given her foot a sprain, which prevented her attempting the fatiguing expedition of to-day; and with many misgivings she saw her children depart without her. She was especially anxious on account of Leonard, who was exceedingly self-willed and reckless.

There were eighteen or twenty young people, with two or three older ones to keep them in order. But the lion of the party was Alex Preston, a young naval officer on furlough; and Rita had to face a battery of envious glances, from half a score of girls, as the young ensign advanced to bid her good morning.

"It has been decided, Miss Barclay," said he, "that we are too many for one guide, so we are to divide into two parties to-day. I am to share with Mrs. Talbot the honor of heading one division, Colonel Hunt and Mrs. Scott will have charge of the other, and I hope you will put yourself under my leadership."

To this Rita smilingly consented. Leonard, however, declared *he* was going with Colonel Hunt, Tom Hunt being his particular friend and ally; and Rita began to experience, early in the action, the cares of office. But a compromise was finally effected, Tom consenting to leave his father and join the other party; and, all being settled, they set off in fine spirits for the cave. For a while they all kept together, and kept up a great chattering; all agreeing that the Grand Avenue grew into grander proportions, that the Giant's Coffin loomed up more gigantically than ever from its gloomy recess, and that all the wonders they had seen the day before were but more wonderful on a second inspection.

Rita soon found she could give but a divided attention to the remarks either of the guide or Mr. Preston, who still kept near her; for Leonard had

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made up his mind to be as troublesome as possible. His self-love had been sadly wounded, and, though he did not dare to rebel openly, he kept Rita in perpetual terror by trying all sorts of dangerous feats.

"How deep is this hole?" he asked of the guide, as he peered into the inky blackness of the Bottomless Pit.

"Well, sir," said Mac, "if you were to jump down, you would find it just two hundred and sixty feet."

"But, if you don't jump," said Alex Preston, "it will be two hundred and sixty too."

They all laughed at this sally, and Leonard said he believed he would go down and see; and, though Rita knew it was but idle daring, as he pretended to put his threat into execution, her heart jumped into her throat with fear, lest he should lose his balance and take an unintentional leap.

Leonard kept up a series of such pranks, until it was with a feeling of relief Rita found herself resting for an hour in Washington Hall, where they all met for dinner, and where they were all very merry over their personal adventures, comparing experiences, deploring their trials in "Fat Man's Misery," and all declaring, though they were half-dead with fatigue, they had had a splendid time.

The hour's rest only served to show them how tired they were, and no one wanted to start on the return tramp.

"I believe it is twenty miles, instead of nine, to the end of the cave," said Patty Talbot.

"And it is nearly all to go over again," consolingly said Van Brown, whom the pretty Patty had been snubbing since the advent of the ensign; while "Don't let's start yet," and "I am so tired I cannot move," rained from every side. But the guides were heartless, and declared, if they wished to get back to the upper regions that night, they must take up the line of march.

"Come, Leonard, keep near me, please," said Rita, as that young gentleman pushed by her.

"I declare, Rita, you talk as if I were a baby; don't you suppose I can take care of myself?" said Leonard, angrily.

"I promised mamma," she said, gently.

Leonard made no reply, but walked on, carelessly chipping off bits of rock with the hammer he held in his hand. "It would be good fun to give Rita a scare for her pains," he was thinking, and every moment the idea became more tempting. "I 'll hide from them, and they 'll have to come back to look for me"; and the giddy boy laughed, as he pictured to himself his sister's terror when he could not be found. "She has not gone a hundred yards to-day without looking me up, so I should n't have very long to wait, — and here 's the very place!" as a narrow opening, from a small passage, shone black against the lights of the party. Leonard allowed them all to pass him, then stepped in, and, placing his candlestick on a ledge of rock, sat down to wait.

He was very weary, for he had walked more than a dozen miles over the rocks, and he thought it rather a good joke to steal a rest in this fashion.

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As he settled himself comfortably against the bowlder behind him, he said to himself, "I only wish I could see Rita when she finds out I 'm missing! won't they have a jolly scare? I wonder —" But Leonard had "wondered" into dreamland. His long walk and hearty dinner had made him very drowsy, and, before he knew it, he was fast asleep.

I wonder if the gloomy old cavern ever before saw such a picture, — the careless attitude, the dim light shining on the handsome, merry face, surrounded by masses of golden hair against the dark rocks! How long he slept it is impossible to know; but it must have been some hours, for when he awoke, it was in total darkness, — not the darkness you awake to in the darkest night above-ground, but a terrible blackness, that can only be imagined by those who have been in it.

For a minute after awaking, Leonard could not recollect where he was. Then, in a flash, as he felt the rocks about him, the truth rushed upon him, and he sprang up in wildest terror. "I am dreaming! — it is a nightmare! — it cannot be!" The horror of that moment still returns to him in dreams; but words cannot convey what he felt. He screamed aloud, and the sound of his voice reverberated through the cavernous depths with so weird an effect that, from very awe, he was silent.

Leonard was naturally brave, even to recklessness; but this was a situation calculated to appall the stoutest heart. There is a feeling of supernatural awe that creeps over one, even in company, and with lights, when penetrating those gloomy avenues; but fancy awakening to find yourself *alone* in the pitchy blackness of the Mammoth Cave!

Leonard sank back against the rocks in utter despair, to which feeling he abandoned himself for some time.

"They will never find me! — I shall die here!" For he remembered that, the more effectually to conceal himself, he had gone some yards into the passage. At length he thought he would try to grope his way back toward the main avenue. He felt the rocks about him, and tried to recall, as minutely as possible, how many steps he had taken. He thought he could remember placing his light between himself and the entrance; so he felt about, but could not touch the candlestick. He continued groping his way cautiously along, taking each step with the utmost care, lest he should plunge headlong into some pit. "I think I must be near the entrance now, — yes, here is where I stepped up," as, on trying the ground, he found a landing-place a foot or two below the level where he stood. He also fancied he could feel a stronger current of air; but, alas! poor Leonard was only placing himself farther from chance of discovery, for he was going in exactly the contrary direction to what he imagined. "I can do nothing more, only wait," he moaned. "They *must* come soon"; and for a moment hope was in the ascendency, as he thought of his loving mother and sister, and knew they would leave no means untried to find him.

Hours passed by, and Leonard remained crouching amongst the rocks, sometimes hoping, more frequently despairing. "I cannot endure this!" he exclaimed at last, rising to his feet. "I *must* do something, or I shall go

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mad!" He stood still a moment, thinking. "I might grope my way out, — at any rate meet them; I will try." And he reached about with his hands. "It seems wider here; I must be in the main passage." And for a quarter of an hour he pushed on, stumbling over rocks, striking his head, until, faint and foot-sore, he again sat down, and gave himself up to despondency.

Again hours passed on, and hope grew fainter and fainter.

"O God, help me! help me!" cried Leonard, at last. "Help me to get out, or help me to bear it!" He had, from infancy, kept up the habit of going through with a form of prayer each night before retiring; that is, when he was not too tired or too sleepy. But this, I think, was the first real petition he had ever uttered; and afterward he felt calmer, more resigned, and lay down hoping to sleep away some of the dreary hours; but sleep flees when too eagerly pursued, and thought was busy in that young brain. How bitterly he now regretted his folly! How longingly he thought of his tender, gentle mother, whose caresses and love he had so carelessly requited! What would he not now have given to lay his head in her lap, as he had so often done in childhood! Neglected opportunities! how they crowded before him, — at school, at home, everywhere! "O, if I ever do get out," thought poor Leonard, "I will be different! I can never forget this terrible time."

After what seemed to him ages of thought and listening, for he kept his ears on the strain all the time, he sank into slumber. When he awoke again, it was to soreness and faintness of body, a little hungry, and O, so thirsty! what would he not have given for a drink of water! He could think of nothing else, and the remembrance of a dewy pitcher of ice-water he had seen on a stand in his mother's room arose again and again so vividly, that he would reach involuntarily to pour himself a drink.

His thirst grew at length so intolerable, that he thought he must drink or die. He remembered seeing frequent springs and pools when traversing the cavern, and the hope sprang up that he might be able to find some water. He was now so stiff and faint, that it was with difficulty he dragged himself along; but the anxiety to procure water made him forget physical suffering, and, for a time, his dreadful situation. On he stumbled, through the darkness, carefully following up every indication of moisture, stopping to rest, and again pushing on. Leonard, of course, had no means of measuring the passage of time, but it seemed to him hours since be began his search; and now, quite exhausted, he was ready to throw himself down and die, when, putting his foot forward, he heard the plash of water, — he had stepped into a pool. He threw himself beside it, and, sobbing with delight, caught up handful after handful, until his thirst was quenched; brackish, sulphur-flavored though the water was, nectar could not have been more delicious to those parched and famished lips.

But now we must return to Rita. As Leonard had predicted, she had not gone many yards before she missed her brother, and, turning, called his name; she received, or fancied she received, a reply, and again walked some distance, chatting with those around her.

"Leonard! Leonard! where are you?" she called, after an interval; but

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this time there was no answer. They were a straggling party, as people on their way *out* of the cave are apt to be, and Rita stopped, thinking Leonard had fallen behind.

"I will go back and find him," said Alex Preston; "just wait here." And he started back, questioning every one he met.

"Leonard Barclay?" said Ben Grey; "why, he and Tom Hunt have gone on with the other party; he said he was tired of being tied to an apron-string, and was going to cut."

This was true. Leonard had so declared when they were leaving the dining-hall, but he had left Tom with his father, and returned to his sister's vicinity before the colonel's party took the lead, not caring to defy his mother's wishes quite so far.

"O, how careless I have been!" exclaimed Rita. "What will mamma think! I promised to keep him with me."

It was in vain they assured her Leonard was quite safe with Colonel Hunt, and they should probably catch up with them at the river. All efforts to comfort her were fruitless; a dim foreboding filled her mind, which she found impossible to shake off. When they reached the river, the other party had passed over; nor could they, when they had crossed, catch a glimpse of their lights beyond.

Rita became each moment more agitated.

"I really think you are needlessly alarming yourself," said Mrs. Talbot, kindly. "Leonard is quite old enough to take care of himself."

"O, you don't know Leonard, Mrs. Talbot! I don't know why, but I feel certain something has happened"; and Rita pushed on more anxiously than ever, her fatigue forgotten in her alarm for her brother's safety.

A damper had fallen on them all, and they pressed forward, unheeding the objects they had found so interesting in the morning. When near the mouth of the cave, they caught sight of the tapers of Colonel Hunt's party.

"Now," said Alex Preston, "I shall go and bring that madcap brother of yours to get the scolding he deserves"; and he rushed ahead, leaving Rita with her hand pressed to her heart to still its beatings. She read the confirmation of her worst fears in the tardy return of the young officer, who soon found that Leonard was not with those in advance. Tom Hunt said he had turned back directly after joining them. And now a horrible fear suggested itself, — he must have fallen into some pit, on his way back, or they would surely have met him.

"O Leonard! Leonard!" moaned Rita; "we must start right back for him. Don't wait a moment!" Every heart was moved with pity for the suffering girl. To start back was, of course, out of the question, as their tired limbs already refused to do more than drag along. Mrs. Barclay must be told of the sad disaster, and fresh guides should be despatched in search of the missing boy, so soon as they could be equipped.

Who can picture the agony of the long night that followed? The sympathy of every one was enlisted in behalf of Mrs. Barclay and her daughter; many volunteered to accompany the guides into the cave, and few thought

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of retiring. Slowly the long hours dragged by to the watchers; persons were going continually to the mouth of the cave, hoping to be the first to catch the gleam of the returning lights. The tardy daylight came at last, and still no news; six, seven, eight o'clock, — the most hopeful began to despair. Poor Rita, pale and tearless, was nearly beside herself with grief and remorse; and Mrs. Barclay, in trying to comfort her, almost lost sight of her own overwhelming sorrow. "I am sure, you are not to blame," she would say again and again, caressing the cold hands pressing her own, as Rita upbraided herself for having let Leonard leave her for a moment.

"They are coming! The lights are in sight!" came the tidings from the cave about midday, and Rita and Mrs. Barclay rushed frantically forward, hoping, yet fearing; but the sad faces that met them caused them to cover their eyes, and cower before the expected blow.

"No news, — no trace; but we must not give up, Mrs. Barclay. I have now quite regained my strength, and will immediately start back with the guides who were with us yesterday; and I will not come back without Leonard," Alex said, softly pressing Rita's passive hand.

Another night of suspense and agony was inevitable, and with every hour that elapsed hope grew fainter. Mrs. Barclay was prevailed upon to lie down; but Rita sat by the window, her eyes set in the direction of the cave, and the lines of misery deepening every hour on the sweet young face.

Another twenty-four hours went wearily by. The sun was sinking, and with it every hope in the hearts of Mrs. Barclay and Rita, when a shout went up from the mouth of the cave; the glad tidings were echoed from mouth to mouth: "Leonard is found!" Words cannot paint the revulsion of feeling in the sorrowing hearts as the pale and penitent boy was clasped first in his mother's, then in his sister's arms.

Then the history of the search had to be given, the guides agreeing they would have given up and come back long before, but for Mr. Preston's determination. At the entrance of the passage near the end of which they had found Leonard asleep by the pool of water, an animated discussion had arisen; the guides protesting it was useless to enter, that no one could possibly have wandered into it, the entrance being a foot or two above the level of the main avenue; and it did seem a forlorn hope; but Alex Preston sprang up, and held his light close to the ground for any traces of recent footsteps.

"Look! look!" he exclaimed joyfully, a moment after; "here are some drops of sperm! some one has been here." Eagerly they all pressed in. A half-dozen yards brought them to the empty candlestick, and every little while they found new evidence of recent occupation, — a handkerchief with an embroidered monogram, which they did n't stop to puzzle out; fresh footprints in moist places; and, nearly a mile from where they had entered, their lights flashed on a motionless figure. For a moment, Alex Preston's heart stood still; were they to carry back only a lifeless form? But the head was raised, and Leonard, with a cry of joy, sprang forward. So weak was he, with his forty-eight hours' fast, that he immediately sank down

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again; but restoratives were at hand, and in a little while they were able to start back with him.

Years have passed since then, and Rita is now Mrs. Preston, and Leonard a flourishing young lawyer; but I fancy none of the party have forgotten their memorable visit to the Cave House.

Aunt Frances.

THE CLOCK-TINKER.

TINKER, may I learn the trick, —
How you cure a clock that 's sick,
Peeping in her face behind,
(Are those wheels her brains?) to find
Why her pulses do not go
Regular and sure and slow?

Tinker, have you learned Time's trick, —
How it is he makes clocks tick?
Is there such a thing as knowing
What it was first set them going?
Do you, sir, suppose they had 'em
In their garden, Eve and Adam?

Is there, up among the suns, —
Father of these other ones, —
Some great time-piece that can show
All the small clocks how to go?
Are the stars set right by some
Mighty swinging pendulum?

Tinker, where 's the loosened screw
That the juggler Time creeps through
When he slips into his place,
Up behind the old clock's face?
Have you ever seen that feat?
Or does Time even graybeards cheat?

"Boy, I 've tried through Time to see,
But he played strange tricks with me.
While I gave the wizard chase,
He was dancing on my face.
Look you! like a crow he flies;
Here 's his track around my eyes."

Lucy Larcom.

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HANNAH COLBY'S CHANCE.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE WORST OF IT.

THE worst of it was the first of it. I suppose it generally is. But I think the *strangest* of it was, that it should have happened on Class Day.

We were all so happy that day! It was Tom's Class Day, you see, and Mary Alice was in such a state! She and I had been talking it over for so many weeks; and mother, too. Mother was going to the spread with us, and Tom made a great deal of having us there. Tom was rich; at least his father was, and he was going to have Smith out, and everything in the best of style. Although he was so busy, what with graduating and all, he used to be at our house a great deal in those days; mother sat in the parlor with them and went to sleep, — so as to be quite proper, — and I teased them to my heart's content. But they were too happy to care; quite as happy as people ought to be who only "understood" each other, after all! Though, now I think of it, that means a great deal, that word. When two people understand each other, — friends or lovers, — it should be almost enough in itself to make them happy. I always used to feel that *I* was n't understood by any body. I dare say a good many other girls feel so. But I have n't had any time to think of that, now, for this long, long while, since —

I 'm afraid I never shall make a story-writer, never; I 'm not used to it, and cannot stick to my track, but tell tales beforehand, and think you know what you don't. But so many people said so many kind things to me about that little story of my cousin Lois, that I have felt encouraged to think that there might be something worth telling in *my* story, which has all come about since Lois left. If I do not make it interesting, it will be because it *is* my story, and not Lois's. The trouble will all be with the heroine. The heroine makes the story, I think, always; it all floats about her, and adheres to her, as if she were a magnet; even the hero is n't of much account beside her; and, in my story, there is no hero at all. That 's the difference of it; it is n't like Mary Alice's; it is n't like everybody else's, — hardly more so than Lois's, indeed, though so different from that, too.

Well, we were going to have new organdies for Class Day, Mary Alice and I. I did n't care so much about it; it was n't *my* spread; *I* had n't any "understanding" with any Senior, and I would just as lief have worn my old white book with a new sash; but Mary Alice was determined I should look as well as she did; partly because she was so happy that she wanted me to be happy too; and partly, I suppose, so that she need n't be ashamed of me. I did n't blame her either way. Tom's friends would be all so elegantly dressed.

Mary Alice's was white, with the palest, pearliest, purest star upon it, —

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a little of a lavender, but not quite; a little of a blue, but not that; rather gray, but not exactly, — one of those delicate uncertainties of color which only the delicate, fair girls, like Mary Alice, can wear. Her gloves and hat were new, to match, and the neck-tie, of course, with mother's nicest piece of old valenciennes — three generations old — about the throat.

I have to wear more decided colors; at least, everybody says so, so I always do. Mine was shades of green, — dark moss on a pale green ground. I do like such pretty things! I didn't care so much about the dress, at least, not that day; but I liked to look at it, just for prettiness. It would have done just as well if I had hung it up across a chair to look at. When I feel busy and old, it does better. I don't want such a thing about me.

We re-covered our parasols ourselves; it's easy to do, if you know how; mine was part of an old party-silk, dyed; my gloves were dyed, too. I suppose some girls wouldn't understand it; but the whole suit didn't come to quite ten dollars. Mary Alice's was a little more; for it was Mary Alice's class, and she would never care about another.

I write on and along about these things that don't mean anything worth two thoughts to me now, because, as I remember that Class Day, it was all filled with them and overspread with them, and because what happened at the end of it happened sharp down upon them, like a hawk happening on a gardenful of little chickens, — and the only way to get to the hawk seems to be to go through the chickens.

Mary Alice was very pretty when she was dressed. She stood up before the glass, and mother turned her round, and looked her over and kissed her. She looked like a delicate piece of old Sèvres porcelain, finished in her uncertain style, and with her pale, pretty colors. I didn't wonder Tom liked her.

"*You* look pretty, too, my dear," said mother, mother-like, giving my hand a little consoling pat, lest I should feel neglected.

But what did it matter? I thought. It wasn't my Class Day. Why should I or should n't I look pretty?

At the last minute mother gave up going; she had such a headache. She had been ironing our organdies in the heat, all the day before. So we called for the Battell girls, next door, and Mrs. Battell did the proprieties for us all.

It was a strange, blurred, dreamy day to me. The marching up the old college green, and feeling as if we belonged there; the funny flutter of our organdies against the stained, scrawled, stiff, old college-walls; and the funny feeling of walking into Tom's room with the people round, and Tom in such a hurry, but stopping to receive us with such a pointed welcome, — and the funny blunder he made in asking Mary Alice why "mother" did n't come, and Mary Alice's coloring like a little conch-shell, and looking prettier than ever! The bustle and voices and coming and going, the newness of seeing Tom "receive," the grand relations that were all about him, and the sitting in the window-sill, forgotten for a while, while he picked out the cousins Mary Alice had n't seen, to come and talk to her, and being remembered

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presently, and called up and turned over to a great-uncle with a glass eye and a diamond watch-seal. The hearing his voice — Tom's, not the great-uncle's — in broken phrases all the time, and Mary Alice laughing in her way when she is excited, and the uncle asking me if I thought girls ought to be admitted to college, and my saying "No, I thank you, sir!" thinking he said "Frozen pudding?" And if there 's anything I *do* think (I don't a great many things), it is that girls should go to college. Lois taught me that.

Then the funniness of the spread (an elegant affair) in the rude old rooms, the difficulty of eating in your dyed gloves and green muslin without spoiling either, and the bewilderment of being expected to talk to the young fellows that Tom brought up after the uncle went away. And the miserable, miserable little following feeling all the day, about not caring to be pretty or agreeable, and about having no Class Day of my own, and dreading the happy, heart-breaking music, and all the farewell and fuss on the green, and wondering what Mary Alice found to cry about when they sang "Fair Harvard" (I 'd as lief hear a military dirge as that tune, any time), and then the coming home in the early dark with the Battells, and hearing them all chatter, and thinking how I was the most miserable girl in all the world, and being rather glad that I stepped on my green muslin, and tore the flimsy thing to eel-grass on the steps, because it gave me a reason for carrying home such a ridiculous, sober, pinched-up, unsisterly face. I know it was pinched up, for I felt it all over as if somebody had tied the muscles into hard knots.

Then, at last, Patty's letting us in; — Mary Alice flushed and fluttering, — so pretty, so excited, so sure of happiness and hope; and me with my miserable old melancholy thoughts, and my little sham grief that seemed the biggest, realest grief in all the world.

I thought of it, an hour afterwards, when we had walked into real grief, and got a little used to it, how small and how much of a sham it was.

Mother did not come to meet us. I thought I heard company in the parlor, and that she was detained; and went away tired, tripping on my organdie eel-grass, up stairs.

In a few minutes, somebody came tearing up. It was Mary Alice. She tore into the room. All her pretty colors and flutterings were gone. She was very pale.

"Such a dreadful thing!" she cried. "Such a dreadful thing!"

All I could think was, "Is mother dead?" And I thought it aloud, jumping up from the green ruins of my foolish dress, and clapping my hands to my head. You see, I 'd got used to the idea of dead mothers from Lois. It was all the trouble I could think of. And I 'd thought I *had* a trouble the minute before!

"O dear, no!" said Mary Alice. "But she might 'most as well be, poor, dear old woman! She 's a beggar, Hannah! We 're all beggars! Mr. Brandywine has written — the old wretch! — has written to say — just to think of it! — he 's lost every dollar of our money in something dreadful, — I don't know whether it was a thimble-factory, or a silver mine. Seems

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to me it was a griddle-cake turner, — but it 's gone, — the money 's gone! I went in and found mother; he 'd sent his regrets, and his note-of-hand, and there sat mother like a statue. She said 'My poor girls!' when I came in, and *then* she cried."

"O, is that *all?*" said I, and I dropped down, before Mary Alice got through, too glad to be sad in the first flash of it. As long as mother was left to say "Poor girls!" it did n't seem, at the first whirl, as if we could be poor girls at all.

"*All!*" cried Mary Alice; "we 're beggars, Hannah. I should think that was enough. Beggars!"

I suppose it was a very improper time to laugh; but, partly from the reaction, partly from being so tired, perhaps, and partly because it *was* funny to see Mary Alice, in her light, fluttering things, sitting in a heap, fanning herself yet with the saucy little Class-day fan Tom gave her, in her pearly kid gloves, with her pale hair, and wide eyes, and bracelets, and thinking of her sitting on the Common in them all, holding out her *tulle* bonnet for pennies, — at any rate, I began to laugh. It struck me the wrong way, and I laughed till I cried.

CHAPTER II.

Mary Alice's way.

Perhaps if we had had a little more money, we should have thought of this, — that we might some day lose it. Perhaps if we had had a little less, we should have thought of it. We had just enough to get along, and it had never occurred to any of us that anything could happen to it. It came so *fast!* It was like being struck. We all sat down together, after the first few minutes were over (and after Mary Alice had scolded me within an inch of my senses for laughing), and looked at each other, as if we had had a terrible box on the ear, — in that dizzy way, and not seeing each other very clearly. I know I fairly put my hands up to mine, I felt so much like it.

We had rented the house, and had enough left to eat and dress on, with great care and economy, — always turning and planning and dyeing and fixing over; and never being able to go to the mountains or the beach, like the other girls we went with; and not able to have roast-beef more than once in ten days, and three dinners of it at that. We girls had always thought we lived in rather a poor way. Now, as we sat looking at one another, it seemed such a wonderful, far-off, rich, and happy way!

And now everything was gone. There was, indeed, a little bit of real estate somewhere out in Newton, that Mr. Brandywine could not get hold of. We knew that, for mother went and got the deed the first thing, and looked it over. It was all she did know about our affairs. Mr. Brandywine had been an old friend — used to be father's broker; somehow or other, I don't know how, he 'd become our agent, and all the bonds and things had slipped into his hands, and he had changed investments, and altered here, and bought and sold there; and mother did n't know any more than most

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women, and she said yes, and yes, and things went on, and he had become our private banker, you might say; when the dividends were due, he sent them, and if they fell a little short, he said the market was dull, and we none of us knew whether it was or not, — how should we? — and so things had run on and away, and now it had all come about. There was n't any money. He had speculated with it, and he was bankrupt, and there we were.

And he was a church-member, too.

"The old hypocrite!" cried Mary Alice, through her sobs. "The old, make-believe, pious, miserable hypocrite! That 's what it comes to, when people set up to be better than other people!"

But mother gave her a stern look — for mother.

"That," she said, "is a very imbecile way of talking, Mary Alice. Judas never hurts John. There are just as many good people in the world as there were before this man plundered the substance of the widow and the orphan, God forgive him!"

Mother and Mary Alice began to cry afresh, but I sat and thought. It had never occurred to me before, how much harder it was to be widows and orphans than to be widowers and orphans! Now I wondered why it was. Then I wondered why it need be.

It suddenly flashed upon me that it was a very unnatural thing for three grown women (Mary Alice and I felt grown that night!) to know no more of the disposal and management of their property than we did; and a very singular thing that a man must know for us, even if he must be a man outside of the family; and rather a disgraceful thing that we should be sitting by like babies while he played with it and tossed it out of our reach. I had never thought anything about it before.

But I did not say so to mother. It would not have been respectful, quite; and she felt so badly already. Only I laid it up in my mind to think about again; and for one thing more, I resolved that neither Mr. Brandywine nor anybody else should have the Newton deed. Mother said Mr. Brandywine had told her the land would sell for three thousand at that time. If it were n't more than three cents, I meant that we should know it, and all about it, our own selves.

But what was three thousand dollars? It might as well be three cents! I hotly thought, for any help it would be towards supporting three women who had never been taught how to do anything to support themselves. What should we do? What could be done? Three grown women! I felt frightened and angry the more I thought of it. Mother could keep house. ("She might advertise as a housekeeper, like Aunt McQuentin!" sobbed Mary Alice, half sarcastic, half in earnest.) Mary Alice could play a few waltzes and nocturnes. I could box-plait, and run the machine, and fix the curtains when they were out of order, and hang the pictures straight. That was all we were all of us good for, put together.

"I wish we were men!" cried Mary Alice. I did n't. I never have wished that. I only wished it were a different thing to be a woman.

In the midst of our trouble, when it was only a few days old, — before we

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had got any further than to sit looking at each other and wondering: What to do? what could we do? what should we do? — came Tom.

He came with such a radiant, handsome face — looking so easy and rich, looking so happy and at ease — that I felt half angry for the moment, even with him, — with Tom. His father came with him. He asked to see mother, and Tom, somewhat in a flutter, asked for Mary Alice, and the old people went into one parlor, and the young people went into the other, and mother drew the folding-doors, and I went away up stairs alone, wondering what it was all about.

I could hear the broken murmur of the four voices down below, the young and the old chiming together, — the two women and the two men, — like a well-timed quartette. I was nervous and excited, and it sounded to me, listening alone, like a strange song from which I and my troubles were shut out.

Pretty soon the folding-doors opened, and the quartette struck up a sort of fugue of broken sounds, and little silences between, and pretty soon Tom and his father went away (they had n't asked for me), and the front door shut, and the little silences became a large one. Then pretty soon again the parlor door opened, and up came Mary Alice to our room. She ran up fast, but she hesitated at the door, and walked in slowly. She looked oddly, — she had been crying, and she had been laughing, and now she was doing a little of both; her eyes were bright; her cheeks were as red as the little cherry neck-tie which she wore.

"O Hannah!" She came in and sat down on a cricket, and put her head in my lap and hid her face, — not a bit like Mary Alice; she was never like that to me. "O Hannah, what do you think is going to be? Tom is so good! And his father — and all. And mother gave in, though I thought she would n't; and O Hannah Colby! Tom and I are going to be married in September."

"Married! September! Why Mary Alice!" It was n't a pretty way to congratulate her, I know, but it was all I could say, and I said it over: "Why Mary Alice!" till she was almost vexed, and said I did n't seem to be very glad; and I begged her pardon, and kissed her till she forgot to ask me whether I were glad or not.

"I think we 're dreadfully young to be married," said Mary Alice, — and down went the neck-tie into my lap again, — "and so does mother, and so does Tom's father. But Tom would. He said he never should have a happy moment till he had the right to — you know — take care of us and — "

"Take care of *us!*" — I could n't help it, — I interrupted, hot and fast.

"Well, of me," said Mary Alice; "and, of course he would n't see my mother and sister begging" (she could not seem to picture any alternative future between comfortable independence and absolute pauperism, and returned to that funny word with a funny persistence), "and so, Hannah, he 'd made up his mind already not to go into a profession, or anything of that sort, and his father will take him into his store this fall, and he 'll be partner after a little, — just clerk it, for form's sake, you know, I suppose;

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and so, his father said, situated as we were, and as long as his son would have the means to marry without risking his wife's support and comfort, that — though — and we 're so very young, he says, and mother says, and mother flushed up, and I don't think she liked it quite — but it 's going to be, Hannah. O Hannah! just to think! I 'd rather have waited another year, and taken another quarter's music-lessons first, and had a little of my own to make up my clothes in decent style; but Tom says he 'd rather have me as I am, and, O Hannah, I 'm too happy to live!"

I did not tell Mary Alice; I would not have told her for the world, and seemed so ugly; but the thought came pouncing on me, hard and fast, that I did n't believe I could bring myself to it, — not even when it was Tom, — not to be married *this* way; it seemed like being married out of charity, and I felt a shamed, wronged feeling for my sister, as if it were a sort of insult; and I wondered, for the first time in my life, why there must always be a man to support a girl, and if to *be* a girl must be to be likely to come to what Mary Alice had come to now. But of course I held my tongue, and kissed her and kissed her, and said God bless her, and Tom, and all their new, strange life!

"Mother will spend winters with us," ran on Mary Alice. "I asked her about it, — she did n't say she would n't, and summers she 'll go to Uncle Peter, I guess; that letter of his that came this morning was full of it; it 'll be pokey up at Uncle Peter's, but I thought at first she 'd insist on going there the year round. I suppose he seems like her own, more, you know. But I can't get much out of mother, anyway. And so we 'll pull along here till after the wedding, I guess. I suppose there 's enough left in Newton to buy our potatoes and a little salt meat till then. And as for you — "

"As for me," said I, stoutly, "*I* will take care of myself."

"O well, *you* will get married, too, before long," said Mary Alice, lightly; "and, of course, Tom will always be glad to have you with us as long as you feel like it."

I did n't say anything, for I could not have said anything pleasant. I felt hurt and perplexed and baffled and bewildered. I left Mary Alice doing her hair over, and singing about, just as if we 'd never lost our money, and I ran away to find mother.

I found her in her own room, with the door locked. She came out wiping her eyes, when I knocked, but smiling too. I went in and went up to her, and put my arms about her, and we looked straight as arrows into each other's eyes. This is what we said.

"Mother, *are* you going to Mary Alice's to live, when she is married?"

"We 'll wait and see, Hannah; she is n't married yet."

"Are you going to Uncle Peter's summers?"

"Perhaps so."

"Uncle Peter is poor."

"Yes."

"And Tom will be rich."

"Yes, Hannah."

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"Mother, you sha' n't go to feel uncomfortable at Uncle Peter's, nor to feel uncomfortable at Tom's!"

"Then you must let me go out as a housekeeper, Hannah."

"Mother, I 'll go out as a nurse-maid first, myself!"

"Hannah!" said mother, turning round with a sharp spasm, like a pain, all over her dear old face, and suddenly changing her tone and manner, "what *shall* we do?"

"Mother!" said I, knowing nothing else to say, "what shall we do? What shall we *do?*"

There seemed, at first, but one thing to do; we all settled down to it, outside at least. Mary Alice began to cut out and sew for the wedding, and mother looked about to dispose of the lease of the house in September, if she could. Mr. Brandywine had always done such things for her. Tom offered to do it that time. But I noticed that mother very quietly and gently put all offers of help aside, and said, trying to laugh, that, though rather late, she thought she would learn a few such things for herself. It was the only sort of allusion she ever made to her blunder and her losses, — from that point of view.

In the course of a week we were living along almost as if we were n't "beggars," even to the roast-beef, as usual, every ten days; for Mary Alice said we should n't starve mother, at all events, if it took the whole of Newton to feed her.

By the end of a week I had begun to think my own plans out.

It was very easy to say to Mary Alice, "I shall take care of myself," but very uneasy work to find out how to do it.

"I suppose you can teach," said mother, vaguely.

I supposed I could. I did not know what else there was to do, unless I sewed. At odd times I went up stairs and got out my old school-books to look over. At others I ransacked the worsted bags and crocheted mats with which I had a misty idea of supplying Whitney's. But when I found that I could n't tell where Patagonia was, and that I spent an hour on a sum in Vulgar Fractions, and only got the answer half right then, I felt from the bottom of a very bitter heart that I ought to go to school myself weeks, months, — years, it seemed to me, before any school would have me for a teacher. And when, one day, I finished up a watch-case in pink zephyr, and surreptitiously took it into a store on Tremont Row and offered it for sale, and was told that they had more watch-cases now than they could sell in three seasons, I felt that I was ready to take up a station on the Common, and adopt Mary Alice's sole ideal method of obtaining a living when your property was gone.

In the course of the week I had a letter from my Cousin Louis. I had written to her at once, when our trouble came. A thousand times I had longed to see her since. There was n't one of my easy, well-off friends that I wanted to talk to about our affairs; but Lois had been troubled so sorely herself, and had had to work, and was so different. The Battell girls, for instance, I had n't wanted to see since Mr. Brandywine's letter

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came; they called, to be sure, and said they were sorry; and they had on new gloves and sashes, and I could see that they were afraid of tumbling themselves behind, all the time, and they did n't know what to say, nor I either.

Lois was at that time still in Lynn, and finishing off at her high school, and working vacations and Saturdays just as she began. She hopes to take her first course of medical lectures another season, if nothing happens.

I had that week times of thinking I might be a doctor, if I were n't such a goose. But I am; and there is the money; or, rather, there *is n't* the money. That could never be.

This was Lois's letter.

"My dear Hannah: Of course what I have got used to in my own life *can't* seem so *dreadful* to me as it does to you. But the dreadfulness is in the newness, I suppose. And I do feel sorry for you. I feel more sorry about your mother. It seems to me as if I ought to fall to and help you girls support her honorably and comfortably, — for, of course, you will support her; she is too old to begin to work for herself. I don't know what Mary Alice *can* do." (Lois had not heard about the wedding.) "But I 've got just one word to say to you, and it must be my last one, for it is school-time already.

"Don't teach. Don't sew. *Don't!* You can't support yourself either way, — to say nothing of the family that is left on your hands to provide for now. You seem to me like the father or the elder brother. A great responsibility falls on you. You ought to fill it. I think you can, if you start with the right ideas.

"Of course we all think our own ideas right, and mine is that you should go into business. I understand these things better than you do. I 've seen the girls come into the shoe-shops, from sewing and from the little schools they get. They looked starved and sick. Their clothes are last year's fashion, — from which you generally may know that a girl is pretty poor. They look miserable and discouraged, and when they tell me what they earn, I wonder they 're alive. *You* could n't live on it a week. Hannah, in the first place, there are too many of us — us women — in the world, you see; and in the next, we all do the same things and run the wages down.

"If I had a family to support, I should go into business like a boy. If you have the spunk to hold out, you can work your way up, like a boy. It is n't being a girl that makes the difference, so much as being girl*ish*.

"Hannah, do you ever remember what my mother used to say to you about your 'chance'? Perhaps you 've forgotten, but I have n't. As soon as I heard of what has happened, I thought, 'Hannah Colby's chance has come! She can make a home for her mother and a woman of herself!'

"Hannah, I believe I 've got the best work in the world, and I believe I 'm going to succeed in it, — but I do — I envy you yours — as much as ever I did. Of all the 'chances' in the world, the chance to keep one's mother to one's self seems to me the very sweetest one.

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"I send a note to Aunt Colby with this. My love to Mary Alice.

"I am yours truly,

"LOIS MCQUENTIN.

"P. S. You used to have a knack at putting on the frills, and fixing up the flowers, and framing the photographs, and doing the pretty things. I wish some friend had influence to find you a place in a fancy store, or among pictures or bronzes, or something you would take to. For every bit of *taking to* you 'll stand a better chance of *working* to.

"L. M."

Lois's letter gave me an idea. That was something. It was not like something to do. But I felt better for it. I did not read the letter to mother, for I wanted to think.

I had never thought, before, that I *could* be anything but a seamstress or a teacher. Ah, yes, — there! I wondered I had never thought of her before. There was Jane Betoyer!

I ran up stairs and put on my things. Mother asked me what I was going to do. I said I was going in town on some errands. She looked grave, for we could n't afford to run in town for every little thing now, and I had gone the day before. But I kissed her, and said I was going to try again and sell my mats. And so I was. But I had n't much idea I should. And I wanted to get off myself in a crowded car, where nobody would speak to me, and think. And if I thought and thought, till I thought my way through a jumble of things, I meant to call on Jane Betoyer. I meant it in a minute, with a confused flash of hope of something to come of it. But I thought I would n't speak of it just yet.

Jane Betoyer was a second cousin of the Battell girls. But they did n't go with her very much. I saw more of her than they did; — I went to school with her one term.

Jane Betoyer was clerk in a picture-store.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE JIMMYJOHNS' LITTLE AFFAIR WITH THE GULLS.

IN this story will be given a true and exact account of the Jimmyjohns' affair with the gulls, also of the manner in which Jimmy was turned out of the little red house at the sea-shore. The account will begin at the time of their leaving home. It will explain the reason of their going, and will, in fact, tell everything that happened to them just exactly as it happened.

Mr. Plummer, their father, had bought some salt hay, at a place called Stony Point, near the sea-shore; and one day he sent Ellis Payne, with the

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ox-cart, to finish making the hay and bring it home. Mr. Plummer told Ellis Payne that he himself should be riding that way about noontime, and would carry him a warm dinner. He started just after eating his own dinner; Ellis Payne's was put up in a six-quart tin pail. It being Saturday, Mr. Plummer took the Jimmyjohns along. Their mother said they might play at Stony Point till Ellis Payne came home, and then ride back on the hay. Mr. Plummer was going to the mill.

Now, the road turned off to the mill a short distance before reaching Stony Point, and Mr. Plummer, to save time, told the Jimmyjohns they might jump out there, and carry the pail to Ellis Payne, and he would keep on to the mill, and then he could take in the umbrella-man. The umbrella-man was just turning up that same road. He stopped to have a little fun with the twins, jumped them out of the wagon, tried to guess which was which, and, when told, turned them round and round to *mix them up*, then tried to guess again, and would have tossed up a cent and said, "Heads, this is Jimmy, tails, this is Johnny," as he sometimes did, only that the horse seemed in somewhat of a hurry.

Mr. Plummer showed the little boys a scraggy tree, which grew on the edge of a bank, near the shore, and told them they would see the oxen as soon as they turned the corner where that tree grew. One took hold on one side of the pail, and the other on the other, and in that way they walked along the shore, keeping pretty close to the bank. It took them only about five or ten minutes to reach that tree, and, when the corner was turned, they saw the oxen plainly, but could not see Ellis Payne. They kept on, walking more slowly, the way being more stony, and at last came to the oxen; Ellis Payne was not there. The reason of his not being there is as follows. Two fields away from the shore stood a small red house all alone by itself, in which lived an old woman with her young grandson. The young grandson fell from a chamber window, and broke a bone, and the old woman ran to the shore screaming for help, and Ellis Payne had left his work and gone to find out what was the matter.

The Jimmyjohns, seeing some oxen at some distance along the shore, thought perhaps those first oxen were not the right ones, and kept on farther to those other ones. They turned down and walked quite near the water, picking up pretty pebbles as they went along, and now and then a cockle-shell, or a scallop, or purple muscle. Some of the shells were single, others in pairs, which you could open like a cracker. They had a reason for picking up the scallops and muscles, which there is no time to mention here. Though after all, perhaps it may as well be told. Annetta Plummer was going to have a party, and she had not enough scalloped shells to bake her cakes in. The cockles were for Effie to put in her *arm-basket*. The Jimmyjohns picked up enough of all kinds to fill their pockets, then took off their hats and filled those. By that time they had come to the spot where the oxen had stood. But no oxen were there, then, and no man; so there was nothing better to do than to play in the sand and sail clam-shell boats in the little pools. It was a warm day, the water looked cool, and the little

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Jimmies, as they beheld the rippling waves, felt just like wading in. So it was off with shoes and off with stockings, roll up trousers'-legs, and away and away with a run and a shout and a dash and a splash and a spatter. A little way out from the shore there was a high rock. Not so very, very high, just the right height to give them a good seat; and they sat down there, feet in the water, heads together, looking down into the water, watching the fries darting about so swiftly.

It is just here that the gull part of the story comes in. Gulls are large sea-birds. They live upon fish, and they are their own fishermen. Some may call this the funny part of the story, though those who are ever in such a story may not call it the funny part.

The white-winged gulls were flying about; it is a common thing, at sea-side places, to see gulls flying about and skimming over the water. Sometimes they dip in their bills and take a fish. The Jimmyjohns sat looking down, keeping very still, so as not to scare the fries away. Just what the gulls thought of them, no one knows, and it can never be known, for there is no way of finding out gulls' thoughts, which is a pity, it would be so curious to know just what they do think about, and how they think it. Perhaps those that belong to this story thought the two Jimmyjohns were two great fishes, exactly alike, or perhaps they thought hair would be good to line nests with. But, whatever they thought, this is what they did. Flew down, swift and sudden, upon the boys' heads, flapped their great wings in their faces, clawed their hair, beat them with their beaks. The little fellows screamed, jumped, fell down, scrambled up, ran, fell down, then up again, got to the shore some way, ran over the sand, over the pebbles, over the stones, over the rocks, across wet grass, up a bank, through a field, screaming all the time as if the gulls were chasing them every step of the way. But no doubt the gulls had been just as much frightened as the boys; for they had flown away faster than they came, out of sight, far over the sea. The Jimmies sat down on the grass, in the warm sunshine, and rubbed their bruises and counted the cuts in their feet. Johnny's left knee was quite lame, and the heel of the other foot had been badly cut by a piece of clam-shell.

By this time it was quite late in the afternoon. The boys began to feel hungry, and talked of going to get the pail and eating some of the dinner. One guessed it would be stealing to do that, and the other guessed it would not be stealing. At last they agreed to go and get their hats and shoes and stockings, and the pail, and find Ellis Payne, and ask him to give them a little piece of his gingerbread.

It was pretty hard work, going back over those sharp stones and that coarse, stubbed grass, barefoot. To be sure, they came that way, but they were frightened then, and only thought of the gulls. That grass; why, its edges were so sharp it seemed as if little knives were cutting into their feet! They walked on their heels, on their toes, on the sides of their feet, almost on the tops of them sometimes; and so hobbled along slowly. Rather too slowly, for, by the time they reached the shore, somebody had

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been there before them and taken all their things. What body? Why, a body you have heard of before. A body that has done great mischief. A body that had carried off bigger things than six-quart tin pails. A body that is said to get furious at times, and to do, then, the most terrible things. Have you never heard of a body of water, called the mighty ocean? That was it. The mighty ocean rushed up that pebbly shore and swallowed up hats, shoes, stockings, dinner-pail, dinner and all! To speak in plain words, the tide had risen and covered them.

The Jimmies never thought of that, until a man came along, — a man with a horse-cart, and told them. "Why," said he, "no use looking; the tide has carried them off!"

When the man had gone, the boys went up from the water to look for Ellis Payne. Johnny's heel was in such a bad state he could only step with the toes of that foot, and, in going over the sharp stones, he cut the ball of the same foot, so that he could not step with it at all; and when they came to the stubbed grass that cut like little knives, he held up one foot and hopped on the other, and, getting tired of that, he walked on his knees. Jimmy laughed at him, but in the midst of his laughing cried out, "Ou! ou!" and was glad enough to come down upon his own knees. And so they went on a while, but, finding knee-walking hard to do, and apt to make knee-walkers roll over, they tried hand-walking and knee-walking both, which is all the same as crawling.

And now comes that part of the story where Jimmy was turned out of a house.

While those boys had been picking up shells, and playing in the sand, and wading, and watching the fries, and running away from gulls, and drying their clothes in the sun, and counting their cuts, and hobbling up and down the shore, the sun had been sinking lower and lower and lower; and Ellis Payne had finished making the hay and gone home with it. It is sad to think how hungry Ellis Payne must have been! The boys were hungry, too, and that may have been the reason why they went toward the little red house. It stood two fields away from the shore, as has already been stated. When they reached the last field, Johnny lay down in the grass, close by a row of wild-plum bushes, and cried. He said he could not walk any more. Jimmy said he would go into that house, and if any woman gave him anything he would bring Johnny some. But when he reached the house, he was too bashful to open the door, and stayed in the wood-shed quite a long time, till he saw a woman go in.

After Jimmy had been gone a few moments, Johnny heard a noise of some one walking near, and soon an old woman came out from behind the bushes, with some leaves in her hand. She went close to Johnny and asked him what he was lying there for, bareheaded. Johnny told her he had a lame knee and a sore heel and he could n't walk.

"Don't tell me that!" said she. "Did n't I just see you running across the field?"

"No — ma'am — 't was n't — I," sobbed Johnny.

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The Jimmyjohns and the Gulls.

"Don't tell *me!* Don't tell *me!*" cried the old woman; and she walked off, picking now and then a leaf as she went. The leaves were plantain-leaves, for the bruises of her little grandson, who had fallen out of the chamber-window. The boy she saw running across the field was Jimmy.

When that old woman had finished picking leaves, she went back into the house; and hardly had she spread the leaves out on the table, when Jimmy put his head in at the door, slowly, then his shoulders, then the rest of himself.

"What do you want here?" cried the old woman. "Did n't you tell me you could n't walk?"

"No — ma'am," Jimmy answered, frightened almost out of his breath.

"Oh! oh! oh! what a big story-teller you are!" cried the woman. "Off with you! Quick, too! I don't want such a boy as *you* are, in *my* house with *my* little Sammy!"

By the time she had got as far as "*my* little Sammy," Jimmy was out of the house and at the first pair of bars, and, being in a terrible fright, ran back to Johnny as fast as he could go.

Johnny was sitting there, hugging somebody. What body? Not a body of water is meant this time, but a lively, loving, frisking, barking little body, named Caper. And close behind came Mr. Plummer. When Ellis Payne came home without the Jimmyjohns, Mr. Plummer put the horse into the light wagon, and took Caper, and went to look after them.

Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz.

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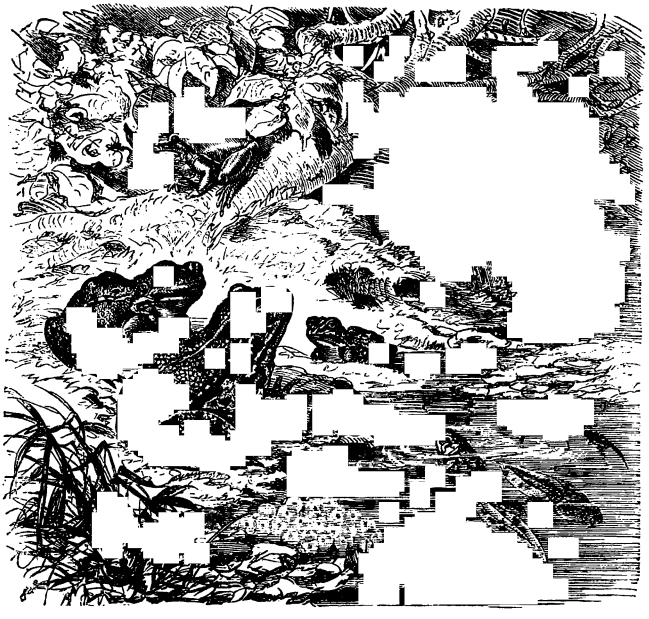
ABOUT FROGS AND TOADS.



Frogs, Young Frogs, and Tadpoles.

AS Cousin Tim entered the room where Rufus and Ella were, one day, he stopped and had a right good laugh at the ludicrous sight that met his eyes.

"Why, boy! what *are* you about?" he cried.

"Learning to swim!" Rufus answered. "Tickle him again, Ella!"

Ella tickled something in a tub, with the end of a switch she held in her hand; while Rufus, lying flat, and very much sprawled out, on the dining-table, looked over the edge of it at the said *something*, and then began to kick prodigiously.

The tub — as Cousin Tim saw, through the tears of fun that dimmed his eyes — was about half full of water, and in the water was a small, spotted frog, from which Rufus was thus taking his lesson in swimming. As Ella tickled it, at his request, it would dart from side to side, or float languidly on the surface until she gave it a more decided poke, then dive and swim two or three times about the tub, under water.

"Need n't laugh!" said Rufus. "My Book of Games says the frog is the best model for swimming, so I caught one, and brought him up here, and put him in the tub, and am trying his style. Tickle him some more, Ella!"

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"What do you think of it, as far as you 've got?" Cousin Tim inquired.

"It 's a good style for a frog, and it does pretty well for a boy on a table," replied Rufus, kicking away rapidly; "but it is n't the way men swim. See! he does n't use his arms at all, but just folds 'em against his breast, and kicks, and makes long jumps through the water." Then, seeing the absurdity of a boy's trying to swim in that way, Rufus exclaimed, "I believe it 's all a humbug; the man who wrote that never took lessons of a frog!"

"I agree with you," said Cousin Tim. "He was deceived by the general resemblance of a frog's legs to a man's. But look here!" — taking up the frog, and stretching out one of its hind legs, — "these feet and limbs were made for taking long leaps, either in or out of the water. When he sits still, he is always ready for a jump. Just see what long feet and toes he has!"

"What great eyes, too! And what a mouth!" said Ella. "What do frogs live on?"

"All sorts of small live creatures which they can catch, — worms, bugs, slugs, and snails; and sometimes a big bull-frog will gobble down larger game, as I have good reason to remember. When I was a boy about your age, Rufus, I undertook to raise ducks by a little pond near our house; and you can imagine my delight when the first young brood of seven lovely little ducklings went into the water. All at once, as I was watching them from a little distance, I heard a splash and a peep, — and there were only six. I ran into the water, which was shallow, and saw, under a lily-pad, an enormous frog, with my poor little duckling's legs just disappearing down his throat! He swam off with it, and I gave chase; but 't was no use; he got among the weeds, and I lost him. A day or two after, there were only five ducks; and soon there were only four. In my wrath and despair, I then baited a fish-hook with a large-winged grasshopper, — skipped it along on the water, — suddenly heard another splash; it was my jolly bull-frog, that had risen to my bait like a pickerel, and got so well hooked, that I made out to land him, big as he was. Well, he never caught any more of my young ducks, you may be sure!"

"This is n't a bull-frog, is it?" said Ella.

"No; this is what we call a pickerel frog, because it makes an excellent bait for fish. Pike, pickerel, bass, and large perch are very fond of it. But fishing with a frog is cruel sport. Pickerel care only for live bait, and so the poor little thing must be kept alive on the hook, which is passed carefully through his back, just under the backbone. The pickerel sees him kicking, makes a dart at him, and seizes frog, hook, and all. If the fish does not take him in the course of ten or fifteen minutes, he will drown."

"A frog drown!" exclaimed Rufus.

"Certainly. Though he can stay under water a long time, he must in a few minutes come up to breathe, or he will drown, like any other air-breathing creature. He is called *amphibious*, — that is, living both on land and in the water, — but he cannot live wholly in the water, except in his tadpole state."

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"What do you mean by that?" asked Ella.

"The frog's eggs —"

"But a frog does n't lay eggs, Cousin Tim!"

"Yes it does, Ella, a great quantity of them. You may have seen in ditches, or by the shores of ponds, a mass of stuff, something like thin jelly, full of little black spots. That is frogs' *spawn*, and the black spots are the *eggs*. One frog lays enough to people a whole neighborhood, if all were hatched and prospered. But fishes, water-snakes, and even the frogs themselves, prey upon them; and the little tadpoles, when they have nothing else to eat, will eat each other."

"Tadpoles, — those are what we call *polliwogs*," Rufus explained to his sister.

"They are hatched out of the black specks in the spawn, — little, black, wiggling, flat-headed, long-tailed creatures, resembling fishes rather than frogs. Instead of the lungs of frogs they have the gills of fishes; and they swim with their tails, like eels. But soon their legs begin to appear, and their tails to disappear; air-breathing lungs are developed; and for a while they are half polliwog and half frog. By watching a ditch or pool carefully, you may see them in all these stages, — the little black polliwogs, young frogs with tails not yet quite absorbed, and perfect frogs, swimming, or sitting on the shore.

"You were surprised," Cousin Tim continued, "to learn that frogs could drown. There is another still more curious thing about them, — they can't drink! So learned men say, who ought to know. They absorb water through the skin, — I mean the frogs, not the learned men, although *they* may do the same thing in a degree. Once, when we were on board ship, and had no water fit to drink, I quenched my thirst by keeping my clothes drenched in sea-water, — a trick I learned of the sailors. A thirsty frog has been known to absorb more than its own weight of water in the course of a few hours."

"Is it true that in France they eat frogs?" Rufus asked.

"Yes, and very good eating they are. I have tried them. It is only the hind-quarters, though, that are eaten; and they are considered a delicacy. Near Paris there are regular *froggeries*, which supply the markets. The frogs are caught very rapidly by a strip of red flannel on the end of a fish-line; they snap at the bait, entangle their teeth in the woollen threads, — for a frog has teeth, — and are taken out of the water before they can let go. A large number are taken to market alive in a tub; and there sits a market-woman, ready to take them out, kill, and dress them for you on the spot, throwing all but the hind-quarters into another tub. It is a green frog, different from any species in this country."

"I saw a farmer, last summer," said Rufus, "catch a little frog, and make it jump down the throat of one of his oxen, that had got heated; he said the frog would cool the ox, and maybe save its life."

"And now I 'll tell you what I 've seen, Rufus; I 've seen a boy take a small frog, and make it jump down his own throat!"

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"What for?" cried Ella, horrified.

"For fun, — for bravado, — to show what he could do; what does ever a boy do foolish things like that for?

"The frog's natural enemies, besides bad boys, are fishes, birds, and snakes, — especially snakes. He is a dainty morsel for almost any of the serpent species big enough to swallow him. And I have seen a snake swallow one five or six times as large as its own head. The reptile's jaws separate, and its mouth stretches enormously, while the huge morsel goes down. It begins at one leg, and the poor little sufferer will be perhaps an hour going *alive* down the throat. When he is about half swallowed, the two look so much like one creature, that I can readily understand the mistake once made by a little girl I knew, who ran to her mother, crying, 'O, come and see! here's a toad with a great long tail to it!' It was a frog in the jaws of a small black snake not one quarter as thick as itself."

"Where do the frogs come from, when people say they *rain down?*" Rufus asked. "You 've heard tell of *frog showers*, have n't you?"

"Yes, and in nearly all cases I believe the frogs were near at hand, — just changed from tadpoles, perhaps, or hidden in the mud because of the dry weather, — when the shower called them out, and, appearing where none were seen before, they really seemed to have rained down. Though I have no doubt but in rare cases frogs, and even fishes, have been taken up by whirlwinds or water-spouts, and that they have afterwards fallen, as it were, from the clouds."

"And I 've heard of frogs, — or maybe it was toads," said Rufus, — "that had been buried in a rock for thousands of years, and that jumped out alive at last, when the rock was split open! What do you think of that?"

"I once travelled fifty miles," replied Cousin Tim, "to see a block of slatestone, out of which a toad had hopped when it was split by the quarrymen. I saw the toad, too, alive and hearty, and talked with the men who took it out. The cell in which it had been imprisoned was about the size of the creature, and it was several inches below the surface of the rock. I was, of course, thoroughly convinced of the fact that a toad could live embedded in stone for perhaps ten thousand years. They lie torpid in winter, you know; and this toad, I reasoned, had crept into the mud ages ago, to take his winter's sleep, the mud had hardened about him, light and air were excluded, and he had waked at the cracking of the rock, after a nice little Rip Van Winkle nap of nobody knows how many centuries! I have also heard of toads being taken out of holes in trees, in which they had lain while the wood grew all about them, and shut them in."

"And do you really believe in such things, Cousin Tim?"

"I did then, Rufus, for I was an inexperienced boy. But I now know that men of science, who have tried experiments with toads, have shown pretty conclusively that they can live only a short time without food and air."

"Then how *did* the toads get into the rock, or the tree? Or was there some humbug about it all?"

"No humbug at all, Rufus. But I am convinced *now*, that the way of it

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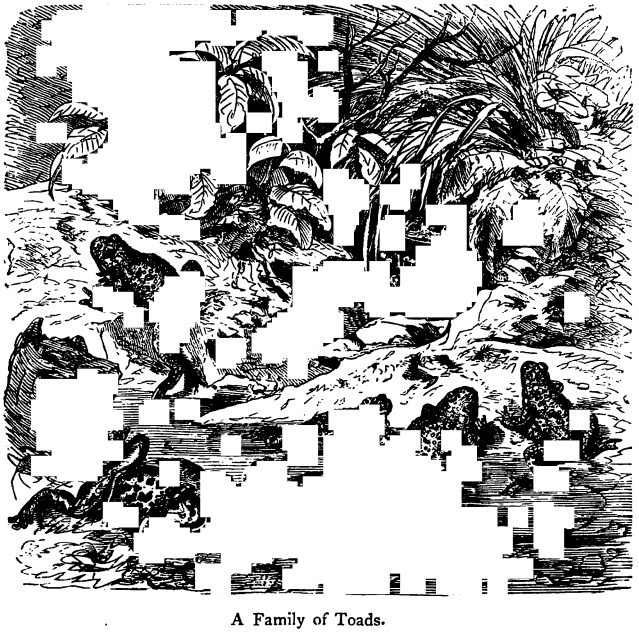
was simply this: The young toads, as soon as thrown upon the tender mercies of the world, in which they have their living to get, make for some moist, sheltered nook, where they can take life coolly and comfortably, and thrive. Some burrow in the ground, some crawl under stones, and some — what more natural? — creep into crevices in rocks and the roots of trees. Now, many insects frequent just such crevices; and you can imagine your young toad getting a handsome living without going away from home; without even stepping out of his door. He grows, and is soon, perhaps, too large to pass out of his door at all; he fills his cell; and there he dies, unless the rock or tree is split open in time to save him, when he hops out into the daylight — and the newspapers! So I believe that the toad I saw had crept into the cell where he was found, through a small crack which we did not observe after the stone was broken, and that there he had lived until he was much too large to get out."

"How are young toads hatched?" asked Rufus.

"Very much like young frogs. Although toads do not appear so fond of the water as frogs are, and can live away from it, you may often see them, especially at evening, in dry weather, about the edges of pools and ditches. They lay their eggs in the water, which are first hatched as tadpoles, which change to little toads, very much as young frogs change. Yet young toads sometimes appear where it seems hardly possible that the eggs could have been laid in water; and it is probable that, in merely moist places, they pass very quickly from the tadpole state. There is a curious South American



A Family of Toads.

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species that does n't lay its eggs in the water at all. It is called the Surinam toad. The male takes the eggs, and fastens them to the back of the female, where they stick, and are hatched in little cells in her skin, and are carried about by her wherever she goes, till they change from tadpoles to young toads, and peep out of their holes, and are finally ready to hop out and begin life on their own account."

"What is the great difference between a frog and a toad?" Ella asked, looking carefully at the frog, which had been put back into the tub.

"The great difference is, that a toad's hind legs are shorter, he has no teeth like the frog, his body is more clumsy, and he has a warty skin."

"Will he poison you?"

"No, Rufus, not if you let him alone. He is not only a harmless, but a very useful creature, destroying in a garden a great many insects injurious to vegetation. His tongue darts out swiftly at any bug or fly in motion, and it disappears down his throat. But the toad, which can neither run nor fly away from its enemies, has a weapon of defence. A dog will drop one very quickly, if he is rash enough to take it into his mouth. The warts on its back secrete a fluid which some think is venomous, and which is certainly very disagreeable to the mouth and eyes. I have heard of a man who, to win a wager, bit a toad's head off, and nearly died in consequence, his throat and tongue became so horribly swollen. But there is no danger at all in handling toads, unless you have a scratch or sore on your hands, when you may possibly suffer some effects of the venom.

"Toads shed their skins," Cousin Tim went on; "and I once watched one as it tore off its jacket, which was getting quite ragged, and then, turning about, swallowed it! And I once knew a little girl that tamed a toad, so that it would come and eat out of her hand.

"But come, let 's go out now, and find one; we will compare your frog with it; and, ugly and repulsive as you think it, I will show you that there is one thing wonderfully beautiful about it, — its eye, which Shakespeare calls the 'precious jewel in its head.'"

Harvey Wilder.

SALLY SWAN.

A BABY BALLAD.

O, HAVE you heard how Sally Swan
Went out one pleasant day,
To find some dandelion-greens,
But only lost her way?

With knife and basket in her hand,
Through many lots she strayed,

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Where cowslips glittered fresh and cool,
And noisy brooklets played.

The dandelions just began
To blossom everywhere;
And trooping eyebrights looked at her,
With tiny faces fair.

The wind-flowers nodded on the hill,
The adder-tongues below;
And here were pink arbutus-buds,
And there a drift of snow.

So many sweet things blossoming,
Such twittering in the trees!
It seemed as if the sunshine smiled
Our little maid to please.

She scrambled over many a fence,
And dropped her basket too;
She did not care so much for that,
The violets were so blue.

But, always looking on the ground,
At blossoms and at greens,
The child was lost, like Hop-'my-Thumb,
Without his friendly beans.

She gazed about, but all was strange,
The wood, the pond, the hill;
The pine-trees whispered overhead,
The wind blew keen and shrill.

A sudden bleat! — a flock of sheep
Fled galloping away.
How wild they looked! what frightened them?
Some dreadful beast of prey!

Then Sally ran, by terror sped,
Across the pastures brown;
She wet her little weary feet,
And tore her apron down.

Beside the rags that decked a brier
She stumbled down at last;
O, where was mother? Where was home? —
What made them run so fast?

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She sobbed, and cried, and sobbed again;
The sun was sinking, too;
So, hungry, tired, and lost beside,
What could poor Sally do?

But, joyful sight! behold a barn
She had not seen before;
Against the hillside, just ajar,
She saw the hay-mow door.

The ragged apron flying wide,
Once more away she sped;
And on the soft and fragrant hay
Laid down her sleepy head.

When morning came, and roosters crowed,
And Sally looked around,
She saw a ladder on the mow,
And clambered to the ground.

Why, what is this? the dusty chaise,
The wagon, and the cow,—
Old friends that dumbly stand and stare;
Where is poor Sally now?

As true as truth, the barn she knew
Where every day she played;
There stood old Robin in the stall,
And mightily he neighed.

For Sally all the livelong day
Had wandered round and round;
And when she seemed to lose her way
It was her home she found!

This is the moral of my song:
Whoever goes astray,
Had better wander home again,
As Sally did that day.

Rose Terry.

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THE OLD CIDER-MILL.

YESTERDAY they tore down the old cider-mill at the Lynches'. Its place, or rather its office, is to be taken by a little cast-iron one set in the stable.

Odd enough it will seem to go past the Lynch farm now, and miss the old mill, for it was a very conspicuous object where it stood, three or four rods back from the house, with its great hopper and mash-wheel encircled by the deep-trodden path where old Sib used to plod endlessly through the brisk October days, grinding all the cider-apples of the neighborhood. And there were the great posts and cross-beam of the press, massive pine timbers, eighteen inches square, that had a certain Cyclopean look, fit to make a boy stare, and put large ideas into his head. There, too, were the big, steaming heaps of tan-colored "pummy" (pomace), and the great sour-smelling trough into which the ground apple fell and was thence conveyed to the hoops.

For several seasons, however, the huge wooden jack-screws have been out of the lofty cross-beam, and the mash-wheel has grown toothless. Indeed, the old mill has never been quite itself since the Maine (Liquor) Law made a revolution in the neighborhood. But the great pine posts stood fast, and bade fair to do so for another half-century, to the wonder of strangers.

"Say, old fellow! is that the gallows?" a passing "runner" demanded of Uncle Billy Clives, who, one day, sat nodding under the balm-o'-gilead, a little beyond.

Now, Uncle Billy has always been a steady consumer of the beverage of which the old mill may be considered a shrine, and was even at that moment a little under the potency of its influence.

"Gallus!" quoth the old fellow. "Wal, fust an' larst it 's sarved me a sight wuss than a gallus cud 'a' done."

It may be remarked that Uncle Billy stoutly denies this confession in his sober moments. It is only when "half seas over" that he frankly owns how sadly drink has ruined him.

But at present my story relates to the last years of the old mill's active career, during which it was at certain seasons put to a special, but less legitimate use, the precise nature of which long remained a mystery. This was when the Lynch girls, then verging toward young womanhood, were all at home, — Lucreesh, Cad, Jess, and Lorette, a merry lot, rosy, and "full of the old cat."

We had a custom in that neighborhood — a custom not confined to that neighborhood, I may add — of hanging May-baskets; a sort of paper valentine, made basket-form to hold more substantial tokens than mere poetry; but, as the writer has already described this custom in a former number, nothing need here be said concerning it, further than that the hanging part was generally followed by a hot pursuit of the hanging parties, who,

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if caught, were subject to no end of laughable ignominy. The Lynch girls, swift of foot as Diana herself, sometimes captured the lads who ventured to append favors to their door; and then came the droll part, the part which has to do with the old cider-mill. Whenever they had caught any of the boys, there would be plenty of exultant *powwow* while they took him back to where the old mill stood, then extravagant ejaculations, often yells of genuine distress, and no end of humble begging. The girls did something to him there at the old cider-mill. What it was, whether they stuffed his mouth with "pummy," or pinched his toes in the mash-wheel, was not very clear to the other lads. And of the three or four boys they had thus misused, not one could be got to tell what the girls had done to him, — it was something he did n't like to talk about.

Now, I will wager that some one of my readers is saying that he should just like to see the four girls that could hustle him back there to that mill and stuff *his* mouth with ground apple! Well, sir, I should just like to see how you would go to work to help yourself, with four girls all laughing and pulling at you. What would you do? Double up your fist? Ah, but you know that it 's morally impossible to hit one of the soft, calico-ey things, — after you 've doubled it! It 's about the best way to let 'em work, and bear it all with your best grin.

This sort of thing had been going on for two springs, when, late in May, a cousin (some degrees removed) of the writer's came on from New York, where his father resides, to make us all a visit, and stay through the summer. His name, as he wrote it, was Horace G. Melcher, the G standing for the late great editor; but we knew him as "Hod" simply. I wonder whether Mr. Greeley's early playfellows used to call him Hod!

Well, Hod was a pretty good sort of fellow. Of course, he had on a few airs; but then we expect that in city boys — at first. They do have a good many advantages over country lads, and I don't know that it is anything more than fair that they should snub us a little. Hod, by the way, was then thirteen past. He ridiculed the "style" of the young ladies of the neighborhood; and, no doubt, they seemed to him different from the girls he had been used to seeing. But he took a very lively interest in May-baskets; and, although May had soon given place to June, we still kept up the fun on odd evenings, — only now they were no longer May-baskets, but June-boxes, — every fruit in its season.

Thanks to the good counsels which our mutual playfellow, Tom Edwards, and I gave him, Hod had thus far kept out of the clutches of the fair Lynches. But, like many another, he soon got impatient of advice. He did n't see the good of skulking behind fences and into bush clumps. He was very certain they could n't catch him; indeed, he would like to see the girl that could catch him in a fair race. He grew bolder; and one night (the third June-box, I think), the door opening close upon our knock, he dashed out into the road, yelled, and ran off in full view of his eager pursuers. We heard him go down the road at full pound, with a spiteful pit-pat of girls' shoes hard behind.

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Very possibly he might have escaped them; but, coming where the unfenced common skirted the road, he assayed to tack off across it. Here a treacherous stone-hole masked by high brakes and blueberry-bushes received him all in a heap. The next moment the pretty Philistines were upon him. A peal of triumphant laughter from the common told us the rest; for Tom and I, meanwhile, had hurried off back of the house, past the old cider-mill, and plunged into the thicket of balm-o'-gilead sprouts which had sprung up about the trunk of the old tree. Throwing ourselves full length under this green coppice, we lay quiet. The twilight had not quite faded out in the northwest; in the east the rim of the late-rising moon was just peeping over; it brightened as Hod's captors came back with him. Every few steps there would be a tussle; the prisoner seemed a good deal inclined to resist. Then followed by an invariable "No you don't, sir!"

"Now, don't hold a fellow so!" we could hear Hod remonstrating. Then the girls would laugh mockingly, and exhort him to come along, telling him how ungallant it was to run away from young ladies. "Now, don't tear yourself away! See us home, do! We 've got something pretty to show you, — something you 'll like!" etc.

On they came past the house, and made straight for the cider-mill; then we heard boards rattle and the old wooden screws squeak. Secretly tickled, and not a little curious, Tom and I got our heads up and peeped out from amongst the sprouts.

"Now, what 's the use!" Hod was pleading. "I say, you girls, what are ye going to do to a feller!"

Then came a prolonged scrimmage. Round they went, all over the back yard. Hod was making a desperate effort to get away. No use; they held on to him and brought him up under the high posts of the press again, all panting.

"I 'll be blamed," whispered Tom, "if they hain't got him up on the bench where the pummy-hoop is!"

Then came another struggle and clatter. "Now — now — now, please don't!" ejaculated Hod. But the wicked sprites only laughed the louder.

"There!" muttered Tom, "if they have n't got him into the hoop and got the follower down on to him! Good gracious, Kit! I believe they 're going to squeeze him! They 're turning the screws!"

We began to be a little alarmed for Hod. Not that we thought they would "squash him up" knowingly; but they had an enormous power in hand; and girls sometimes lack discretion.

Creak — creak — squeak! We could see Cad and Jess turning the levers to bring the screw-heads down on to the follower. Lucreesh and Lorette were holding the follower over him.

"O, you 'll make a splendid cheese!" they were saying.

I don't think Hod fairly divined their intentions until the follower began to press him. Then he squirmed in good earnest; but they had him hard and fast.

"Now, boy," says Cad, "what was you at our door for?"

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"To hang a June-box," said Hod, candidly.

"O, you was! Who was it with you?"

"I don't want to tell that," said Hod, honorably.

"Don't you?" *Creak — squeak.*

"Oh!" *Creak — squeak.* "Oh! — Tom Edwards — Oh-h! and Kit — Oh-h-h!"

They eased up, laughing as only such a mischievous pack can.

"Where did Tom and Kit run to?"

"I don't know," said Hod; and really he did not know.

"Try and think," says Jess. *Creak — squeak.*

"I honestly don't know!" vociferated Hod. *Squeak — creak.* "Oh! — up the road. Oh-h! — over into the wood. Oh! oh!"

Torture has made many a martyr lie, no doubt, when the truth was n't satisfactory to his inquisitors.

"You 're the fellow from New York, ain't you?" demanded Jess; "the one they call Hod!"

"Yes — yes! from New York! I 'm Hod!"

"Hod is a droll name; what does it stand for?"

"Stands for Horace."

"Horace, what else?"

"Horace Melcher."

"Any middle name?"

Hod hesitated. He was then very sensitive about his second name, New York folks were laughing so much at his great namesake.

"Come, what 's your middle name?" questioned Cad.

"My middle initial 's G," replied Hod, trying to compromise it.

"Well, but what does that G stand for?"

No answer. *Creak — squeak — creak.* "O, now!" *Creak — creak.* "Oh! — Greeley! — oh! — Horace Greeley — oh-h!"

Then they eased up to laugh over him, and says Lucreesh, "How much is your father worth, Horace Greeley?"

"Nothing!" exclaimed Hod, irritated at the sound of his full name.

"Reckon again!" cried Cad.

We heard the screws going, and Hod very quickly arrived at different figures: "Oh! — forty thousand dollars — oh!" he roared out.

"That 's good!" said 'Creesh. "But you don't like our *style*, I hear!"

"No, I don't!" muttered Hod.

"Don't you — now?" *Squeak — creak — creak.*

"O yes! I do! I *do!* I DO!! O-h-h-h!"

"Would n't you like to kiss us, Hoddy?" said Cad, after a pause.

"I 'd like to bite ye!" growled the oppressed Horace.

"O, no, no, no! There 's a dear boy! Kiss us, won't you?" *Creak.*

"Yes! Yes! I will! Let me up!"

"I 'm afraid you 'll back out, if we let you clean out of the hoops," said Jess. "We 'll let you part way up."

And the jades actually made him salute them all round, with his head just

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up over the edge of the hoop and the follower held ready to crowd him down again, if he bit, instead. Then they let him get out and go with a chime of "Good night, Hoddy," and "How do you like our 'style'?"

Hod made himself scarce forthwith. Tom and I waited till the "coast was clear," then crept out and went home. Hod had gone to bed.

Next morning I heard Tom asking him what the girls did to him.

"None of your business!" said he, shortly.

But afterwards, whenever we found it necessary to take him down a little, we would sing out, "Oh! — Greeley — Oh!" That would "fetch him."

Ah, well, those days are all past and gone now, like the old cider-mill. Hod is of late junior partner in the mercantile house of which his father is the head; and if this little story should come to his eye, — well, I guess he will stand it; he stood a worse pressure in the old "pummy-hoop."

The pretty Lynches are gone, too; they went "off to the factory"; and that was the last of them, so far as concerns our home neighborhood. Last spring, one of them (poor Jess), quite thin and faded, and with eyes preternaturally bright, came back to cough out the few remaining weeks of her life; the others are now part and parcel of that great, dreary factory-town, — an ever-hungry monster which has already devoured all the bloom and beauty of each rural neighborhood far around it.

C. A. Stephens.

TRAVELLING IN THE AIR.

I SUPPOSE every boy or girl who has read the story of "Darius Green and his Flying-Machine" wonders whether it will ever become possible for men to fly. Why should n't we fly, indeed? Why should n't artificial wings work as well as those made by nature?

So not only children, but many learned and eminent men have reasoned in bygone years, and vast numbers of attempts to navigate the air have been made. Wings have been invented, kites of huge dimensions have been tried, and still stranger modes of flying have prevailed in the popular belief. We hear of witches flying through the air astride of broomsticks, and of wonderful magicians who could soar easily from place to place. At one time it was seriously believed that if an egg-shell were filled with fresh dew gathered early in the morning, and then placed at the foot of a ladder leaning against a house, it would, as the sun rose higher and higher, be attracted upwards, mount gradually from round to round, and at last reach the very tops of the chimneys. And one brilliant genius actually proposed to make huge artificial globes resembling immense egg-shells, fill them with certain chemicals instead of dew, and have them lifted by the sun's attraction into the loftier regions of the air!

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There are a great many legends about men who have succeeded in flying, or who have made machines which could fly. Archytas, a famous Greek geometer, is said to have constructed a mechanical dove which flew by means of springs concealed within it. And everybody has heard of Icarus, "him and his daddy Dædalus," who managed to get up such a nice little accident some thousands of years ago. Their wings were made partly of wax, and Icarus, soaring too near the sun, was thrown to the earth and killed, because his pinions melted. Some other failures of a similar kind have happened in modern times; and people trying to fly from lofty places have met with serious falls. A few centuries ago an Italian priest contrived a pair of artificial wings, and flew from the top of Stirling Castle in Scotland. Falling to the ground, he broke his thigh, but even then did not quite lose his faith in the possibility of flying. His excuse for falling was very queer. He said that in constructing his wings he had used feathers of all sorts, those of dunghill fowls as well as those of eagles. He had put in too many of the former, and their natural attraction for the dungheap had brought him down.

A disaster of a different kind happened in Swabia, in 1750. During a great festival some priests, wishing to make a grand display, devised a strange flying-machine. It was a large, but very light, hollow framework of reeds, shaped like a man. This was set on fire and launched before a strong wind, sailing gallantly. Soon, however, it blew against the chimney of a house, ignited the roof, and the whole town was destroyed.

But why did all these attempts at flying fail? Why has every flying man got such tumbles? Simply because his wings were not large enough to support his weight; and if they had been large enough, he would not have possessed the strength necessary to manage them. But the birds have wings of sufficient size, and strength enough too for their control! Yes, but the birds have certain great advantages over us. Their bones being hollow and filled with air, their bodies are very light; for the express purpose of working their wings, they are provided with muscles of the most powerful kind. It is even said that a swan can strike with its wing a blow so severe as to break a man's leg. Just examine a fowl prepared for table, and notice the great quantity of meat upon its breast. The rest of the body may be mere skin and bone, and yet the breast will be full and solid. All that meat is simply the muscle which worked the creature's wings. If we had hollow bones and such large breast-muscles we too might soar.

But, although we are unable to fly, and can hardly hope even to succeed in so doing, we have yet other means of navigating the air. The invention of the balloon has enabled us to travel from place to place with great velocity, and to ascend to heights where even the most courageous and powerful birds dare not venture. We merely fill a large silken globe with something lighter than cold air, and make it lift us with it as it rises. We may use either heated air or hydrogen gas, the latter being the better of the two, and exclusively employed at the present day.

Before the balloon was actually invented, many conjectures were made

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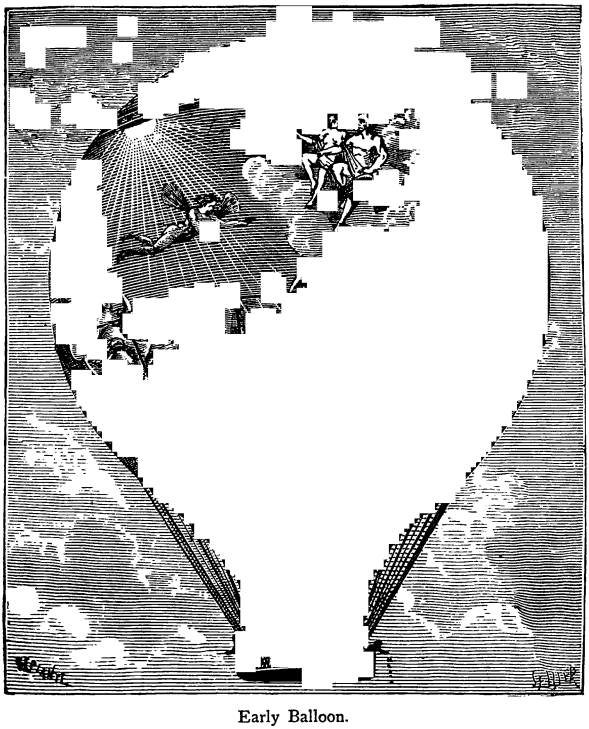
as to the possibility of such a contrivance. At last, two brothers named Montgolfier, paper-makers at Annonay in France, constructed the first balloon. This was a small cloth bag, which, filled with heated air, rose to the ceiling of a room. Soon afterwards the experiment was repeated out of doors on a large scale, with perfect success; and, on the 5th of June, 1783, the brothers gave the first public exhibition of their discovery. A large balloon of cloth was filled with hot air, in the presence of a vast assemblage of spectators, and, after rising a thousand feet, and travelling horizontally for more than a mile, descended without the slightest injury. A great many



Early Balloon.

experiments followed, and France became wild with enthusiasm upon the subject of balloons. They were sent up in Paris before immense multitudes, hydrogen gas, which is only one fourteenth as heavy as air, being used to fill them. The balloons went up alone, mere spectacles to be gazed upon, but no one ascended with them.

This did not last long, however; only for a very few months. Soon a large balloon was sent up, carrying with it, in a basket, a sheep, a cock, and a duck. These creatures rose to a considerable height, travelled quite a distance, and descended in safety. Men grew bolder, and, on the 15th of October, 1783, a young Frenchman, Pilatre des Roziers, ascended to a

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First Balloon Voyage.

height of eighty feet in the car of a balloon held down by ropes. On the 17th, he repeated the experiment, and on the 19th, part of the time with companions, he made three ascents, mounting at last three hundred and twenty-four feet into the air. The balloon was filled with heated air by a fire of straw built upon a grating of wire in the car.

But the great journey was yet to be made. In all, hitherto, the balloon was held by ropes, and allowed to rise only a little way. On the 21st of October the first genuine trip was taken. The balloon was a gorgeous affair, richly gilded and painted with ornamental designs, and much more beautiful than the dingy globes which we see in use to-day.

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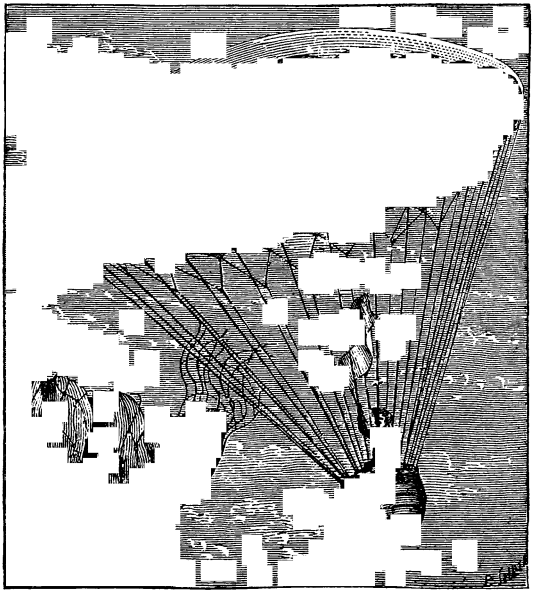
At one o'clock in the afternoon, Roziers, accompanied by the Marquis d'Arlandes, got into the car, kindled the fires, and rose majestically upward for half a mile. Keeping the fires well fed, they travelled about a mile and a half, and descended in safety with three fourths of their fuel left.

On the 1st of December, two other adventurers, named Charles and Robert, made a good ascent in a hydrogen balloon, and alighted without injury after quite a long tour. These ascents, all at Paris, proved beyond a question that men could navigate the air. People grew more enthusiastic than ever, and began to talk about trips to the moon and stars; and all sorts of wild projects were devised. Balloons were to carry armies, and to drop bomb-shells into besieged cities. There seemed no end to the wonderful things to be hoped for.

But nearly all these great expectations have been disappointed. Only a little has been really accomplished with the balloon. It has found one or two uses, but, after all, has not been very much more than a toy. To-day it is no better understood and no better managed than it was seventy-five or eighty years ago. The trouble is, that the balloonist cannot steer his craft. He is at the mercy of the winds, which blow it hither and thither in spite of any steering apparatus that can be made.

With the aid of balloons, however, men have explored the atmosphere at heights far above the tops of the greatest mountains, and obtained knowledge of much value in science. In 1862, a couple of Englishmen, Messrs. Glaisher and Coxwell, rose to the prodigious height of thirty-seven thousand



Descent in a Parachute.

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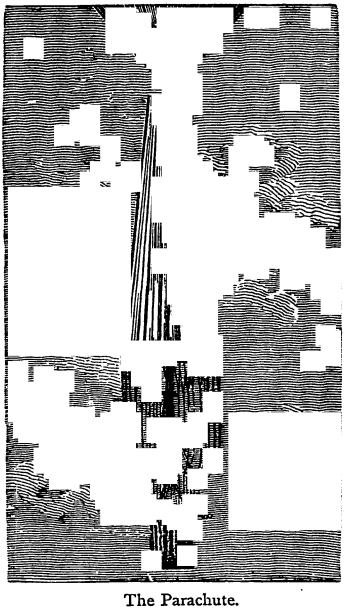
feet, or more than seven miles! The highest mountain in the world is not much over twenty-nine thousand feet high. At this great elevation the travellers suffered intensely, both from cold and from the thinness of the air. The thermometer marked twelve degrees below zero, and Mr. Glaisher was so much overcome that for a short time he became quite insensible. The escape from death was extremely narrow. Other courageous balloonists have been among the clouds during thunder-storms, with the lightning playing around them, and have met with all sorts of perilous adventures.

Some long journeys have been made with balloons, and at very great speed. About three years after the balloon was invented, two daring men sailed through the air from England to France, meeting with grave dangers on the way. In 1836, a couple of Englishmen started with a balloon from London, and at the end of eighteen hours alighted in a little village of Germany. But the longest voyage of all has been made in our own country. In 1854, two balloonists, Wise and La Mountain, rose from St. Louis, intending to reach New York. They finally descended on the shore of Lake Erie, having travelled eleven hundred and fifty miles in twenty hours. A very swift railway train might go about eight hundred miles in the same time.



The Parachute.

During the same year Mr. La Mountain made another balloon trip of three hundred miles in only four hours, journeying at the rate of a mile and a quarter in every minute. He even made plans for crossing the Atlantic with a balloon, expecting to achieve the feat in from two to three days, or less than one third the time made by the fastest steamer. The project was not carried out, however. Mr. Wise now proposes to attempt the same thing, relying upon a constant easterly current of air to carry him over the ocean; and we shall look forward with interest to the result.

Balloons have proved useful in warfare. In 1794, the French defeated the Austrians in the battle of Fleurus by means of information gathered from a balloon. The balloon was held by ropes, and its commander could easily look down upon the enemy and distinguish all his movements. In our Great Rebellion balloons were also used. One aeronaut had his balloon connected with the earth by a telegraph-wire, and sent down frequent messages describing what he saw. And in the late siege of Paris the beleaguered Frenchmen employed balloons to send despatches out past the Prussian army to their friends in other cities.

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One rather ridiculous use for a balloon remains to be mentioned. A few years ago, a couple of whimsical people were married in a balloon at a considerable height above the earth. If the saying is ever true that "matches are made in heaven," it was certainly true in this case.

Balloons are sometimes provided with an appliance called a parachute. This is a large, umbrella-like arrangement with a car attached to it, by means of which the aeronaut can descend from his balloon when the latter meets with an accident. Take a large, open umbrella in your hand, and jump with it from a wall. You will fall but slowly to the ground. If the umbrella were five or six times the ordinary size, its resistance to the air would support your weight very well. The parachute is constructed on this principle, and its action is quite neatly explained by the accompanying pictures. Some startling experiments have been performed with such a contrivance. The aeronaut Garnerin, in 1802, allowed himself to fall with a parachute from a height of twelve hundred feet, or nearly six times the height of Bunker Hill Monument. The descent was terribly swift at first, but as the parachute opened it became slower, and the daring man reached the ground in safety.

But I have been speaking only of successful journeys with balloons. Some serious accidents have, however, happened. Many an aeronaut has lost his life, and every member of the profession has probably been in peril. Roziers, who made the first ascent of all, was finally killed by such an accident. In one of our Western States, not very long ago, another balloonist fell from the terrible height of more than a mile, his fall being witnessed by thousands of spectators. One or two famous examples of balloon disasters will serve to close with. Let me first say that the hydrogen gas with which balloons are filled is excessively combustible, and, under some circumstances, even explosive, like gunpowder.

In 1819, Madame Blanchard was to make a grand ascent from Paris, and give a display of fire-works from the balloon. A wire rope ten yards long was fastened to the car, and to this the framework for the exhibition was attached. The ascent was superb, and the fire-works very gorgeous. But just as the display died out another strange light appeared in the car of the balloon. A jet of escaping gas had taken fire! In a moment the whole apparatus was in flames, the glare from the burning gas being visible all over Paris. Madame Blanchard was finally thrown from her car upon the roof of a house, whence she fell to the ground and was instantly killed. This was the first mishap of the kind which ever occurred at Paris.

The latest and one of the most frightful balloon disasters on record was that by which Edward La Mountain (a brother of the La Mountain previously mentioned) lost his life. He had made an ascent, on the fourth of July last, from Ionia, Mich., with a hot-air balloon, which, at the height of half a mile, turned over and slipped from the netting to which the car was attached. Among the crowd of horrified spectators who witnessed the accident, many fainted at sight of the aeronaut losing his hold of the car, and dropping to the earth, where he was dashed to pieces.

F. W. Clarke.

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ETTIE.

OUT through the garden-gate airily skipping,
Over the meadow-path merrily tripping,
Her hat in her dimpled hand carelessly swinging
In time to the sweet, simple song she is singing;
The birds in the elm-bough, as she passes under,
Cease twittering to look at her, listen and wonder;
So charming her voice is, so perfect each feature,
So graceful her motions, — this joyous young creature.

Dark are her dancing eyes, dark brown her hair is;
Red are her lips as the midsummer cherries, —
Lips whose slight parting two pearl-rows discloses;
Cheeks with the bloom of the wild woodland roses;
Wise, truthful, dutiful, hopeful, and merry,
Pure as an angel, and arch as a fairy;
How the apt adjectives flow from my fingers,
While my fond soul on her loveliness lingers!

Tenderly, thoughtfully, loves she her mother;
Me she regards as both father and brother, —
Ever approaches me frank and confiding,
Certain of sympathy, fearless of chiding.
Often her pleasures and pastimes I share with her;
All her vexations and troubles I bear with her;
Lighten her tasks, and rejoice in beholding
Her new-budding girlhood in sweetness unfolding.

Child of my heart! in whose lineaments mine are
Faithfully copied, yet fairer and finer, —
God in his graciousness ever befriend thee,
Send his good angels to guard and attend thee,
Safe from the world's storms and perils to hide thee,
Gently o'er life's pleasant pathways to guide thee,
Till thou shalt pass o'er the mystical river,
In Eden to dwell with us ever and ever!

John Clerke.

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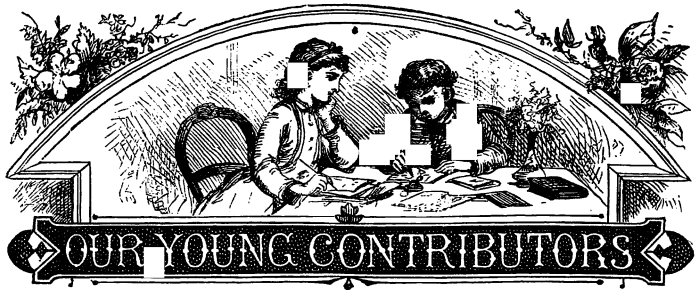

MARGIE'S SUMMER DAYS.

MARGIE was watching the crows. Her father had found to his cost that the old birds were far too shrewd to be duped by the effigies made of hay and old clothes which *ornamented* the field, and too daring to be frightened from their plunder by dazzling strips of tin and fluttering bits of paper suspended from the twine stretched around the lot. But when Margie took the field, the crows were outdone, and withdrew discomfited to the tops of the elms and maples, whence they watched her bright dress, quick motions, and, above all, the little shot-gun she carried, and *caw — caw — cawed* to each other about it till they were hoarse.

Margie enjoyed the work. The intervale was such a beautiful place! The river flowed around it, making many a curve and bend, as if it would linger in so pleasant a neighborhood as long as possible; and its banks were bordered with great maples, from which her father made sugar in the spring. On one side was the village, nearly hidden by its luxuriant shade-trees; the church-spires, and a roof here and there more aspiring than its neighbors, alone betraying it. Around all rose the mountains, a continuous chain, of every shade of blue, from the dark purple of the nearer ones to the paler tints of the White Mountains, which were beyond and above all.

Margie was familiar with every nook and corner of the intervale, and knew all its delicious secrets, of which you and I would never have dreamed, — where the flowers blossomed brightest, and the wild grapevines hung their festoons on the trees; where the strawberries ripened earliest, and the ground-nuts and sweet-flag grew; and where the birds sang all the day long. She knew how the cunning little ground-sparrow fashioned her nest, and where the yellow-hammer laid her pearly-white eggs; she could have told saucy Mrs. Catbird the very button-bush in which she was making her house, for all she was so sly about it. She knew where one early brood of robins opened their mouths for food, and lightened the labors of the parent-birds by digging worms for them; and bobolink, swinging on a low bush, would not have felt so secure about the nest of speckled eggs over which his mate was brooding so tenderly, had he not recognized her as friend and kindred spirit long ago. For Margie was not collecting birds' eggs, and would have been horrified at the mere thought of robbing the nests.

The birds were not the only things that interested Margie. There were beautiful butterflies, and moths hardly less brilliantly colored; little field-mice that were so easily bewildered, when they wandered far from home, that Margie could take the trembling little creatures up, and stroke their soft fur; spiders, whose webs she would touch softly, to see the golden-and-black occupant rush out, eager for a victim.

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These were among the things that made the days Margie spent on the intervale very happy while they were passing, and very pleasant to think of after they were past.

One day she was watching the fleecy white clouds sailing in the soft blue sky, when she was roused from her pleasant day-dream by a sharp *click* and a low cry of distress. Looking for the cause, she found a poor little woodchuck caught by a cruel steel trap, at the door of his underground dwelling. Impulsive Margie tried to release it; but the poor little creature, maddened by pain, bit and scratched her hands while she was pressing down the spring. She succeeded at last, and had the satisfaction of seeing the little animal limp off, — not badly hurt, she hoped.

She was looking ruefully at the scratches on her hands, which smarted considerably, now that the excitement was over, when her cousin Jack, with his inseparable friend, Eben Harnden, came along. He demanded somewhat roughly what she had been meddling with his trap for.

"I could n't bear to see the poor little thing suffer," Margie answered.

"Girls always are cowards, — and *cry-babies*, too," Jack retorted, with a malicious glance at Margie's tear-stained cheeks; and, taking the traps, these juvenile "lords of creation" marched on with great dignity.

Margie was a bright-spirited little girl, and did not relish being called a "coward," or "cry-baby." But that night, when she climbed on her father's knee, she told him the whole story; and he took the poor little mutilated hands in his, and called her his "brave little girl," and she was satisfied.

After the crows ceased their depredations, another trouble came, — the grasshoppers; and Margie's father feared that his hay-crop was in greater danger than his corn had been. But he built a hen-house on the intervale, and moved thereto all his barnyard fowls, from the great chanticleer "who ruled the roost" to the bright-eyed little chicklets, just out of their shells. The experiment proved a great success. The fowls enjoyed their change of quarters and of fare; and the grasshoppers had to look out for themselves then! They (the hens, not the grasshoppers) forsook the hen-house, and roosted in the high branches of the trees, under the stars of heaven.

Margie and her father had wonderful business transactions, and she agreed to take care of the hens, and feed the little chicks, — for the older ones needed no feeding, — for what eggs they would lay. If Margie's eyes had not been very bright, I fear she would have had the worst of the bargain; for the hens made themselves nests slyly hidden away in the sweet-smelling clover and redtop, and you could almost step on them before you could see any nest at all; but every night after school she went to the intervale, and searched about with such success that the basket she carried would be overflowing with the dainty white treasures, — for never did forty hens, in the same length of time, lay more eggs than these did that summer.

But this state of things was "too bright to last," and one day one of the hens was missing, — the handsomest and brightest and best layer, of course; then, in a few days, one of the young turkeys was missing, and then another, — and so they dropped off one by one. What became of them was no mystery, for a hawk began to be seen sailing about; and Margie often found the mangled remains of her pets when she was searching for eggs. She vowed vengeance; and always took her shot-gun with her when she went to the intervale, after that.

One day she was hunting for the "yellow hen's" nest, which the cunning old biddy had hidden so skilfully that, thus far, she had baffled Margie's every effort, when she heard a commotion among the fowls, and, looking up, saw the hawk carrying off one of them, — a big Bramah this time.

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Margie went for her gun, which was on the other side of the field. Before she got back the hawk had finished his meal and flown to a branch of an elm, where he sat, perfectly motionless. She crept up as near as she dared, without frightening him, and carefully aimed and fired ; and the great bird tumbled to the ground, where it lay struggling violently. Margie was watching its struggles when a voice behind her exclaimed, "Well done, little girl!" And there were her father and Uncle Ned, who had come up behind and seen it all.

"By cracky! ain't he a monster!" Jack rushed up from the river, where he had been fishing, to see what the firing meant.

"I 'll have him stuffed, and take him to Chicago with me, to show what a Yankee girl can do," said Uncle Ned.

Margie was delighted with her Uncle Ned's praise and her father's pleased look ; but more than all she rejoiced in the thought that Jack would n't call her a coward again.

With eggs at twenty-five cents a dozen, and a constant demand for them for the summer company, Margie realized quite a fortune from her summer's work. But, more than this, she has gained a knowledge of the trees, and flowers, and birds, and insects, and other interesting and beautiful things, which we are apt to overlook because they are so common ; but which, to those who *do* know and appreciate them, are a constant marvel and delight.

C. E. M.

LOST IN THE WOODS.

We had wandered off after blackberries. The lot in which they were to be found lay just back of the barn, upon the hillside. The woods had been there once, but the fire came, and now only a few blackened and branchless trunks remained standing ; while up through the ashes of the forest monarchs the little blackberry-bushes had pushed their way, one after another, until the unsightliness of the spot was gone, and the "twelve-acre lot" was forgotten in the "berry-patch."

Grandma wanted enough berries for a "mess" of pies, and this August afternoon Charlie and I had promised to get them for her.

The sunshine lay lovingly over everything as we climbed the hill and crept through the fence in amongst the berry-bushes, and the still air was only stirred by the hum of the bees or the far-off song of some happy harvester. We commenced our work with light hearts and nimble fingers, and soon the baskets began to grow heavy on our arms, for the berries were plenty ; and we found that the sunshine was warm as well as beautiful, so that after an hour or so of steady picking, during which time we had been moving hither and thither and chattering as only boys of twelve and fourteen can, I proposed that we should go into the woods, which lay just beyond, and rest in their cool shade.

Charlie agreed ; so, hiding our baskets under a big upturned root, we left the field, crossed the road which ran along the brow of the hill, and entered the woods. The "big woods" many called them, for they stretched away miles upon miles to the north until they were lost in that mighty wilderness known as John Brown's Tract.

No sooner were we within the shadow of the trees than Charlie started a squirrel and was off after him, shouting for me to come too. Nothing loath, I followed ; and this way and that we ran, deeper and deeper into the woods, our bushy-tailed friend

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leading us on, until, after a long chase, the little fellow dodged into a hole and was gone.

We threw ourselves upon the ground and lay laughing and panting from our exertions, when suddenly Charlie sprang to his feet, looked wildly around, and exclaimed, "Fern, which way did we come in? I can't see out of the woods anywhere! O, we are lost! we are lost!"

"Lost!" I cried, trembling in every limb. "Why, that's the way we came from. No, it is n't either! We came from *that* way, for I remember passing that big hemlock!"

"But there are hemlocks all around us," said Charlie, in despair. "You can't be sure which way it was! We are certainly lost!"

It was true. The great trees towered on all sides; and, utterly bewildered, we turned from the fruitless task of trying to see out, and threw ourselves upon the ground again in an agony of crying. For we were but boys, you must remember, and it is a terrible thing to be lost.

At length, however, we grew calmer, and began to think the trouble over. What should we do? try to get out, or keep still? Already the sun had begun to throw long shadows, and the woods to grow silent and dim. We concluded at last to remain where we were, rather than to run the risk of going farther into the darkness by wandering about. If we were not at home by sundown, some one would be looking for us, for grandma was nervous, and kept a strict watch of us at all times. How often had we wished that we might play out in the evening as Farmer Dobie's boys did! But now, as we remembered how well we were cared for, we felt very thankful that God had given us so good a grandmother, and we both prayed to him to bless her, and to put it in her heart to send some one after us very, very soon.

But the time dragged along so slowly! We tried to talk or tell stories, but the tears would come, and we had to give it up; we could only sit still and wait. Do you know how hard a thing that is for boys to do? We heard the hoot-owls away off beginning their nightly song. *Tu whit! Tu whoo!* It is not a pleasant sound even at the best of times, and to us that night it was horrible. Once, when we had both been still for a long time, a little rabbit went slowly jumping by, looking at us with great curious eyes. The frogs in a neighboring pool began to croak, and the dismal sound made us draw closer to each other, while we tried not to listen.

At last the sun was down; at least, so we judged, for it grew dark very fast, and night-birds began to move about among the trees. O, what a long, long time it seemed to us! We were watching eagerly now, for we felt sure that somebody must be looking for us, — watching and listening; but only the gentle night-wind in the branches overhead, or the light footsteps of some passing animal, reached our waiting ears.

Once I thought I saw a light away off, and I had already opened my mouth to shout, when it vanished, and I knew that it was but a firefly among the trees. Everything seemed so still; and it was dark too; but up overhead we could see the stars peeping down through the branches and winking at us, and their bright little eyes encouraged us.

At last, after hours had passed, as we thought, and we had grown so very tired that it seemed as if we *must* go to sleep, we heard a shout. In an instant we were upon our feet, sending forth answers loud and strong. "Here we are! Hurrah! Hurrah!" Our cry was replied to, and away through the trees we saw the gleam of a moving lantern, — moving, and coming towards us! We waited no longer, but rushed

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forward. As we drew near and saw dear old Uncle Joe's anxious face, and the hired man following with the dogs, our overwrought feelings gave way; and as Prince and Fan came bounding to meet us, we threw ourselves upon their necks and fairly cried for joy.

When we reached home, which we did in less than half an hour, it was but fifteen minutes after nine; and as grandma said it was daylight until nearly eight o'clock, we could have been in the dark but about three quarters of an hour, after all, instead of half the night, as we had supposed.

Fern.

AN ADVENTURE IN A STEEPLE.

ONE afternoon after school, while going through one of the side streets of our village, I saw some carpenters making a small window in the side of the steeple (which was very high) of our church. Being of an adventurous disposition, I thought what a grand thing it would be for me to go up as far as I could in the steeple and look over the surrounding country. I climbed up the ladder to the place where the men were at work. Sitting down, I watched them for a while, but soon getting tired of it, I climbed another ladder that led to the bell-platform. When I got there, I saw another platform above me, but there was no ladder to get up to it. I was not satisfied, however, and concluded to get up higher in some manner. What a nice time I had climbing among the rafters after swallows' nests, and looking out of the little windows at the boats on the river!

After a while I began to think about getting down, as it was quite late in the afternoon; and I could see some of the carpenters going home from their work. I did not hurry myself, as I found it a little harder getting down than getting up. At last I reached the bell-platform, where a terrible surprise awaited me. The workmen had forgotten about me, and had taken the ladder away before they went home!

There I was in the steeple of a village church, night coming on, and with no way of getting down. I leaned out of one of the little windows, and shouted and screamed for help until I was hoarse; but it was of no use, for nobody heard. At last I gave it up in despair, and sat down almost stupefied with fright. I thought of all the ghost-stories I had ever heard. I imagined that the tombstones in the graveyard were beckoning to me. Even the little swallows moving around now and then in their nests in the rafters suggested to my terrified senses supernatural beings.

Nature gave way at last, and I fell into a fitful sleep, waking every few minutes from some frightful dream. About midnight, as near as I can judge, I awakened with a happy idea in my head, and I have often wondered that it did not occur to me before. That was to ring the bell. But here was another difficulty; it was about two feet above my reach. I had a few matches in my pocket, and by the light of some of these I moved some loose planks under the bell so that I could stand on them and reach the clapper; then I rang for dear life. In a few moments the villagers came thronging around the church to hear the old bell ring itself, as they no doubt thought. . . . .

I recollect nothing more until, two weeks later, I awoke in my own bed, with my mother and father leaning over me. I was told that I had been very sick with brain-fever ever since the night when I was found in the church-steeple.

W. F. P.

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DIAMOND PUZZLE. — No. 149.

1. A consonant.
2. A grain.
3. A city in France.
4. A termination.
5. A consonant.

Frank H. Burt.

ENIGMA. — No. 150.

Forwards and backwards I read the same, —
A very pretty feminine name;
Behead and curtail, and still I remain
(Backwards or forwards, just as plain)
A very pretty feminine name.

C. Clinton.

ANAGRAM BLANKS. — No. 151.

Fill the blanks in these sentences with words of five letters and their transpositions.

1. Who will give a —— of paper for —— envelopes?
2. A —— was sung beneath the lofty ——, and the —— were lit when we returned.
3. Amy sent to the grocer's for a ——, but he sent her a ——.
4. Very good, with an —— supply of —— sugar.

M. Dimond.

DIAMOND PUZZLE. — No. 152.

1. A vowel.
2. Devoured.
3. A country in Europe.
4. A measure.
5. A vowel.

Josie and Lillie Townsend.

WORD SQUARE. — No. 153.

1. A piece of timber.
2. A boy's name.
3. Sharp.
4. Prices.
5. An article of wearing apparel.

Frank A. Murtha.

REBUS. — No. 154.

O N
E G

"*Red-Top.*"

CHARADE. — No. 155.

My *first* is a character in "Barnaby Rudge."
My *second* is a letter of the alphabet.
My *third* is used for fuel.
My *whole* is one of Sir Walter Scott's heroes.

Ruthie M.

CAGED BIRDS. — No. 156.

1. Now let us all try.
2. She displayed her guinea gleefully.
3. "It looks like mildew," Rena said.
4. The title of my book is "Crusoe's Wanderings."
5. Hear those birds coo to each other.
6. He is clumsy and awkward.
7. We went through the barn and over the hill.
8. "I know," began Nettie; but the master stopped her.
9. This is the right pew, I think.
10. He drew her on his new sled.

Helene.

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ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 157.

"Ernestus."

ENIGMA. — No. 158.

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 11, 8, 6, is a beautiful plant.
My 1, 2, 4, is a useful article.
My 5, 6, 7, 8, 11, 12, is a girl's name.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, is the name of a friend.
My 8, 9, 5, 2, is an ornament.
My 10, 11, 7, 2, is the name of a river.
My 4, 2, 6, is the name of a French General.
My *whole* is the name of a State.

Mollie, age 11.

WORD SQUARE. — No. 159.

1. Affection.
2. The other side.
3. To change.
4. Does wrong.

C. B., Jr.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. — No. 160.

Foundation Words.

1. Something indispensable.
2. Indispensable to the first.

Cross-Words.

1. I am seen on the ocean.
2. I am what men aspire to be.
3. I am sometimes sharp.
4. I am a kind of cloth.
5. I am a weapon.

Jay Bee Aye.

PUZZLE. — No. 161.

Cbyvgrarff vf gb qb naq fnl
Gur xvaqrfg guvat va gur xvagrfg jnl.

Lindaraxa.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE. No. 162.

It was a lake in Indiana day, and an island in the Pacific Ocean. The ground was covered with mountains of Africa, and we could mountains of California very well. My cousins and I coasted till we heard the bay of Newfoundland ring for dinner. The bay in the southern extremity of Africa was spread in grandmother's dining-room. O, what a sight! A roasted lake in California in the centre, and hot biscuits, — but the most populous county in Illinois put too much of a lake in Louisiana in them to suit *me;* some mince-pies, with some islands near Borneo in them; and many other puddings, etc., with a silver river in Kansas and a branch of the Missouri River to eat with. After dinner we went up to the garret to play; but we made such a lake in New York that our mother had us come down. Old Doll was at the gate with tinkling bells, and we went home by the light of the mountains of Africa, with hopes of another town in Ohio time at grandmother's.

Nellie M. Brown.

NAMES OF BIRDS. — No. 163.

1. A boy's nickname; a vowel; part of a chain.
2. To pilfer; inside.
3. Part of a vessel; a range of men or things.
4. To punish; without means; a boy's name.

S. B. S.

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GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.

No. 164.

Frank.

WORD SQUARE. — No. 165.

1. A transparent substance.
2. Bright.
3. To suit.
4. Clear.
5. Rigid.

Uncle Joe.

METAGRAM. — No. 166.

My first is an animal. Change my head, and I am a fraction. Change my tail, and I am a place to dance in. Then behead, and I am all.

Uncle Joe.

WORD SQUARE. — No. 167.

1. An impression.
2. A stream.
3. A kind of bone.
4. An organ of sensation.
5. An essayist.

C. G.

ENIGMA. — No. 168.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My *first* is in order, but not in quiet.
My *second* 's in fuss, but not in riot.
My *third* is in warm, but not in cold.
My *fourth* is in young, but not in old.
My *fifth* is in close, but not in slam.
My *sixth* is in gust, but not in calm.
My *seventh* 's in one, but not in two.
My *eighth* is in sight, but not in view.
My *ninth* is in cram, but not in stuff.
My *tenth* 's in tobacco, but not in snuff.
My *eleventh* 's in run, but not in fly.
My *twelfth* 's in lament, but not in cry.
My *thirteenth* 's in river, but not in pool.
My *fourteenth* 's in learning, but not in school.
My *fifteenth* 's in bitter, but not in sweet.
My *sixteenth* 's in gutter, but not in street.
My *seventeenth* 's in stop, but not in commence.
My *eighteenth* 's in post, but not in fence.
My *nineteenth* is in sorrow, but not in fun.
My *twentieth* 's in some, but not in none.
Of my *whole* I am proud to be one.

Shirley.

NAMES OF AUTHORS. — No. 169.

1. A metal, and the man that works it.
2. When the hen hatches her eggs, what shall we do?
3. Where the grain goes, and how much of it.
4. What the thief does not do, and what he does.
5. How to gain knowledge.

Bessie and Rob.

ANSWERS.

135. An hour in the morning is worth two hours in the afternoon. [(1 hour A. M.) equals (2 hours P. M.).]
136. Thinking (thin king).
137. 1. Hecla. 2. Andes. 3. Ural. 4. Alps. 5. Pike's Peak. 6. Snowdon. 7. Etna. 8. Sierra.
138. *Soup:* Pea, Turtle, Oyster. *Fish:* Salmon, Trout, Blue, White, Cod. *Game:* Partridge, Duck, Goose, Pigeon. *Meats:* Mutton, Ham, Turkey. *Vegetables:* Potato, Beans, Rice, Peas. *Puddings:* Plum, Berry, Indian, Marlborough. *Pies:* Apple, Lemon, Gooseberry, Cranberry. *Wines:* Raspberry, Madeira, Currant (Current), Champagne, California. *Fruits:* Strawberry, Orange, Peach, Cherry. *Nuts:* Almond, Walnut, Chestnut.
139. Lansing (lance in G).
140. The letter M.
141. Horse-back-ride.
142. 1. Boston. 2. Santa Fé. 3. Utica. 4. Omaha. 5. Newark.
143. Ate, tea, eat.
144. Desire, reside.
145. Love's Labor's Lost. [(Love s) (leigh boar s) (laws T).]
146. Kamtschatka.
147. Bag, hag, Mag, tag, fag, rag, nag.
148.

S H O P
H O P E
O P E N
P E N T

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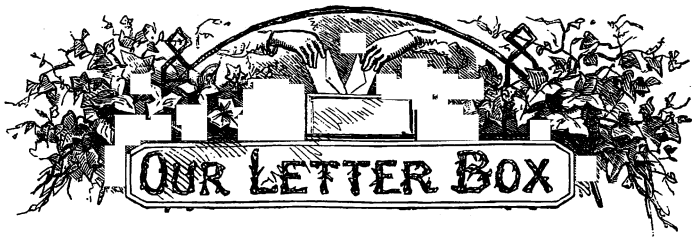

DEAR EDITORS:—

Thank you for answering my questions so kindly. If it is not trespassing too much on your patience, will you answer a few more?

1. My friend, Helen W., is thirteen years old, and wishes to become a teacher. Her father is able and willing to support her, but she says she prefers to take care of herself. She doesn't like the idea of being dependent on any one, even her father. She says her brother would be ashamed to depend on his father, and she doesn't see why she should, if she *is* a girl. She is fond of study and loves children dearly, so she wants to teach; but some of her friends tell her teaching is too hard work; that it is mere drudgery. They tell her that she will have to repeat the same things over and over again; that she will have to drill knowledge into the brains of thoughtless children who only care about having a good time. I think, myself, a teacher must need a great deal of patience and self-control. It must be so trying to have to tell the same thing a hundred times, when once would do if the scholars were attentive. I don't wonder teachers get out of patience sometimes; what surprises me is that they have so much. Then parents often blame teachers unjustly, and if *they* find fault, of course the children will too. Then parents have such different ideas: one thinks her boy is punished too much, and another thinks hers is not punished enough; and if their children don't get along, they blame the teacher, while perhaps they allow them to go to balls and parties, and not get home till after midnight. Helen says she wants to be as good a teacher as she can; not looking on it as mere drudgery, to be got over as soon as possible. She wants to know if you don't think a teacher's work is a good one, notwithstanding its trials, and also if she is too young to prepare for it, and *how* she shall prepare. Do you think she had better go to a normal school? If so, which is the best?

2. What do you think of "polite lies"? When persons ask you to visit them, ought you to say you "would be happy to," when you would like to be excused? And when you visit a friend who takes a great deal of trouble to make your visit pleasant, but for some reason you have not enjoyed it, ought you to say you have had a good time? It seems ungrateful not to, and yet it would be false. I think it is harder to be strictly honest than most people imagine.

3. Do you think as much is said about honor to girls as to boys? The school to which I went the last two years has had an excellent reputation, but either it was undeserved, or the school has deteriorated. About half the scholars prompted, looked in their books, carried written answers to the recitation, and never seemed to think it was wrong. All communication, either by words, nods, or looks, was strictly forbidden under penalty of a check for each offence; yet most of the scholars communicated by the dumb alphabet, notes, or books, just as if it were not forbidden, and if they had received a check every time, they would have had at least twenty a day; but the teachers did not notice a tenth part of the violations of the rules; they said they hoped they could trust us to do right without being watched. I often wished they would watch us, as those who had not honor enough to do right often stood higher than those who were honest; and sometimes the honest ones were accused of not caring so much to do right as those who cheated, and yet many of the latter would be very angry if accused of cheating. The boys said they did not cheat, it was only the girls; but I have seen them looking in their books and prompting, and I call that cheating, don't you?

Yours ever,

MINNIE THOMAS.

Answers. 1. Your young friend Helen takes noble views of teaching, and her wish to prepare herself for future usefulness, instead of remaining dependent upon others, cannot be too highly praised. We should recommend her to go to a normal school; but which may be the best within her reach we cannot say.

2. "Polite lies" are not so bad as lies of wilful deception, since the motives which prompt them are usually kind, and not mischievous; but even such should be avoided. Although the truth is not to be spoken at all times, you need not tell falsehoods. If persons invite you whom you do not care to visit, you can thank them for the attention, but it is not necessary to say you would "be happy to accept." And if friends have exerted themselves to make your visit to them agreeable, you can thank them for their kindness, but you need not tell them whether you have had a good time or not, unless they are so impolite as

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to force you to, when we do not see that any course is left for you but to tell the truth.

3. We are sorry to say that boys and girls are often too ready to "cheat" in the way you describe; and we regard it as equally dishonorable in both.

George Francis Train ("not the original") asks: "Can any one give me some information about the Clearing House in banking business? On the backs of many checks is printed 'Received Payment through Clearing House.' Also, suppose a New-Yorker receives a check from San Francisco, and he deposits it in his bank, how does the bank collect it?" Who can tell him?

Cecil. — "A Child's History of England," by Charles Dickens, is to be recommended for young readers. — We shall wait for pretty convincing proofs before we believe that the late Mr. Dickens is writing, through a "medium," the conclusion to "Edwin Drood."

"*Critic.*" — Entirely new versions of well-known fables cannot be regarded as plagiarisms. English poets, from Chaucer to Tennyson, have amused themselves by telling over again, in their own way, stories told, often many times, before.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

C. T. B. will find in Young's "Night Thoughts," Night II., commencing at the 138th line, the idea she quotes, but differently expressed: —

"To man's false optics (from his folly false)
Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep decrepit with his age;
Behold him when past by: what then is seen
But his broad pinions swifter than the winds?"

Very truly yours,

E. K. S.

August 2, 1873.

EDITORS "YOUNG FOLKS": —

As many little girls and some young ladies have been so kind as to write to me, I wish you would let me thank them through the "Young Folks." If they could only know how much they have contributed to my pleasure! As I am not well enough to write to them all, I wish this letter to show them that I have not forgotten their kindness. I have received over fifty-five letters.

Your friend and admirer,

MOLLIE E. HENNESSY.

BROOKLYN, August 16, 1873.

DEAR EDITORS: —

Although I am not a subscriber to "Our Young Folks," I have read it regularly for the past six years, having purchased it at a bookstore, and only readers of it can tell how much pleasure and instruction is derived from it. Its coming is looked forward to with pleasure not only by the young folks, but the older members of the family; in fact, I may say that my grandfather, who is seventy years old, takes as much interest in Jack Hazard as any boy of ten. He laughs heartily at Jack's tricks, and sorrows at his misfortunes.

Will you inform me to what age "Our Young Contributors" are limited?

Your interested reader,

CARRIE E. BENNETT.

"Our Young Contributors" are limited to no exact age, but we have rarely admitted anything to their department from writers over nineteen.

NEW YORK, August 7, 1873.

EDITORS OF "OUR YOUNG FOLKS": —

After having read your most excellent magazine for the young and old also, for the last five or six years, I take this liberty, for the first time, of asking you a few questions about the story of "Jack Hazard."

A lady with whom I am acquainted, and who is also reading the story, says she is inclined to believe that the incidents mentioned therein occurred in a village known at that time (about twenty-five years ago) as Stacy's Basin, which was some eight or ten miles west of Rome. She states that there was a circus there, and that an elephant of gigantic proportions went on a rampage, destroying wagons, fences, etc., killing horses, and wounding one or two men. Reading the account of it in this month's issue brought it vividly back to her mind, though she does not know that it was the same incident. That is what I wish to inquire; also if the scene is laid at Stacy's Basin. . . . .

I send you a riddle which I have heard somewhere, though never seen in print: —

"In marble walls as white as milk,
Lined with a curtain soft as silk,
A golden apple doth appear,
Set deep in a bath of crystal clear;
'T is true no doors you can behold,
But thieves break through and steal the gold."

Hoping that "Our Young Folks" may continue to be as flourishing as it has been, I remain

Yours respectfully,

"INQUIRER."

Your riddle is good; we retain the answer, leaving it to be guessed by such of our readers as have not seen it.

No, the scene of Jack's adventures is not laid at Stacy's Basin, but at another Basin on the Erie Canal.

ANNAPOLIS, MD., August 22, 1873.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

Your September number was just perfect. Jack Hazard's adventures are more delightful every month, and what Mrs. Diaz writes is always funny and interesting.

Can any of Our Young Folks tell me what causes a rope to shrink in the rain? A swing, you know, is always shorter after a shower. Also,

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how can a horse's age be told by looking at his teeth?

Who is the author of "Betsy and I are Out"? Nobody seems to know.

Will you tell me where the following writers live, — Whittier, Lowell, Bret Harte, and Mrs. H. B. Stowe?

Yours truly,

"ALEX."

Something like your first question, Alex, has been asked in the "Letter Box," but as nobody has answered it, we will venture this solution, — that the fibres of the rope, by absorbing moisture, become thicker, and consequently shorter.

It is by examining to see how a horse's teeth are *worn*, that experienced judges tell his age.

Several other correspondents have asked the same question regarding "Betsy and I are Out," and we are free to say that, judging by what is called "internal evidence," — that is, the style of the poem compared with that of others by the same author, — we have no doubt but it was written by Mr. Will Carleton.

Whittier lives in Amesbury, Mass. Lowell resides in Cambridge, although he is now absent on a long vacation in Europe. Bret Harte's home is in New York, and Mrs. Stowe's in Hartford.

EDITORS "OUR YOUNG FOLKS": Can any one of your contributors tell me who wrote the passage, "A spirit dwells within each flower"?

Respectfully yours,

"ROMULUS."

DEAR MR. EDITOR: —

I am making an aquarium, and I want to know whether I shall paint the inside or not, and what is the best paint to do it with, and what shall I put on the bottom?

Respectfully,

W. V. MATLACK.

We should advise you not to paint the inside at all, where it is to be reached by the water. Cover the bottom with clean sand and pebbles.

WALTHAM, July 30, 1873.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

Some weeks ago I thought I would build a boat. Some one gave me a copy of "Our Young Folks" with directions in it. I made the boat and painted it all myself. It cost me fifteen dollars, and I sold it yesterday for twenty-five, and I am building another on the same plan. I buy every number of "Our Young Folks" now. The plans I copied are in the August number, 1872. My father said I had better tell you about my boat. I am only fourteen years old, so please excuse me if I make mistakes.

HENRY S. WARREN.

SUNNYSIDE, July 25, 1873.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

I wonder if some of you who are New-Englanders cannot inform me somewhat concerning "Forefathers' Day," celebrated, I believe, December 22. I want to know just what circumstances are commemorated, and *how* it is observed every year, and if the observance is very general in New England now? I shall be much obliged for any information on these points, albeit I am rather ashamed to "confess ignorance" on the subject.

In truth, I find the opportunities for practising upon this rule of Mr. Hale's come much oftener than is at all agreeable. Nevertheless, I think it is a most excellent rule, though, like some other suggestions in "How to Do It," difficult, and at times a little painful, to live up to.

We have been constant and admiring readers of your little magazine since the appearance of the first number, and think the "Letter Box" one of the most attractive features.

Sincerely yours,

IGNORAMUS.

DEAR EDITORS: —

Will you be so kind as to answer through the "Letter Box": —

1. On what should a canary be fed?

2. From my writing, should you think I was a boy or girl? Is my writing good, in your opinion?

3. What is the cost of Longfellow's "Evangeline"?

4. Is Lucy Larcom an assumed name?

Your ardent admirer,

JACK IN THE PULPIT.

Answers. 1. Hemp, canary, and rape seed, with now and then a little chickweed, water-cress, or boiled cabbage, carrot, or potato; — good, pure water at all times.

2. A boy. Passable.

3. $1.25. Illustrated, $3.00.

4. No.

P. A. Ragon. — "What is the proper pronunciation of the word *Émile*, — a man's name, — and how is it spelled with regard to syllables?"

Émile, the French form of Emilius, or Æmilius, is divided into three syllables — E-mi-le — and pronounced *Ay-meel*, the final *e* being silent.

Theodore C. Ives thus answers C. Clinton's question in the September number, — Why is it that the bottom of a tin or iron vessel containing boiling water is not hot? — "Whenever vapor is produced from a liquid, it absorbs or carries away a certain amount of heat with it. Thus it is that when a vessel of boiling water is taken away from the place where it is heated, it still continues to boil, by virtue of the heat which the vessel has absorbed, and which the escaping vapor draws from it, leaving it comparatively cool. When the vapor ceases to be disengaged, the heat that is still left in the water strikes through the metal of which the vessel is made, and would produce a sad effect, if, as my unknown friend, Mr. Clinton,

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says, the experimenter should forget to take off his hand before the water has stopped boiling."

Answered also by Guess and Fred.

"*Fistiana*" recommends to "Trident" (who wished to know of some book on sparring) "The Science of Self-Defence," by Edmund E. Price; published by Dick and Fitzgerald, New York; price $1.25.

EDITORS OF "OUR YOUNG FOLKS":—

I wish to ask a few questions, which I would like to have answered in the "Letter Box."

1. How are the words "Credit Mobilier" pronounced?

2. What is the meaning of the word "Addressed," on the outside of a note?

3. Whence did the islands of Martha's Vineyard, Elizabeth, and Nantucket (more especially the last) derive their names?

Your friend,

W. V. M.

1. The French pronunciation is *Cray-dee Mobeel-yay;* but the English pronunciation of the first word is usually given in common conversation. As other correspondents have asked the meaning of the term, we will add here, that its original signification is a credit based upon personal or movable property. In this country it seems to have been adopted as a fine phrase to cover a grand scheme for defrauding the government.

2. It means that the note is not to be sent by mail, but handed to the person to whom it is written.

3. It is not positively known. The Elizabeth Islands were probably named after Queen Elizabeth. Martha's Vineyard was also called at one time Martin's Vineyard. Nantucket is most likely the old Indian name. The story that a father, on his death-bed, gave these islands to his daughters, Elizabeth, Martha, and Nan, — the poorest being left for the last, whence the expression *Nan-tuk-it,* — is, no doubt, a pure invention.

Percy Starre. — We should like to see a correct copy of that chess-board puzzle. Evidently there are mistakes in the one you send.

Herbert asks the editors: "What in your opinion is the best school of drawing and design in New England?"

The only public school of the kind we know of is that established by the Lowell Institute, in Boston. The instruction is gratuitous, pupils being admitted on certain conditions. Good models are furnished, and pupils possessing sufficient talent and perseverance can work their way through the school to advantage; but the system of instruction is discouraging to those who most need assistance.

There are some private schools, and we have heard the Academy of Art, in Boston (corner Washington and Essex Streets), highly recommended.

Our Young Contributors. Accepted articles: "*Girlie,*" by Constance Sterling; "*My Accident,*" by Rosamond; "*A Lake Scene,*" by E. L. W.; "*Burned to the Water's Edge,*" by Jeannie Newton; and "*Sweet Sixteen,*" by Rosabel.

First on our *roll of honor* this month is "*Railroad Romances,*" by Jeannie Udale, — very well done indeed for a girl twelve years old. Quite as well written, by older contributors, are "*Stealing Apples,*" by Penelope; "*A Day at Fairmount Park,*" by Fred A. Lovejoy; "*My Experience in Housekeeping,*" by Lucy Lee Batchelder; "*Soap-Bubbles,*" by Mabel Loomis; and "*Puck Wuckie,*" by M. Then follow "*Visit to an old Bookstore,*" by R. J. U.; "*Out in the Country,*" by Charles H. Howland; "*The Story of a Storm,*" by Lily; and "*Underneath,*" verses, by Fanny A. Skinner.

"Theodora" (the "Prairie Nymph"), concerning whom many questions have been asked, has been heard from, and we hope to be able to print a new story of hers next month.

More about that Stone Wall Problem in the November number.

August 15, 1873.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS":—

I believe the following is the correct solution of H. D. Carryl's puzzle: "Compound interest on 526 dollars for 2 years at 5 per cent."

The alphabet being numbered, the letters are represented by their corresponding numbers, and the figures by the letters under them.

I shall expect H. D. Carryl to answer mine in return.

Very truly yours,

LULU H. MEREDITH.

The cipher was also read by M. and L., Minnie Thomas, Zobe, Linnie, Charles Moritz, Cora L. Martin, L. W. B., E. D. W., L. E. O., Lizzie Grubb, Minnie Watkins, Julia E. Chamberlin, F. I. B., and Sadie Hull; the last three of whom got the correct arithmetical answer, — $53.915.

And now here is Lulu Meredith's puzzle, which all are invited to read: —

"Ajgji kbs mpj srxh Acimp Kjb
Kofp b nbxxbam fczebaw
Kbrx rmk drxxcsk dxoj!"

The best lists of answers to our last month's "Evening Lamp" questions were sent in by several of those named above, and by Rosabel, M. T. G. S., Carrie R. Porter, S. E W., H. W. A., Jessie and Jim, Mab, Kitty Burns, Flossie May, and Frank S. Palfrey.

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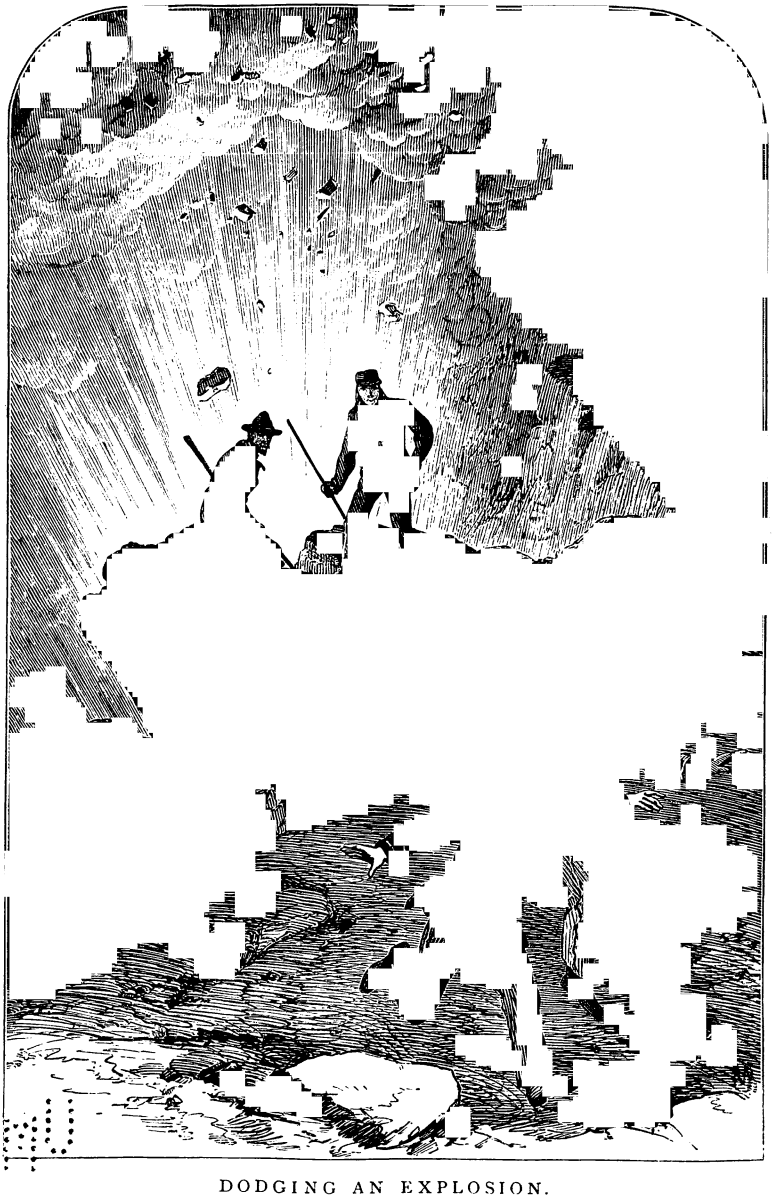

DODGING AN EXPLOSION.

Drawn by George G. White] [See "Two Boys' Ascent of Vesuvius."

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OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. IX. NOVEMBER, 1873. No. XI.

DOING HIS BEST.

CHAPTER XXXV.

HOW PHIN AND LION WERE WELCOMED.

PEERING fearfully over his shoulder to see if he was pursued, running and skulking, Phin — still followed by Lion, who no doubt fancied some fine sport in prospect — passed the orchard, traversed the lane, the fields, and the woods beyond, and reached the canal.

Then he first began to breathe freely, though his heart was still palpitating and his face still pale. He took out the purse, and looked at it, and "hefted" it, as with a guilty laugh, and a wild gleam in his eyes, he glanced backwards once more at the woods through which he had come.

"If I see them after me," he muttered to himself, "I 'll fling it into the canal; *Jack* shall never have it again!"

He kept the "heel-path," crossed the waste-wear and the culvert, ran down along the edge of the pond, and, taking the village in the rear, hurried to the tavern. He inquired in the bar-room for Dr. Lamont, and was told that that gentleman was "somewhere round, maybe at the barn." So to the barn he went.

There under a shed was the doctor's wagon, mended and repainted so as to look almost as good as new, and with his name and title, "*Dr. Lamont,*

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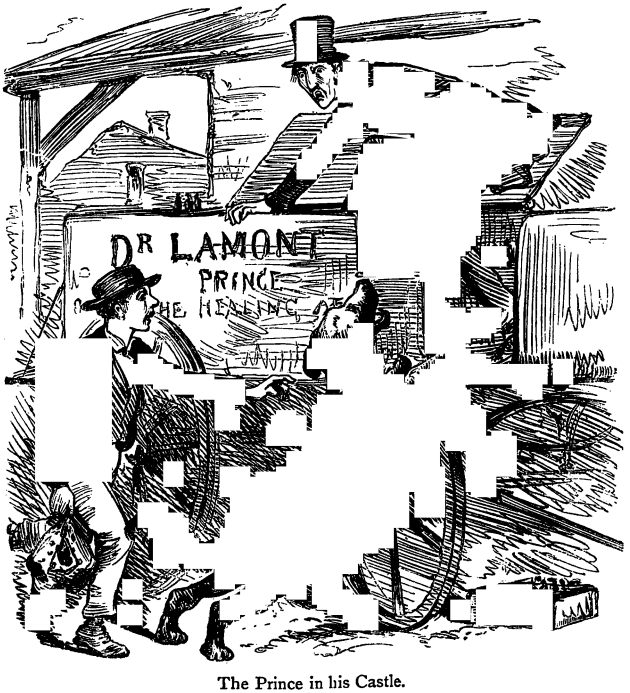
Prince of the Healing Art!" blazing in bright letters on one side, and "*Dr. Lamont's Celebrated Electrical Elixir*" on the other.

In the front part of the wagon was the doctor himself, reaching over and packing the box with a fresh supply of bottles received that afternoon by way of the canal. He looked up, and with a cry of pleasure saw his young friend approaching with his bundle; but before he could speak, Lion made a dash at him.

"Ho! hold him!" yelled the doctor, as, seized with fright, he jumped over into the box, among his bottles, and shut the cover after him.



The Prince in his Castle.

Astonished by the magical disappearance of his victim, Lion ran round the wagon, whining and barking, and leaping upon the wheels, until Phin grasped him by the collar and held him.

Then the terrified doctor ventured to lift the lid of his hiding-place, and peep out.

"Got him? can ye hold him?" he said.

"I guess so." But at that moment Lion snarled and struggled so violently that the poor wretch in the box dodged down out of sight and dropped the cover again.

"I 've got him fast now," said Phin.

The cover was lifted again cautiously, and out came a hand, and a rope,

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and these words: "*Tie him! tie the brute!*" So Phin made one end of the rope fast to Lion's collar, and the other to a wheel of the wagon; after which the doctor took courage, and, opening his trap again, put out his head and shoulders, with a scared but smiling face.

"O my dear boy! my charming Phineas!" he said, "what ever possessed you" — a start and a growl from Lion made him dodge again — "to — to bring that ferocious beast along?"

"Did ye think I was going to leave him for Jack?" replied Phineas. "Not by a long chalk! I 'd rather he 'd be dead!"

"Kill him, then!" said the doctor.

"Kill him? kill Lion?" echoed Phineas, turning quite pale.

"You see, it 's impossible to have him with us! He 'll always be pitchin' into me. My trousis 'll never be safe, — say nothin' of legs and throat! Ah!" added the doctor, with a sigh, "I 'd give fifty dollars if that dog was dead."

"If he can't go with us, then I won't go!" Phin declared, with a disappointed and angry look.

"What will you do, then, my dear boy?"

"I 'll go back home first!"

"O, now, just think of it!" said the doctor, sweetly and persuasively. "Go back there and live on a farm all your days! a boy of splendid talents like you! pick up stun and hoe corn for a livin'! see that mean little canal-driver petted and put above you! I 'm sure a lad of your sperit can't submit to that."

"I d'n' know!" Phin muttered, looking gloomy and dissatisfied, as he fingered Lion's collar.

"On the other hand," said the doctor, in honeyed accents, "think of the fortin that 's to be yourn if you go with me! You 'll see the world; have a sort of Fourth of July every day in the year; nothin' to do but to drive the hoss and blow the trumpet while I sell the bottles. We 'll spend the winter in the sunny South, goin' from city to city, from plantation to plantation, always happy, always good-natered, livin' by our wits, — no hard work about it, — and pilin' up the money! Then, when we git tired of this thing, we 'll sell out, and turn our hands to another; that 's my maxim; — variety 's the spice of life, and we 'll have our share. Think on 't, my dear boy! only think on 't! then I know how you 'll decide."

"I s'pose I shall have to go with you now," said Phin, his face brightening a little; "for I — " He looked furtively around, and added something in a whisper.

"Ah, have you? my lovely Phineas! That was a bold stroke, and it was your right. Of course you can't go back now. Better give it to me; le' me take care on 't for you. Hand up your bundle too. We 'll have everything ready for a start."

So Phin passed up his bundle to the amiable doctor, and then, with a trembling hand, and a skittish look behind him, reached up the purse of money.

"Now," said the doctor, more confidently, as he dropped the purse into

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his own pocket, "about the dog. There 's only one thing to be done, and you must do it."

"What 's that?" Phin faltered.

"Drownd him!"

"I can't! how can I?"

"Easy enough. Rope 's already on his neck. Take him to the bank of the canal over the culvert. Find a good-sized stun, tie the other end of the rope around that, and push dog and stun off together."

Phin's countenance was full of doubt and trouble. It was clear they could not take Lion with them, neither could he bear the thought of leaving him to comfort Jack; and yet — though he could easily make up his mind to sacrifice an animal for which he felt a merely selfish, covetous love — he lacked the courage to do the dreadful deed. The doctor's power over him, however, was now complete; and it was not long before Phin might have been seen crossing the street, and going out of the village the way he had come, leading Lion by the rope.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

DR. LAMONT'S LITTLE GAME.

THE wary doctor remained in his extemporized fortress of a wagon-box until the enemy was out of sight, — pleasantly employing his time in counting the contents of the purse, — then finished packing his bottles, and prepared to put into practice a little scheme for paying his hotel bill without a needless waste of money.

"The best friends must part," he said gayly to the landlord, as he entered the tavern. "My hoss, if you please; — I go where duty leads me."

"But your hoss don't go till you 've paid up all charges" was the landlord's not very cordial reply. "Though you pulled the wool over Lapham's eyes, and he let you take the wagon away on trust, you can't come any of your sharp games on me."

"Lapham 's a man after my own heart!" said the doctor. "Such a gentleman! so good-natered!" — turning to the bystanders.

To which the landlord replied rather gruffly, "As I 've heard you say of yourself, I think he 's 'too good-natered for his own interest,' — in this case, at all events."

"Ha, ha! that *is* my fault; and it may be Lapham's. But I love good-natered men!" said the doctor, with a smile of insinuating softness. "You think I 've no money? Look at that!" And he displayed a handful of gold and silver. "Le' me show ye a little trick." He placed a half-dollar on the floor, whirled around on it, and stamped his foot. "Now, is there a half-dollar under my heel?"

"I think there is," said the landlord.

"Ha, ha! I believe there is too!" He stooped again, and pretended to pick up the half-dollar, performing the trick so adroitly that any one who saw him would have been deceived, had not the edge of the coin been left

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sticking out from under his heel! He then whirled himself about two or three times more, tossing in the air a coin he had pretended to pick up; then stopped, and leaned over the bar. "Now," said he, "I s'pose you say there ain't no half-dollar under my foot?"

"I 've no opinion about it," said the landlord, who at the same time winked at a village loafer standing behind the doctor. The loafer grinned, understanding that a neat little trick was to be played upon the trickster.

"O yes, ye have; you 've an opinion, one way or t'other. Come, now, I 'll bet there is a half-dollar under my foot, or I 'll bet there ain't, whichever ye please, for I 'm the most accommodatin' man in the world."

The landlord waited until his accomplice had slyly stooped, removed the coin from under the doctor's foot, and showed it behind his back; then said, carelessly, "Well, if you insist, I 'll bet the amount of my bill there ain't no money under your foot."

"Say *under his shoe*," remarked a quiet-looking young man, who had just come in. "You don't know how many half-dollars there may be under his foot, inside his shoe."

"A good idee!" replied the landlord. "Of course I mean under his *shoe;* — that 's my bet."

The adventurer seemed slightly embarrassed for a moment, perhaps at the unexpected suggestion, but quite possibly at some disagreeable recollection associated with the young man's face, which was somewhat pitted, — a fire-lit scene on the edge of a cornfield, a group of 'coon-hunters, an ugly dog, and an angry deacon, for instance.

"I take the hint in good part," said he, recovering his equanimity. "It was shrewd, and I love shrewdness! I love and admire a shrewd man! Under the *shoe*, it is. How much is your bill?"

"Your board, off and on, and keepin' your hoss, — fifteen dollars. I 'll receipt it, and we 'll put that and your money in the hands of this young man."

"All fair and honorable," said the doctor, counting out fifteen dollars in gold. "If I show that there 's a half-dollar under my shoe, the stakes go to me; otherwise to you. This young man may not be my friend, but I see honor in his face."

Percy Lanman received the stakes, little suspecting to whom the gold really belonged.

"But look here!" he said to the landlord. "You 're just betting against your own money." The landlord screwed up one side of his face very hard, and scratched his cheek, looking puzzled. "Fifteen dollars is the sum he owes you; this, then, is rightfully yours already. Now, to make it a fair bet, he must put fifteen dollars more with it."

"So he must!" cried the landlord; and "So he must! that 's a fact!" echoed the bystanders.

"Shrewd agin!" said the light-hearted doctor, gayly dropping three more golden half-eagles into Percy's hand. "I shall love this young man! ha, ha! All ready?"

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The trickster, who was to be tricked so finely, stepped aside. "Now," said he, not the least astonished at seeing no money on the floor, "I s'pose you all say there 's no half-dollar under my shoe. Very good! this man has the one that was there; — I 'll take it, if you please. Thanks! Now look! No slight of hand about this! Gentlemen, what do you see?"

Seating himself in a chair, he held up his shoe, and showed, sticking to the sole, in the hollow of his foot, a third half-dollar. A little wax, applied before he left the wagon, had enabled him to make this profitable use of so much of Jack's money.

The landlord turned purple with astonishment and rage; but there was nothing to be said. Lamont, who knew when the visible half-dollar was removed, had won the wager by a deeper trick than that he had pretended to be playing. He pulled off the waxed coin, leaped to his feet, and extended his hand for the stakes.

"Excuse me," said Percy; "not yet. Mr. Lapham is anxious about the money you owe him for repairs done on your wagon, and he asked me to come and see about it. I 've sent a man to fetch him, and I think I 'll keep the stakes till his little bill is settled."

Strange to say, the doctor did not appear altogether enchanted at this fresh display of the beloved quality in the young man. But, quickly regaining his complacency, he said: "Ha! very pretty! very neat indeed! I like a good-natered trick, even if I be the victim!"

And, on the arrival of the wheelwright, he cheerfully accepted what was left of the money after the bill for mending his wagon — twenty-eight dollars — had been paid out of it. He then took leave of the company, got up his horse (the hostler refused to help him), mounted his box, and drove out of the village to the place he had appointed for meeting Phineas.

The boy, if prospered in his undertaking, should have been there before him; but he had not yet arrived; and, although the doctor waited for him until dark, and he grew alternately anxious and furiously angry, still no Phineas appeared.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

WHY PHIN WAS LATE.

THE shades of evening were closing in, when Phineas Chatford, desperately resolved upon destroying the dog he could not take with him on his travels, and was unwilling to leave behind, quitted the village, leading the noble, faithful creature by a rope.

From the shore of the pond he climbed the embankment of the canal, where he pried two or three large stones out of the gravel before he found one to suit his purpose. At last he selected one; it was almost too heavy for him to carry, and, in getting to the culvert, he was obliged to rest it on Lion's back. The dog walked by his side, with an air of proud satisfaction in doing a service, never suspecting that the burden he bore was to serve as the means of his own death.

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So they reached the part of the embankment where Jack had once made his celebrated escape from Constable Sellick.* On one side was the canal, along which a boat was slowly passing. On the other side, fifteen feet below, was the pond, the water of which was there conducted beneath the canal through a culvert of massy masonry. A little farther on was the waste-wear, where the surplus water of the canal poured over, in a shining cascade, into the pond.

At the top of the bank above the culvert Phin stopped, put down his stone, and waited for the boat to pass. He also looked anxiously to see if any person was coming from either direction. It was a lonely place at nightfall; nobody was in sight, save the boatmen, and all was still, — no sound but the crack of the driver's whip and the noise of the waterfall.

Phin now rolled his stone cautiously down the bank, till it rested on the top of the culvert masonry. He then wound the loose end of the rope about it, and fastened it with a close knot. During these deadly preparations, Lion looked affectionately in the boy's guilty face, and licked his hand.

The verge of the masonry was very narrow, presenting just room for Phin to rest the stone upon it. The bank was steep behind him, and it was, on the whole, an awkward place for his business. But at last he was ready. Stone and dog, tied together by the rope, were at the edge of the culvert, and Phin stood with braced feet behind, ready to launch them.

He waited a moment more, to see if any person was approaching; and again Lion licked his hand. The next instant, dog and stone went tumbling over the masonry, and fell with a great splash into the water.

Scared by the sound, — terrified at what he had done, — Phin crouched against the bank, and looked all about him, hearkening for any sound, as if he had committed a murder and feared detection. Seeing no object moving in the dusk, hearing no sound but the waterfall, he took heart, and glanced over the brink of the culvert. As he did so, he saw something stirring in the water. It was coming out. It came out, and rose up on the bank, black and shaggy and dripping, and shook itself. It was Lion, dragging the rope, with a large loop in it, out of which the stone had slipped as he struggled to get free.

For a minute Phin felt relieved to know that the animal — the fond, the faithful Lion, who seemed almost human in his intelligence and his attachments — was not drowned. Then he remembered his reasons for wishing him dead; and all his hatred of Jack revived.

After a little reflection, he hardened his heart again, and hastened to bring another stone, which he likewise placed on the verge of the masonry. It was not quite so heavy as the first, but it had a jagged side, about which he felt sure that he could tie the rope in such a way that it would not slip.

"I 'll finish the job now I 've begun!" he muttered to himself. "I 'll do it this time!"

He found little difficulty in catching the dog, though he seemed somewhat shy of his attentions now; and once more he led him up the embankment.

* See "A Chance for Himself."

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The Doctor's Little Game.

"Come! poor fellow!" he said, coaxingly, patting his wet neck; but Lion held back. "Good Lion! fine old dog!" he said, and at last got him again to the edge of the masonry.

To prevent him from getting away while he was completing his preparations, Phin took a turn with the rope around his own leg, and then proceeded to tie the end of it, in a strong noose, to the stone. But now Lion seemed to be fully aware of the deadly mischief that was intended. Coaxing was in vain. He put forth all his strength, and, in the struggle to get away, dragged Phin from his footing. Phin slipped from the masonry, striking his head against a sharp corner of it as he fell, and dropped stunned into the deep water.

But for the hurt, which left him senseless, he might have saved himself by swimming. As it was, he sank helplessly, rose slowly, and floated with the sluggish current to the mouth of the culvert.

It was then that the generous nature of the dog asserted itself. Still dragging the rope, he plunged into the water, and swam with all his might to the rescue of the wretch by whom his own life had just been twice attempted. He seized the boy's coat-collar in his strong teeth, and paddled for the bank.

When Phin came to himself, Lion had drawn him beyond the abutment of the culvert, and was dragging him up out of the pond, on the sloping

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shore. It was some time before he realized what had happened; then, as he sat trembling, aghast, and drenched, on the gravelly bank, he remembered everything, he took in all, — he had been saved from a terrible death by the nobly forgiving animal he had been trying so hard to kill.

For a while he felt too weak and dizzy to stand. During the few minutes he sat there he thought of a good many things. The shock and chill and fright, added to the pond-water he had swallowed, had taken away what little courage he possessed, and he wished himself safe and snug once more in his room at home.

"Why did I ever leave it? why did I run away?" thought he, crying miserably. "I 'll go back! I will!"

But then, there was the money he had stolen from Jack and given to the doctor! He must first recover that, or how could he ever show his guilty face at home?

So, after recovering his strength, he got up, climbed the bank, crossed the waste-wear on the narrow foot-plank placed over it, and started to find the doctor. The evening was cloudy, and so dark that, in his weak and aguish condition, he felt dreadfully lonesome and afraid, as he hurried down the heel-path to the bridge. He whistled in vain for Lion. That sorrowful and indignant companion had started for home alone, as soon as he saw that Phin was safe, his whole look and manner seeming to say, "I 've done my duty, and I never will have anything to do with *that* boy again!"

Crossing the canal at the bridge, Phin hastened down the road, and soon saw a wagon standing by the fence. It was the doctor's; and, as he approached, the doctor's voice hailed him.

"What made ye so late?"

"Could n't come any quicker. Got in!" murmured Phin.

"Is *he* — all right?" said the doctor.

"Yes!" replied Phin, ashamed to confess the truth.

"Good! Now get up here as quick as ye can, and we 'll be off."

"Can't!" faltered the wretched boy.

"Can't! why not? what do you mean?"

"I 've changed my mind. Give me my money and my bundle, and let me go back!"

"Go back?" exclaimed the doctor. "If you do, you 'll have to go without the money, for that 's spent; paid over to that miserable wheelwright for mending my wagon."

Phin uttered a wail of anger and dismay.

"Come, come! Don't be faint-hearted! cheer up, my dear boy! Git in here, and we 'll talk it over as we drive along; then you shall do as you please. Wet, are you? Here 's the robe of the Prince of the Healing Art to wrap around you! Ha, ha! dog 's dead, is he? That 's my brave boy! Now the world is before us! no regrets, no tears, — all good-natered, ye know!"

So saying, the doctor folded Phin in his long green robe, placed him on the seat by his side, and, coaxing him with wily words, drove briskly away.

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CHAPTER XXXVIII.

DISCOVERY.

PHIN'S absence from his room had already been discovered by Mrs. Chatford, when she went up to take away his plate after supper. But, thinking he would return soon, she had kept the fact a secret from her husband, dreading to increase his displeasure.

It was not long, however, before the deacon, coming in at the close of his day's work, said to Moses, "Go up and tell Phineas to come to my room." As Moses started to obey, Mrs. Chatford was obliged to confess that Phineas was not in the house.

"Has he dared — " broke forth the deacon, who suddenly checked himself. He heaved a deep sigh of anxiety and grief, then added, in a subdued voice, "See if any of his clothes are gone; let us know the worst."

"I have looked, and some of his clothes are missing; though I can't think he has taken them with the intention of really running away!" said Mrs. Chatford. "It is only a freak to frighten us, I am sure!"

"Lion has gone too!" exclaimed Jack, on coming into the house, and learning what discoveries had been made. And when, soon after, Lion came home, wet, with a wet rope dragging by his collar, the family were thoroughly mystified and alarmed.

Then Percy Lanman arrived; and, in answer to the eager question, Had he seen anything of Phineas? answered, "Yes, I had a glimpse of him going out of the village towards the pond, leading Lion by a rope."

"I see it all!" cried Jack, wildly excited. "Lion followed him, and Phin was going to drown him, — for if he is running away, he is going with that man, and that man and Lion can't get along together!"

"O Jack!" said Annie Felton, mildly, "how can you think Phineas would do such a thing?"

"Because he has more than once threatened to kill my dog, when he has been mad at me; and he has meant it, too!"

"Did you see anything of — that man?" the deacon asked, with a darkened countenance.

Percy described the scene which he had witnessed in the bar-room, and in which he had borne a part. "We were all glad that Lapham got his money," he added; "though we all wondered how the doctor had come by it so suddenly, for nobody believed he had a dollar an hour before."

"Gold?" said Jack. He rushed to his room. In a few minutes he came running back, with a face full of consternation and wrath. "Robbed!" he exclaimed. "I've been robbed! Every dollar I had in the world! and the purse *you* gave me!" — turning to Annie, — "he has taken all!"

This startling accusation was received with an outcry of incredulity and astonishment. At length the deacon spoke.

"After all my cares and my prayers," he said, with solemnity and sorrow, "I find I must give up all hope of that boy; — he has gone his own way; I cannot help it!"

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"But I will follow him!" exclaimed Jack. "I 'll hunt him and that villain to the ends of the earth, but I 'll have my money back!"

"You forget," said Mr. Chatford, "that your money has probably gone to pay for the mending of the wagon. You might recover it of Mr. Lapham, if you could prove that it was stolen from you."

"Take it from that poor man, when he received it honestly in payment of a debt? I could n't do that!" said Jack.

"I am glad if you could n't!" said Annie Felton. "O Jack! you are richer to-day without a dollar than Phineas will ever be if he makes a fortune. Believe that."

"I do believe it!" replied Jack, manfully. "Let it go! I can work and earn more. I am glad, Moses, you had put your money into your father's hands; he might have taken that too."

"Rob his own brother?" said Mr. Pipkin. "I can believe a good deal of that 'ere Phin, but — his own brother!"

"O father!" then said Mrs. Chatford, weeping, "is n't it time? I think the boys should know, — there is no use in keeping the secret longer!"

"Yes, yes," replied the deacon, "I 've been thinking on 't. We have kept the secret even from Moses, for fear we might in some way wrong Phineas. We wanted to give that poor misguided boy all the opportunities we could, and shield him from prejudice and contempt. For that reason we kept the secret from him too. But he knows it now. And you may as well know it, boys. Annie knew it before, and with our permission she has told our friend Percy. When we have told you, boys, you will perhaps think more charitably of Phineas, for you will see a good reason for his being as he is."

"For mercy sake, deacon!" said Mrs. Pipkin, "what is it? Don't keep us in suspense! I 've known well enough there was *something;* now I 'm dying to know what!"

The deacon took little Kate in his arms, and two or three swift tears trickled down his cheeks, in the lamplight that shone upon the little group. Neither one of his children had ever seen him weep before.

"Do you remember, Jack," he said, "how, when that lie lay between you and Phineas at the time you broke into Peternot's house, you charged me with partiality towards my own flesh and blood? Of course, you said, it was natural for me to believe him rather than you, because he was my son. I did not tell you how much you wronged me then. I believed him because I could not see his motive for lying. That was all. But I was wrong. And, Moses, let me say now, that often, when I have been called to settle boyish difficulties between you and Phineas, I have risked being unjust to you, for fear of being unjust to him."

"I have thought so," said Moses. "But I never could understand why it was."

"I will tell you why," said the deacon, nervously stroking little Kate's fair hair. "Moses, — my darling, — my children, — Phineas is not your brother!"

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"Not our brother? O father!" exclaimed the child, while Moses stood silent and fixed with astonishment.

"Only by adoption. He is your second cousin, on his mother's side; and that man — that Doyley, that Wilkins, that Lamont, whose real name is Reddington — is Phineas's own father."

J. T. Trowbridge.

TIM McDERMID.

THE dusty pathway up the hill
The clinging burdocks border still,
And here, beneath the red-oak tree,
Is where the school-house used to be, —
A small, low room we children filled
As sparrows crowd a nest;
And I, of all my many mates,
Loved Tim McDermid best.

A little, restless, sunburnt lad,
In faded, homespun jacket clad,
Who always could be found, alas!
The lowest in his spelling-class;
The wildest rogue in all the school
And idlest dunce was he;
What mattered it? He had my heart,
For he was kind to me.

His friendship spoke through many gifts, —
Pink mayflowers, fresh from winter's drifts,
Sweet-flag root from beside the brook,
Blue bird's-eggs I with chidings took,
Ripe hazel-nuts, and small, black grapes
From off the meadow vine;
Wild ranger of the woods and fields,
The best he had was mine!

While I, my gratitude to show,
Since little else could I bestow,
To him my childish secrets told,
Fantastic dreams and projects bold;
Or, sobbing, whispered in his ear
Each grievance of my heart,
Well knowing, were I right or wrong,
That he would take my part.

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His open hand, his ready lip,
His love of free companionship,
In winding ways, with evil men, —
What curses have they proved since then!
Tried, tempted, stung by his disgrace,
Each year he downward fell;
And Tim McDermid sighs to-night
Within a prison's cell!

His old-time playmates speak his name
With chilling scorn or bitter blame,
And smile, that, faithful to the end,
I still call Tim McDermid "friend."
Shall I forget him? Whatsoe'er
My many sins may be,
O, may I never turn from one
Who has been kind to me!

No, rather let me watch and wait;
'T is patient trust wins heaven's gate;
Spite his lost past, his wavering will,
There 's hope for Tim McDermid still;
And when, with trembling feet, he seeks
To leave the downward track,
I gladly would be first of all
To bid him welcome back!

Marian Douglas.

HANNAH COLBY'S CHANCE.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

MY WAY.

I DID try to sell the mats, but found nobody to buy them.

But I did find Jane Betoyer. She was then in a brisk little modest chromo store at the North End of the town. I don't think I will say exactly where, for perhaps it would be a little uncomfortable to somebody.

Jane is a nice girl, with plain hair and pleasant eyes. She looked very pleasantly at me when I came in. But she was waiting on some customers, so I had to wait for her. When she was at liberty, she came and held her hand out to me over the counter, and shook mine hard and strong. She did not *say*, "I 've heard all about your troubles, and I 'm sorry"; but she

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meant it in every finger-touch, and I liked it better put in that way; and all she *said* was, "Good morning, Hannah."

I said: "Good morning, Jane. I've come on business. I've come *after* a business. We've lost our money, and I've got my mother and myself to support. I don't know how to do anything. Nobody'll buy my mats. I've forgotten my geography, and I hate arithmetic. I can't make dresses. I want to go into a store."

Jane Betoyer smiled. "You don't know any more about stores than you do about arithmetic!"

"But I can learn," said I, hopefully.

"Store-keepers don't like green hands more than dress-makers or school-boards do."

"You were a green hand once," said I.

"Very true," said Jane Betoyer, nodding sharply; "and shall I tell you what they paid me?"

"Don't!" said I, for I did not want to be discouraged.

"For the first three months — nothing," said Jane Betoyer, still nodding sharply; "after that, two dollars and thirty-seven cents a week for a year and a half. It won't hurt you to know. Could you support yourself and your mother on that? We're women, you must remember. Women aren't supposed to have anybody to support, not even themselves."

My heart sank. I suppose my face sank too, for Jane Betoyer added, more softly, "It won't hurt you to know. It's no fool of a job to go into business. I've been six years working into the place I've got. And now I'm paid only six hundred dollars a year. And I'm one of the best paid women in the city. And I do the work of two persons, or I shouldn't get that. I tend counter, and I have sole charge of all the portfolios besides. It's an exceptional place, and an exceptional salary. Besides, I'm one of the kind that sticks. I show it in my face. I'm homely, and I speak up quickly. I don't mean to marry, and my employer knows it. He happens to have reason to, or he wouldn't believe it perhaps." (I had heard rumors now and then that Jane Betoyer was engaged to a clerk in that store, but she denied them, and the clerk was gone.) "I mean to go into the business myself one day. He knows that. And I can work like a dog; and I don't mind impertinence from a lady customer, and I'm not fool enough to be impertinent myself. Now, Hannah Colby, you haven't got one of these qualifications for business!"

"I can work!" said I; I felt my lip quivering, but I was bound I wouldn't cry. "I shouldn't like impertinence, but I *can* hold my tongue. I'm never going to be married, — and I'm homely enough for anybody!"

"You're not so pretty as your sister Alice," said Jane, bluntly, "but you're a very good-looking girl. And, though the good-looking girls don't *stick* as we do, they have a decided market-value. Some stores wouldn't look at a girl like me. Some places want pretty girls; especially among pictures, as a rule, you don't like to meet a fright. But I don't see what you can do. I'm glad you don't cry. If you did, I wouldn't venture a week's wages on you. Let me think."

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Jane Betoyer came out from behind the counter, and walked to and fro, with her hands behind her, across the store. Customers came in, and she was called away before her thinking was done. She was busy for fifteen minutes or more, and passed and repassed me without a glance, where I sat forlorn and discouraged upon my stool by the counter. Something in the abstracted, business-like way of Jane Betoyer's, so unlike the way of most women, fascinated me, while it discouraged. I thought I would have given a dozen years of my life to be in her place, — just to have learned some one thing that could support me; to be mistress of any solitary honest craft that would buy my bread and butter. And it came upon me with a bitter and bewildered sense of lost time and opportunity, how I might have been learning something all these years since I had been out of school; if, instead of making frills, for instance, I had been making picture-frames! And now, how helplessly poor mother and I were drifting upon Tom's and Alice's charity for want of knowing just some one such thing! And how strange and sad and wrong it was to bring us girls up so! And how, if we had n't lost our money, I never should have thought of it, but gone on making frills to the end of my days, like a helpless fool! A little spirit of determination — the first I had felt — sprang up in me, as I sat on the stool in the chromo store. "If I can't support myself and my mother," thought I, hotly, "I 'll give up for a helpless goose! But I won't give up till I 've tried!"

Perhaps something of this feeling showed in my face, for when Jane Betoyer came back, she looked at me narrowly, and said, "You have n't cried yet! Good!"

Jane Betoyer brought her employer with her when she came back. She had stepped out of the room and called him in, and they had talked together for a few moments. She brought him up and introduced him to me, — his name was Jimms, — and he said good morning, and it was a pleasant day, and he understood I was a friend of Miss Betoyer's, and that, if I were half as smart, I might get into business some time. And then he was called away, and Jane and I were left together.

I was picking up my parasol and gloves listlessly, thinking that Jane had nothing more to say to me, and that I was in the way, and had better go, when Jane said, abruptly, "If you will come here next Monday morning at half past eight o'clock, and try your hand under my direction, I will go off on a vacation up country, to my sister's. And if you are worth anything, I will stay two months, and you shall substitute for me at my salary. I suppose you 'll bother Mr. Jimms's life out for a few weeks, but I 've said I 'm going, and he knows I 'll go, — and I think he 'll put up with you, if he can. No, you need n't thank me. I 've been waiting to make up my mind to get off. Just understand that you 're peculiarly fortunate, though, that 's all. You might have searched this city over for a year, and not found a place where you could earn enough at anything to pay for the shoe-leather you 'd wear out in hunting for it. Why, you don't *know* anything, you see!"

I did try to thank Jane, but — tired, discouraged, excited and confused, as

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I was — I could not speak. I was so afraid I should cry and spoil it all, and lose my place, that I rammed my bonnet-strings, a clean handkerchief, and one glove half-way down my throat, and made for the door as fast as I could go, without a word.

"Stop!" said Jane. "This is no way to do business. Is it a bargain? Monday, at half past eight?"

I pulled out the strings, and stopped, astounded. I forgot to cry.

"But I have n't asked my mother!"

"As a general thing," said Jane, slowly, "I suppose, when people have mothers, it 's as well to ask them in important matters. I have n't any myself. I did n't think of it. But girls ask their mothers too much, in my opinion, — too many little things, — don't go to walk without asking leave, nor to change their dresses. Boys don't do so. I like to see girls have minds of their own. Now, see here, Hannah; I can't wait for you to come and discuss all this with your family. I 've got to get ready to go, and I 've got to find another substitute if you won't come. Likely as not they 'll talk you out of it. You 're of age. You won't get another such chance. Your mother knows me, — knows I would n't send you where it was n't proper for you to go. Just call it a bargain. It 's the best way."

I felt in my heart that it was. Thinking fast to myself, "I 'll never go against my mother's wishes, but she shall *wish as I wish!*" I answered quick and loud, "Yes, then! a bargain, Jane!" and ran out of the store, and took the first car for home, with a dazed feeling as if I had been transplanted to a planet whose sun was of a different color from the sun which lighted the world I had always lived in to that hour.

Up and down, in time to the jolting of the car, my thoughts ran vaguely, — "songs without words," — until we came suddenly upon a little band in red-and-green uniforms, playing a little tune; I did n't notice what they were, or where they were going, or even what the tune was, but I felt a thrill of something almost like being happy at the sound, and found myself, in spite of myself, actually singing set words to the music. Nobody was in the car but one old lady and a negro boy, and I hope they did n't notice; for when I stopped, red and ashamed, to see what I was doing, I found that I had been humming the words in Lois's letter: "Hannah Colby's chance has come!" To think how it must have sounded!

CHAPTER IV.

MY APPRENTICESHIP.

WELL, I can't begin to tell you about the fuss it made. Somehow, it always seems to make a fuss when a girl does anything. This way of looking at girls is all new to me; I don't know anything about women's rights and all those ideas. We grew up to think they were n't respectable. But then I used to think it was n't respectable for a girl to work for her living, and now I think it is so much more respectable than it is not to.

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So, of course, there was a fuss. But it all blew over. It came mostly from Mary Alice.

Partly she did n't want her sister to be in a store. Partly she really and truly and kindly wanted me to go to her home and Tom's. She thought we could get along till I was married. I dare say, too, she thought she should miss me. Sisters do, when they get married, and he is off at the business, and there 's nobody to sit round with, on a rainy afternoon, when they fix over their laces and curl the feathers in their hats.

Then mother was so taken by surprise, and said it would n't do, and said I was n't strong enough, and said I could n't get another place when Jane Betoyer came back, and said I could n't earn enough to live on, and said she should miss me, and said a thousand things. But she said them hesitating a little, and looking troubled and perplexed.

So I let her talk it out, and said very little myself, till Sunday night. I had quietly gone on with my preparations to go to Mr. Jimms's store on Monday morning. Sunday night I went into her room again, after it was dark, and said, "Mother, I can't let Tom support me. *I* 'm not his wife."

And mother said, "I don't know but you 're right, Hannah."

Then I said, "Mother, I don't *mean* to let Tom support you a great while. I 'm going into Jane Betoyer's place to learn the picture business. When I 've learned the business, I'm going to earn money enough to support one. When I 've earned enough to support one, I shall know how to earn enough to support two. And *then*, mother dear! *Then!* Why, mother, I really do think I 've got as much brains as Mr. Jimms. Why can't I coin them into chromos as well as he?"

"But," said mother, "you 're a girl."

"Mother," said I, "please never remind me of it again. It 's so discouraging, and I can't afford to be discouraged."

"Well," said mother, "I never will." And she never has, bless her! to this day.

So I said, "Mother, I 'm going into Mr. Jimms's store to-morrow. Have I got your approval?"

Mother said, slowly, "Y–yes; I suppose so."

"And have I your blessing, mother? It 's rather funny to bless the chromo business; but why not, as well as Mary Alice's wedding? It is n't half so easy, mother! It can't go without a blessing half as well!"

Mother said, quickly, "God bless you, — and the chromos too!"

So it was all settled, and I went. But mother, though she approved and blessed, doubted and feared. And Mary Alice, though she put up with it, never got over it. And the Battell girls said, "How queer!" and patronized me sweetly. And nobody thought it would come to anything. Only Lois and Jane Betoyer said "Good luck go with you!" in the sort of way that does one any good.

It is no fun at first to go into business. I soon learned that. I had to get up at quarter of seven (I did n't use to half the time till nine), and I did n't get home till eight at night. I got very tired. I felt very stupid. I

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did stupid things. Mr. Jimms was cross sometimes. Sometimes the customers were. And O, I cried so many times in secret over my blunders in making change!

Then I had n't time to frizz my hair much, and everybody said I looked like such a fright. Everybody but mother. She likes plain hair. And I did n't care, myself, as long as I kept my linen clean and my dresses pretty.

For the first week, Mr. Jimms did n't say much to me. About the end of the second, he shortly said that I was learning. I knew, by the third week, myself, that I *was* learning.

I had got the price-list carefully. I could make change without bad blunders. (I never told Mr. Jimms nor Jane how I studied arithmetic nights to brush up fractions, so that I might make half of sixty-two and a half cents, and all that, in a hurry.) I had begun to know all the different kinds of wood that frames are made of, their buying and selling cost, the different mouldings, where they were made, who made them, how they were made, and all about it. I had learned to put the pictures in the frames, down to the label on the paper on the back, almost as well as Mr. Jimms. I had learned my way through the portfolios, and had begun to learn who painted what, and when an engraving was good, and why, and whose were the best, and something about English chromos and American, and something about what books told me on these matters, — for it had occurred to me to go into the Public Library and find some works on Art, and to read at night after I got home. I had never thought that I liked to read before, — except novels. It was astonishing to me to see how different it was when you had an object to read for. It was as different as pink and scarlet.

I had learned another thing that interested me, about making *passe-partouts*. I had always had a knack at it, framing our little things at home quite neatly. Mr. Jimms sent me over to our *passe-partout* rooms after orders once or twice, and, while waiting for them to be filled, I watched sharply, and got a great many new ideas. One night I made up a little frame of my own notion, and carried in to Mr. Jimms — half afraid — the next day. He examined it with some care, asked me where I learned, and said he wished I would try once or twice more; he would like me to try something new in green pebble; I seemed to have notions, he said, if I would only learn the knack.

I had n't much time; but awhile after that I made up a couple of little frames in shades of green pebbled paper, with lines of gray let in on the edges, like the faintest shadow of themselves, and Mr. Jimms bought them of me, and gave me sixty-six cents more than my materials cost. This was before my salary had been paid at all, and I can't tell you how rich I felt with that sixty-six cents, — the first I had ever earned since I dusted the parlor for mother when I was five years old.

But, as I say, I had n't much time for that.

I had n't much time to help Mary Alice, either. It seemed funny, at first. I had never heard before of a sister who did n't help sew for her sister in

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getting married. Mary Alice herself said it seemed funny, but mother reminded her that I was helping to leave so much more money for her outfit; since, when my salary came in, it would more than pay for everything I had cost them that two months. This, too, seemed funny. I felt very independent and happy, — a great deal happier than a girl had any business to feel, who had no more idea than I had what she was going to do when Jane Betoyer came home.

The wedding was delayed a little, for we could n't dispose of the lease till October, and mother thought it just as well we should keep together as long as we could. She dreaded the breaking up.

We sold the land in Newton, too. It sold for three thousand and two hundred dollars. Mother and I went together to attend to it. We hunted up the men, and did the best we could. Once Tom went with us to an ugly place where we did n't know our way, to find a man at the bottom of State Street somewhere, and once he went for us; he was very simple and pleasant in his way about it, and he told mother about some formalities and signatures, and things she must know, very respectfully; and yet I felt it strange to see my mother being taught by a boy like him about anything of a sort which she might and ought to have understood herself.

Two hundred of the money was spent on the wedding clothes, and mother gave Mary Alice another hundred of it for a wedding present, towards furnishing the house. She gave her some of our old furniture, too, a few bits. The rest was to be stored until we should want it — if we ever did — again. Then of the money, twenty-nine hundred we carried into town, and put it into savings-banks in mother's name, knowing we should soon want it, and that we could easily get at it there. No, I am mistaken; it was twenty-five hundred, — for there were bills to pay.

So the two months flew away, — I had almost said *blew* away, they went so fast, — and I went and came from the store, and learned and worked and thought, and — worried a little, for Jane Betoyer's time was almost up, and what would become of me? But I said nothing about worrying, and the wedding fuss went on, and Mary Alice grew very tired and pretty, and mother grew tired and sad, and we began to pick up and pack up and break up, and all the world seemed strange, and at last Mary Alice was to be married to-morrow, and Jane Betoyer was coming home on Saturday, and the new people had come to look over the house and see about painting, and mother and I were to stay along till the wedding journey was over, and then — and then? Why, and then mother would settle down with Mary Alice, "and Hannah too," Mary Alice would sometimes say. But "Hannah too," though Saturday and Jane Betoyer were close at hand, always shook her head. Anywhere — but not there.

And so the wedding-day came. A cool, clear, nice day, — very bright, very still. What somebody has called "an honest day." And Tom's people were there, — just a few of them; and mother and Lois and I, and Uncle Peter and his love, and a Polyglot Bible; and the presents on Tom's side were very grand. Mother did up the hundred dollars in an

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envelope, and Lois sent a pair of dainty little satin slippers she made herself in the shoe-shop, and I just framed a clear photograph in what Mr. Jimms said was the best frame I had made yet. It was an odd little picture I picked up in the store, — "Bertha in the Lane," listening to the lover behind the trees; I don't think Mary Alice had ever read "Bertha in the Lane," but she liked the picture, and said the frame (silver and ash-tint) was lovely. She kissed me, and said I was a dear, if I *did* behave so about going into stores!

And we had a simple, little, quiet wedding, and Mary Alice in her plain illusion, with her fair hair and all her fairness, was so sweet that I didn't wonder Tom kissed her out in the hall before they went in, and when he thought nobody was looking.

Tom was very handsome too.

But though it was so still and sweet, and though Tom was Tom, and so handsome and so good, I could not help the feeling all the while how too bad it was to see my pretty sister doing *just* that, — going to him years before he was ready for her, because she couldn't take care of herself without him. It wasn't a pleasant feeling, and I tried to shake it off; but it came back and back until all was over and they had gone.

When all was over, and Lois had gone back to Lynn by the last train, and the house was still, mother and I sat down to supper alone. But neither of us could eat, and we leaned our faces on our hands, and looked at one another wearily.

"How soon," sighed mother, "we shall go too, Hannah! Ah well, well! *Now* we can look about and see what is before us, and take it for better, for worse." Now we were both of us in for a good cry, and this forlorn remark was the signal-gun. I had already provided myself with two handkerchiefs (which had sifted out of the wedding rumpus into my pocket), and mother, finding herself in an emergency, had actually clutched her napkin, when in came Patty with a note.

We had sent off Patty long ago, you know, and "helped" ourselves; but she had come back a few days to get us over the wedding.

So in came Patty with a note, which I slowly took and slowly read.

It was from Jane Betoyer. She had come home a few days before her time. She had sent to tell me I need not "substitute" any longer! I said "*O* dear!" before I read it.

But this was the note.

DEAR HANNAH: Mr. Jimms is pleased with your faithfulness, and what he calls your "notions" about the store. He has decided to keep two clerks. He offers you herewith the second clerkship, at six dollars and a half per week. Would like your answer on your next appearance at the store.

Yours, etc.,

JANE BETOYER.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

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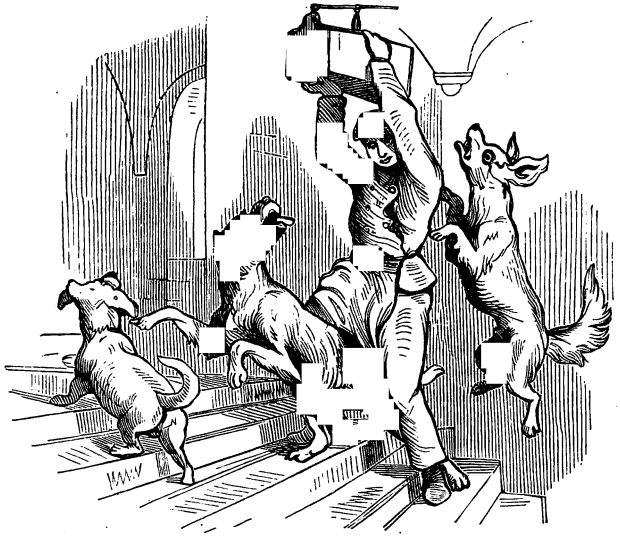
THE RAT HUNT.



"COME, Towzer!" cries Rob: "here's a rat in the trap!
Come, bushy-tailed Bouncer! come, short-legged Snap!
The cunning young rogue! we have caught him at last.
Hurrah, my brave hunters! — but don't be too fast;
Down, Towzer! off, Bouncer! you can't have him yet.
Be civil, old fellow! be patient, my pet!
Out here in the yard, where there's plenty of space,
And nothing to hinder, we'll give him a chase.

"Now, Towzer! now, Bouncer! look out for the fun.
There! steady! be ready! I'm letting him run;
Be sharp, now, — eyes open, — *staboy!* There he goes!
Quick, Bouncer! he's scudding right under your nose!

"Along by the carriage-way — up by the spout —
Now take him, now shake him, before he gets out!
I'm ashamed of your hunting; you're clumsy as bears!
There he is again! after him — up the hall stairs!

"You shouldn't be scrubbing right here in the way,
O Bridget! — I told you so! you've got your pay,

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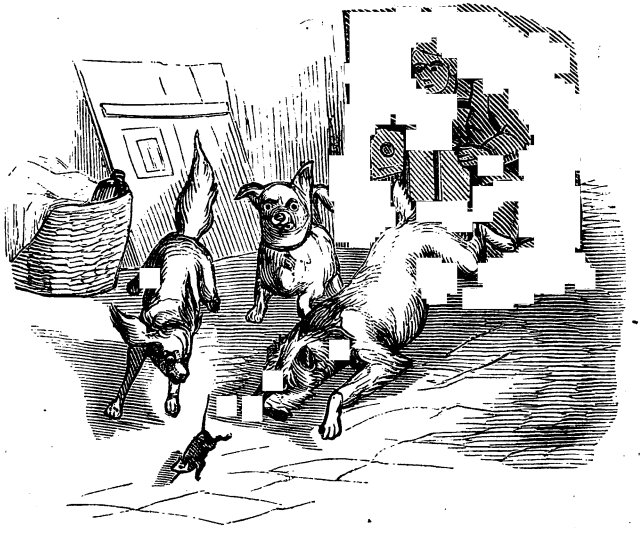

With your old tub of water!" And down through the hall
Tumble tub, Bridget, Bouncer, spilled water, and all.

"Now, Towzer, you have him! No—yes!" From the stair
He leaps through the rods of the banister, where
Old Towzer gets caught at the instant his teeth
Are ready to snap his poor victim beneath.

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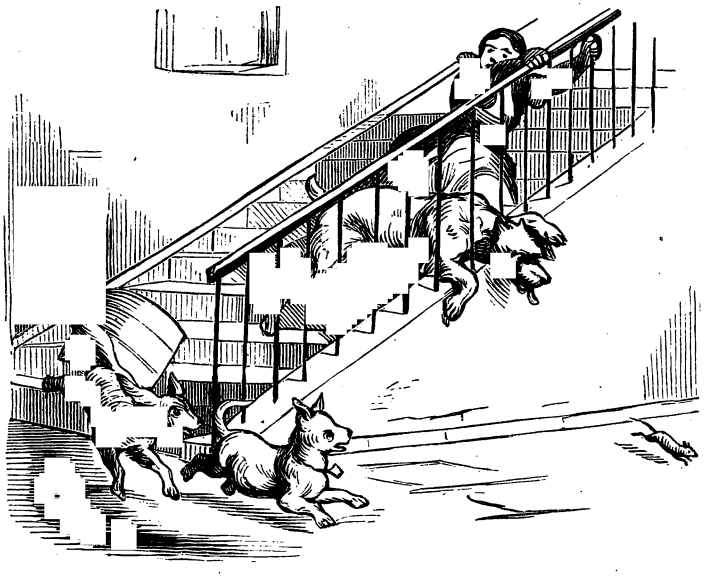

A rally, a dash, and across the hall floor
They pursue to the store-room, rush in through the door,
And follow, with furious yelping and leaping,
Close under the cleat along which he is creeping.
Beyond stands a cask, — he springs off upon that;
The dogs are there almost as soon as the rat,
Capsizing the cover with clatter and din; —
Away goes the rat, while a dog tumbles in.

Who cares all the while for the rat and his troubles?
For life, 't is for life that he dodges and doubles, —
For even a rat finds it pleasant to live, —
And 't is death to be caught; and O, what would he give —
What mountains of cheese and what treasures of corn —
To be back in the dark cellar where he was born!

In vain by the churn and the firkin, in vain
Behind barrels he lurks, a brief respite to gain.
They are dragged from the wall, and, with clamor and scrabble,
Behind and before comes the mad, rushing rabble,
Upsetting the churn, overturning the firkin,
Not leaving him even a corner to lurk in.

Out into the passage away they go dashing,
Through entry and pantry, with dashing and crashing.

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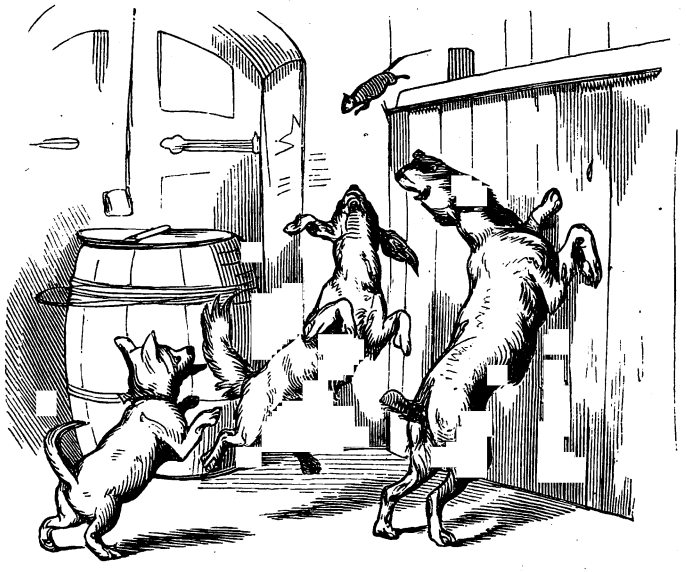
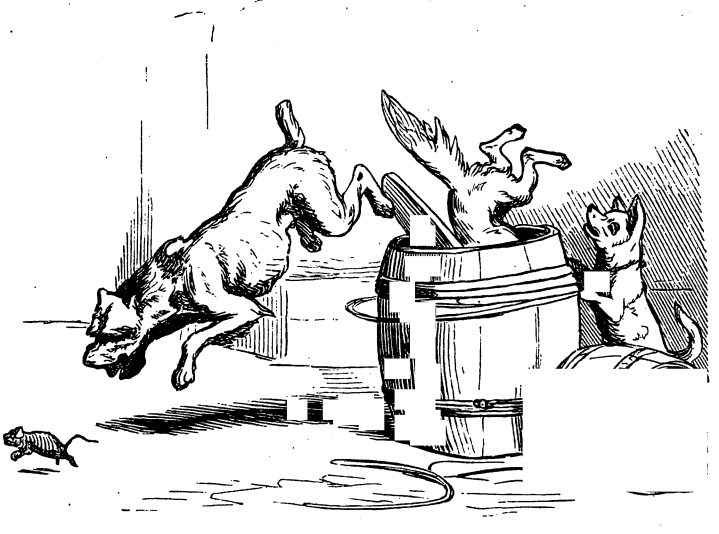


Snap, always too late by a second, appears
Excitedly barking and pricking his ears;
While along with them speeds the young rat-catcher, clearing
The way for them, stamping and shouting and cheering.



I wonder how one little frightened rat feels
With a boy and three wild, yelping curs at his heels!

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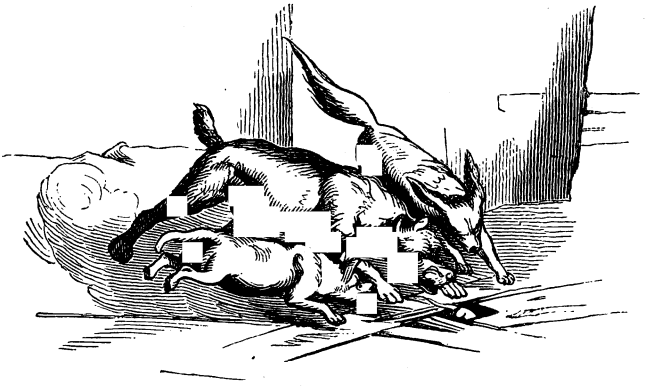
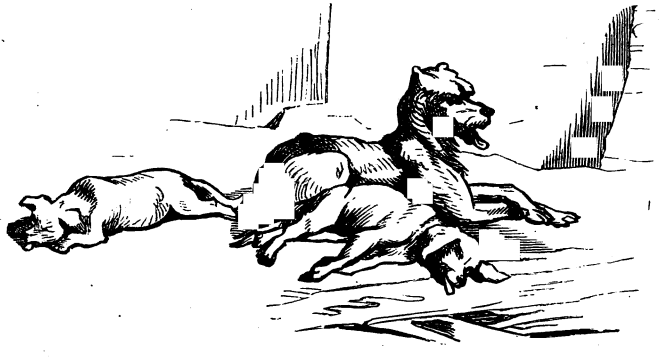
"Seek! seek now!" The poor, panting fugitive has a
Last chance for himself on the old back piazza.
Now Towzer is on him — he jumps from his jaws;
Now Bouncer and Snap — he darts under their paws;
Now all three together! — in one second more
Three moist muzzles meet at a hole in the floor,



Just in season to tickle their tongues with the slight
Taper-end of a tail as it frisks out of sight!

They valiantly bark at the hole, and then, falling
Exhausted beside it, lie gasping and lolling.
Rob vows he will swap his three dogs for one cat, —
But it was n't so bad, after all, for the rat!

J. T. Trowbridge.



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WALTER ON A SPREE.

IT was one of the days. I ought to say one of the mornings, for it was only nine o'clock. But the baby had waked up early, long before five o'clock, and had tumbled all over sleepy Walter, and pulled his eyelids and sat on his head, till there was no bearing it any longer. And then, when dumped into his crib, and ordered to stay there, Robin would not stay dumped, but chose to look upon it all as a frolic, and swarmed over the side faster than Walter could put him back. All together it was too much; and when baby once more appeared at the side of the little bed, armed with the hair-brush and a wooden donkey, pounding with one and brushing with the back side of the other, the last speck of patience went. Walter hopped out of bed, shook Robin till brush and donkey flew off together, and returned him to the crib with a thump which left him for a moment still and startled. Then a roar, — yes, a roar of ten-baby power, and a rush from the next room into the nursery.

"Did he have a bad dream? What was it, Robin?"

"No, he did n't," Walter said, standing up in his own bed; "I wish he had. He waked up before it was light, and he don't let me have any peace, and I won't stand it, so now!" Another roar went up, and baby stopped to consider its meaning.

"Dear! dear!" said a sleepy voice from the next room. "Can't those children be more quiet?"

"Go and get into bed with papa," Mrs. Burleigh said to Walter, "and I 'll stay with baby till nurse comes for him."

Walter walked off looking a little ashamed, and in a moment was in bed in his usual fashion; that is, had fallen on his father like a sledge-hammer, and rolled over to the other side.

"I 'd as soon have a young buffalo in bed with me," Mr. Burleigh said, sitting up suddenly and feeling his collar-bones. "Why you should go entirely out of your way to mash your father, I don't know."

"I did n't mean to," Walter said, repentant. "I was only climbing over you. I guess maybe I 'll dress and go and see the chickens, unless you 're a mind to keep awake and tell me a story."

"A story! Before five in the morning! No, sir! You can go to sleep for an hour, or get up and dress now."

Walter shut his eyes and tried to go to sleep; but the flies buzzed and tickled his face, Rover barked, and he heard the old drake quacking fiercely, as if something were wrong. He got up softly and crept into the nursery. Baby had decided upon another nap, and lay by his mother fast asleep. Walter hurried on his clothes, ran down the back stairs and out to the yard, and, after a moment's look, began another roar, louder than the first, — a roar which sent the hens flying, and which the old cow answered with a doleful moo-o-o!

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Certainly it was trying. Out of nine chickens hatched from Walter's eggs, laid by Walter's own hen, five lay on their backs, their little legs stiff in air, and their feathers soaked into fine points. It had rained all night. A high wind had blown over the coop, and Lady Washington, the mother of the nine, had been so beaten about, so drenched and discouraged, that four chickens were all to which she could attend. She sat now, soaked but calm, brooding the four, and looking at the five corpses with bright, considerate eyes, as if they were something she was not quite sure about, and meant to think over.

"You hateful thing, to sit there and not care!" said Walter, in a passion. "I 'm a good mind to kill you as ever was."

"Three o' the little ducks is dead too," said Jim's voice from the barn door. "You 'd think it would take more 'n water to kill them that 's born to it. You might set some duck's eggs, Walter. There 's old Topple clucking her head off to think she is n't let to sit on a china egg."

"I sha' n't ever have any more chickens," Walter said solemnly, sitting down in the barn door. "Everything I like goes and dies, or runs away, or something. Rover bit the kittens, and my squirrel got away, and now my chickens are dead. Oh-h-h!"

"Come, now," said Jim; "don't you take on. Topple shall set this blessed day. You 'd better go off on a spree an' get your spirits up."

"What 's a spree?" Walter asked.

"A spree? Well, — a spree, — why, it 's a *spree*. You go off an' do whatever you 're a mind to all day. I 've been on 'em; more sorrow to 'em!" Jim added to himself.

"And you do whatever you 're a mind to," Walter said, thinking that would suit his case exactly. "Where do you go to have 'em?"

"O, anywheres," Jim said, moving off. "A good one for you 'd be to take your pins and go fishing shiners."

"Hoh! That 's nothing different from any day," Walter said, trying to think what would seem best, and turning it over so long that the breakfast-bell rang before he could make up his mind. Robin put up his mouth for a kiss as he went in, having forgotten all about their squabble; but Walter only gave him a sort of peck, and sat down without a word. It was one of his days, Mrs. Burleigh knew, as she looked at him, — days in which nothing went right, in doors or out; when he thought everybody cross and hateful, and being good the worst fate that could come to a boy. There was always repentance after such days; and she thought of them sometimes as storms which cleared the air, and perhaps helped him to do better when ended. Talking was no use; and even punishment seemed to have no effect when he had once begun.

So this morning she said nothing, as he ate his breakfast and stamped out of the room. Mr. Burleigh shook his head, and turned to baby, who called for and ate "more chellies" as fast as the real robins in the trees without. There they were as Walter ran out; swinging, singing between bites at the reddest and ripest, trying one twig and then another in such

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happy fashion that I know they wondered how any boy could help laughing when he looked at them.

Walter walked into the wood-house and sat down.

"I wish I was a man," he said to himself. "Then I'd go to the city every day like papa, or I'd go to sea maybe. I wish I could go to the city to-day; but I can't, I know, because I acted so last time papa said I should n't for a month. I wonder why I can't go to school. Jim says the boys would plague me. I guess I'd lick 'em if they did. I 'm awful strong. I wish I could have my twenty-five cents and spend it all. I wonder if mamma will let me."

Walter walked into the house again, and looked about for his mother, whom he found presently, darning stockings by the window.

"See what holes!" she said. "Really almost as much hole as stocking, and all my morning will go, filling them up. In about a year I shall teach you to do this."

"Hoh!" began Walter. "I guess —" then stopped, thinking he would say nothing to injure his prospects. "See here, mamma. Can't I have my twenty-five cents and go off?"

"Off? What do you mean?"

"Why, mamma, I want to go off on a spree."

"On a spree! My dear child, do you know what you are talking about?"

"Yes, ma'am, I do," Walter said confidently. "It 's to go off and do anything you 're a mind to. Not wicked things, I don't mean," he went on, watching his mother's face; "but the kind of things you can't do every day. I want to spend the whole, — yes, every bit of my twenty-five cents."

"For what?"

"O, for things to make you sick. Candy, and peanuts, and chewing-gum; and everything you don't want me to have."

"You remember how you meant to spend that twenty-five cents?"

"I know," Walter said, with a fling. "But somebody will give me another, I know, before Robin's birthday comes. Any way, mamma, can't I go off? You might let me. I know I 'm going to be awful to-day."

Mrs. Burleigh sighed as she looked at him. Six years old, and, as Jim had said, "cussedness enough for sixty, when he was a mind to let it out."

"It is n't my little boy who wants to go," she said. "It is that dreadful Captain Snarley back again. Can't you get rid of him?"

Walter was still, and his mother thought for a moment. The village itself was hardly more than a dozen houses, and no harm was likely to come to him there. Perhaps a day of his own would teach him not to want more of the same sort. At least, she would try it.

"You may go," she said, at last; and Walter, hardly able to believe his ears, first dived for his money, then seized his cap, and ran till a turn in the road hid house and responsibility together. A fallen tree by the road-side seemed a good resting-place, and, sitting down there, Walter took out his money and looked at it. Three five-cent pieces and ten pennies, all in a row on the old tree, and he counted them with delight. And, as he

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counted, a whistle was heard, and down the road came Johnny Hickey and his dog Pop.

Now, of all boys, Johnny Hickey was the last one Walter should have met that day. Good-natured and easy, but given over to every known mischief; playing truant every other day, and telling fearful fibs to account for it; and ready at a moment's notice to go swimming or fishing or nutting, or even apple or melon stealing. Pop was just as bad. A little, wiry, fussy nuisance, looking like a yellow hearth-brush, and with two fierce eyes which seemed to take the measure of every boy he met, and decide just how much he was worth. He could walk on his hind legs, and jump over a stick, and carry a basket, and do a dozen other things. If Johnny had gone to work at his lessons with a hundredth part the energy used in training Pop, he would have been ready for college. But college was the last thought in his head at any time, above all to-day, when he had walked right by the school-house door, bent upon freedom somewhere.

"Hi!" said Johnny, looking at the fortune laid out, as I have said, in a row. "Hi! what you going to do with all that?"

"Go on a spree," said Walter.

Johnny's eyes danced. So did Pop's, who had sat down before him, and was looking straight into Walter's face.

"And spend it — to-day?" said Johnny.

"Every cent," said Walter.

Johnny put his hands in his pockets and sat down on the log.

"You might get twenty-five sticks of candy," he said. "But you would n't want so many, maybe. You'd better get nuts an' everything, an' then go off somewhere an' eat 'em. I know a good place, I tell you, only your ma would n't let you go."

"I can go where I want, to-day."

"Well, then, let 's go to the grocery, an' then I 'll take you there."

"Where?" Walter said, still half doubtful and holding back a little.

"O, you 'll see! Come on. Hi, Pop! after it, old fellow!"

Johnny threw a stick as far as he could down the road, and Pop flew after it, tumbling on his nose as he ran, but going on all the same, and returning in a moment to lay the stick at Johnny's feet.

"Now, that 's a dog," Johnny said, as Walter gathered up his money and walked on. "He knows more 'n any other dog round. See his tail go. He knows we 're talking good about him. Here 's Sims's. What you going to buy?"

Walter walked in, and looked around. Many times before he had come here with grandma and drawn home a load of groceries in his little wagon; but this was the first time of independent buying, and he stood up very straight as he said, "I 'll have five cents' worth of candies, — all kinds, Mr. Sims, an' some nuts and figs too; five cents' worth, I guess."

Mr. Sims smiled as he made up the two little bundles and handed them to Walter, who laid down his money with an air which seemed to say, "Did you ever see anything like this before?" and then marched out with head

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thrown back, followed close by Johnny, who winked wisely at Mr. Sims as the door closed. Walter turned toward the meadow, back of the school-house, where he had often played, and sat down on a great, flat stone, surrounded and almost hidden by tall clumps of sweet-fern.

"We 'll eat these here," he said, "and then go on to your place after we 've got some more."

Johnny looked doubtfully toward the school-house windows, but concluded to say nothing till he had shared some of the good things, which Walter laid out in little piles.

"They won't come even," Walter said at last. "Bother take it! What 'll I do? I guess I 'll take the odd things home to Robin, only mamma won't let him eat 'em. There 's yours."

"O, never mind 'em," said Johnny, who through the sweet-fern had seen the schoolmaster stop for a moment at the window and look over toward the rock as if he smelled mischief in the air. "Come on quick, I tell you. There 's somebody after us."

Johnny plunged through a hole in the fence, and ran down the road to Chester; and Walter ran too, with a vague idea that there ought to be somebody after him if there was not. Out of breath, he presently stood still, finding himself in a place he had never seen before.

"This is where the new railroad 's going to be," said Johnny; "an' I tell you, there 's the greatest place further on. A real high hill all sand, you know, an' you slide right down easy as nothin'. And then there 's a house; yes, a real house, only small like, an' the roof lifts up an' the men get their spades an' things out. Come on, an' I guess you 'll like it."

Walter ran on, quite sure he should, and came by and by to a deep cut in the road on each side of which the earth was piled up high.

"Now let 's eat some," said Johnny, sitting down on a log and drawing a long breath. "See, there 's that house. What 's the matter?"

"Why, I can't find any o' the nuts," said Walter. "They must 'a' dropped out when you made me run so."

"Then eat the rest quick, so 's not to lose that," said Johnny, taking a good deal more than his share of the candy.

Walter began doubtfully, not quite sure why his part was so small.

"It 's the littlest five cents' worth!" he said, walking over to the tool-house, and trying to look in.

"You 're too small," said Johnny; "I 'll hold you up. No, there 's a board loose at the back. I should n't wonder if we could squeeze in. Yes, we can. Come on!"

Johnny held back the board and Walter pushed in, finding himself in a big box with sloping lid, which, when closed, gave it some resemblance to a house. It smelled earthy and close, and Walter, after a moment's look, decided he did not like it at all.

"I 'd rather slide down that hill," he said. "Let 's get out."

Johnny hesitated a minute, then held back the board and led the way to a steep hill down the side of which the sand slid now and then.

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"It 's 'most too steep, after all, I guess," he said. "There 's a lot gone since I was here before. There 's a big pile, though, right at the foot. I tell you, we might go part way up the hill and then jump down into the pile. It won't hurt a bit. See." And Johnny ran up a little way, and, turning, gave a leap into the sand, which flew in every direction.

Walter waited a moment; then, encouraged by seeing Johnny try it again, jumped himself, quite delighted to find it so easy. Pop ran around them barking and sneezing now and then, as the sand flew into his eyes and nose, and the two boys went higher and higher, till quite tired out with the fun.

"Now, I tell you," said Johnny. "You just give me the rest o' your money, and I 'll run back to the store an' buy some more candy an' things."

"No," Walter said, "I 'll go myself. I 'd rather spend my own money."

"But you 're all out of breath, and I can run faster 'n you, you know, 'cause I 'm so much bigger. I won't spend it all. I 'll take ten cents, an' then you 'll have five left to spend yourself when we go back."

"No," Walter still said; but Johnny urged harder and harder, and at last ten of the precious pennies were taken out and delivered to him with a solemn charge to buy candy and crackers and come back as soon as possible.

"Now you sit right here in the sand," said Johnny. "It 's all still, an' there won't anybody come, an' I 'll run every step o' the way. Kick some sand out, an' you can make a kind of a seat."

Walter kicked as directed, and soon had made a sort of seat into which he settled comfortably and looked around. A squirrel ran along the fence, and then up a tree, scolding as he went, and one or two birds flew overhead. The sun shone down warmly, and, as Walter looked, his eyelids gradually drooped; he settled in his seat, and soon was sound asleep.

In the mean time Johnny had from a run fallen into a walk, which grew slower and slower, till at last he sat down and took out the money. Pennies were something with which he had had little to do, and ten at once seemed a fortune. He had left Walter, really meaning to take back candy and crackers; but as he thought of fish-hooks and marbles, and a dozen other desirable things, the temptation grew too strong for him.

"I 'll make believe I lost 'em," he said. "His folks 'll give him plenty more. I won't go back, an' he 'll run for home when he finds I don't. I 'll keep out of his way awhile, an' tell him by an' by I was skeered of him because I lost his money. He 's got five cents left, anyhow."

Johnny walked boldly on to Mr. Sims's store, bought fish-hooks, marbles, and taffy, and made straight for a brook some two miles away, where he spent the rest of the day, going home at night with two small shiners and a turtle, and keeping carefully away from the neighborhood of Walter's house for many days afterward.

How long Walter slept he could not have told, but the sun was almost setting when he sat up and rubbed his eyes. At first he thought himself in the wood back of his own home, and half expected to see Rover dashing through the underbrush. Then as he looked around he remembered, and, though a little frightened, sat still, watching for Johnny, hidden somewhere

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he thought. No Johnny came; and at last Walter, who had grown more and more uneasy, and upon whom it was beginning to dawn that no Johnny would come, started toward home, crying a little as he went, and very miserable as he thought of what the missing ten cents might have done. In the bright morning light, and with Johnny and Pop for company, the way had seemed short; but now, as the shadows grew longer, he thought home lay farther and farther away, and wanted very much to call out "Mamma! mamma!" as he ran. How should he know that he had turned in the wrong direction, and that every step took him away from "mamma" and everybody else at home?

By and by he stopped. Certainly the road did not look as it did in the morning, and the woods had never seemed so dark or so likely to be full of bears. Walter would have screamed, but dared not, and stood still, trying to think what he should do. There was a sound in the woods; a crackling of twigs, and tramping as of some great animals. "It's a bear! O, it's a bear!" he screamed, trying to run, and stumbling over roots and stones.

"What do you say it's a bear for?" said a rough voice; and Walter looked up at a big man with a pickaxe and spade, who stepped from the woods into the road. "Hullo, young one! You going to keel over?" for Walter had turned quite white, and seemed ready to fall. "Seems to me you're rather small to be running round loose this way. Where do you live?"

"Fairfax Village," Walter answered.

"Well, you are bright. You're almost to Chester. You're four miles from home. What you going to do about it?"

"I don't know," Walter groaned. "Can't you take me home?"

"I reckon I'll have to," said the big man, taking his hand. "I'm going on a hand-car. Come along."

On a hand-car! What bliss, if only it had been daylight, and Walter had left home happily! Now he was surprised to find how little he cared, as the big man led him back to the sand-hill, and he saw other men piling their tools into the great box and shutting down the lid. It was rather exciting to be lifted to the platform of the car, and still more so when they began to move, and he watched the men working the brakes up and down. Fairfax was reached in no time, and Walter, who knew his ground now, dashed off, and found himself at home before he had thought what to say. Rover flew to meet him, and he heard his father saying, "Yes, it's Walter. Where have you been, my son?"

Walter meant to tell, but a thought of how forlorn the day had been overwhelmed him; and, bursting into a roar, he fled up the stairs, and threw himself on the bed. There mamma found him when she came up with some warm bread and milk, and by degrees Walter told the story of his day.

Mrs. Burleigh said little; but when the gritty, grimy boy had shaken the sand out of everything, and was ready for bed, he whispered, "I thought it was fun to have days to yourself, but it is n't. I sha' n't ever go on another spree."

Helen C. Weeks.

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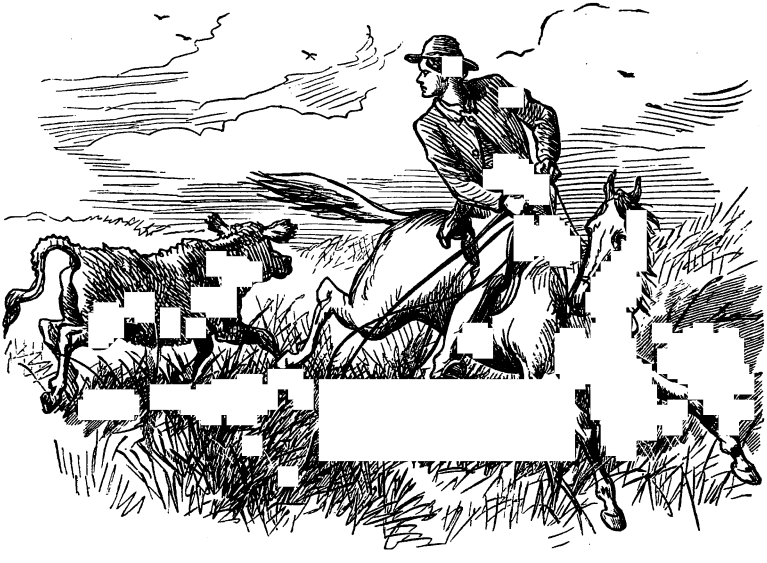
CATCHING BUFFALO CALVES.

A COLORADO SKETCH.



A FEW weeks since, Ike Trafton and several companions fitted up a sort of cage and went to the hunting-grounds on the Platte River, to see if they could capture a load of buffalo calves. One of the party wished to try the experiment of taming a few young buffaloes. The chase proved a success, owing chiefly to Ike's strength and pluck, and the intelligence and speed of Spicy, his horse.

During the night, troops of buffaloes (or, more correctly speaking, bisons) began to pass the hunters' encampment, on their way to water; doubtless choosing the night because they had been recently hunted by day. It was curious to see them on their march. Slowly and majestically they stalked along, about half as fast as a man's walk, with a "moss-backed" patriarch as leader. Had they been to the leeward of camp, their strong sense of smell would have warned them of danger when within three miles, and they would not have been seen; but as it was, they came very near, a little to the windward. Only Spicy's head was seen by them, as he looked over the low hillock behind which he had been picketed. The horse's head appearing and disappearing aroused their attention, and the captain was heard to give a low command. In an instant every hoof rested upon the earth. When the leader had satisfied himself that no mischief was brewing, he again said "Boo," and the march was resumed. Every troop that passed did as the first had done. The discipline seemed perfect.

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When a herd comes within smelling distance of water, it becomes excited. The speed increases. Faster and faster it goes. All the tails begin to rise. When the water is quite near, every tail stands straight out, and the whole herd thunders along almost as fast as a good horse can run.

Other hunters' camps were near by. Thousands of animals had already been killed; some for their meat, but more, I fear, for their skins alone. Long before New Year's, one hunter had taken seven hundred hides. The carcasses on every hand attracted great numbers of gray and prairie wolves. Every night strychnine baits were laid, and, in the morning, sometimes as many as ten wolves were found dead near at hand. In this way thousands of wolf-skins were obtained.

This hunter always resorted to the "still hunt." From his hiding-place on the river's bank he made fearful havoc among Uncle Sam's wild cattle with his deadly needle-gun. One morning a troop of thirty buffaloes came to water. Crack! went his "unerring rifle." Down went a buffalo, pierced quite through by the terrible conical bullet. It is but the work of a moment to place another cartridge in the breech-loader. Another and another poor brute sinks down. The sound of the bullet, as it strikes the tough hide, can be distinctly heard. They are falling fast, but not a sound of pain is uttered. The hunters think the poor buffaloes do not feel like other animals, because they suffer silently. When the survivors got scent of blood, they tore the ground with their feet and lashed their sides with their tails, while the hunter loaded and fired until his ammunition failed, and twenty-seven of the thirty lay dead or dying upon the bloody plain.

The horses of Ike and his party were well fed while it was yet dark, and at sunrise the hunt began. Several mature animals were shot down for their meat, the hunters dashing into the herd and using their heavy revolvers. A large calf of some three hundred pounds' weight, and perhaps eight or ten months old, was noticed to hang wearily behind the herd. Ike immediately gave chase, intent on capturing it unhurt. Spicy's superior speed soon left the other hunters behind. The calf showed signs of distress, and often staggered and stumbled, and once fell heavily. Ike thought it sick; but he learned later that it was only acting as all buffalo calves act when pursued just after drinking. It soon came to a stand, turned, erected its tail, and charged its pursuer. Three or four times Spicy jumped entirely over the calf. At length, becoming used to the encounter, the horse stood still and received the blow in the shoulder. At the same moment Ike clutched its shaggy topknot, slid to the ground, caught hold of one hind and one fore leg, and "downed" the calf in a moment. Slipping off his horse's bridle, he released a strap from its fastening, and sitting upon the calf's body tied its feet securely. There was great rejoicing over the first capture, and the wagon soon bundled it into camp.

The next morning it was decided to try taking the calves with lariats. Some of the party were herders, and very skilful in "throwing the rope" and catching half-wild cattle. As for Ike, he was more used to the gymnasium than the cattle ranche. He had never thrown a rope in his life; but he

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soon learned something of the theory, and went out with the rest. That day several calves were caught; but upon Ike fell the hardest chase. It chanced that he followed a calf that had not been drinking. In the rear of the herd, two old buffaloes were observed to take a calf between them in such a manner that they forced it to keep pace with them, their shoulders pushing it forward; but as often as Ike tried to "cut it out" by itself, a splendid bull, with glossy, black flanks, — the Adonis of the herd, — who acted as rear-guard, charged upon the horsemen with great courage and spirit.

The plains abound with the holes of prairie-dogs, and should a careless horse chance to prance into one of them, his rider would have a dangerous fall, particularly if an enraged buffalo were pursuing. But Spicy had been reared upon the plains, and, like all such animals, had learned to avoid both the thorns of the cactus and the dog-holes. He was looking for them all the time. When the bull charged, he fled. When his pursuer turned to rejoin the herd, Spicy turned also, and followed of his own accord. Seven times the old bison drove the intruder away, and then Ike shot him, I grieve to say. He lost his life in protecting those unable to protect themselves.

The pursuit now became more vigorous. The calf, though soon cut out, showed no signs of giving up. He dashed to the right and to the left. He turned, and ran behind the horse. He doubled upon his track. Twice he ran under the horse, but always avoided the noose that was thrown with unskilful hands. Reaching a narrow ravine, he crossed and recrossed so often that the heavy horse stood no chance, and Ike dismounted. Sam Craftree now appeared upon the edge of the ravine, swung his lariat in circles about his head, then cast it swiftly from him. It was almost a matter of course that the noose closed about the calf's short horns; but, unfortunately, Sam lost hold of the end of the lariat. The calf was now allowed to stop, and it began to drink the shallow water in the ravine. While drinking, Ike crept up and got hold of the lariat. Finding its enemy approaching hand over hand, it charged desperately; but a tremendous jerk from Ike prevented harm to himself, and the calf was "downed" as the first had been. In all, the hunters took eleven calves. Ike caught six of these, and tied five of them unaided.

Next spring, Ike and his friends intend to capture and send a whole load of buffalo calves East. At that season, when the calves are very young, the hunter has only to cut the calf off from the herd and head it off until its mother is out of sight, then turn and gallop to camp, and the little thing will follow him, or anything else, as fast as its legs will carry it.

A few days ago we all rode over to see how the calves got along. We found that one had died, but the rest were quietly eating corn-stalks in a yard, among horses and cows, calves, pigs, and hens. They were not wilder than the other animals. A little five-year-old boy was telling us about them, when Nellie said, "What will they be good for?"

"Good for?" he repeated, "why! there's heaps of folks, East, *just dying* for them!"

Oliver Howard.

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THE SAD FATE OF "POLLY COLOGNE."

WRITTEN ON THE SPOT BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

HIGH times at Prairie-Rose Cottage! *High* times, indeed! For there is Cousin Floy Plummer on her tiptoes, and there is little Effie Plummer, hurrying with might and main to climb to the top of the bureau; and there are the twins, the Jimmyjohn Plummers, scrambling both at once into the baby's dining-chair, tumbling over the back like one boy, then dividing at the bottom and going up again like two boys, and all these trying to pinch Annetta Plummer's ears, and to pinch them seven times too; for Annetta Plummer is seven years old this very day.

Ever since morning a little girl may have been seen holding two hands to two ears, scampering up stairs and down stairs, dodging into dark corners, behind doors, behind curtains, behind people, racing through the garden, hiding among the currant-bushes, among the grass, among the waving corn, in the barn, in the hen-house, up the apple-tree, up the ladder, and always have gone some of the *pinchers* after her, with seven pinches apiece in their thumbs and fingers; and now, will climbing that table save Miss Seven-year-old?

Hark! Rover is barking outside! O Rover, don't you know any better than to bark at *the party? Annetta's birthday party?* Look at old Bose, and learn how to behave. Old Bose never barks at company, and he is six times bigger than you are, — you little, noisy, capering, frisky, frolicsome Rover! Now the Jimmyjohns run to call off their dog. "Here, Rover! Here, ere, ere, ere! Rove! Rove! Rove!"

And now the company have come in, and have taken off their things, and have told Mrs. Plummer how their mothers do, and have sat down quietly in a row of chairs. Seven of them. Seven bright faces, so rosy and sweet; seven heads of hair so smooth or so curly; seven pairs of tidy boots, best ones, perhaps, — who knows but brand-new? The Jimmyjohns, too, have on their new, slippery, smooth-bottomed button-boots, and that was the reason of their falling down while they stood almost still, or, rather, more than half still, watching the seven little girls sitting in a row.

Ten minutes later. All out on the green spot, where it is shady, playing "Little Sally Waters, sitting in the sun." Josephus, the baby (called *Josephus* while waiting for his real name), stays in his baby-carriage, hearing them sing, watching the ring go round, laughing, crowing, patting cakes by the dozen. When the Jimmies choose the one that they love best before they close their eyes to rest, Rover rushes into the middle, barking, leaping high, as if he, too, were going to kiss the one that he loved best!

Fifteen minutes later. They are playing "Pretty Fair Maid." Dear, dear! what a charming singsong goes with this play! What a lively, chirruping tune! "Pretty Fair Maid, will you come up, will you come up,

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will you come up, to join us in our dances?" "And now we've got the Queen of May, the Queen of May, the Queen of May, to join us in our dances!" And then the last part, "Green grow the rushes O. Never mind the blushes O!" Ah, who would not be a little girl at a party, singing, "Pretty Fair Maid" on the green spot?

Half an hour later. All out in the orchard playing "keep house." They divide themselves into "families." There is one very large, flat rock in the orchard, also several hollow places, where rocks have been dug out. Two of the "families" take each a hollow to live in; a third "keeps house" on the rock; a fourth, under a haycock. O, what good times! Only two families can have "fathers," because there are only two boys. The other "fathers," Cousin Floy says, have gone to Boston. Cousin Floy manages this play. She is ten years old, and knows how. Cousin Floy goes in to coax Mrs. Plummer for some things in which to dress up the "fathers" and "mothers." She says it will do if the *heads* look like fathers' and mothers' heads, and no matter about the clothes. Mrs. Plummer lends two head-dresses, also ribbons and laces. Grandmother Plummer lends a cap and black ribbon. Who 'll be the "grandmother," I wonder? Minnie Lowe, the little girl with the flossy curls. O, such a cunning grandmother! Down, Rover! Down! What! Barking at your grandmother, you saucy little puppy?

"Ha, ha! He, he! Ha, ha! He, he! Ho, ho!" And who would n't laugh at seeing Jimmy Plummer in a high dicky, black whiskers, and tall hat? The hat touches his shoulders behind. Ah, that is better. Cousin Floy has taken off the hat and put on a great deal of black hair, pulled from an old cushion; yes, a great deal, as much as a quarter of a peck. It rises high on his head, and — What ails Rover? Ha, ha! Pretty good! Rover does n't know Jimmy!

Well, well, well! Grandfather forever! They are going to have Johnny a *grandfather!* Cousin Floy is covering his head with cotton-wool, for white hair. Now she gives him a cane. Now go on the spectacles. Now she is — doing — something — I cannot — see — what. O yes, yes, yes; putting a hump under his frock, between his shoulders, to give him a *stoop*. Bark away, Rover! Who would n't bark at such a cotton-wool grandfather as that!

Annetta has been in to the house and is bringing out all her rag-babies. To be sure, for now there can be a baby in every family. One of these is very large, and has a face as big round as a pint porringer; but the others are quite small. The large one is named "Joey Moonbeam." This is a true picture of Joey Moonbeam, copied from her likeness now hanging in Annetta Plummer's baby-house. The largest of the small rag-babies is named "Dorothy Beeswax." She is a little taller than a knitting-needle. This is a true

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picture of "Dorothy Beeswax." The next largest is "Betsey Ginger." The next is "Jenny Popover." The next is "Eudora N. Posy." The "N." stands for "Nightingale." The next is "Susan Sugarspoon." This is a true picture of Betsey Ginger. Susan Sugarspoon and Jenny Popover and Eudora N. Posy have not had their pictures taken yet. The smallest of all is "Polly Cologne." The smallest, the prettiest, and the cunningest. Her cheeks are painted pink, and she wears a locket. Her hair is of flax-colored floss-silk, while the hair of all the others is stocking-ravellings. She is *the baby* of the baby-house, and this is her true and exact picture. Polly Cologne has feet; but the others stand on their stiff petticoats.

Now comes Mrs. Plummer, with seedcakes for the *housekeepers* to play supper with, and behind her comes Cousin Floy, bringing cinnamon-water, and dishes from the baby-house. The cinnamon-water is in four phials. Each phial has in it sugar, and also rose-leaves.

What are the children laughing and whispering about, and why do they look at little Fanny Brimmer in such a way? Mrs. Plummer has called Annetta aside, with one or two others, and is asking why they do so.

"Because," whispers little Lulu, "Fanny picked out — the biggest — seedcakes — that had the most — sugarplums — on the tops!"

Mrs. Plummer tells them, speaking very low, that perhaps Fanny did not know it was selfish to do so; that her mother might never have told her. "Selfish girls," says Mrs. Plummer, "should be pitied, not laughed at; and besides, perhaps every one of you may be selfish in some other way."

Half past four o'clock. What is going on now? O, I see. The "family" at the rock are having a party, and to this party have come the "families" from the hollows and the haycock. No, Rover, you were not invited. Down, sir! Down!

The supper is laid out on the rock. The cinnamon-water is poured into the cups, each cup holding half a thimbleful. Grandfather Johnny and Grandmother Minnie sit at the head, and Father Jimmy at the foot; while the mothers with their little girls fill the room between. The mothers wear head-dresses. The little girls wear dandelion-curls and curls of shavings. Only one of the babies is allowed to come to the table, and that is Polly Cologne. The others sit on the floor and play with their playthings. Joey Moonbeam can come to table, because she is big enough. They call Joey Moonbeam a little girl three years old, that cannot walk because she has had a fever. Polly Cologne seems to be a pet among all these mothers and little girls. They all want to hold her. Why, by their talk, one might suppose she was a live baby. Hear them. "O little darling!" "Just as cunning!" "Dear 'ittle baby!" "Did zee want some payzings?" "Tum to oor mozzer, oo darling!" "Do let *me* hold her!" "No, let me, let

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me!" "Me!" And so she is passed from one to another, and kissed and stroked and patted and talked to. Really, the *birthday party* is having a good time! Ah, who would not be a little girl, playing supper on a rock, out among the apple-trees, and sipping cinnamon-water?

But, dear, dear! what is the matter? Why do they all jump down in a hurry, and scream and shout and run after Rover? What? *Polly Cologne?* Rover gone off with Polly Cologne in his mouth? Yes, Rover has. There he goes, scampering away, and all the children after him, calling, "Here, Here, ere, ere, ere! Back, sir! Back!" The Jimmyjohns slip, with their smooth-bottomed boots, and down they go, and off go wigs, whiskers, and all! Now they're up again, shouting to Rover: "Here, Rover! Here, Rover! Drop it! Drop it! Rove, Rove! Come back!"

But Rove won't hear and won't come back. He's out of the orchard, — across the meadow — over the brook — and now — and now — he has gone — into the woods! O dear, dear!

Four days later. Orchard, wood, brook, and meadow have been searched, but the lost is not yet found. Annetta is quite sad. She has put away Polly Cologne's every-day locket, and every-day clothes, and blue silk sunbonnet, because it made her feel badly to see them.

Dear little Polly Cologne, where are you now? Lost in the woods? And are the Robin Redbreasts covering you over with leaves? Perhaps naughty Rover buried you up, like a meat-bone, in the cold, damp ground! or dropped you in the brook, — and, alas! you could never swim ashore! Did those bright-spotted trout eat you, or did you float away to the sea? Perhaps you did float away to the sea. Perhaps you are now far out on the mighty ocean, where the wild winds blow, and there, all alone, toss up and down, up and down, on the rolling waves! Or perhaps the waves and the winds are at rest, and the sea is smooth, like a sea of glass, and you lie quietly there, with your pink cheeks turned up to the sky! Or the mermaids may take you down into their sea-caverns, all lined with rose-colored shells, and sing you sweet songs till your hair turns green! Or who knows but you may float away to North-land and be picked up on shore by the little funny, furry Esquimaux children? O, if you should be frozen solid in an iceberg there! But it may be you have drifted down to the sunny islands of the South, where the people have few clothes, no houses, no schools. And then some little, half-naked, dusky child may pick you up from among the coral and sea-shells, and show you to its mother, and say, "Mother, where do this kind of folks live?" And its mother, not having studied geography, may say, "O, in a wonderful country, close by the moon!"

Yes, let us hope that Polly Cologne has been wafted to those sunny, summer-lands of the South, where oranges grow, and prunes, and bananas; where the palm-tree waves and geraniums grow wild; where the air is balmy; where snow never comes, nor ice, nor frost; where bright-winged birds warble in the groves; where trees are forever green, and flowers bloom through all the year!

Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz.

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TWO BOYS' ASCENT OF VESUVIUS.

IT was a magnificent moonlight night in the month of April, when the ——, ninety-gun line-of-battle ship, on board which I was serving as a midshipman, dropped her anchor in the Bay of Naples. We lay directly off the Mola, about a quarter of a mile from the shore; and, while we were engaged in making the ship snug for the night, we youngsters cast many a longing glance at the brilliantly lighted city. When all was at last quiet, and nothing but the tread of the marine sentry, as he paced the quarter-deck, could be heard, one of my fellow-middies and I seated ourselves on a gun with our backs to the bulwark, and were soon busy in "'tween-decks" talk. Suddenly my companion sprang to his feet, exclaiming, "Why, George, I do believe that's Vesuvius straight ahead!" He was right. There stood the fire-belching old mountain, puffing a thin, sulphurous vapor from his mouth.

From my earliest childhood, the tales of such marvels of nature as Etna, Vesuvius, Stromboli, and the Maelstrom had exercised a powerful fascination over me; and now, at last, here I was within what seemed an easy walk of one of the strangest of them all. The wonders of Naples — of the Chiaja, the Grotto del Cane, Virgil's Tomb — sank into insignificance compared with the prospect of making the ascent of Vesuvius. Yes, Vesuvius must be ascended the very first time I went ashore! Here was an opportunity to distinguish myself. I would descend into the crater, — that crater about which Strabo, Seneca, and Pliny the younger wrote such interesting letters, — and explore the very bowels of the earth. I would become one of the world's greatest geologists. My name should rank with those of Humboldt and De Saussure, and a grateful posterity should erect a statue to my honor, in recognition of the vast amount of knowledge which I would give to an applauding universe.

My ambitious design was confidentially imparted to my companion, and, although he did not betray any symptoms of the enthusiasm which possessed me, he nevertheless agreed that we should go up the mountain together. Three days afterwards we succeeded in obtaining a whole day's leave, and went ashore about nine o'clock in the morning. Our first step was to go to the Hôtel d'Angleterre and order a princely breakfast. To our horror, however, the waiter who attended upon us had the bad taste to speak but a very few words of English; and we were on the point of giving up him and our breakfast in despair, when an English gentleman at the table came to our assistance.

We told him that we wanted to "go up Vesuvius," but that we had not the slightest idea how to do it.

"Well," said he, "I am myself going up to-day, and, as I have been up before, I do not think that you can do better than accompany me."

We were delighted, — hoped, of course, that we should not be intruding, etc., — but gave him little chance of withdrawing his exceedingly good-natured offer.

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Our new acquaintance seemed to be inoculated with our light-hearted spirit, and, declaring that he would have one more boyish day, he proposed that we should go down to Resina — a little town just off the shore of the Bay of Naples — in a *carro banco.*

Of all the odd sights in the world, in a small way, a well-laden Neapolitan *carro banco* is certainly one of the queerest. In appearance it is something like a heavy buggy on two wheels, drawn by one horse. In one of these quaint vehicles we ensconced ourselves, my comrade and I occupying the ordinary seat, though contrary to the suggestions of our friend, and to our subsequent great disgust and mortification. In two or three minutes, boys and men smelling of fish, lime, plaster, and greasy macaroni, clambered on to the floor of the car, the steps, the shafts, the cross-bar behind, and into the hood; while three ragged little urchins, whose faces, stockingless legs, and bared bosoms were as brown as a cocoanut, occupied a dignified position in a sort of hammock netting which was swung underneath the vehicle. The occupants of this netting are charged a trifle less than the other travellers on account of the blinding, choking dust from the horse's heels.

Our party soon numbered twenty-seven, all told, — mostly laborers going to their work; and, after giving vent to two or three frantic cries and indulging in a few preliminary flourishes of his heavy, thonged whip, our driver administered a fearful cut on the flank to his gaunt-looking, big-boned horse, and the next instant we were jolted almost out of our skins as we sped at the rate of eight or nine miles an hour on our way to Resina. Most of the men were smoking and chewing garlic. The women laughed and chattered, the boys shouted, the driver yelled, the people whom we passed on the road threw nuts or chips of macaroni at us, for which every one in the vehicle scrambled, and a constant fire of chaff was kept up throughout the entire journey. To our minds the whole thing was racy and amusing; but we soon found out our mistake in taking what purported to be the cushioned seat. The hot April sun seemed to draw out a thousand and one unpleasant odors from the unwashed mass of humanity piled above, below, and around us, and we were compelled to admire the foresight of our wily English friend, who had very oddly, as we thought before we started, taken his seat on the windward shaft. Fortunately, however, Resina is only four miles from Naples; and in five-and-thirty minutes we were stretching our cramped legs, expanding our lungs, and inhaling a purer atmosphere over the buried ruins of Herculaneum, on the top of which the town of Resina is built.

Here we hired two rough mountain ponies to carry us up, — the owner, who accompanied us, riding a third. The Englishman preferred to walk. We went out at the back of the little town by a narrow bridle-path, which was roughly paved with cobble-stones to prevent the winter rains from washing it away, and which was hemmed in on either side by a low stone-wall, the chinks of the stones being filled with various kinds of diminutive ferns and other small wild plants. As we gradually left the houses behind us and came out on the lower mountain slopes, we were not a little sur-

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prised at the luxuriant growth of the vines and the high state of cultivation of the land. From the grapes grown on the slopes of Vesuvius the celebrated wine called Lachrymæ Christi is made, and is much prized by Neapolitans; but the samples of it which are sold at an exorbitant price by the idlers who infest the traveller's route up the mountain are not particularly palatable, though their acidity is refreshing on a hot day.

Half an hour's ride up the ascending path brought us to the confines of this cultivated belt of land, and disclosed to us the black, bleak, bare fields of lava stretching in all directions; offering to the eye a striking contrast of color to the rich tints of the vineyards and gardens of orange and lemon trees which we had just passed through. In some places it seemed as though the eddying, seething waves of a sea had been suddenly transformed into a solid black mass by some magician's hand. In others, the lava had the appearance of immense coils of rope lying on a ship's deck. Sometimes the surface was tolerably smooth, and looked as though it had been bronzed; sometimes it was very rough and broken. Occasionally great, frowning, overhanging ridges obstructed the path, formed by some obstacle having arrested the downward flow of the lava, causing it to pile up in huge, irregular masses. The whole scene was wild and desolate looking to a degree, and we were not sorry when we reached a long stretch of green grass running for half a mile along an ascending ridge. This ridge, our Englishman told us, is called among his countrymen "The Derby Course," after the great English race, as it is common for those riding up the mountain to have a race along it; a practice in which they are encouraged by the guides, who always manage to win.

Here was a chance for us to have some fun. A race for a sweepstakes of a franc apiece was soon arranged, the Englishman consenting to act as judge and stakeholder. He proceeded to the farther end of the course, and dropped his pocket-handkerchief as a signal for us to start. Off we went at the risk of breaking our necks, and using our sticks and heels pretty freely. But it was no use. It was evident the guide would win the race. Sailors are proverbially bad horsemen, and I think we were worse than the average. Our guide had this great advantage over us, that he knew his animal well, and how to get the greatest amount of speed out of him. Moreover, he had doubtless reserved for himself the best pony at starting. As he rode coolly by our side he was convulsed with laughter, though, as he afterwards assured us, not a little alarmed for our safety, when he saw our pantaloons creeping up to our knees and noted the eight inches of daylight we displayed every time we rose in the saddle. As we neared the winning-post, he began to urge his pony forward, for of course he could not afford to let the three francs slip through his fingers. He easily left us behind, and got in at least fifty yards ahead of us. I was a bad second, and my fellow-middy, who had clung affectionately to the pommel of his saddle for the last two or three hundred yards, was an ignominous third. Our Englishman, who enjoyed the scene immensely, declared that he had expected every moment to see one or the other of us bumped out of the saddle on to the ground, and that we had done very well in keeping our seats and making such a good race of it.

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Starting on again at a walking pace, we soon reached a little place called the Hermitage, where there is a small inn for the refreshment of travellers. Here we stopped to rest our ponies a little and to make our first acquaintance with Lachrymæ Christi. But we had begun to find the high, hard-seated saddles a little uncomfortable, and we consequently decided to leave the ponies at the inn and perform the rest of the journey on foot. On quitting the Hermitage we made our way along an undulating path to the Atrio del Cavallo, the valley which lies between the cone of Vesuvius and Monte Somma. On our way, we branched off on to one of the great fields of lava to witness a small eruption from the mountain-side near the base of the cone. The scene was extraordinary. The lava we were now traversing was quite fresh, and we could see through the crevices that, two or three inches below the surface, it was red-hot. The surface itself was so hot that we could not stand still, and many of the nails came out of our thick-soled boots from the action of the heat. The scorching heat, too, as we neared the flowing lava, almost blistered the skin of our faces; while the exhalations from it affected our lungs most unpleasantly. The flow of the molten matter was at that time small to what it had been, — not more than ten or a dozen yards in width. It issued from the mountain-side in a slow crimson stream about the consistency of half-boiled pitch, and went coiling slowly down, assuming all sorts of fantastic shapes as it gradually cooled. As we stood watching it, we were only too glad to shade our faces with our hands, while at the same time we were obliged to keep our feet incessantly moving, like soldiers marking time when at drill.

A small boy who had followed us up from the Hermitage produced some eggs from a basket and placed them to roast on the lava at our feet, which had partially cooled. In three or four minutes they were thoroughly cooked. Our guide, meanwhile, occupied himself with picking out masses of the molten lava into which he stamped coins and a medallion of Garibaldi, and succeeded in getting some very good impressions.

But the heat thrown off from this liquid, fiery mass was so great that it was impossible to remain near it long, and we reluctantly retraced our steps to the path leading to the Atrio del Cavallo, whence we were to ascend the cone. This ascent is very trying to the knees, and the muscles and sinews of the legs. The cone on this side is entirely covered with small, angular, broken pieces of lava of a reddish-brown color, which are so loose, and afford such a treacherous footing, that we slipped one step back for two forward, — sometimes even a yard or two, falling upon our hands and knees. For three quarters of an hour we labored up this toilsome ascent, and were not a little proud when our guide told us, on reaching the summit, that it generally occupies an hour, or even more.

We stood for some moments contemplating the beautiful and varied prospect which surrounded us, before we approached the crater. The scene was one of intense repose and quiet. We could scarcely appreciate the fact that Vesuvius had so often dealt death and destruction to whole cities, and that Herculaneum and Pompeii lay buried at our feet, so peacefully did the

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little towns and villages nestle at its base. The deep blue waters of the Bay of Naples, with its shipping and its picturesque, rocky islands, the bright, rich colors of the fertile plains stretching inland as far as the eye could scan, the rugged range of high hills stretching along the shore to the south, and the white towns and villages skirting the curving shore of the bay and dotted here and there in the plains, combined to form a panorama of surpassing beauty, and one in strange contrast with the wild, gloomy look of Monte Somma, which rose up rugged, broken, and bare to our right, and the blackened slopes of lava immediately below us.

But our Englishman had left us, and, having crossed the level space between us and the crater, was looking sternly down into its gaping mouth. We quickly joined him; and, as I stood awe-struck, trying to pierce its black depths, and watching the thick, white clouds of sulphurous vapor which concealed the bottom and ceaselessly rolled away over the sea, my ambitious project of exploring the crater and throwing the reputation of all preceding geologists into the shade was unconsciously surrendered. Silently we stood contemplating this mysterious action of nature, fascinated and rooted to the spot, when suddenly a heavy rumbling sound, followed by a report like the broadside of a line-of-battle ship, roused us from our revery and shook the very ground under our feet. At the same instant great quantities of stones, cinders, ashes, and large masses of rock, were upheaved from the bed of the crater high above our heads. With a cry of terror we bounded from the crater's mouth and ran for our lives to the edge of the summit, the Englishman and the guide shouting at the top of their voices. On reaching the edge we looked back for a moment to see what had become of our companions, as we had no wish to be separated from them in that awful hour of danger. To our surprise and vexation they were still standing coolly at the crater's mouth, and were calling to us to come back as loudly as their laughter would permit. With crestfallen looks we rejoined them, and learned to our mortification that there was nothing to fear; that these minor explosions took place every five or ten minutes, and that the *débris* thrown up always fell back into the crater. Our Englishman, however, good-naturedly made light of our fright, and said that he had himself been a little alarmed the first time he witnessed one of these explosions.

We walked along the edge of the crater, but could see very little if anything of its interior, on account of the quantity of vapor issuing from it. On the side from which the wind came we could see a portion of its rough, jagged wall, but we could find no spot where we could descend more than a few yards. Passing round to the other side of the crater, we entered the massive volumes of vapor rolling out of it; and, placing our pocket-handkerchiefs over our faces and holding on tight to the coat-tails of our guide, — for we could not see, — we made a rush through the stifling cloud as fast as our legs could carry us.

We had now seen all that could be seen of the crater of Mount Vesuvius, and the guide proposed that we should descend, if we wanted to get back to our ship in time for mess. Descending the cone is just as great fun as it is

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hard work getting up. We went down at a different point, where the whole side is covered to a great depth with the finest dry ashes. Telling us to follow their example, our guide and the Englishman began to bound down the mountain-side with great springs, and we too were soon flying down with extraordinary velocity. As we bounded from one foot to another, each spring covered a greater space of ground, till at last we went nearly twenty feet at every stride; all rolling head over heels in the soft ashes when we got to the bottom. It took us three quarters of an hour to ascend the cone, and six minutes to get down. After recovering our breath and shaking the ashes from our hair and clothing, and having a good laugh at such a strange way of descending a mountain, we started for the Hermitage to regain our ponies, and in due time found ourselves safe again at the little town of Resina.

That evening we were the heroes of the midshipman's mess, and even two or three of the superior officers condescended to inquire of us what might be the sensation of standing in the jaws of a volcano.

Arthur Pember.

A PROTEST.

NOW, Katie, you always behave just like this,
I notice it every day, —
You must be bigger than somebody else,
Or you simply refuse to play.

If the game is *House*, I am servant, of course,
You are mistress, — O, to be sure!
If it's *Doctor and Patient*, you're doctor, and I
Am the invalid you've come to cure.

No doubt it is pleasant to grab for the best
Of everything that you see,
But Katie, remember, if *you've* such a right,
The same right belongs, dear, to me.

I fancy we'd very soon quarrel (don't you?)
If each was determined to win
When we have these queer little struggles of ours,
And I didn't always give in.

Now, Katie, suppose that you please try and act
Hereafter, whenever we play,
As much as you can like a lady, because
You *must* be a lady some day.

Edgar Fawcett.

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HOW MATTIE PROVED IT.

"NOW, children," said Mrs. Davenant, as she donned her cloak and bonnet for her shopping excursion, "see that you don't get into mischief. When I come home, I don't want to find the house upside down. And O," popping her head in at the door after she had put herself outside of it, "I almost forgot to tell you! You must n't play paper-dolls in the parlor. Sade, don't let Mattie nor John go in there. I want to find everything nice and clean when I come back. Now, mind what I say!"

She was quite gone this time. When they were sure of that fact, such a shout of joy went up! They were not glad that mamma was gone, — at least, they would not for the world have said so; for she was a very good mamma indeed; she made all their clothes, and treated them as kindly as any mother could, but she was quite strange about some things. She could not endure the noise of only three little folks playing cars, or dolls, or school; and she had not the slightest idea of the torture of sitting still. No, they were not glad she was gone, but then it was "kind o' nice" to be all alone. Even Malinda, the help, had gone away to spend the afternoon, and, though no one minded much what she said, still it was a comfort to be able to play without having to keep time to an undertone of scolding.

Such running and playing and shouting! They played "Handy Spandy," and "Ugly Mug," and "Chick-a-my, Chick-a-my, Crane-a-crow," until they were thoroughly tired. Then Sade, utterly unable to play vigorously any more, bethought her of the dignity of her twelve years, and sat down to read. John went off to play with the boys, leaving little Mattie to her own devices. She went up stairs to play with her dear, darling paper-dolls, and for a long time was very, very quiet.

Sade was oblivious to all things save the imprisonment of Christian and Hopeful in Doubting Castle, when an energetic "Bo!" recalled her suddenly to the fact of her existence.

"Why, where did you come from?" cried the startled girl.

"O, ho! ho!" laughed Mattie. "But did n't I scare you, though!"

Now the stairway came down into the room where Sade sat, and, as she was facing it, it seemed impossible that Mattie could have descended without being seen by her.

"But how did you get down? I did not hear you."

A wicked, boastful thought came to Mattie. "I jumped out of mamma's window, and came in at the door behind you."

"Oh! you never!"

But Mattie was determined to defend her word. "Iknow I did, too."

"Now, Mattie, you know it would kill you to jump out of that window. You could n't do it."

Mattie was more obstinate than ever, so she replied: "Well, I did, anyway!"

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"Now, Mattie Davenant, you know that is not true. You know you could n't."

Not true! what she said, not true? "Sade Davenant" (when they were angry they had a way of calling each other by their full names), "how dare you say that? You know that mamma does not allow us to call each other liars."

"I never called you a liar!" cried Sade, her eyes wide open at the bare idea; "I only said it was n't true."

"It 's all the same thing, anyway."

"Well, you never jumped out of that window. If you did it once, you can do it again. You won't do that, 'cause you 're afraid to. There, now!"

"Come up stairs, and I 'll show you whether I 'm afraid to or not."

"No," said Sade; "I 'll stay down here and watch to see if you will do it. It 's not worth while to go up stairs, 'cause I know you won't."

"Won't I, indeed! You 'll see, missy!" and she started on her way.

What little Mattie's thoughts were, going up those stairs, I cannot tell. The spirit of obstinacy that possessed her deprived the usually smart little girl of half her senses. At any rate, with blood boiling at the insult Sade had given her, she went to the window, and, without a moment's waiting, flung herself out, intending to drop when her body stopped swaying. But O, it was so far down there! She saw at one quick glance that the fall would probably kill her.

Under the influence of the fear that once glance downward had brought to her, her anger melted away, and thoughts of saving herself took the place of resentment. She struggled to draw herself up, so as to gain a footing on the window-sill. All to no purpose, however, as her little wrists were too weak, and her weight too great. What should she do?

Sade, standing at the window beneath, waiting for the proof, was smiling triumphantly, and saying to herself, "I knew she would n't be such a fool as to try it!" when she heard a frightened voice calling, "Sade! Sade! O Sade, come here!" She knew what that meant in an instant. She was up stairs and crossing to the window in less time than I can write it.

"O Sade, I shall fall; I know I shall!" screamed Mattie, in terror.

Sade's hands were upon her wrists. She was all safe now, Sade thought, and should confess her untruth. "Why did n't you jump? You could, you know," — all this time holding her by the wrist, but not offering to draw her in.

"O, take me in! Please take me in! I never jumped out of the window at all. I came down the stairs, only you did n't see me. O Sade, take me in! Please do, and I 'll tell you all about it."

Sade tried to do so, but the weight of the eight-year-old was too much for the strength of twelve years. "O dear, I can't!" said she; "you are too heavy. What shall I do? What shall I do?"

Away down street she espied John Reed, the ice-man, his cart slowly jogging on, while he carelessly sang. How could he sing when they were in such trouble? He would help them if he knew.

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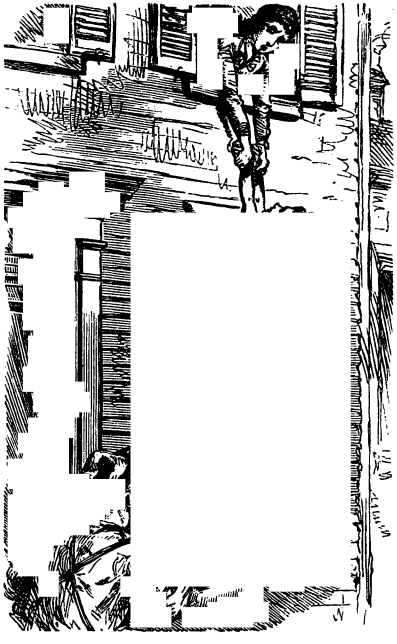
"John Reed! *John Reed!* JOHN REED!" called both Sade and Mattie. Sadie was tired almost to the point of letting Mattie fall. As for Mattie, she had loosened her hold three minutes before from sheer inability to grasp the sill longer, and now hung, a dead weight, on Sade's fast-weakening arms. John looked around slowly, wondering who was calling him. He looked up, down, around, — everywhere but in the right direction.



"Here, John, right here!" cried Sade, all in a tremble, lest he should fail to reach them in time. He saw them now.

"Hold on! I'll be there in a moment," he said, jumping nimbly from the wagon and running quickly to the spot. Quickly? Did ever a man run so slowly? Why, it seemed hours to Sade since Mattie called her. He was under the window at last. "Now let 'er drap an' I'll ketch 'er," said John.

In another moment he was carrying Mattie into the house, his great, strong arms upholding her as easily as if she were a little kitten. Sade flew down the stairs, and joined him in the sitting-room.

"Why, how did this 'ere happen?" asked John. "Tried to fly, and missed the wings, hey?"

When Mamma Davenant came, she found Sade sitting on the floor, trying to comfort Mattie, who lay upon the sofa pale and weak from weariness and fright.

"What 's the matter, little folks?" she queried. When she heard all about it (Mattie told her), she shuddered and hugged Mattie closely, without a word.

Mattie is a grown woman now, and often laughs at her old freaks, but to this one she does not often refer. For a long time she heard nothing about it; but the next Valentine's day she received this valentine, written in John's own cramped hand. I copy it here, spelling and all.

"Mattie is a Humbug, Mattie is a trump
and Out of the windo She thoat she would Jump.
She tried it and had n't it a Ben for Sade
for all her dets she Now would a Pade."

Amelia Frances.

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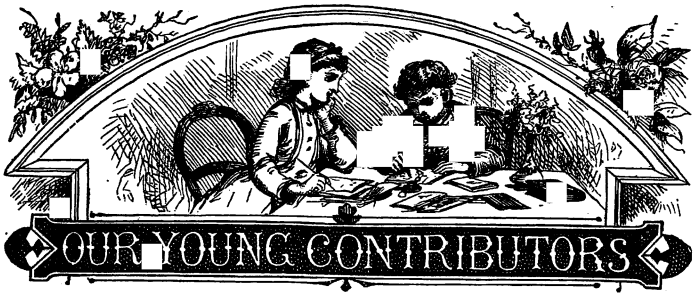

OUR POLL.

IT was an unlucky day, in one sense at least, when Uncle John arrived home from his last voyage to India; for he brought a pet parrot with him, that he had bought from a Hindoo in Calcutta, with the recommendation that it could talk and was not mischievous. The first part of this recommendation was proved to every one's satisfaction on the voyage over; but Poll had no chance to show whether she was mischievous or not, till she arrived at our house. From that day forth, it was nothing but one continual "O, that Poll!"

The next morning after her arrival, a terrific screaming was heard coming from the back piazza, where her cage had been hung; and on rushing thither we found Albert, my four-year-old brother, with one of his fingers stuck through the bars of the cage, and Poll pulling at it as if for dear life. That same day her cage was accidentally left open, when she hopped out and performed her next exploit in the shape of a great victory over the household cat. Poor Tabby thought she saw a chance for a good meal, but retired from the conflict with the loss of her right eye, and ever afterward kept a good distance between herself and the sharp beak of Poll.

One day Mr. Murray, our minister, made his usual monthly call; and, finding the parlor very warm (as it was in August), mother concluded to sit on the piazza, forgetting all about Poll.

"Mrs. P——," says the minister, "I believe you were not at church last Sunday."

"Yes, I was!" said a voice that sounded suspiciously like Poll's.

Mother did not hear Poll answer the question, so she was just about to give the reason why she was not at church, when she was surprised by Mr. Murray's saying, "Why! I saw Mary" (my sister) "after service, and —"

"You lie!" says Poll.

Mother did hear this last expression, and, knowing the cause, hastily explained it to Mr. Murray, when they enjoyed a hearty laugh over the mistake.

Father gave a large party one evening, and everything passed off very nicely until supper-time, when Poll came fluttering down from the top of an open door on which she had perched, and, by a laughable mischance, seated herself in a large bowl of lemonade that was on the centre of the table! After flapping her soaked wings and splashing the lemonade all over silk dresses, table-cloth, etc., in her vain attempts to get out of the bowl, she said, "Take Polly! take Polly out!" By this time father had recovered from his surprise, and acceded to her request by fishing her out of the bowl in double-quick time.

The next morning he took Poll to a bird-store in New York, and, for a while, there was peace in our home.

W. F. P.

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A DAY IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

SCOTLAND is a wonderful country. Other lands may surpass it in both beauty and grandeur, though that is hard to believe, but none can compare with it in the delightful variety which it presents in a small space.

Leaving our home in a seaside town, one afternoon two years ago, we sailed to Glasgow, resolved to see how much modern railway improvement had brought within the compass of a single day. We awoke next morning in the bedroom of a Glasgow hotel, with the murmur of that *fastest* of Scotch rising to our windows, and the strange street-cries filling our ears with a confusing hum. Dressing as quickly as possible, we hurried to the railway station, and set out on our day's journey.

A few hours' ride, at first along the banks of the river Clyde, afterwards striking almost directly north, brought us to Balloch, at the foot of Loch Lomond. It is a small village of only about a dozen houses and one comfortable hotel, which, as printed notices inform us, was once honored by a visit from the Empress Eugenie. To me it was the very ideal of a summer residence. Taking the cars again, a very few minutes carried us to the pier where lay the steamer which was to carry us up the Loch. The lake was unlike anything I had ever seen before; not, as I had expected to find it, wild and grand, but almost perfect in its bright beauty. Small islands, wooded to the water's edge with low, bushy pine, surrounded us on every side, and it seemed every moment as if we should run aground on one or another of them, when a skilful turn of the helm carried us safely past, only to reveal new beauties beyond. Towards the upper end of the lake the scenery grew bolder and more sublime, the prevailing color became rather gray than green, till at last it culminated in its greatest grandeur as we sailed up almost to the foot of Ben Lomond. The barren gray rocks, brightened here and there by patches of purple heather, along the base of the mountain, while its top was lost among the clouds that often hide it from envious eyes, formed a scene which I at least have never seen surpassed.

Here, at Inversnaid, we left the steamboat and mounted the high, unwieldy coach which is the only conveyance that can travel on these mountain-roads. Our way now lay over hills so steep we were alternately afraid of falling from the coach behind and of slipping forward on our friends before, while all around us stood the mountains, one above the other, as far as the eye could reach. Now they opened so that behind us we could see the top of Ben Lomond at length freed from its veil of mist; and they hemmed us round so that we could not see many yards ahead.

At Auchterarder we again took the steamer for a sail on Loch Katrine, best known of Scotch lochs as the scene of Scott's "Lady of the Lake." It is more picturesque than Loch Lomond; the mountains Ben An and Ben Venue rising abruptly from the water's edge. The islands are fewer, but larger in size. One at the upper end of the lake was pointed out as "Ellen's Isle." So completely did it seem to block the way, that no passage around it could be perceived till we were almost on its shore, when we saw that it was really an island, and glided onward through the opening to the head of the lake.

Here we again found coaches to take us through the Trossachs glen, which Scotchmen tell us cannot be surpassed even by our Yosemite. Passing Loch Achray, and Coilantogle Ford, — the scene of the contest between FitzJames and Roderick Dhu, — we arrived at Callander, where we again took the railway for Glasgow, I, at least, quite delighted with our day's journey.

Mary Duncan, age 16.

HAMILTON, CANADA.

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ONE NIGHT'S SPEARING.

In the spring of the year, in many of the small streams and estuaries about Lake Ontario may be found the fish commonly called the "sucker," or "mullet," which at that season seeks shallow water in which to spawn, or deposit its eggs. Early in May, in the year 1870, I visited a friend who lived on the banks of a little creek which flowed into the lake; and during the first few days of my stay many were the stories that I heard of the wonderful sport of spearing mullet, so that my desire to make a trial of it became very great.

One morning my friend said to me, "Fern, what say you to trying the spear to-night?"

"Nothing would suit me better," I replied; and the expedition was agreed upon.

When supper was over and the evening shadows began to fall, having donned our oil-cloth coats, — for the dew was heavy, — we took the long spears from where they hung in the barn, shouldered the bag of pine-knots that were to be burned in the jack-light, and wended our way to the landing, a short distance from the house, where lay the little skiff which was to be used in the expedition.

Firmly fixed in the bow of the boat, upon a standard some three or four feet high, was a sort of basket, made of iron bands, in which the fire was to be built; in fact, it was the jack. The spears were four-pronged, and furnished with handles nearly twelve feet in length, while a single paddle afforded the only means of propulsion.

Having filled and lighted the jack, we untied the rope which fastened the boat to the shore, pushed out into the stream, and, giving ourselves up to the current, began to watch for the scaly game. Slowly and silently we drifted along, the fire in the jack throwing out bright, unsteady gleams that now illumined all the banks and showed the bottom plainly, — for the creek was shallow, — and now faded into indistinctness, so that we could hardly see the sparkle of the water as it rippled around us, while often some dying ember would fall with a faint hiss into the stream beneath. All combined to render the situation a new and strange one to me; and, although I often thought that I saw some dark object swimming rapidly along within reach of my spear, I made no motion to disturb the quiet that reigned about us.

We had floated on in this way for perhaps a quarter of a mile, neither of us having spoken a word, when suddenly my friend made a quick lunge forward; the spear slid rapidly through his hand and down into the dark water beneath him; he seemed to strike at something, and then a handsome fish, weighing perhaps three or four pounds, was tossed into the boat at my feet.

"That's the way to do it, Fern!" he cried. "Why don't you get one? Have you seen none?"

"I think I have," I replied, as I stooped to examine his captive, "but, not being sure, I waited."

"O, you must n't wait!" said he; "when you see one, strike! You can't do any worse than to miss, any way."

"Well, I 'll strike," I answered, and we resumed our watch.

Now and then my friend would toss more wood upon the fire and then lean eagerly forward, carefully scanning each bit of bottom over which we passed. Following his example, I too bent over, watching with all my eyes for a fish. Just as we passed a little pool of unusual depth, I saw an object moving beneath me, and, remembering my instructions, without hesitation, but with a strong arm, I thrust my spear down deep into the water. Deceived as to its depth, I had kept too short a hold on

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the handle, and, striking neither fish nor bottom, the force of the blow reacted upon myself, tipped me quickly over, and before I could recover my balance I found myself floundering in the chill waters of the creek! The jar of the fall also upset my friend, but luckily it acted in the opposite direction with him, and a sudden bump on the bottom of the boat apprised him of my disaster.

The water was not over my head, and I soon clambered back into the boat again, wet, however, to the skin, and shivering vigorously from my cold bath. We at once put ashore, and, while my friend gathered wood for a fire, I ran up and down the bank, trying to prevent by such exercise any bad effect that the *douche* might otherwise have upon me. Soon a cheerful blaze greeted our eyes, and in a few moments I felt both courage and spirits returning, as the genial warmth dried my dripping garments.

After a little talk and several hearty laughs at my misadventure, my friend left me to the care and comfort of the fire, and, returning to the boat, with a few strokes of the paddle he urged her out from the bank, replenished the jack, and, resuming his spear, continued the hunt.

I watched the light as the boat slowly drifted farther and farther down the stream, my friend seeming like one of the gnomes or water-kelpies of whom we read, as he stood bending forward with the long spear in his hands, the flickering gleams from the jack now bringing him into full view and then leaving but a ghostly shadow of his form, until a bend in the creek hid the boat and its occupant from my sight. Even then at times some distant tree that towered above the others along the bank would stand forth in sudden illumination, showing dim and wavering against the night only to be instantly swallowed up again in the surrounding darkness.

I kept the fire in good order, and its cheerful glow and hearty roar afforded me company, as I sat beside it on an old water-soaked log, the stranded voyager from some distant saw-mill away up stream. The night was overcast and promised rain, but I drew my oil-cloth about me and would have laughed to scorn the showers that might have fallen from above, now that I had braved the chillier flood that ran below. In time my eyes grew heavy; and soon, my drowsiness increasing, I slowly slid from my seat to the ground, and slept.

How long I lay there I do not know, but I awoke with a sort of shiver and looked wonderingly about me, seeking to collect my scattered thoughts and account for my present situation. The fire, a pile of glowing embers now, threw out fitful flashes into the surrounding darkness, which seemed to cover the earth like a thick cloud about me; a hoot-owl sent forth dismal music from a neighboring tree; the frogs croaked drearily along the marshes of the creek's banks, and a few drops of rain fell hissing on the coals, forerunners of the coming storm.

I roused myself and looked down the creek. No light there. My friend must have gone a long way, or he would have returned ere this. Could he have passed the fire without seeing me as I lay asleep behind the log, and paddled on home, thinking to find me there?

The question startled me; but before I had answered it satisfactorily to myself, a long shout came ringing up the creek, and shortly after the boat shot into view around the bend. The light in the jack was nearly out, and my friend was making haste to reach the fire in time to replenish it before the rain came. I joyfully answered his call, and as he approached the bank ran down to meet him, carrying a blazing root which I placed in the jack, and, having piled chips enough upon it to make a good fire, turned to inspect his fish. The bottom of the boat was fairly covered!

"That's splendid!" I cried. "Are these all mullet?"

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"Yes," answered he, "all mullet. I must have been a mile below here. But in with you, it 's going to rain, and we must hurry home."

I stepped into the boat, and took the paddle.

"Well, it must be fun! Did you miss many that you struck at?"

"Only one or two," said he; "these fellows were swimming very slowly to-night, so 't was easy work to kill them. But what have you been doing ever since I left you? I must have been gone nearly two hours."

"Sleeping!" I answered with a laugh; "and I had just begun to fear that you had passed the fire without seeing me, and so gone on home."

"I might have done so," he replied, "had not my light been so nearly out; but it 's all right now. Ah, there 's the landing and here 's the rain! We are home none too soon.'

Quick work we made of the rest of it, for the rain began to fall heavily. The fish were gathered into the bag which we had used to carry the pine sticks and knots in, and hastily tossed ashore, the boat made fast to an overhanging tree, and we hurried up to the house, where a good fire and two big bowls of bread-and-milk awaited us. You may be sure that both were very acceptable. It was just eleven o'clock when we arose to go to bed, and we had been out nearly four hours and a half.

The next morning the fish were brought up to the barn, cleaned, and weighed. Seventeen mullet tipping the bar, when dressed, at sixty-five pounds! Was not that a good night's work for two boys, and one of them a green hand too?

Fern.

AT TWILIGHT.

Lips like fresh rosebuds
Sprinkled with dew;
Do they speak precious words,
Gentle and true?

Eyes like blue violets,
Tender and shy;
Do they grow bluer, love,
Looking on high?

Hands soft and waxlike;
Will they be strong,
To hold up the good, love,
And battle with wrong?

Dear little dancing feet;
Ah! will they go
Out on the highways,
To lessen man's woe?

Fold now your gentle hands,
Close your blue eyes,
Think who it is, love,
That looks from the skies.

And, as the twilight comes
Down o'er the sea,
Lisp then thy evening hymn
Slowly with me: —

"Father, thy golden sun
Sinks out of sight;
Wilt thou my keeper be
Through the dark night?

"Soft lie the gentle stars
Out on the sea;
Wilt thou thus reflect
Thy goodness on me?

"Low lies the tired bird
Still in its nest;
Fold thou this timid dove
Close to thy breast.

"And, as back comes the gentle bird,
Where'er it roam,
Save this dear nestling
In heaven thy home."

Willie Wilde.

Tuskegee, Ala.

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APPLE-BLOSSOM WALTZ.

Composed by SOPHIE OLIVIER, age 14.

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A SKEEZICKS.

CHARACTERS.

LANDLORD.
DICK.
OLD GENTLEMAN.

SCENE. — *Office of hotel.* LANDLORD *and* DICK *discovered.*

LANDLORD. I 'm going out, perhaps for the afternoon. Now mind that you stay right by this office, and look after matters.

DICK. Yes, sir.

LAND. And if any customer comes in, just use your judgment on him. If he 's a skeezicks, put him in the attic, and give him a seat at the lower table. I can't afford, at my prices, to give Tom, Dick, and Harry the fat of the land and all the delicacies of the season. If he 's a gentleman, treat him like a gentleman ; give him the parlor bedroom, and put him at the upper table.

DICK. A gentleman ! can't 'most always tell 'em. What 's the items now, sir ?

LAND. A gentleman has — well, there 's an air about him ; he 's well dressed ; wears a watch ; hair in good shape ; free with his money. It 's such kind of people that give reputation to a hotel. (*Starts off.*) Remember, any suspicious-looking person without baggage must pay in advance.

DICK. Yes, sir. But s'pose they won't fork over ?

LAND. O, you can scare them into terms by telling them there 's a circus expected, or a political meeting, or the minstrels, or something that will crowd them out if they don't engage the rooms at our figures.

DICK. Yes, sir, I understand. [*Exit* LANDLORD *R.*]

DICK. (*Gives a long whistle.*) The fat of the land ! The delicacies of the season ! Wonder what they look like ! Two kinds of customers ; gentlemen and skeezickses. (*Enter* OLD GENTLEMAN *L., in plain dress, with travelling-bag, etc.*) Here 's one of the skeezicks kind, for sure. He hain't got none of the items, as I see.

GENTLEMAN. I want entertainment for the night.

DICK. All right, sir ; we can eat you, and sleep you. Fork over the stamps.

GENT. You 're sharp ; but business is business.

DICK. In course it is, sir ; we don't keep a hotel for fun or for charity.

GENT. Well, how much do you want ?

DICK. Five dollars, sir.

GENT. That 's a high figure for a country place.

DICK. A V 's the talk ; if you don't like the talk, you can just light out.

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GENT. Is there any other house of entertainment in the place?

DICK. Not that anybody knows on.

GENT. Can you give me a good room?

DICK. It 's good for the price. It 's in the third story, but it 's got a front window to it. If you don't like it you can go somewhars else. We can get double the money for it in two hours. They 's goin' to be a big show along this afternoon, and some celebrated circuit-riders, and the town will be bustin' with folks.

GENT. Well, I suppose there 's no help for it. Here 's the money.

DICK. Thank you, sir. Please write your name in this book.

GENT. (*Writes.*) Now show me to my room.

DICK. This way, sir. (*Exit* DICK *with* GENT. *C., the latter carrying travelling-bag, overcoat, and umbrella.*)

(*Enter* LANDLORD *R.*)

LAND. Now, where 's that boy gone? Off playing; snowballing, I warrant. A perfect eye-servant. (*Rings furiously.*) I guess that 'll wake him. (*Goes to door and calls.*) Dick! you Dick!

DICK (*without*). Comin', sir.

LAND. Then hurry along with you, you lazy-bones, and give an account of yourself. Will you hurry?

(*Enter* DICK *C., panting.*)

DICK. Here, sir; here I am.

LAND. And where have you been, you good-for-nothing?

DICK. I 've been to the attic to show a skeezicks to his room.

LAND. A new customer, eh? Did the gentleman have a trunk?

DICK. O, he ain't a gentleman! he 's one of t'other sort.

LAND. And why did n't you make him pay in advance, you stupid blockhead? You 'll always be a dolt; you 'll never learn any shrewdness. I 'll take it out of your wages, — all I lose by such stupidity.

DICK. But I had him pay; here 's the money.

LAND. Now that sounds like business. You 're growing in shrewdness every day, my lad. I 'll make a business man out of you yet. (*Takes the money.*) Five dollars! That 's capital. You 're a clever boy, Dick. You gave him the attic room? He 's a shabby-looking fellow, is he? What 's his name?

DICK. Did n't ask him, sir. He wrote it in this book. I did n't read it.

LAND. (*Reads the name.*) Washington Seville. Heavens! General Washington Seville! O you dolt! you idiot! Do you know what you 've done, you blockhead?

DICK. I 've put General Washington Seville in the attic.

LAND. Run instantly, and fetch him down here. (DICK *starts off.*) Come back here! Go straight and make a rousing fire in the parlor bedroom. (DICK *starts off.*) Come back here! And tell the chambermaid to make the bed with the best bedding in the house. Now hurry! (DICK *starts off hurriedly.*) Come back here! Why can't you wait till I get through? And go and tell the dining-room girl to spread the centre-table in the parlor for two, with the best china. Why don't you go? (DICK *starts.*) Stop! come back here, you flibbertigibbet! And run and tell the cook to make some muffins, and some milk-toast, and some corn-cakes, and some hot rolls, and some waffles, and some jelly-cake, and tea, and coffee, and everything else she can think of. (DICK *starts.*) Come back here! Have you got the St. Vitus's dance? And run to Mr. Nodler's, and tell him to send me a pound of the best butter; tell him I 'll settle up all back accounts to-morrow. Why do you

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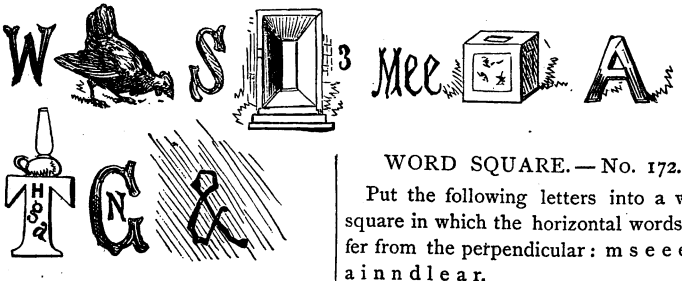
stand gaping there, you idiot? (DICK *starts.*) Come back here, and stand still till I get through with you. Run right quick to the other grocery, and get a can of Baltimore oysters and a pound of crackers. (DICK *starts.*) Come back here, you wretched fly-away! We must have some poultry. Go to Martin's and get a young chicken. Quick, now, or there won't be time to dress it. (DICK, *of course, starts off.*) Come back here! Is there a flea on you, that you can't stand still for five seconds? Bring a half-pound of loaf-sugar. Now go. (DICK *starts off.*) If you don't stand still I'll take your head off. Go and tell the band-boys that General Washington Seville, the most renowned military chieftain of the age, is my guest, and that they must give him a rousing serenade. Now you can go, you restless colt. (DICK *hurries off.*) Come back here! I had almost forgotten the wine. You fairly addle my brains with your fidgets. Bring a bottle of champagne. Now hurry. (DICK *starts out C.*) Is that the way to the stores, you idiot? (DICK *starts L.*) Where are you going? Do you mean to leave General Washington Seville up in that attic to freeze while you run all over the town to do up forty dozen errands? Go bring that gentlemen down here. No, I'll fetch him down. Go tell the cook to get about General Washington Seville's supper. No, I'll send the landlady about that. You go and get the chicken and oysters and things. (DICK *starts.*) Come back here, you fidgety flirt! I told you to go instantly and make a fire in the parlor. Do you want to freeze General Washington Seville? Now go, if you've at last got it through your wooden head where in all the world you're to go to. (DICK *starts L.*) What are you going that way for? (DICK *bolts off R.*) Now, where are you going? (LANDLORD *runs after him, seizes him by the arm, shakes him violently, and exits C., pushing* DICK *before him.*)

Mrs. Geo. M. Kellogg.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 170.



J. T. E.

METAGRAM.—No. 171.

My first is something used to cook with.
Change my head, and I am an animal.
Change again, and I am another animal.
Behead, and I am a preposition.

Uncle Joe.

WORD SQUARE.—No. 172.

Put the following letters into a word square in which the horizontal words differ from the perpendicular: m s e e e t d a i n n d l e a r.

C. Clinton.

CHARADE.—No. 173.

From the beams of my first we haste to my second;
And my whole from my first a protection is reckoned.

Mary D. Newman.

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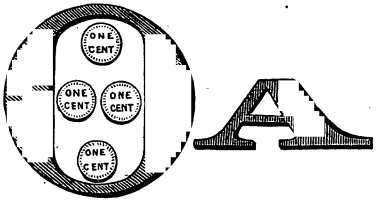
REBUS. — No. 174.

A popular work.



George Cole.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. — No. 175.

Foundation Words.

1. A queen of England, over whose domain
   Untiring Phœbus ever holds his reign.
2. A martyr, a heathen, brave, noble, true;
   In our favored time such men are too few.

Cross-Words.

1. One who helped rule this earth and heaven above,
   A goddess fair who ever fostered love.
2. Of Jove the powerful an unhappy mate,
   Who roamed the world to flee from Juno's hate.
3. Oft used by ministers, by dandies oft,
   A fabric fine, smooth, delicate, and soft.
4. He roams the desert wild, unknown, untaught,
   Best at a distance, very sour when caught.
5. The final letter of an alphabet
   Whose mighty worth is known and valued yet.
6. A noisy thing, rough, bustling, rude, and loud,
   Oft seen in streets and often in a crowd.
7. To stir men up to wicked deeds or good,
   To urge on knights of valor and of blood.
8. The Trojan leader, "strong in breast and arms,"
   Endued with strength to flee from Dido's charms.

Shirley.

RIDDLE. — No. 176.

Cut off my first, a giant huge I tower;
My last, all works urge I by land and sea;
Take both away, yet still remains my power;
Surprise, amazement, terror, speak in me.

What is my first? Give but attendant light,
As joy embodied springs it up elate;
And what my last? A prompting to the right.
Conjoined, the truest grace they indicate.

Strange paradox I am, though known full well, —
A trusty friend, a robber; waggish, grave;
Habitual rover, steadfast sentinel;
Most dread destroyer, most devoted slave.

ENIGMA. — No. 177.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 8, 2, 12, is a girl's name.
My 1, 9, 11, 14, is a vehicle.
My 3, 13, 6, 10, is two things.
My 11, 5, 4, is a troublesome animal.
My 14, 9, 7, is what the sun does.
My *whole* is a celebrated author.

Mamie Reeve, age 9.

FRENCH WORD SQUARE.

No. 178.

1. Un quadrupède.
2. Détester.
3. Secours.
4. Fort.

ENIGMA. — No. 179.

My *first* is in cow, but not in ox.
My *second* is in horse, but not in fox.
My *third* is in bear, but not in bull.
My *fourth* is in light, but not in full.
My *fifth* is in size, but not in lye.
My *sixth* is in pastry, but not in pie.
My *seventh* is in mine, but not in thine.
My *eighth* is in altar, but not in shrine.
My *ninth* is in sand, but not in clay.
My *whole* is a long-wished-for happy day.

Bilboquet.

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REBUS. — No. 180.

II L & N Y
E W K

"Red-Top."

ENIGMA. — No. 181.

My *first* is in tall, but not in long.
My *second* is in right, but not in wrong.
My *third* is in cup, but not in plate.
My *fourth* is in fortune, but not in fate.
My *fifth* is in daughter, but not in son.
My *sixth* is in joke, but not in pun.
My *seventh* is in bread, but not in leaven.
My *whole* resounds through the arch of heaven.

Rosabel.

CHARADE. — No. 182.

My *first* you 'll discover in mortar and earth;
The want of my *second* makes famine and dearth.
My *whole* of a tree is a small, bitter fruit,
Unsuited for man, yet beloved by a brute.

Laura.

DIAMOND PUZZLE. — No. 183.

1. A vowel.
2. A boy's nickname.
3. Once more.
4. To desert.
5. A kind of fowl.
6. A conjunction.
7. A consonant.

Flossie May.

HIDDEN CITIES. — No. 184.

1. I met Aunt Onslow yesterday.
2. Her face wore a dingy hue.
3. I bought a chart for Daniel.
4. You cannot grasp a rising star.

Ruthven.

CHARADES. — No. 185.

My *first* is to cry loud.
My *second* belongs to a bed.
My *whole* is a large sea.

No. 186.

My *first* is a wharf.
My *second* is a part of the body.
My *whole* is a city in South America.

Hawkeye Boy.

ANSWERS.

149.
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    L
  R Y E
L Y O N S
  E N D
    S
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150. Hannah; Anna.

151. 1. Sheet, these. 2. Psalm, palms, lamps. 3. Melon, lemon. 4. Ample, maple.

152.
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    I
  A T E
I T A L Y
  E L L
    Y
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153.
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B O A R D
O S C A R
A C U T E
R A T E S
D R E S S
```

154. Oregon (o'er E G, O N).

155. Ravenswood.

156. 1. Owl. 2. Eagle. 3. Wren. 4. Swan. 5. Coot. 6. Daw. 7. Dove. 8. Gannet. 9. Pewit. 10. Heron.

157. "Learn, where'er thy lot doth fall, —
Short lot or not, — to be content withal."
[(ell urn) (w hare e'er) (t high) (lot) (dot h) (fall) (sh o'er tea) (lot o'er knot) two (bea) (k on tent) (withe) (awl).]

158. Pennsylvania.

159.
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L O V E
O V E R
V E E R
E R R S
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160. Bread, Wheat. Billow, Rich, Edge, Alpaca, Dart.

161. "Politeness is to do and say
The kindest thing in the kindest way."

Key: a b c d e f g h i j k l m
n o p q r s t u v w x y z
Use *a* for *n* and *n* for *a*; *b* for *o* and *o* for *b*, etc.

162. It was a Pleasant day, and Christmas. The ground was covered with Snow, and we could Coast very well. My cousins and I coasted till we heard the Bell(e) ring for dinner. The Table was spread in grandmother's dining-room. O, what a sight! A roasted Goose in the centre, and hot biscuits, — but the Cook put too much Soda in them to suit *me;* some mince-pies, with some Spice in them; and many other puddings, etc., with a silver Fork and Knife to eat with. After dinner we went up to the garret to play, but we made such a Racket that our mother had us come down. Old Doll was at the gate with tinkling bells, and we went home by the light of the Moon, with hopes of another Jolly time at grandmother's.

163. 1. Bobolink. 2. Robin. 3. Sparrow. 4. Whippoorwill.

164. Roanoke River (roe, an oak, river).

165.
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G L A S S
L I G H T
A G R E E
S H E E R
S T E R N
```

166. Hart, part, hall, all.

167.
```
P R I N T
R I V E R
I V O R Y
N E R V E
T R Y E R
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168. Our Young Contributors.

169. 1. Goldsmith. 2. Cooper. 3. Milton. 4. Byron. 5. Reade.

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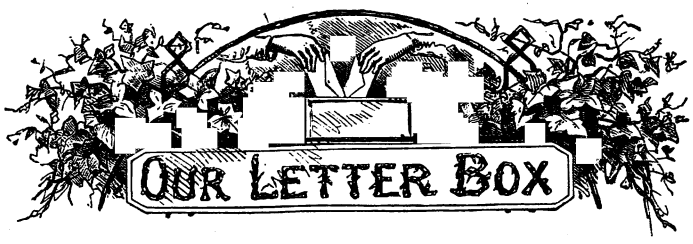

WE have received the following letter, addressed "To the kindest one of the Editors of 'Our Young Folks.'" We omit the name and date.

DEAR UNKNOWN FRIEND: —

I am in great perplexity and distress, and I have resolved to write and tell you frankly all about it. I am sixteen years old. My parents are poor, — very poor, but they are depriving themselves of almost every comfort in order to send me to school. They expect me to teach, and I have half promised to begin next summer. But O, I dread and dislike the prospect so much! This has made me think very hard lately what I can do instead. I love writing best of all things, and I have thought that if only I were able to earn a little money with my pen, O, how happy, *how* happy I should be!

The other night I was in the bookstore, and while the clerk wrapped up a parcel for me, I picked up a "Young Folks" that lay on the counter. I subscribed for it once, two or three years ago, and I liked it very much. As I turned over the leaves I came to a department called "Our Young Contributors." My heart bounded. I thought, "O, maybe here is a chance for me! These pieces are by boys and girls about my age. What if I could write? What if they pay for these pieces?" As I was walking home (I have two miles to walk), a sudden thought struck me: "Write to the editors of 'Our Young Folks' and tell them frankly all your trouble, and ask them about it." So I sat down on a log and wrote a letter on a scrap of paper, which I have carried about in my pocket for a couple of days, not once relinquishing my purpose.

Now, Mr. Editor, please do not think me a begging letter-writer. All I want is work, and if you cannot give me any, if you will please let me know, I will not trouble you. But I am willing to work night and day to qualify myself for a writer, and I believe God will help me. I have concluded to send you the accompanying "composition," which I wrote when I was fifteen. If it would do for *that* department or any other department, happy am I! I will not deny that the money is my chief desire. I want to pay my tuition for this term of school. I want to help pa pay a large debt which he owes for the house we live in, and thus lift a great weight of care which hangs upon my mother's heart. If I were wealthier, I should love to write without pay, just for the delicious pleasure of seeing my own words in print. But this is almost a matter of life and death to me, and "money! money!" is the cry of my heart. Not for my own pleasure, but to help my parents — my darling mother. They do not know that I am doing this; I would not have them know for the world. But I am sure it cannot be wrong. Now, dear Mr. Editor, this is what I want, — that you should write me and tell me if it is possible for me, a poor little girl of sixteen, by no means a genius, to earn anything with my pen. If you do not want the poor little article I send, and I can write something else, I shall be satisfied. But I do hope you will take it and pay me, and give me some hope for the future. But remember, I am not asking *charity*.

May God incline your heart to help me by giving me work! If you can, I will bless you all my life, and God will bless you too.

Yours respectfully,

———— ————.

We are constantly receiving appeals like this from young persons asking for advice and assistance; and, though an editor's life is too full of employment to leave him time for answering such letters, it is not always possible to pass them by unnoticed. At our earliest leisure we wrote privately to the author of the letter given above: for the benefit of many others, in like circumstances, to whom individually we cannot write, we here embody the substance of what we said to her in the form of a more general letter. Although addressed to a girl ambitious of becoming a writer, our remarks apply, for the most part, equally well to those who have restless yearnings for other spheres of employment, and to many an aspiring boy.

MISS ———— ————: —

Your case interests us exceedingly; and if it were possible for editors always to indulge their personal feelings in dealing with their correspondents, we should accept your contribution, call for more, and pay you munificently. Gladly would we give work to all who earnestly ask for it. But our business, like almost every other, is regulated by the law of supply and demand; and every writer must compete with hundreds of others in

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the same field. We dare not, therefore, encourage in you the expectation of earning much money with your pen, until you shall have made a fair trial of your talents, and found that you can furnish what readers require, and what publishers, consequently, can afford to pay for.

The sketch you send, though tolerably well written, is of no great worth, the subject being somewhat hackneyed. But even were it exceptionally brilliant, we could not venture to hold out to you the hope of gaining a livelihood and helping your parents by literary efforts, before years of labor and experience have proved your fortitude and matured your powers. Young men and women expect to serve long apprenticeships at other trades and professions; and why should they think of achieving immediate success in literature? Genius may inspire some, it is true; but even genius must have knowledge and discipline, to win the prizes of life.

What, then, do we advise you to do? *Do the first honest useful work that comes to your hand.* If you have an opportunity to teach school, and can teach, and need to teach, in order to help yourself or others, then teach by all means, and be thankful that *that* field is open to you. If the employment were washing dishes and sweeping floors, and that were the best that offered, we should still say, "Accept it, and be grateful for so much." Do earnestly and cheerfully whatever you are called to do, remembering that few in this world can have their choice of occupation, at least before they have toiled and earned it.

"And not struggle for anything better?" you ask. That is far from our meaning. Do the daily duty that lies before you, as you eat your daily bread, and in the mean time cultivate yourself and make such other trials of your powers as you may. While performing lowly tasks, fit yourself, if possible, for something more to your liking. In teaching school and doing housework, you can find at least occasional hours of leisure, which you can devote to reading, study, or practice with your pen. If the spirit of such things is in you, it will come out, somehow, at some time. Elihu Burritt, the "learned blacksmith," acquired Greek by first studying the grammar placed open before him in his hat, while blowing the blacksmith's bellows; and Mrs. Stowe wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin" while doing her own housework and rocking her child's cradle.

"Our Young Contributors'" department is not designed for practised hands, but to give experience and encouragement to just such persons as you. But, though we pay for all the articles in it, no one contributor, even if it were possible for us to print an article of his every month, could expect to do very much in that way towards earning his living and helping his parents.

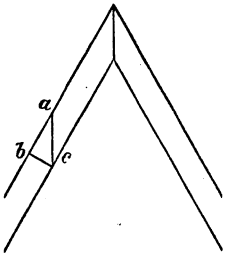
All this is not at all what you wished us to say to you, neither is it what our sympathies would have dictated; but it is plain and honest advice from — if not the kindest, yet not the least sincere, of

THE EDITORS OF "OUR YOUNG FOLKS."

EDITORS OF "OUR YOUNG FOLKS":—

As nobody has solved your Bricklayer's Problem, given in the August number of "Our Young Folks," allow me to say a few words about it. In the parlor of a summer hotel where I was stopping at the time the magazine appeared, a gentleman took it up from the table one evening, and, after glancing at the statement that the square contents of the curved part of the wall were only equal to those of the straight part, declared positively that it was n't so. As this gentleman was once principal of a noted academy, and had taught boys natural philosophy and mathematics for some years with good success, I confess that for once I thought my favorite magazine was wrong. On looking at the demonstration, however, I saw that it must be right. He did not attempt to refute it, but said, "Suppose the wall to be built over the section of a hill shaped like an equilateral triangle, each slope measuring half a mile, and the base half a mile; now do you mean to say that a wall four feet high running up one side of that hill and down the other, would give only the same square or solid contents as a level wall of the same height, built straight across the base?"

I was staggered for a moment by the new shape in which the paradox was put; an affirmative answer did seem absurd! At the same time he drew a figure of his wall running over the mountain, using for that purpose the blank side of the leaf on which the frontispiece of the number ("The Old Elephant's Extra Performance") is printed. Fortunately, that figure guided me to a solution of the difficulty.



Let the figure which I here give represent a portion of the wall over the top of my friend's hill. Now we know that a bricklayer measures the height of his wall by a plumb-line, that is, *vertically*, as at *a c*. Measured perpendicularly to the slope of the hill, by the line *b c*, the wall appears only half as high; hence it would take double

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the amount of wall built on one slope — in other words, it would take the wall on both slopes — to equal the contents of the wall across the base. My friend was satisfied with this solution of the paradox, and I trust your readers will be.

For, as you will perceive, the same line of reasoning holds as good with regard to the curved wall as to the wall I have described. The bricklayer measured his wall *vertically;* if he had afterwards measured it *perpendicularly to the face of the hill*, he would have found that it measured less than four feet, except in one spot; namely, — at the top, where the perpendicular and vertical lines coincide. This, I think, explains why there was no more material in the curved than in the straight part of his wall.

Very truly yours,

AUGUSTUS HOLMES.

Townsend Wolcott came very near solving the difficulty, but made a mistake in supposing that while the geometrician assumed the wall to have been measured vertically, the bricklayer had really measured it perpendicularly to the face of the hill. He concluded, therefore, that the geometrician and the bricklayer were both right.

H. W. hints at a correct solution, by saying that the question reminds him of another, regarding a picket-fence built partly on level ground, and partly over a hill. "The pickets were to be six inches apart, and it was found that it really took no more of them to build the fence over the hill than it would have done to build a line of fence straight through it." The reason is obvious.

NEW BOOKS. — With the lengthening of the autumn evenings, and the reappearance of the cheery fire in the grate, and the fresh gathering of young and old "round the evening lamp," which in midsummer sometimes forgets to be lighted, we look about us for sources of entertainment, and turn first of all to *books*. "What is there new, good to read?" is the familiar question.

The publishers' lists are rich in the promise of boys' and girls' books this fall; foremost among which we notice two or three new volumes of the favorite "Camping Out Series," by our constant contributor, C. A. Stephens. Of this series, "Camping Out," "Left on Labrador," and "Off to the Geysers," are already well known. "Lynx Hunting" and "Fox Hunting" — in which the author returns to his native wilds of Maine — are just out; and we are promised another novelty, "On the Amazons," for the coming holidays. What new and surprising adventures of our young heroes will be related in this last volume of the series, all boys — and all girls, too, for that matter — who have been so fortunate as to see the other volumes will be curious to learn.

"Doing his Best," now appearing as a serial in this magazine, is also to appear in book form during the present month. This, with the previous stories, "Jack Hazard and his Fortunes" and "A Chance for Himself," makes three volumes of the "Jack Hazard" series.

A new book by Mrs. Diaz — "Lucy Maria" — will tell us more of "William Henry" and his friends, as they grow older. We also have a new "Trotty" book, — "Trotty's Wedding Tour and Story-Book," — by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; "Matt's Follies," — a very pretty volume for young readers," by Mary N. Prescott; and "Child Life in Prose," edited by J. G. Whittier, — a companion to "Child Life in Poetry," the beautiful little book which was so warmly welcomed last year.

Messrs. Roberts Brothers issue a beautiful volume of "Bed-Time Stories," by Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, all marked by the peculiar grace of style for which this writer is noted.

The most of these books are already published; but still to come are two new volumes of Jules Verne, author of the famous "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Seas," "The Fur Countries," and "The Tour of the World in Eighty Days," illustrated edition. This author has introduced an entirely new school of fiction, that of the scientific romance; and his stories possess a novelty, freshness, and imaginative audacity which surprise and astonish us.

Our more thoughtful readers will not, of course, overlook the new volume of poems by Henry W. Longfellow, — "Aftermath," — containing the third series of "Tales of a Wayside Inn," together with a collection of this author's most graceful short poems.

Of "Marjorie Daw and Other People" it is enough to say that it is a collection of short stories by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, author of the "Story of a Bad Boy." Although written for an older class of readers, these new stories will be appreciated by all who delight in ingenuity of plot and a witty and graceful style.

"*Zobe.*" — We have never had anything about the signal code of our army and navy.

"*Heather Bell*" writes from Newport, N. H.: "I have taken your charming magazine for six years, and think there is no other in the world half as good; each number is looked forward to with eager expectations, and, when it comes, everything is dropped till it is read through, every bit of it. It is my delight to get all the back numbers of the "Young Folks" and curl myself up in my own special corner of the sofa, and read them over and over. I *always* turn to the "Letter Box" and "Our Young Contributors" first.

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"In the school I used to attend, the magazine was used as the only reader, and both scholars and teachers found it very interesting." . . . .

We cannot answer your question, "Bell," with regard to "Jessica's First Prayer." You see, we do *not* "know everything."

A correspondent, at Holly Springs, Miss., writes: "My children are enthusiastic over the 'Queer Theft' (in September 'Our Young Folks'). They were wild with curiosity to know what the theft was. I could n't read fast enough for them, and when I got through, they wanted it all over"; and wishes to know if the writer — Mrs. George M. Kellogg — and S. W. Kellogg, whose name appears in other magazines, are the same; declaring that the stories of both are "characterized by a dramatic raciness which is quite unusual."

We are happy to say that the two names belong to one person. At the same time let us call attention to *our* Mrs. Kellogg's lively little dramatic sketch of "A Skeezicks," in this month's "Evening Lamp," which will be found not only a capital thing well played, but also very diverting to read.

"*Tracy Tupman*" kindly answers "George Francis Train" thus: — "The Clearing House is an institution formed for the purpose of enabling the different banks, in the same city, to settle their claims against each other. Before the introduction of this system all checks received on deposit at any bank were collected by the bank messenger; and when we take into consideration the fact that there are within the limits of the City of Boston, for instance, upwards of fifty banks, it will be seen that this process involved much unnecessary labor. By the present system, however, all city checks received on deposit during the day are the next morning 'charged through' the Clearing House, each bank receiving in return such checks of its own (that is, checks drawn upon it) as the other banks may have taken on deposit; and the balance is either received from or paid to the officers of the Clearing House instead of being settled separately between the banks.

"If a New-Yorker were to deposit a check on San Francisco in his bank, the bank would probably remit it to its San Francisco correspondent (all the leading New York banks have either permanent or collection accounts with some other bank in each of the principal cities of the Union), by whom it would be collected, and the proceeds passed to the credit of the New York bank."

Answered also by Walter S. Clarke and H. G. Bagley.

BAD SCHWALBACH, PRUSSIA, Aug. 15, 1873.

EDITORS "OUR YOUNG FOLKS":—

Although in foreign parts, seeking fresh fields and pastures new, I do not forget Our Young Folks, for whose delight and delectation I transcribe the following French puzzle.

"Je ne suis pas ce que je suis. Si j'étais ce que je suis, je ne serais pas ce que je suis!"

Who was the speaker, and what did he mean?

JACK STRAW.

PHILADELPHIA, September 22, 1873.

DEAR EDITORS:—

I often wonder if you ever see the glow of eager delight and expectancy on the faces of any of the little ones when the "Young Folks" arrives; the satisfaction of cutting the leaves; the suspended hand while a line or two is peeped at,— a sweet foretaste of the coming feast. If so, you have certainly gained some little reward for all your many efforts for their pleasure.

My two "bonny bairns," in all kindly feeling, hope you have never seen this Kilkenny version, and that you will think it worthy of a place in your columns:—

THE MAGPIES.

Two little magpies sat on a rail,
(As it might be Wednesday week,)
When one little magpie wagged its tail
In the other little magpie's beak.

Then doubling up his little claw hand
Says he, "Upon my word,
'T is more than flesh and blood can stand,
Of magpie or any other bird."

So they pecked and they clawed
At each other's little eyes,
Till all that was left on the rail
Was the beak of one little magpie,
And the other little magpie's tail.

Yours very truly,

ALICE BRADFORD.

Our Young Contributors. — Accepted articles: "*The Snow Elves*," by Nellie G. Cone; "*Under the Sofa*," by Darsie; "*Going Halves*," by Mary Gray Osgood: "*Our Dismal Swamp*," by J. H. B.; "*The Indian's Gratitude*," by Minnie Watkins.

Roll of Honor: "*The Song of the Sea*," by Shirley; "*The Haunted Barn*," by Harry T. Black; "*Two Pet Cats*," by "Katy's sister"; "*Chillon*," by J. C.; "*The Flight of the Blackbirds*," by Emie; "*Nell's Juba*," by Jessie; "*Guido's Christmas*," by M. D. V. G.; "*Misfortunes of a Near-sighted Person*," by Jessie S. P.; "*At the Church Door*," by Ella C. Hartley; "*A Serious Accident*," by Mattie H. Munro; "*Flowers*," by Louisa M. Davis; "*Musings of a Pebble*," by Hettie; and "*Journal Sketches*," by A. L. M. C. "*Crowned Heads, an Allegory*," by A. C. R., belongs in the foregoing list, but as the writer asks for criticism, we are con-

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strained to say that her style, though correct, lacks freshness, like the subject, and that allegories, unless very well done, are *not* interesting.

A "Young Contributor" sends us the following account of

MY FERNERY.

"How long did it take you to make it?" my friends ask. It took but a few hours to put it together, but to gather the materials took longer.

A board two feet long by one and a half wide, having four large spools covered with lichens nailed to the corners, forms the stand. On this is placed a zinc pan one and a half inches deep; in this is a layer of pebbles covered by a little rich earth. Ferns, mosses, and wild plants of all kinds, are planted in the earth. Four panes of glass fourteen inches high, fastened together with strips of cloth covered by walnut paper, are set inside the pan. A pane of glass large enough to cover the top is bound with paper and placed over the opening, rendering it nearly air-tight. The pan is hid by pieces of bark nailed to the edge of the board.

The surface of the earth within the pan is diversified by hills, a ravine (across which is thrown a rustic bridge), and a pond.

Some of the mosses and lichens were gathered two or three years ago, and with the ferns represent New England as well as the Middle and Southern States in these plants. They bring memories of pleasant excursions from which we returned tired for the time, but refreshed in the end by glimpses of

> "The flitting birds
> And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks, and winds
> That shake the leaves and scatter, as they pass,
> A fragrance from the cedars."

I have some live-stock in my fernery, — two little toads, ravenous for the flies I frequently drop within their reach. I have had it but a few weeks, and enjoy it greatly.

The ferns have put forth their rolled-up leaves, which have unfolded and reached maturity almost instantly. The moisture has gathered in gem-like drops on leaf and spray, and perpetual morning seems to reign.

CLARE.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS":—

The following puzzle may interest some of your subscribers. It appeared first, I believe, in an Edinburgh magazine, told thus pathetically in verse:—

> "I am constrained to plant a grove
> To please the lady that I love.
> This ample grove I must compose
> Of nineteen trees in nine straight rows.
> Seven trees in each row I must place,
> Or I shall never see her face."

I have been unsuccessful in all attempts to plant this grove, and have never seen it done. The numbers I know are correct, — and the solution is undoubtedly much more simple than it appears at first sight.

Respectfully,

J. LILLIE DEMARAY.

HERE is the answer to Lulu H. Meredith's puzzle; the lines are from "King Olaf":—

> "Never saw the wild North Sea
> Such a gallant company
> Sail its billows blue!"

"The cipher made use of is the following: the letters of the alphabet being numbered, find the number of the letter you wish to use; double it, and use the letter under this number: for instance, for *a*, the first letter, use *b*, the second; for *e*, the fifth, use the tenth, etc. In this way *z* will stand for *m*, the thirteenth letter; but for the fourteenth, *n*, you cannot take the twenty-eighth, *b* (going through the alphabet again), for that has been already used; so take *one less*, or the twenty-seventh, *a*, etc.

"In reading the cipher, all that is necessary to do is to find the number of the letter written, take half of it (if it is an uneven number, the larger half), and under this number find the letter represented."

This puzzle was solved by C. A. Miller thus:—

"Arrange the alphabet in two ways:—

1. a c e g i k m o q s u w y
2. b d f h j l n p r t v x z

3. a b c d e f g h i j k l m
4. n o p q r s t u v w x y z

"In forming the cipher, the letters of the first and second lines are used for the corresponding letters of the fourth and third lines respectively."

In return C. A. Miller sends the following "for Lulu H. Meredith, and others interested, to solve":—

> "Jfht xw med dtkc oabqw med urmqwlp zfw jxjmid,
> Skb deuidel le vxbck mezl tod vhkd ag qgwbo bdbjd?"

ANSWER to Inquirer's riddle in the October number, — *an egg*. Sent in by Marcia, K. R., and Grace Whiting.

THE best list of answers to our last month's "Evening Lamp" puzzles were sent in by Carrie R. Porter and Johnnie, Jessie and Jim, E Grace Shreve, Frank S. Palfrey, Jessie Lovell, Pigmy, Will A. Howell, and Sadie Hull.

OWING to the absence of the editor and a misunderstanding with the printers, some errors crept into the "Evening Lamp" department of our September number. How many discovered them?

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THE DEN.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. IX. DECEMBER, 1873. No. XII.

DOING HIS BEST.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MR. CHATFORD EXPLAINS.

FOR a moment the silence was broken only by a stifled sob from Mrs. Chatford's corner.

Of all who then for the first time heard the truth concerning Phin's parentage, Jack was the least surprised. He waited for the others to express their wonder and amazement, then said quietly, "I had partly guessed how it was."

"You, Jack? How?" asked Annie.

"That first evening at your house, — after Lion had caught Reddington (if we have got at his real name at last!) stealing the horse and sleigh, — I overheard something which made me think there was some such family secret. Then, you remember, I said he reminded me of somebody I had seen, and I thought for a while I had known him before. But I found out at last who it was he looked like; it was Phineas!"

"So he did, by hokey!" cried Mr. Pipkin; "jest that slick smile, and cunnin' look out o' the eyes. Wonder I never thought on 't afore!"

"Then when he came disguised as a phrenologist," said Jack, "and told so much more of Phin's real character than I believed such a quack could possibly have got at by any science, — all that set me thinking. I had often wondered how Phin could be the brother of so gen-

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erous and open-hearted a fellow as Moses, or a dear, true, affectionate girl like Kate, or the son of such parents. So at last I made up my mind that he was some relation to — what 's his name ? — Reddington."

"How did it happen ? " asked Moses, who could not get over his astonishment. "Who is this Reddington ? "

"When he first made his appearance in Bartonville, where we used to live," said the deacon, "he pretended he had found a silver-mine somewhere in the neighborhood, and was going to buy up a tract of land, and build extensive works for getting out the ore. He was just waiting for some capitalists to come to his terms, he said. Meanwhile he dressed pretty well, talked large, strutted around, and pretended to be making an examination of the country. He carried a hammer with him, and pieces of ore in his pockets, — which might have been silver ore, and probably were, though I never believed he broke them from any rocks in that part of the country. If he had really found a mine, I did n't believe he would make so much talk about it until he had secured the land where it was situated, unless he was a bigger fool than he appeared to be. But he was a glib-tongued fellow, told a smooth story about himself, and even got some pretty shrewd people to believe in him. He got credit at the tavern, at the tailor's, and I don't know where else, and even borrowed money of several persons who expected to take stock in his mining company and make their fortunes.

"You have heard us speak of your mother's cousin, Myra Lemmick, Moses," continued the deacon. "She was a rather vain, flighty creature, good-hearted though, and she might have made some young man a good wife, if she had n't had the misfortune to have two thousand dollars left her by her father. That somehow spoilt her. She considered herself a great belle and an heiress, and rather looked down on the honest young men she had known all her life."

"She was flattered to death," said Mrs. Chatford. "It was n't so much poor Myra's fault that she was vain."

"Well," said the deacon, "when this scamp Reddington came along, he quite turned her silly little head, and marry him she would, in spite of all we could say and do. Your Uncle and Aunt Felton, who lived in Bartonville at the time, joined with us in trying to show her the rogue's real character and dissuade her from the marriage ; but 't was no use ; marry him she did, for she was of age, and could do as she pleased. She was so angry with her relatives on account of their opposition, that she was married at the minister's, and did n't invite one of us to the wedding."

"You forget, uncle," said Annie Felton, "or perhaps you never knew, that she did invite Forrest and me. We were children then ; we always liked her ; and Reddington had managed to please us by little presents of candy and trinkets. So Forrest and I, having got mother's permission, went over to the minister's that morning and saw them married. It was the first wedding I ever saw, and I thought it delightfully romantic ! "

"So did she, poor thing ! " said the deacon. "But how it all turned out ! In about six months she came back to us again, to beg for a home. Red-

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dington had turned out a mere swindler, and had gone off with all the money he could borrow, together with her two thousand dollars, which she had foolishly put into his hands. It was an awful blow to poor Myra. It broke her pride, and her heart with it. She did n't live over five or six months, did she, mother?"

"About six. She was married in September, and died in October of the next year. She just withered and passed away like a flower," said Mrs. Chatford, with a deep sigh. "Our hearts bled with pity for her and her poor little helpless orphan baby."

"That was Phineas," her husband went on, as her voice broke down with emotion. "You were then three years old, Moses. We adopted him, and you never knew but that he was your own brother. Soon after, we sold our farm in Bartonville, and moved to this place, where we hoped his father would never find us out, if he should wish to claim his son. He had come back once, soon after Myra's death; I hardly knew for what, unless it was to get some hold on us through the child. He had spent or gambled away all his ill-gotten gains, and wanted money of us; and I gave him some, on his promise that he would never come to trouble us or the child again. We always lived in dread of him, however; the more so, as we saw Phineas growing up with many of his father's traits of character; and it seems we had good reason."

"Why did you make that visit to Bartonville last summer?" asked Moses. "I thought it had something to do with that man."

"Yes, it had; we wanted to know if he had been seen there lately, and determine, if we could, whether he found us by accident, or had some design in searching us out. It seems he had been in the town not long before he came to us; and he was probably on his way to find us when he made that attempt on Forrest's horse and sleigh. He must have been without money at the time, and that is probably the reason why he did n't come more directly to us."

"I shall always believe he robbed Paul Peternot, and was somehow concerned in his death, — and I am sure Lion thinks so!" said Jack, patting the noble dog's head, between his knees.

"And now, to think," said good Mrs. Chatford, "that Phineas is going the same way with his father! It is too dreadful! Somebody must follow them, and try to bring him back!"

The deacon felt that this remark was meant for him; and he replied, "I did all I could for the boy when he was here, and I tried to keep him with us; but I made up my mind if he ever took the course he has taken he must abide the consequences. If he comes back, — and I hope and pray that he will, — we must receive him kindly, and forgive him if he repents; but he can never again be to us what he has been. From this day I adopt Jack here in place of the son we have lost; he has been proved and found worthy."

"Yes, Jack is our son, Jack is our dear son," said Mrs. Chatford, with streaming tears; "but, O Phineas!"

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CHAPTER XL.

ANOTHER LITTLE SECRET.

FIRM as he was after he had once made up his mind to any course, the deacon was easily persuaded to drive over to the Basin and see if any tidings could be had of the fugitives. Moses said he would go on foot by the way of the canal, make inquiries in that direction, and meet his father at the Basin. As they set out, Mrs. Chatford pleaded with them both to do all in their power, in case they should find Phineas, to bring him back.

"You need n't ask me that!" said Moses, showing a great deal of feeling; for all his youthful affection for his supposed brother now came back upon a heart softened by pity and grief.

About half an hour later Percy Lanman, setting out for home, invited Jack to walk with him a little way. Jack was glad enough to go. The moon, which had been under a cloud earlier in the evening, now shone through glittering rifts from dark blue gulfs of sky, making the night beautiful. The two friends crossed the fields, past the rustling corn and the shadowy wood-lot, talking earnestly by the way.

"If Phin was born with such traits of character as Mr. Chatford says, then how is he to blame?" Jack inquired.

"That 's a question not easy to answer," replied Percy, thoughtfully; "and we may as well leave it to the Power that alone sees and knows all things. Certain it is that *we* ought not to condemn him; we should look with charity and forbearance upon the failings of every human being."

"Don't you think our birth and education make us what we are?" said Jack. But instantly the vast, shadowy thought came over him, — even like the shadow of the cloud which just then crossed the moon, — what had birth and education ever done for *him* up to the time when he found a home and a new life with the Chatfords, under whose influence Phin had been all his days? Yet here he was, clothed in self-respect and crowned with manly hopes, walking with a dear and noble friend, — he, Jack, the miserable little canal-boat driver of less than two years ago!

"No doubt," said Percy, "we are born with the germ of our future destiny in our hearts; and circumstances — but we won't discuss that; we shall only get into the usual maze if we do. After all, we have a *conscience* that condemns us when we do wrong, and *aspirations* that tend to lift us upward, if we only heed and nourish them. Our sole duty lies in doing our best, with what gifts and opportunities we have. I don't know anything about your parents, Jack, but I know your early opportunities were small; how, then, do I account for your present condition and prospects? You have been *doing your best*, — any one can see that; you have your faults, but you try to overcome them; you never shirk a duty, but meet it face to face, like a man; and this gives me perfect faith in you. Living up to this high principle, you will always be rich, though you have n't a dollar; you will be happy, for you will be active, helping yourself and others."

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"Oh! to hear you talk so!" murmured Jack, his quivering voice showing how deeply affected he was.

"Poor Phineas!" Percy went on; "*his* principle in life seems to be to shirk every duty he can. I pity more than I blame him, because he lacks the will to do right and the love of doing right. Do you know, Jack, that one of the noblest, highest aims of life is to keep that will and that love alive in ourselves, and to stimulate them in others?"

"You have stimulated them in me!" exclaimed Jack. "O, what should I be, I have often thought, what should I ever have been, if it had n't been for you and Miss Felton and the Chatfords?".

Percy was deeply moved by this outburst of gratitude. For sole reply he laid his arm lovingly over Jack's shoulder, and pressed his hand. They walked on in silence, and had reached the banks of the canal, when Jack suddenly spoke up: "Do you know, I 'm going to find out, if I can, something more about my parents, some day? I never thought much about them when I was with old Berrick on the canal. But it has been coming upon me lately, that my father must have been a good deal of a man; and I have the strongest curiosity — though I think it is something better than curiosity — to learn about him; yes, and about my mother too, for I can't believe what was told about her by Molly and Captain Jack."

"That is a good wish, and I hope you will accomplish it," replied Percy. "But here we have come to the waste-wear, and I must send you back."

"This is just the place where Phin would have tried to drown Lion," said Jack; and proposed that they should go down to the culvert.

The moon was shining bright again, reflected in the pond below, which was all a-ripple with dancing and sparkling waves from the foot of the white cascade that poured over the wear.

"Do you remember," laughed Jack, "when I got away from Sellick by tumbling off here head-foremost, and swimming through the culvert?"

"And they poked for you with poles, and I dove for you, when you were half a mile away on the other side of the canal!" added Percy. "But what 's this?"

"A big stone!" cried Jack. "I believe Phin brought it here to drown Lion with!"

The conjecture seemed so reasonable that they paused and looked all about them, half expecting to see or hear something of Phineas. But there was no sound, no motion, all about them, save the roar of the waterfall, and the fairy-like dance of the moonlit waters.

As the young man and the boy parted company at the top of the embankment, Percy said, with a tender pressure of Jack's hand, "And now, with Annie's permission, I am going to tell you a little secret, — a great secret to her and me!"

A strange fear suddenly came over the lad. Percy went on: "She and I thought that you ought to be one of the first to know it. We are — well, yes, engaged to be married; that 's the commonplace way of putting it. And now, dear Jack, good night!"

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Percy turned, springing with light and joyous steps along the embankment towards the village. Jack, stupefied, stunned, watched him for a few moments, then threw himself, face downward, upon the bank. And there the moon shone upon him, and the night wind blew over him, and the waterfall sang in his ear, and the slow boats moved by in the canal, — all unheeded by the wretched boy.

I don't know how long he lay there, or just what his thoughts were, — if feeling did not overwhelm and swallow up all thoughts. At last he roused himself, and stood upon his feet.

The night was still calm, and brightly beautiful; the ripples on the pond still danced and sparkled, though farther off now, for the moon was nearing the west; and the musical cascade still gleamed in the white, cold light, as he crossed the foot-plank over the wear.

He remembered his fit of jealousy in the menagerie tent. He was passing through another such struggle now, but one more severe; and again his better nature was coming out triumphant.

"I might have known it all," he said to himself. "I never dreamed that she could be anything but a friend to me. O, she could never, never have been anything more, and I knew it so well! And he is the only man in the world half good enough for her. I will think only of them, — Heaven help me!" throwing up his arms, and turning his face towards the open sky. "I will pray for their happiness! and I will love them all the more!"

When he reached home, the lights were all out in the house. He entered softly.

"Is that — Phineas?" said Mrs. Chatford, starting up with a sudden, faint hope.

"No, it is Jack," was the response; and the boy heard her sink down again with a heavy sigh.

He went up the chamber stairs, and, glancing his eye towards Annie Felton's room, the door of which was open, saw the moonlight streaming in upon a still figure at the window. It arose, and came towards him with a sweet smile, — O, so sweet and tender!

It was Annie. She reached out her hand. Jack seized it, and pressed it to his lips, — tried to speak, — could only murmur, "I know! I am so glad for you and him!" — and fled to his own lonely room.

Lonely indeed it was that night. But before he slept, solace came to him in the deep, unselfish love for his two dearest friends, and joy in their happiness, which welled up in his heart. He felt that, if Annie had given herself to any less worthy person than Percy, he should have died with grief and jealousy. But he knew that she had chosen wisely; that this thing was to be, and that it was well even for him; and he knew it better still in later years.

This sorrow and this sacrifice were also well for him; for out of them came a truer, tenderer manliness of soul and a sweeter happiness than proud success can ever bring.

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CHAPTER XLI.

JACK'S JOURNEY.

THE next morning, at breakfast, Deacon Chatford took from his pocket a handful of gold and silver coin, and handed it to Jack across the table.

"What's this for?" said Jack, looking up in surprise. He had been very thoughtful all the morning, and this was the first time he had spoken.

"That's your stolen money, my boy. I went to see Mr. Lapham, and when I told him the circumstances he was quite willing to give it up."

"But there is no certainty that this is mine!"

"In all probability it is; and Mr. Lapham is satisfied."

"But — how can I take it?" Jack did not know that the deacon had paid money out of his own pocket to *make* the wheelwright satisfied; yet he felt that there was something not quite right about it. "I can't take it — not now," he said, and handed it back. "Keep it for me — or for him; maybe we shall find out something more in a few days. Besides, what I cared most about, — the purse she gave me," — with a timid glance at Annie, — "is n't here."

"I 'll knit you another," said Annie.

"Thank you; but it won't be *that* purse!" said the boy.

This problem of the money remained for a while unsolved, and it gave Jack a good deal of trouble.

One evening he started up suddenly from reading the deacon's newspaper, and walked the room and the yard for half an hour in a state of mental excitement.

On coming back into the house, he looked at the newspaper again, and then said, in a quiet tone, "If you have no objection, Mr. Chatford, I should like to make a little journey to-morrow. The work is pretty well along, and I think I might be spared for a day or two."

"Certainly," said the deacon. "And if *you* have no objection, I should like to know where you are going."

"I 'd rather not tell just yet. I should like to — borrow — a few dollars, and your saddle, if you will trust me with it."

"And a horse? you can take any horse on the place, if you 'll promise to keep out of the way of crazy elephants!" said the deacon.

"I intend to ride my own horse," replied Jack, with a blush and a smile. "Snowfoot is about well, and he 's scarcely lame at all."

This singular start excited no little wonder and curiosity in Jack's friends; but as they saw him ride off at sunrise the next morning, on Snowfoot, followed by Lion, Moses thought he had guessed the secret.

"He 's going to see Annie!" — for Miss Felton had closed her school two or three weeks before, and had been driven home to her father's house by Percy Lanman.

It was a pleasant day in early autumn; and, jogging along the country roads on his own horse, followed by his dog, Jack felt his heart overflow

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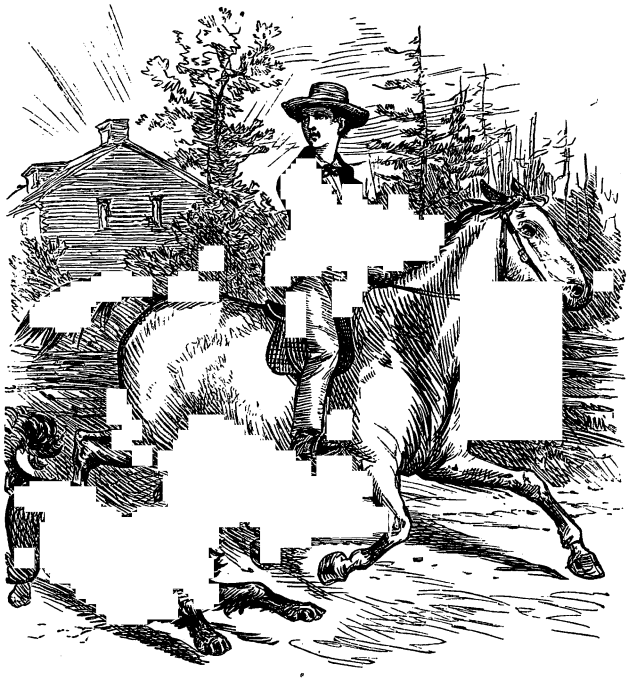

Jack sets out on his Journey.

with a pensive, tranquil happiness. He did indeed take the track which led to Annie Felton's home, — and what memories of her seemed to throng the way! But a little beyond the tavern where he had had his first adventure with Phin's father he took another road that branched off in an easterly direction, leaving her home to the right, and far behind.

He drew rein now and then, to inquire his way of persons he met or passed; and a little before noon stopped to lunch and bait his horse at a tavern. There he appeared chiefly interested in some flaming circus-bills with which the bar-room was hung, announcing an exhibition, that afternoon, in a neighboring village, of the wonders of riding, tumbling, swinging in the air, jumping through hoops, and so forth, shown in the high-colored pictures that lined the walls. It was, in fact, an advertisement of the passage of this circus through the country which had attracted Jack's attention in the newspaper the night before; and he was now on his way to meet it.

After dinner and a good rest he got up Snowfoot again, and rode on, amidst a throng of country people flocking to see the circus, and soon came in sight of the white tents pitched on an open common, with gay flags flying over them, and a concourse of spectators setting in towards the scene of attraction.

On the way, he reined up before an old brown barn by the roadside, the

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dilapidated gable-end of which was literally covered by the gorgeous circus-bills. There he sat in his saddle, laughing with suppressed glee; for in the midst of athletes turning wild somersets in the air, and pyramids of horsemen standing on each other's shoulders, was a small handbill, pasted, in fact, here and there over the great bills of the circus company, now diversifying the flank of a steed, and now the jacket of a striped and tattooed clown.

The Celebrated DR. LAMONT!

PRINCE OF THE HEALING ART!!

AND HIS UNEQUALLED ELECTRICAL ELIXIR!!!

THE GREAT CURE-ALL OF THE 19TH CENTURY!!!!

For sale on the Circus Ground.

"I guessed right this time," thought Jack, as he rode on. "I thought he would be following the circus." And indeed it was not the circus at all which Jack had come so far to see, but the Celebrated Doctor himself, and his hopeful son and heir.

He made Snowfoot fast to a wayside fence, to which many other horses were already hitched, and left Lion to guard him; then turned up his collar, pulled his hat over his eyes, assumed a stooping gait (reminding himself of Mr. Pipkin), and walked on with the crowd.

Presently, above the confused tramp and murmur resounded a brazen note, — or shall we say a tin one? for it had a decidedly dinner-hornish sound.

"Hello!" laughed Jack to himself again, "the doctor has had his trumpet repaired, or got a new one!"

And now, over the heads of the pedestrians, he descried two figures erect on a red-painted wagon, — one at the rear, in brass helmet and green robe, brandishing some bottles and shouting; the other high up in front, a smaller figure, — that of a boy, in fact, — blowing away at the trumpet until he was red in the face.

"Walk up, gentlemen and ladies!" the doctor (for it was indeed he) was shouting under his lifted visor: "Here 's your celebrated 'Lectrical 'Lixir, composed of the extract of the skin of the wonderful 'lectric eel; cures burns, bruises, coughs, colds, consumption, backache, headache, earache, *and* heartache, — rheumatiz in every form and shape! Only fifty cents a bottle; three bottles for one dollar, ladies *and* gentlemen!"

Then — *toot* — *toot* — *toot* — went the trumpet.

"Cure warranted, or money *re*funded!" shrieked the doctor. "Any person troubled with deafness, lameness, sore eyes, rheumatiz in the j'ints, is

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invited to step up and be healed! No charge for the operation! Show won't begin for half an hour yit; plenty of time, gentlemen *and* ladies! Any case of stiffness in the back *or* limbs cured in five minutes, with the magical influence of the celebrated 'Lectrical 'Lixir, compounded from the extract of the skin *and* ile of the wonderful 'lectric eel!"

Toot — toot — too — too — to-o-o-t! from the top of the wagon.

"Prob'ly ye don't believe what I tell ye," said the doctor, as no patients presented themselves. "But look a' that young man up there," — pointing to the youthful trumpeter. "Young man," he cried, "tell the people how you come to be travellin' with me."

"Ye cured me," said the young man, twirling the trumpet, with a grin.

"I cured him!" said the charlatan. "I was addressin' a crowd as I be now, when he stepped up, and I cured him. What was the matter with ye, young man?"

"Lame; had a fever-sore on my left leg"; said the young man.

"Had a fever-sore of long standin' on his left leg; so lame he could n't walk," cried the quack.

"Then how could he *step up?*" some one inquired; while some one else echoed, "Long standin' on his left leg!"

"On his well leg, with the help of his poor but honest parents, he stepped up, and got upon my stand. What else was the matter with ye, young man?"

"Scrof'la," said the young man, always grinning.

"Scrof'la, or king's-evil," cried the quack. "One of the wust cases. It had nearly — But the young man shall tell his own story. What had it done to ye, young man?"

"Destroyed the hearing of one ear."

"Destroyed the hearin' of one ear, ladies and gentlemen! Which ear was it, young man?"

"Left ear," said the youthful trumpeter.

"Left ear," repeated the mountebank. "Fever-sore and scrof'la, — deaf in one ear and a cripple in one leg, — and with one bottle of the 'Lectrical 'Lixir I affected an immejit cure, to the great joy and lastin' gratitude of his parents, who begged me to let him travel with me one month, for fear of a relapse. There he stands, a livin' moniment of the sublime vartews of the celebrated and world-renowned 'Lectrical 'Lixir, compounded of the double extract of the skin, ile, *and* liver of the wonderful 'lectrical eel! Walk up!"

And just then an old man walked up, or rather limped up, for he was quite lame. He had a few words with the Prince, and then, with his assistance, mounted the platform.

"Ladies and gentleman! here 's a man says he has been troubled with a stiffness of his right knee for ten year; and with one application of the celebrated 'Lectrical 'Lixir I propose to work a mirackelous cure! Meanwhile my attendant on the wagon will 'tend to customers, — may as well make the most of your time, — secure a few bottles 'fore they 're all gone."

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Lamont then, with some difficulty, succeeded in getting the old man's trousers-leg above the knee, exposing a calf and shin that excited the derision of irreverent youngsters. While he was at work rubbing in the liquid, the living monument of its virtues, after a few vigorous notes of the trumpet, took up the eloquent strain.

"Walk up! walk up, gentlemen! Here's your 'Lectrical 'Lixir! greatest remedy of the nineteenth century! Only fifty cents a bottle, three bottles for one dollar; cure warrented or money *re*funded! Take a bottle, sir? take a — a — "

The words died to a gasp, and the face of the youthful trumpeter turned all at once a sickly, bluish and greenish sallow hue, wonderful to witness. The cause of this remarkable change was not far to seek; for there by the wagon-wheel, looking up with keen blue eyes straight into the eyes that looked down, was the round-shouldered young fellow to whom he had hoped to sell a bottle, and who was suddenly transformed into Jack!

CHAPTER XLII.

WHO WON AT LAST.

"PHIN CHATFORD! get down here!"

"What do you want of me?" gasped poor Phineas.

"You son of poor but honest parents! cured of fever-sore and king's-evil! I guess you 'll have a relapse!"

"Don't!" whispered Phin, as Jack got hold of him.

"You living monument! get down here, I say! I want my purse and my money!"

"I hain't got 'em!"

"Who has?"

"I gave 'em to him."

"Get them of him, then, or I 'll have you both in jail within an hour!"

Jack had by this time pulled Phin to the ground; and, still holding him by the collar, he led him around to the rear end of the wagon, where the doctor was applying his Elixir to the old man's leg.

"There! better, ain't ye? not so lame as you was, be ye?" he was saying; and the old man was beginning to imagine that the stiffness of his knee was relieved. "It 's a sure cure, ye see, gentlemen! And this is an old subject; youth is more s'ceptible; I could 'a' cured a younger man in half the time. The 'Lectrical 'Lixir, ladies and — "

Just then the eyes under the helmet looked down on Phin and Jack; and the head in the helmet was evidently disconcerted. Phin pointed at Jack, and beckoned.

"Wait a minute!" said the doctor, nodding hastily. "I 'm having a little sale jest now."

Jack took advantage of the delay to open a conversation with Phineas.

"How do you like this kind of life?"

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"Well enough!" said Phin, sullenly.

"Had n't you better go back home? you 'll be kindly received," Jack assured him.

"I guess so!" grumbled Phineas.

Finding it impossible to persuade him, Jack said, "Why did you try to drown Lion?"

"To get rid of him!" Then, looking up with a quick glance of apprehension at the doctor: "Don't tell him I did n't drown him! I 'll get the money back for you, if I can."

The throng soon dispersed; when the doctor, having had time to collect his wits, turned to the two boys.

"That purse of money!" faltered Phin. "He says he 'll have us both in jail, if I don't give it back."

"What pus of money?" Lamont innocently inquired.

"The purse he stole from me, and that you received from him, knowing it to be stolen!" cried Jack.

"Ingenious! and I love a neat little game; but old birds ain't to be ketched with chaff," said the doctor, with an insulting laugh. "If *he* has stole your pus, clap *him* into jail, and mabby our good friend Deacon Chatford will thank you! But *I* don't know nothin' of the matter." And this was all the satisfaction Jack could obtain.

He felt that he had committed an error in making a threat which he did not care to execute, even if he could have hoped to find a magistrate outside of the circus-tent to issue a warrant on his complaint. But he had thought of a better plan, which he now determined to carry into effect.

"You shall see what I 'll do!" he cried, as he turned away.

"He 'll do something!" murmured the frightened Phineas. "You never saw such a fellow when he sets out to do a thing! Give him the purse, won't you? and the money, — you 've got enough!"

"It 's agin my principles to give back anything I once git into my claws," replied Lamont, taking off his helmet. "Run to the tavern for the hoss, while I pack up the wagon. We 've made a perty good sale, and can afford to cut." And he began at once to prepare for flight.

As Jack was going from the circus-ground, he met a full-faced and somewhat burly young fellow, the sight of whom filled him with joy.

"Forrest Felton!" and he ran to greet his friend. "Where did you come from?"

"I am out here on a surveying tramp," replied Forrest. "A boy I had to carry my chain struck work, — said he was going to the circus, — so I thought I might as well go too. But how came *you* here?" Jack told his story, to Forrest's great amusement. "And what are you going to do now?"

"I 'm just going to see that my horse is all right, and get my dog; Lamont is afraid as death of him! I 'll just lay siege to his old wagon till he gives up the plunder, if it takes a week!"

Forrest laughed heartily.

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"I 'll go with you and see fair play," said he. "Is that your horse yonder?"

"Yes; he 's all right." Jack then gave a peculiar whistle, and presently Lion came bounding towards them. "And here is my constable!" he said, taking the dog by the collar.

While Jack was talking with Forrest, Phin had scudded across another part of the common to the public house where the doctor had put up his horse; and he was on his way back to the wagon, leading the beast by the bridle, when he saw, to his dismay, Jack and his two allies arrive on the spot before him.

Lamont, who was on the ground fastening up the end-board, heard a sharp growl, and, looking around, saw — the dog! the dreadful dog that would not stay drowned, but had come to life again for his ruin! One moment of paralyzing fear, — and then the dexterity with which the doctor mounted from the earth, over hub and tire, to the very top of his wagon-box, would have done credit to any acrobat that day inside the tent.

"What do you want of me?" he cackled from his perch, much like a frightened fowl.

"You know what I want!" replied Jack, holding back the dog by the collar, "and what I 'm going to have!"

"Help!" screamed the doctor; and some loungers about the tent came hurrying to the spot. "Somebody kill that brute!"

"Do you know this man?" cried Jack. "It 's the man whose horse you were stealing once, when my dog caught you; and his name is Forrest Felton."

"I knew you then, George Reddington!" said Forrest; "and if I let you off, it was to get rid of you. Now I 'm here to see fair play. You 'd better give the boy his property."

By this time Lamont, perceiving that he was well out of Lion's reach, began to recover his audacity.

"Thanks for the advice," he said, "but I don't know nothin' about his property. Very glad to renew acquaintance; and I 'd come down and shake hands with you if you was in better company. — Come, my boy!" calling to Phineas, "hitch up, and we 'll be off."

"Take care of that wagon!" said Jack, and released the excited dog.

As Phin approached with the horse, Lion growled frightfully at him, and he durst not lay hand on the thills.

"I think you 'll be off about the middle of next week, at this rate!" said Jack; "for I don't quit this spot, or call off my dog, till I get what I came for. Why don't you hitch up, Phin?"

"I can't!" whimpered Phin, vainly endeavoring to coax his old friend Lion.

"Why don't you get down and help him, doctor?" cried Jack, while Forrest kept the spectators from interfering.

Lamont took in the situation in all its various bearings.

"My young friend," said he presently, pulling a purse from his pocket,

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and counting a roll of bills, "you 've played a shrewd game, and you 've won! I love a shrewd game, even if I lose, — for I 'm the best-natered man in the world! See if that is all right," — tossing the purse stuffed with bank-notes down to Jack, — "and have the kindness to call off your dog, and oblige yours truly."

The purse was uninjured, and its contents appeared satisfactory; for Jack laughed with delight as he put it into his pocket and retired with Forrest and Lion.

Thereupon Lamont lost something of his good-nature; and, creeping down over the forward part of his wagon, he sprang upon Phineas like a cat.

"Ha! you villain! you said the dog was drownded! you lied to me!" And then followed a noise of beating and cuffing, accompanied by yells from Phineas.

Two or three days later, Deacon Chatford received a letter, from which the following is an extract: —

"I have found the *Prince of the Healing Art*, and got back my purse and as much money as Phin stole from me; so you can hand *that* back to Mr. Lapham, with my compliments. I saw the advertisement of a circus in your 'Republican,' and thought he would be following it with his ''Lectrical 'Lixir,' but I did n't say anything to you about it, for fear you 'd think I was going on a wild-goose chase. I have seen Phin, and tried to get him to go back home, but he won't, though I don't think he is having a very nice time with the doctor, judging by the cuffs and the yells I heard just after I left them. I met Forrest Felton, who is out here surveying land, and he wants me to carry the chain for him a few days; I think it will be a good chance for me to learn something of practical surveying, and if you can spare me from the farm, I think I will stay. But tell Moses and Mr. Pipkin they need n't fear but that I shall be home to help at the corn-husking. Forrest is a splendid fellow; I could n't have got back my money if it had n't been for him and Lion. Snowfoot is improving; the journey has done him good. My love to all at home, and good by.

"From your affectionate son,

"JACK H. *CHATFORD.*"

The deacon wrote back, telling Jack to stay away as long as he wanted to; and, in fact, the boy did not go home until after Annie Felton's wedding.

J. T. Trowbridge.

NOTE. — In the January number will appear the opening chapters of a new serial story by the same author, entitled "FAST FRIENDS," in the course of which we may expect to hear once more from Jack and Phineas, amidst novel scenes.

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A STRANGER IN PILGRIM LAND,

AND WHAT HE SAW.

THE town of the Pilgrims! How often in my far-off Western home have I read its story, and the story of the stout-hearted who sailed across the sea to this very spot, then a wilderness, two hundred and fifty years ago!

And I have come at last to visit the town of my dreams, have actually set my foot upon its "holy ground." This hill, planted thick with graves, is the ancient "Burial Hill." Sitting among its mossy headstones, I look far across the bay to the cliffs of Cape Cod, where, before landing here, some of the Mayflower's crew went ashore to get firewood. Just below me lies the town, sloping to the sea. Vessels sail in and out, and little boats skim over the water like white-winged birds. How can they skim so lightly over the hallowed waters of Plymouth Bay! Far less swiftly sped that "first boat," laden with passengers from the Mayflower!

Two hundred and fifty years ago! Let me use, for a while, not my real eyes, but my *other pair*, the eyes of my mind, my "dream eyes," and see, or make believe that I see, this place just as it looked then.

And now I will suppose the town has vanished. No streets, no houses, no sail upon the sea. Stillness reigns over the land and over the dark waters of the bay.

A ship enters the harbor! Why should a ship come sailing to these desolate shores? A hundred and one passengers are on board. They have come three thousand miles, have been tossed upon the ocean one hundred days and nights, and now find no friends to welcome them. Not a house, nor a single white person, in all this vast wilderness! What will they do, these men, women, and children, in such a dreary place? Can they keep from freezing in this bitter cold?

A boat puts off from the ship. Row, row, row. Nearer and nearer it comes. But how will they land? Will the sailors jump out and pull her up high and dry? 'Ah, to be sure, there is a *rock!* and the only one to be seen along the shore. They steer for that. And now I see Elder Brewster, their first minister, and Governor Carver, their first governor, and Captain Miles Standish, their first soldier, and Mary Chilton, the first woman who stepped upon the Rock. Now the boat goes back, back for another load.

Where can all these people live? Out of doors this wintry weather? Let me see what they will do.

Cut down trees to build houses. First a "common house" is built. Then the one hundred and one people are divided into nineteen families, and begin to construct nineteen log-huts, each family working upon its own. These are set in two rows, and are placed near together on account of the Indians. The two rows form a street, which runs from a cliff by the water's edge part-way up this hill.

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Now the goods are being brought ashore; bales, boxes, farming-tools, — and there is a cradle! They will need that to rock little Peregrine White in. A baby has been born on the passage, whom they named "Peregrine," because he was born during their *peregrinations* or travels.

More goods are landed, such as beds, bedding, dinner-pots, dishes, pewter platters, spinning-wheels; and the nineteen families go to housekeeping and *begin New England!*

What will they eat, I wonder! Why, some catch fish, some dig clams, others hunt. There comes a hunting party which brings, among other game, an eagle. Will they really eat it? Eat the "American Eagle!" Yes, they do, and declare that it tastes "very much like a sheep!" But it was not the "American Eagle" then.

Soon, to these nineteen families, come sickness and death. In December, six people die. In January, eight. In February, seventeen. In March, thirteen! Scarcely half remain. They bury their dead with bitter tears, but raise no stones above them. Over their graves a crop of corn is sown, that the Indians may not know how few are left alive.

And now that spring has come, the Mayflower must go back to England. Will none return by this only chance? Is there not even one feeble woman who would rather go home and live an easy life? No. For freedom's sake they came, and for freedom's sake they will remain. Not one goes back in the Mayflower!

They climb the hill, this very hill, and watch her as she sails away. This very hill! I see them standing all around me; see their pale faces, see eyes dim with tears, following each turn of the ship. Now she is but a speck. Now she is gone, and they are left alone. Behind them stretches the wilderness, away, and away, and away, across the continent. Before them, three thousand miles of ocean! Slowly and sadly they descend the hill to that cluster of huts, and the life of toil goes on. . . . .

And now I will use my real eyes, and go down to view the town. A quaint old town, with narrow, crooked streets; yet quite a populous old town, numbering its seven or eight thousand. The Indians used to hold their feasts upon that hill at the right, and clam-shells are still to be found buried in the soil upon its western side. At the foot of this hill runs Town Brook, where Governor Carver made a treaty with the Indian chief Massassoit. Massassoit came down the hill with a train of sixty Indians, but crossed the Brook with only twenty. They were nearly naked, painted, oiled, and adorned with beads, feathers, and fox-tails. Captain Miles Standish with a few of his men marched them into a hut, where were placed "a green rug, and some cushions which served as thrones." The Governor then marched in to the music of drums and trumpets. He kissed Massassoit, and Massassoit kissed him. The Indians "marvelled much at the trumpet."

Now I walk down into that street which was first laid out and divided into lots for the nineteen families. It is a short street, leading to the sea, and on the right at the lower end may be seen the site of the first house.

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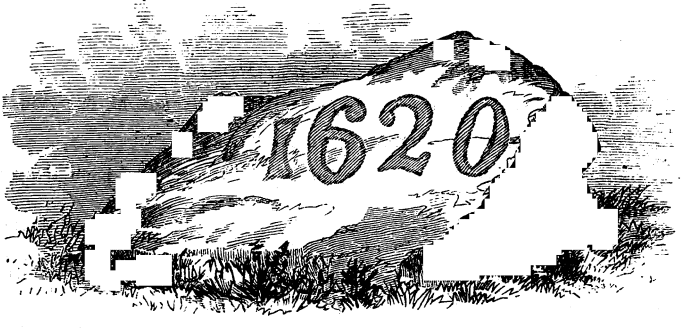
On the left is the hill upon which the Pilgrims made that early graveyard, planting it over with corn! It was then a cliff overhanging the sea. Now a street runs along at its foot, on the outer side of which are wharves and storehouses. I am glad that these last are by no means in good repair; glad that, standing near the Rock, they have the grace to look old and gray and weather-beaten!

Farther and farther on I go. Soon shall my longing eyes behold that sacred Rock, "where first they trod"! Ah, how many times have I fancied myself sitting upon its top, gazing off with my other pair, my dream eyes, — off at the Mayflower, watching the coming of the crowded boat, almost reaching out my hand to the fair Mary Chilton!

But where is it? I must be near the spot, but where is the *Rock?* Here comes a boy. "My young friend, can you show me the way to the Rock?" Boy points to a lofty stone canopy. "Is it possible?" I exclaim. "All that hewn out of Forefathers' Rock?" Boy smiles, takes me under the canopy, and points to a square hole cut in the platform." "There 't is; Forefathers' Rock 's 'most all underground." I look down at the enclosed rocky surface, less than two feet square; then, with a sigh, stagger against the nearest granite column. "Sick?" boy asks. "O no, only a fall, — down from a *rock.* The one in my mind was so high!" "'Nother piece of it out at Pilgrim Hall," boy remarks.



I inquire my way to that Pilgrim Hall. Here it is, and here, right in front, lies the precious fragment, surrounded by an iron fence, and marked, in great black letters, "1620."

Now I am going into the hall to see the Pilgrim relics, some of which were brought over in the Mayflower.

On the wall of the anteroom hangs Lora Standish's sampler, wrought in silks of divers colors, bright enough two hundred and fifty years ago, no doubt, though, alas, all faded now! Using again my dream eyes, I behold the fair young girl, intent on learning "marking-stitch," bending over the canvas, counting the threads, winding bright silks, — her cheeks as bright as they. Little dreams she of all who shall come centuries after to view her work! Underneath the alphabet are stitched these lines, which with my real eyes I read: —

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> "Lora Standish is my name.
> Lord, guide my hart, that I may doe thy will;
> Also, fill my hands with such convenient skill,
> As may conduce to virtue, void of shame,
> And I will give the glory to thy name."

In this same anteroom I find the two famous old arm-chairs that came over in the Mayflower, one of which belonged to Elder Brewster, and the other to Governor Carver.

This anteroom on the right contains an ancient spinning-wheel, also some bones and a kettle, dug from an Indian grave. The kettle was found placed over the Indian's head. Here, too, are many very old books.

Now I enter the large hall, sit for half an hour before an immense painting, — of the Landing, — and am shown two large cases with glass doors. In one of these is a great, round-bottomed, iron dinner-pot, once belonging to Miles Standish. The handle, which has a hinge in its centre, lies inside. Using my other pair, my dream eyes, I see this big pot hanging over a big, blazing fire, pretty Lora tending it, while the gallant Captain stands near, polishing his sword. To guess what is cooking in the pot I get this hint from an old ballad of those times: —

> "For pottage and puddings and custards and pies,
> Our pumpkins and parsnips are common supplies.
> We have pumpkin at morning and pumpkin at noon,
> If it was not for pumpkin we should be undoon."

And as for what they drank with their dinner, —

> "If barley be wanting to make into malt,
> We must be contented, and think it no fault.
> For we can make liquor to sweeten our lips,
> Of pumpkins and parsnips and walnut-tree chips."

The Captain was polishing his sword, I said; and here it lies inside. Need enough it has of polish now! And here is one of his great pewter plates. Poor Lora Standish, with a pile of those to wash and to wipe and to scour!

Whose spoon? "Elder Brewster's," the label says. A dark, iron spoon with a rounded bowl — a bit nipped off the edge — and a short handle. A spoon suggests "chowder," and no doubt this one often carried that delicious food to the lips of the Elder; for what says the ballad? —

> "If we 've a mind for a delicate fish,
> We go to the clam-bank, and there we catch fish."

And, speaking of spoons, they used stout forks in those days! Here is one a foot long with a short handle and two prongs, very wide apart, — certainly not made to eat peas with!

That inlaid cabinet on the upper shelf must have been a pretty thing in its day. It belonged to Peregrine White, and came to him, so the label says, from his mother, — just as likely as not a present to her from Mr. White in their courting days, and used to keep his love-letters in; who knows? With my other pair I can see the rosy English girl, sitting alone by her cabinet. Its little drawers of letters are open, and, with a smile

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and a blush, she reads over the old ones while awaiting the new. I wonder if any fortune-teller ever told her that she would sail over the seas to dwell in a wilderness, and that she would be the first New England mother. The first bride, too! For after Mr. White's death she married Mr. Edward Winslow, the third governor, and their wedding was the first one in the colony. Yonder, among other portraits, hangs that of Mr. Winslow. On the top of this relic-case is a flaxen wig, woven by one of the Winslow family, and underneath it is Mr. White's ivory-headed cane.

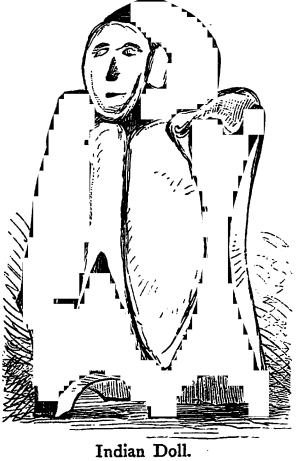
What is this sealed up in a bottle? *Apple-preserve*, made from the apples of a tree which Peregrine White planted! Think of *apple-preserve* keeping so long!

On one of these shelves inside I see dingy old Bibles; also the spectacles with which they were read, looking as if they could almost see without any eyes behind them. There is an ancient Dutch Bible, with brass studs and clasps, and an English one, open at the title-page, "*Imprinted at London, by Robert Barker, printer to the King's most excellent Majestie.*"

And — is it possible? can this really be? Yes, there it is in black and white, *John Alden's Bible!* O John, you young rogue, I 've read in a poem what *you* did! Made love to Priscilla Mullins, when Captain Miles Standish was going to ask her to be his second wife, and sent you to do the errand for him! Naughty, naughty youth! But Priscilla knew pretty well the feelings of your heart, John, and knew very well the feelings of her own, or she would never have dared to ask that question, so famous in story, "*Why don't you speak for yourself, John?*" Mr. Longfellow has told us all about your wedding, and how, when taking home the bride,

> "Alden the thoughtful, the careful, so happy, so proud of Priscilla,
> Brought out his snow-white steer, obeying the hand of his master,
> Led by a cord that was tied to an iron ring in his nostrils,
> Covered with crimson cloth, and a cushion placed for a saddle.
> She should not walk, he said, through the dust and the heat of the noonday."

Little Mehitable Winslow's shoes may also be seen here, — stiff, clumsy, black, cunning, peaked things they are, with their turned-up toes; likewise old pocket-books, dishes, a spur, a gourd-shell, a lock taken from the house of Miles Standish, and various articles besides.



Indian Doll.

Cross over now to the other case. What little ship is that on top? Ah! a model of the Mayflower! I am glad to see a model of the Mayflower. By no means a clipper ship was she!

This case contains mostly Indian relics, such as tomahawks, kettles, mortars, pestles, axes, all made of stone; also a string of "wampum," or Indian money, which is simply shells, polished and rounded. And here, of all

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things in the world, is an Indian doll! Made of — I don't know what; Perhaps hardened clay. It is a clumsy-looking thing for a toy. I see plenty of Indian arrows, and up there on the highest shelf a sort of helmet, labelled *King Philip's cap.* This is the only relic whose genuineness is doubted. King Philip was a famous Indian warrior who gave the whites a deal of trouble, until at last Colonel Church caught him in a swamp. Colonel Church was a mighty man to catch Indians. He used to complain, though, that they sometimes slipped out of his hands, because, on account of their going nearly naked, "*there was nothing to hold on by but their hair!*" King Philip was caught at last, though, by this valiant Colonel Church; and if anybody does n't believe it, why, here is his own pocket-book, marked "*Colonel Benjamin Church.*" And here is the very gun-barrel of his gun!

Now one last look, and then for a walk to find those "sweet springs of water" and "little running brooks" on account of which the Pilgrims settled in this spot. Good by, precious relics. And good by, you old arm-chairs, wherein sat those men of blessed memory!

"Their greeting very soft,
Good morrow very kind, —
How sweet it sounded oft,
Before we were refined!
Humility their care,
Their failings very few.
My heart! how kind their manners were,
When this old chair was new!"

Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz.

TURKEY.

A THANKSGIVING ODE.

WHEN is the turkey handsomest?
With sunshine on his brazen breast,
When every feather is like a scale
On a glittering suit of knightly mail;
When his tail is spread, a splendid fan,
As he struts before his faithful clan
With blue, bald head and threatening eye,
And wattles red as a stormy sky?
With lofty step and war-cry loud
He marshals forth the quittering crowd,
Or leads their dance across the plain,
Or heads their march through waving grain,

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Intent on plunder, red with pride,
Like warrior not to be defied,
In all the pomp of battle drest, —
Then is the turkey handsomest?

When is the turkey handsomest?
When he is killed and plucked and dressed;
His spurs hacked off and thrown aside
With all the trappings of his pride,
He lies, a goodly shape of snow,
On stall or dresser, making show
Of swelling breast and rampant legs;
Or, dangling from the larder's pegs,
Tells to the cook-maid's practised eye
How fast the days are flitting by,
How soon appears the day of days,
The hour of Turkey's reign and praise; —
There, hanging in his smooth white vest,
Is not the turkey handsomest?

When is the turkey handsomest?
Ah! when again he shows his breast,
Brown with the sunshine of the fire,
Crisp as a lady's silk attire,
With unctuous juices dripping down
In pools of gravy rich and brown;
Odorous as any spicy air
That blows across an orchard fair,
His bosom swelled with savory meat
Of sausages and bread-crumbs sweet,
His pinions neatly skewered and tied
With giblets tucked in either side;
His legs resigned to any fate,
Rampant no more, but meekly straight;
Beside him cranberry, ruby clear,
With groves of brittle celery near:
As stately as a king he lies,
The centre of admiring eyes.
Now is the turkey handsomest,
Arrayed before the hungry guest,
Of all the viands first and best!
His life well lived, his woes at rest,
And the platter he lies on gayly dressed,
Now is the turkey handsomest!

Rose Terry Cooke.

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SOMETHING ABOUT PHOTOGRAPHY.

"I SAY, George! Cousin Gilbert 's coming to see us!"

"Who 's he?"

"Why, don't you know? He was here last summer. O, I forgot; you was sick then."

"'You *were* sick,' not 'you *was* sick.'"

"Oh-h-h! Why, Gilbert! here you are now! Why did n't you write when you 'd be here? You did n't walk all the way from the cars, did you? Your things over yet? Did you bring all your *apparati* with you?"

"Whoa, there! I guess you 've been studying Latin and have n't learned any too much of it. You equal the young lady who, when I was in New York, remarked to me that the *omnibi* were very convenient. But to answer your question, I did bring my apparatus with me."

"Bully for you! Now, when are you going to begin?"

"Begin what?"

"Well — now — lecturing."

"Ha! ha! 'Lecturing' is good! We 'll have it reported in the 'Local.' 'Professor Gilbert Norton, B. S., Ph. D., etc., etc., delivered a lecture on the subject of so-and-so, last evening, to an enthusiastic and appreciative audience of one, in the hall of the spacious building known as Mr. Norton's Barn. The Professor's *apparati* were numerous, and —"

"I never saw such a fellow as you are! I suppose you won't stop teasing me about that word. But I think you might answer my question."

"Question! Why, your questions come as rapidly as the wags of a happy dog's tail! Well, then, my friend, in a few days; but you must n't be disappointed if I don't begin to experiment immediately. But you 're a queer sort of fellow! Here 's your friend standing here for a quarter of an hour, and you never take the trouble to introduce him!"

"O yes! This is George Cambell."

"Well, George, I hope to see you with us when we are amusing ourselves with my chemical things. But there 's the tea-bell."

The Gilbert above mentioned was a student in one of our scientific schools, and, as is usual with students of his turn, was passionately fond of the studies which he pursued. During the previous summer he had spent a portion of his vacation at his uncle's house, and while there had amused himself by telling Frank of some of the wonders treated of in the subjects which he was studying. Much to his satisfaction, Gilbert found that the boy became greatly interested in the lessons which he gave, and Frank found very little difficulty in making him promise to return on the following summer. Frank's mother was hardly less pleased than Frank himself at this, for, as she said, Gilbert seemed to be the only person she had ever seen who was able to keep her troublesome youth out of mischief for an entire hour.

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Gilbert let two days slip by in renewing the acquaintances he had made during his last visit. On the morning of the third, while at breakfast, he remarked, "Well, Frank, I 'm ready to begin."

"So am I," was the prompt response. "But where are you going to make your experiments?"

"We will have to find some place or other. To-day, though, we sha' n't have any, I guess. We 'll go down to the village, and learn what we can there by way of beginning."

Now this was a disappointment. Despite what Gilbert had said, Frank had expected him to get out his apparatus at once, and proceed to astonish and bewilder him with brilliant fires, suffocating odors, and unexpected explosions. But he did not dare make any objection, for once before, when he had rebelled against Gilbert, the latter had immediately suspended operations until he was glad to obey. So he consoled himself with the thought that "Gilbert would make it interesting somehow," and gave a ready acquiescence to the proposal.

After stopping for George, Gilbert made known where he was going to take them; namely, to Mr. Du Nord's photographic establishment.

"My idea," said he, "is to let you see the various operations in the making of a photograph; and while we are on the way there, I will explain to you the general principles of the art. The whole depends on the fact that certain chemical compounds darken upon exposure to the light, or else become so powerfully affected by it that they will immediately darken when afterwards subjected to peculiar treatment. A paper or glass plate coated with one of these compounds is exposed in a *camera*, — but hold on; do you know what a camera is? No! Well, then, it is a sort of box with lenses at one end and a ground-glass screen at the other. It is that instrument which is pointed at you while you are being 'taken.' Its full name is *camera obscura*, and means 'dark chamber.'

"Now as to its use. I suppose you know how to project an image of any object against a wall by means of a lens?"

"What do you mean?" asked George.

"Come under this tree and I will show you. Now, Frank, hold this handkerchief tightly at the top. George, you take hold of the bottom corners and stretch it smooth. Now screw your head around so that you can see. Now," continued Gilbert, taking out of his pocket a folding lens, "I 'll hold this burning-glass at a little distance from the handkerchief and — see?"

"Why, there 's a picture of old Jenkins's house on the handkerchief, only it 's upside-down!"

"Yes, and I 'll explain to you why, some time. If you were to look in at the back of a camera just before the picture was taken, you would see on the ground-glass screen an image of the object to be photographed. It would seem brighter and more distinct than this, because all light is prevented from entering the camera anywhere except through the lenses.

"In photographing, the operator fixes the lenses so that he shall get the

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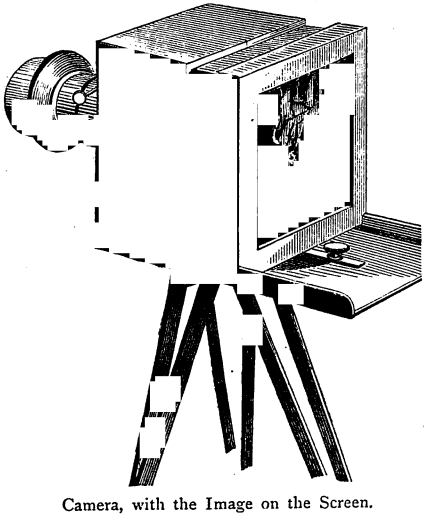
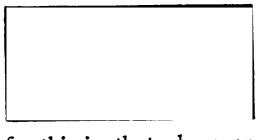
clearest possible image on the ground-glass screen. Then he withdraws the screen, and in its place puts a plate of glass which has been covered with a preparation which darkens under the influence of light, or becomes so acted on by it that it will afterwards darken when treated with a certain solution containing iron. This sensitive preparation always contains some compound of silver, and a very pretty experiment illustrative of the principle may easily be performed.



Camera, with the Image on the Screen.

"Brush over a sheet of clear white paper with some of a solution of nitrate of silver, and, as soon as it is dry, brush it over again with one of common salt. This should all be done by candle-light, which does not affect the preparation as daylight does. As soon as it is again dry, put it upon a smooth block of wood, lay upon it another piece of paper with writing on it, the written side up, and press the whole smoothly down by means of a piece of glass. Now take the arrangement out into the sunlight and allow it to remain there, glass-side up, for about half an hour. At the end of that time, on examining the prepared paper by candle-light, you will find that you have a perfect fac-simile of your writing, except that it is in white upon a dark ground, instead of black upon a white ground. The reason for this is, that wherever the light can get through the written paper easily, the prepared paper underneath is blackened by its influence; but where it is prevented from going through, as at the portion covered by the black lines of writing, the prepared paper underneath remains white.

Gilbert.



"This is exactly what takes place on the surface of the plate exposed in the camera. When the prepared plate is substituted for the ground-glass screen, the picture formed by the lenses falls upon that, exactly as it did upon the other. At the light parts of the picture, the sensitive film on the surface of the glass is, of course, most strongly acted upon, while at the darker parts the film is less affected. Hence all the parts that are light-colored in the original object are found to be dark in the picture, and all that are dark-colored or in the shade are found to be light in the picture. For this reason this picture is called the *negative*. A very strange thing though, in the making of this negative, is that the photographer never lets the plate remain exposed in the camera long enough to render the picture

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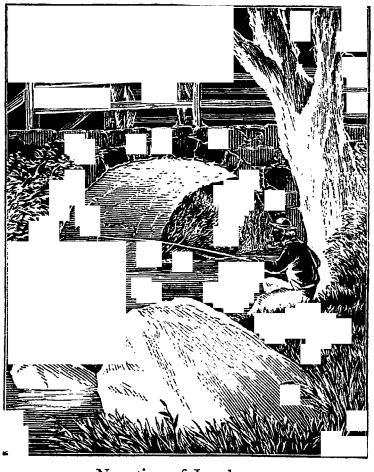
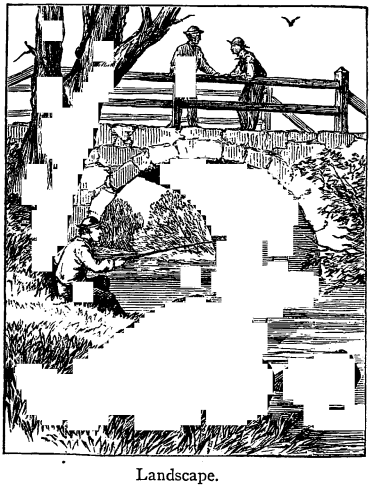
visible on its surface; and when he takes it out, after a few seconds' exposure, there has apparently no change been effected. But when, by candle-light, he pours upon it a solution, containing, among other things, iron, the picture begins gradually to show itself, the darkest portions making their appearance first. If, however, this were now brought out into daylight, the parts not already acted upon by the light would become almost black, and the picture would, of course, be swallowed up in the general blackness. To prevent this, all the silver-salt in the film which has not been already acted on is dissolved out by a solution of a salt called *hyposulphite of soda.*



Negative of Landscape.



Landscape.

"The negative, having thus been rendered light-proof, is coated over with a transparent varnish to protect it from injury, and is ready to use for printing. This operation is exactly the same as that described in the experiment I told you of a few minutes ago. The negative is laid face downward upon a piece of paper rendered sensitive in some way, and the whole is put where the direct rays of the sun may fall upon it. Upon the paper the picture formed is an exact representation of nature as far as light and shade go, for the shades of the negative are, of course, entirely reversed. As soon as the printing process is finished, the paper is washed over with the hyposulphite-of-soda solution to prevent further change, and, after being dried and smoothed out, is pasted upon a piece of card to protect it from injury."

By this time the three had reached the photographer's, where each of them sat for his picture. Mr. Du Nord, having evidently had an understanding with Gilbert, was very kind to the boys, allowing them to view every part of the process, and presenting each with the negative of himself, and one of some fancy picture. For the latter Frank received a negative of a landscape, a representation of which is here given, together with its *positive*, or the picture printed from it.

After about two hours thus spent in the photographer's gallery, the three

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went home, having thoroughly enjoyed the visit. In the afternoon the boys amused themselves with printing from their negatives upon paper which Gilbert furnished them, and succeeded in getting some very good pictures.

Gilbert had a great many other talks with the boys during that summer, and I may some time report two or three of them.

David B. Scott, Jr.

HANNAH COLBY'S CHANCE.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER V.

DREAMING.

ALL that has happened since then has happened like a dream. That I, Hannah Colby, who used to quill and plait, and know about the last new novel, and mope about Tom, and envy Mary Alice, — that I should be where I am and what I am now, and still be Hannah Colby, seems more dream-like than life-like, far.

As if I had dreamed it all, I see it all. I see myself going back to Mr. Jimms's store with the happiest heart, full of hope, full of new, honest, pleasant pride, — prouder far of my six dollar and a half clerkship than I ever was of anything before.

I see the heart-break of the home-breaking falling upon, but powerless to spoil, my new content; our last few days at the empty house, and the whirl of packing and planning, and mother's mournful face, and myself standing with her the last night and looking wearily out of the windows of her dear old room into our little dusty Cambridge garden-plot, into a little drizzle of dismal rain that is falling on it and on the window-ledge. Mother is crying softly. For a long time she does not speak. Then, still softly, and half as if ashamed of the hopeless wish, she turns and sighs: "Well, Hannah! Do you suppose we shall ever, *ever* have a home of our very own again?" but she repents of it the next minute, and says we shall do very well, and ought to be thankful that everything is no worse. And I say nothing, for I've nothing to say; but my thoughts run fast, like this. "While my hands are stout, and my head is my own, I'll never give it up, but I'll have that very own, own home!" And then I think, in Lois McQuentin's words, — I very often do; it helps and pushes me along, — "Of all the 'chances' I have known, the chance to keep one's mother to one's self seems to me the very sweetest one!" But I only pat mother on her dear old cheek, for I'm nothing but Mr. Jimms's clerk as yet, you see, at six dollars and a half a week.

We break up the next day, still in the dismal rain; there is drizzle all

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over the little garden as we turn and drive away. We drive in a hack to Mary Alice's, for the trunks must go, and it is just as cheap. We hold each other's hands, but say nothing all the way. Mary Alice's new house is in Cambridge too, — a pretty house, out among the grandness near the college and the trees; she likes it better than the city, and so does Tom. They came home the day before, and are both standing on the steps to meet and greet us as we go in. Tom looks very handsome, very good. Mary Alice is very pretty, very proud. They take us in and show us up to mother's chamber, — a pretty chamber, furnished, as all the rest is furnished, through Tom's money, with the best of everything. It took all of Mary Alice's hundred dollars to get the linen, and the household stuff, and a few such things, that she said she should be ashamed to go without. Only the few old home things are left in mother's room for a kind of welcomer.

It is a pretty, home-like house, there 's no denying that; and they treat us in a pretty, home-like way. I have had a half-holiday at the store, so I stay with them till morning, and we try to be as pleasant and as happy as we can. In the morning I go back to town. I shall not live with Mary Alice. She is very kind, but I had still and always rather not. Jane Betoyer has found me a place; I board with her; I pay four dollars and seventy-five cents a week for board. She tells me that I could find no other board that I could live on, or that would be fit for me, for less than five or six; but she has lived a long time with the woman, and I share her room.

"One dollar and seventy-five cents to dress and live on!" cries Mary Alice, half hurt, half vexed. "Why, Hannah, you don't know what you 're about!"

But I do; I know quite well; quite well enough to see that mother must stay with Tom and Mary Alice for such a long, long time, at this rate, yet! But my heart is full of hopes, full of plans; I say little about them; I have little chance or time; I am working very hard.

Mr. Jimms's business is brisk this winter, and we all work very hard; I go early, and I come late; I try not to mind the tough pies and fat hash at the boarding-house; I don't mean to miss the roast beef; I won't know when I am tired; I am determined that, whatever comes, I won't be sick. I wet my feet very often going to and from my work; my long skirts flap against my ankles, and I stand in them at the counter all the day; it can't be helped; I have dreadful colds; I wish I were a boy for that thing, or that girls' clothes were short; sometimes I fret about it, but it can't be helped. I 'm bound I won't be sick.

The winter wears away. On Saturdays I go out to Cambridge and stay till Monday morning; this is a rest and pleasure; Mary Alice is always very kind, and the house is clean, and the meat so nice! Mother is happy when I come; we room together, and we talk a great deal; they call her housekeeper there, — for Mary Alice can't keep house very well till she has learned, — and that little notion makes mother feel almost comfortable for a while, and she has the interest on twenty-five hundred dollars for her clothes and so on, and a little of it goes to me, for my flannels have given

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out, and out of a dollar and seventy-five cents a week I 've not enough, to tell the honest truth, to buy them.

Dream-like still the winter slides away, and spring sweetness and spring laziness come on together. I am growing very tired, but I do not speak of that; it would only worry them and do no good; and I know that if it were not for so many colds I should not be so weak as this. But I can't be sick, — I won't be sick, — I have too many plans and hopes to manage yet! Jane Betoyer thinks I need a little wine, but I have no money to get wine. It is n't expected, when girls are paid six dollars and a half a week (and fortunate at that, as Jane tells me still, and often), and when they pay four dollars and seventy-five cents for board (and very fortunate at that), that they will ever be so extravagant as to fall sick and need a little wine.

Dream-like still the spring slides on. Mother goes away now to Uncle Peter's for the summer, as was planned. I feel very lonesome and deserted when she goes, and the chromo business seems a very hard, dull thing. Uncle Peter invites me too, — O yes; but business-women (I am quite a woman now, I think) can't spare the time to trot about on summer visits. Other people go; Mary Alice goes, and Tom; they go to Swampscott for the season, and Tom comes in and out. Jane Betoyer and I stay in the boarding-house and eat the hardy pies; and the warmer the weather grows, the fatter seems to grow the hash, and the longer the walk to Mr. Jimms's; and the summer days — more dream-like still — turn round and on.

One morning when they all have gone — one hot red morning in July — I cannot go to Mr. Jimms's. I try to get up, but my feet will not follow my bidding to the floor. I try to call, but my tongue makes a miserable, unmeaning sound. I sink upon my little, hard pillow, and say to myself, "I am sick then, after all!"

Jane Betoyer comes in. She looks me over; she turns my face to the light; she feels my wrist and hands. She says, "You are sick then, after all!"

I do not seem to care or fear; I forget the store and Mr. Jimms; I forget mother and my lost "chance," and the poor, gone home which was to be. I forget to worry or to think, and I am sick with all my might.

I am sick for a few days only before I remember suddenly and hard. I remember how poor I am, and alone. I remember that I cannot afford to be sick; that I cannot pay the doctor, who I see has been called, and is standing by my bed. I beg him to go away, and assure him that I am much, much better, and will get up and dress.

But when I will get up I fall, and somebody catches me, and I lie back upon the pillows, frightened all over, and finding that I cannot catch my breath.

They have sent for Mary Alice, though I begged they would not. They do not send for mother yet, for I beg so hard, and there is no danger, — I am only weak. I am carried to Mary Alice's, into the cool, large house, and put upon a cool, large, home-like bed. Tom comes in and brings me fruit, and he looks sorry every time; Mary Alice looks sorry too; they are very kind.

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But still I do not get my strength, and, dream-like still, the July days glide on. I forget nothing now, — except how to get well. I always remember Mr. Jimms. I always remember the chromos and the salary. I always remember that Tom will pay my doctor's bill, and that my "chance" is going — going — almost gone, perhaps; for what will there be for me to do for mother now? I always ask my future questions, and I get no answer to a single one.

One day Lois McQuentin comes to see me; she makes a short visit, like all Lois's visits, and in going out I hear her say, "It is the business that is bothering her."

Jane Betoyer is there, and Jane nods in her sharp way. She knows it. So do I. We all know it; but none of us know how to help it.

"Now, look here!" says Lois in *her* way; and she and Jane, like figures in a dream, slide into the other room, and talk and nod together for a long time. Mary Alice comes in too, and Tom, and they all talk. Then Lois goes away, and Jane comes back and says, "I 've something to propose to you, Hannah, when I 've thought a little. To-morrow, if Mr. Jimms will let me off, I want to ask your opinion of — a place."

This arouses me, for some reason, to feel clearer and better in the head. I am glad to feel that I have "opinions" left. I like to know that Jane respects them; for Jane knows what is what, and is no fool at anything. I think a great deal of what Jane has said until to-morrow comes. I lie wondering and pondering what her "plan" may be. I ask Mary Alice to ask the girl to dress me, that I may sit up when Jane comes in. I get as far as my wrapper, and I count the hours till she comes.

There 's never any fuss about Jane. She does not ask how I am, and wait and loiter about what she has to say. She begins at once.

"Hannah, we all see that you are worrying yourself to death about the business. So we 've talked it over, — and I 've thought it over, — and we 've got up a plan. I 've always meant to go into business for myself."

I start; I sit up straight in my chair; I begin to listen hard and fast. Jane goes on: "I 've got a little laid up; I had a little from my mother; it 's very little, and I 've saved it for sickness or a rainy day. I don't believe a rainier day will ever come. I like you. I like the spunk you 've shown. Though I 'd have you understand you 've been very fortunate, — you might have been in the hospital, you see, long ago; it is n't every girl that has a sister's house to be sick in. Now, I propose that you get well, and that we take my money, and that you take your money —"

"I have n't any money," I interrupt her drearily.

"Yes, you have," says Jane. "You have a thousand dollars at the least."

But I shake my head. "You need n't think I 'll touch my mother's money for my risky plans. I 'll never, never —"

"Nobody asked you to touch your mother's money!" retorts Jane. "But your brother has lent you a thousand dollars at six per cent, due, principal and interest, at your own convenience. Here it is."

Jane hands me a check on the Boston Bank of Commerce for a thousand

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dollars. I dimly see it; I dimly see the familiar signature which it bears; I do not understand her even yet, and say, "My brother! But I have no brother!"

"I don't know what else you call your brother Tom, — your sister's husband," — says Jane, sharply. (My brother! Tom my brother! I have never thought of that!) "I don't see what you look so dazed about. Nor you need n't shake your head. Of course you 'll take the loan. You 're *not* a fool. We 'll take our capital and our brains together, and we 'll start in the picture business on our own hook. It 's an unusually simple business, — quickly learned, — and requires little outlay. The most you need is pluck and taste. We 've got some of it between us, — what Mr. Jimms calls knack and notions. I don't think we run more risk than most men. We 're going, by the way, to Lynn."

"To Lynn!"

"Yes, to Lynn. It was Lois's idea. She knew a little picture business there just ready to sell out, — consumption, salt air. I sent her to ask the terms, and she telegraphed to me to-day. I 'll tell you about it when you 're better. Your mother shall come and live with us, and we 'll go as soon as we can, — this fall, I suppose. You 're a great deal more fortunate than most girls, I always told you! Thousand-dollar loans don't grow on *every* girl's bush. *Now*, Hannah Colby, I can't fuss over you any longer. Will you *please* to get up and get well?"

"How soon, Jane?"

"To-morrow."

And, true enough, to-morrow I am dressed and I sit up almost all day. And to-morrow again I go down to dinner. Dream-like, it seems but one to-morrow more and I am well.

CHAPTER VI.

"BLESS THE CHROMO BUSINESS!"

I HAVE just locked up the house, and come into the little parlor, and turned up the gas, and shut the doors, and drawn my chair snugly up beside the table to finish my story. All the rest have gone to bed. The house is still as still can be. What a pleasant little house it is! And all our very own! We did it, — we did it all as we had planned. Jane went on to Lynn herself, and found the little picture-store, and found the man who was selling out. It was no sham, — it was consumption, poor fellow! and the business looked snug and brisk.

He said he would sell out for three hundred dollars.

Now his stock was n't worth half that, — Jane and I threw half of it away, when we came; the colored photographs you could n't imagine! The scarlet Venuses! The blue-green Liberties! The drab-and-orange kittens in baskets! The Soldier's Farewell, the Sleeping Beauties, the Watching for Papas! — you might have believed there could be such a selection after you had seen it, not before.

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We hated to beat down a consumptive man, but we had to; we told him half his stock would lie a drug on our hands, or on anybody's; that we did n't want the stock at all, we only wanted the lease of the store; that we would compromise on two hundred, or nothing, for the stock. So he held off a few days, for he thought we were women and did n't know; but Jane stuck to it; she said he 'd come round, and he did. Jane managed all that. It seemed very funny to me at first. I 've got quite used to it now.

So we got the ridiculous stock for two hundred, and the lease. The lease only ran two years; we rented at two hundred a year. All this was settled carefully and quickly before we said anything to Mr. Jimms. But we gave Mr. Jimms due notice. We did not come to Lynn till the last of September, and Jane Betoyer knew half a dozen girls who would jump at the chance to get her place.

We had to tell mother, of course. But I did not say anything about her coming to live with us, for fear of disappointing her some way, after all. I did not even tell her about Tom's money. It was the only thing of any account I ever kept from my mother. But we thought she 'd only worry, and Tom advised not. Tom advised me about many things very wisely and kindly, very like a good brother as he was. I began to get quite used in those days to thinking of him as my brother, and it did me good. We told mother, in a general way, that Jane had a little money, and that the outlay was small.

I can't say that I did n't have times of thinking that I 'd rather go without than be Tom's debtor. But Jane said Nonsense! I must be somebody's, and that was the trouble with women, — they were so fussy about borrowing; and that I should pay it all back to Tom in five years. It looks now, I fancy, as if Jane were right.

So mother thought I was going in as Jane's clerk, or some such way, I suppose; and she mourned a little, for I was not strong, quite, — but she did not know how sick I 'd been, and so our plans went on.

I went back to Mr. Jimms's and worked my time out. Mother came from Uncle Peter's and stayed with Mary Alice till after the baby was born, — that was the middle of September. Jane and I came to Lynn soon after.

I can't tell you how odd it seemed, — the pleasantness and peril of the whole thing. We were in for four hundred and our support the first year. We took the four hundred — two for the rent, and two for the stock — out of our capital, to have that clear and off our minds. I contributed two hundred and fifty, and Jane put in one hundred and fifty; it was nominally agreed that I should have a little over half the profits; privately I thought Jane's experience was worth more than my money, but I said we 'd wait and see.

Then we laid in new stock; that took a hundred and fifty more; of that I put in one hundred, and Jane the rest; and by that time I began to feel it right that, as I had the heavy risk and debt, I should make a little the most of what we made, if we made anything. Jane said, too, that there should

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be no sentiment in business. It must be a clear case of dues and rights. Her skill should pass for so much, mine for so much; then the difference in the outlay all counted in would, she thought, decide a little in my favor. Jane might have taken great advantage of me in the thing, I was so ignorant and hard-pressed and young. Perhaps it was "sentiment," but she never did.

So we put in a new stock and went to work. We began modestly, and felt our way. We had to buy a few flashy pictures and bright colors for a certain class of cheap customers who strolled in towards the holidays; but we bought as few as possible. We decided upon the plan of selecting the best goods, and drawing, if a small, yet the best, custom. We tried to get the newest thing in mouldings, — Lynn had been used, I fancy, to the same old styles, and a little rough at that. When we saw an odd wire on a gilt frame, or a queer quirk on an oak panel, or a fresh and delicate mat, we bought it. We always contrived to keep a few of the best steel engravings which Boston held in one window. We sold a good many little bits of the better kind. We sold some Raphaels. Of Rosa Bonheur's "Wasp" we sold thirteen for Christmas presents. We never bought a poor chromo. We gave time and temper to our photograph portfolios. We attempted to keep but few large pictures on hand; depended on orders for those at first; but we bought nothing *ugly*, and we found that went a good way. At our purchasing points — which were mostly in Boston, occasionally in New York, for we have not yet attempted to import ourselves — we had what is known in trade as the "first pick," — a privilege for which you pay, of course, but which we found paid us.

"The best goods, the best custom!" said Jane always; "and the best profits in the end." So far, we have stuck to our system. It has been very encouraging to see the kind of people and the kind of prices (consequently) that have flowed in quietly upon us. People that I suspect never bought pictures in Lynn before, least of all in our little shop, soon found us out. We go by the name of the "Little Picture Store." Sometimes it is the "Women's Picture Store." We are quite pleased with either name.

But our sign reads: —

J. BETOYER & H. COLBY.

Engravings,

Photographs, Chromos, &c.

I hesitated between that and "J. Betoyer & Co." But Jane thought this was simpler.

About holiday time, Jane said to me one day, "Hannah, we are paying a great deal on *passe-partouts*."

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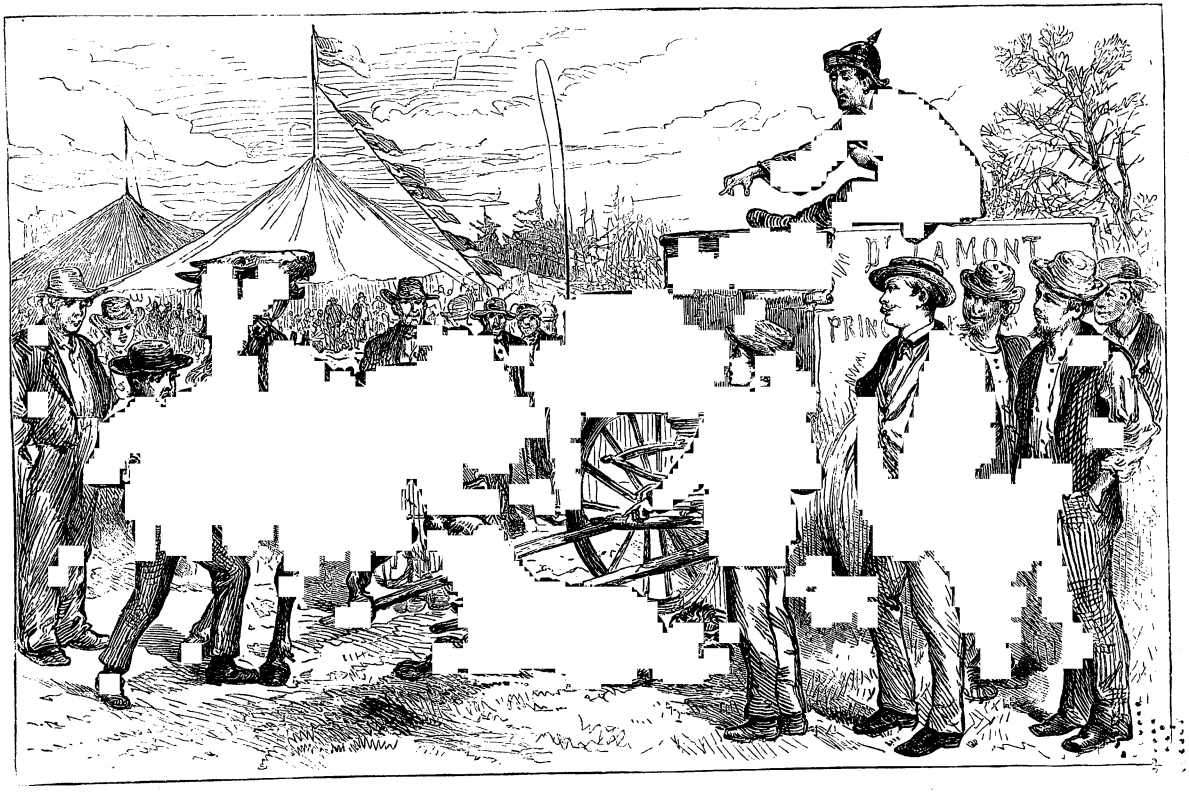

"WHY DON'T YOU HITCH UP, PHIN?"

DRAWN BY J. J. HARLEY.]

[See "Doing His Best," p. 717.

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For almost everybody wanted a *passe-partout* for something.

"Well!" said I, "that's no news. What then?"

"If *I* could make up such paper frames as you can, I'd never send another order to Boston," said Jane.

I suspect I opened my eyes wide, for I did not know Jane thought so well of my work; but I said nothing. Only that very night I went to work, and every night I practised a little at this and that, at turning the panels, and describing the ovals, and keeping the edges true.

The result was that I supplied our customers with *passe-partouts* of my own making the holidays through. I must say, since I am saying anything about it, that there was a great demand, for a little store, for those *passe-partouts*. At last I had to leave Jane alone at the counter a part of the time, during the day, to keep our orders filled. They are a little different, I suppose, and new. I try to use my own "notions" altogether, and not to copy other people's, except in taking care to finish accurately. A *passe-partout* is nothing if it is n't true.

With these and some other little notions that I have n't half the time to tell about, the winter's trade went on better than we had expected, much better than we had feared.

I forgot to say that we boarded all winter where Lois boards, very cheaply; if I tell how cheaply, I shall hardly be believed. It was n't such board as I have been used to, but it was clean; and, though our room was cold, the people were all respectable, (how I should have turned up my fancy at them a year ago, though!) and I could sit in the parlor evenings and not mind much. And the store went off so well, and I felt so happy, that I grew tough and stout, and did not mind anything, — except getting my feet wet, which one *must* mind. But I wear a pretty short dress now, several inches up, and Lois told me of a gaiter pattern which almost keeps the ankles dry.

Several times in the winter, going in on business, I went out to Cambridge for a kiss and a word from the dear old lady who was never out of my heart, it seemed to me, an hour at a time. And every time I said, for I had got ready now to say, "When we are a little surer, mother dear, — a little bit, — will you come to Lynn and live?"

And every time mother kissed me, smiling, crying, — never believing, I could see, but not wanting to dishearten me, — and every time she said: "When you 've made your fortune, Hannah, I will go to Lynn!"

But every time I could see that mother thought she had lived at Cambridge long enough. She seemed homesick a little, and blue. Mary Alice and Tom were always kind, and she worships that baby (a funny, yellow little thing, like Alice) to the extent of breaking the First Commandment, in my opinion; but Mary Alice is able to keep her own house now, and "Young people *ought* to begin life *alone*," said mother decidedly, one day, to me. "There should never be family friends about till they have got used to each other and to life."

What then? Did Tom and Mary Alice quarrel?

"O no," said mother, guessing, perhaps, my unasked question; "but mar-

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ried people can't be always like lovers, Hannah, and they need to get shaken down to each other's ways and wants without a third party around to *feel* third party all the time."

I felt that mother was right. In a tremor of hurry I laid in an extra stock of carbon sketches, and actually went home with a veritable little water-color painting, on a venture, to Jane's wide-eyed alarm.

"It's do or die!" said I. "Jane, mother must come to Lynn. Have n't we made almost enough?"

We sat down together and went over accounts. I sha' n't tell exactly what we 've made, because business people never do. But it's as much as this. When the year is over, if all goes well, we shall have paid our rent and board, and we shall have paid one hundred and seventy-five dollars on our outlay, and I shall have paid Tom his interest promptly, and thirty-two dollars of his principal, and we shall have had what clothes we need; I have n't needed many. My old things seem to last, and Mary Alice made me a birthday present of a satine suit. I think, for a new beginning and for being just two strange girls alone in Lynn, that is doing pretty well. But it shall be better next year, if God is pleased to keep our hearts and heads and hands in strength together. It never seems to me funny any more to ask Him to bless the chromo business, but the most natural thing in the world.

Well! and so at last I am sitting here in the house, — our house, — mother's and mine, — and the doors are shut, and the rest have gone to bed, and I am to tell you all about it, I suppose. How we selected the house, — Jane and I, — how we thought it such a wee, sly, saucy house; very small, but with such a pretty peep at the sea, out of one eye, you might say, — the upper eastern window, mother's room. How we asked the rent in fear and trembling, and found it was only a hundred; for it is such a wee thing of a house, and not a bit of a fashionable street, you see. How we asked the price, just for fun, and found it was twenty-five hundred, with the garden and the tree, — there is a tree, a cherry-tree, and grass, and clean neighbors beside. How we said we 'd rent it, and how we took it, paying the quarter down this very last May the first. How we planned and twisted to carry it out without mother's suspecting, for it was going to be the most surprising surprise that ever was known. How Tom coolly sent off mother's old furniture from the warerooms where it was stored against some such happy, impossible day, and how Mary Alice managed to send us what she had, or some of it, from the old Perry Street house, under pretence of wanting newer and grander; how we got the things into the little house, and kept store, too, so easily, and with so little rub, as nobody could guess who had n't had ten times as much to do as she knew how, at once; how Mary Alice came up once when I did n't know it, and when I went in that night there was a new carpet down in the little parlor, and curtains that matched, — neutral tinted ground and red-cupped moss all over them, both the ingrain and the curtains; for it was an ingrain, of course, Brussels would n't have suited our style at all. And another thing

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Mary Alice and Tom had sent, — a great sensible pile of towels and household stuff, and one funny little pair of vases for the parlor mantel from that funny baby. I thought it was so pleasant in them! Because they *might* have minded and misunderstood mother's being so ready to leave them and come to me.

But Mary Alice could n't come again, because she was so busy with the baby, and not very well or strong.

And so one day we got mother out here on a Charlotte. Perhaps you don't know what a "Charlotte" is. When we were girls, and had n't lost our money, and could afford to go to Copeland's, and knew what Charlotte Russes were, we got it up; and when we play the other kind of *ruse* on anybody, we call it a Charlotte, don't you see? Jane says it is atrocious.

So we got mother to Lynn on a Charlotte, — that I had a headache and wanted to see her; so I had (for I was tired), and so I did, all true enough. And Jane met her at the depot and took her to the very house.

"I did n't know you had such a pleasant boarding-place as this!" said mother.

So in she walked; and there I sat; and there were the old dear things, — and she stopped, and the color went all up and down her face.

I took her up and down; I showed her into her own room, where all the things were all her own, and there were flowers there on the bureau, that Lois had sent, and the peep of the sea came in, and it was so pleasant that I thought my heart would break for joy.

"Mother," said I, "it 's our own house, after all, — and you never thought I 'd do it, — and if you *don't* like it —"

She did; I knew she did; it came all over her face; she liked it from the bottom of her heart, and she liked her crazy, crying little daughter, and there was no need for her to say: "My good, brave girl! My hard-working, patient, dear own girl!" before she kissed me and kissed me, as I believe no dear own girl was ever kissed before.

And there was no need for Jane Betoyer to disappear, but she did. And there was no need for her to set the little supper-table in the little dining-room, but she had. And there was no need for her to have slipped out and gone off to leave us to take tea by ourselves, but so it all was. And there was no need for Tom and Mary Alice to have sent such a supper of cold chickens and bananas and things; nor for Lois to have baked the cake; nor for everybody to have been too good to me to live, but everybody was!

"My dear," said mother, thoughtfully, when supper was over, and we sat in the growing dark, too happy to speak, alone.

I thought something very sentimental was coming, and looked romantically up.

"My dear, I have been thinking I believe I will buy this house."

I jumped. I had never thought so far as that.

"I 'll buy the house. I can't do a better thing with my money. We shall feel better and safer. There 'll always be a house over our heads, then, sure and safe, and you 'll be saved the rent. Then Jane and Lois

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shall — if they like, I mean — come and board with us. I can keep myself, and feel as smart as any of you, out of a few boarders. Perhaps, too, we 'll take a lodger in the little western room. I seem to see how we can get along, and if the business prospers — "

The business has prospered, God bless it! God "bless the chromo business" for my mother's sake! That 's my litany. Don't laugh at it.

We did all that, — just that. Lois and Jane came. We have one lodger, a queer old gentleman, whom we never see; he pays his money, and we take our choice, and he answers admirably. We are getting along so well I 'm half frightened at our luck.

We double our stock in the store this year. And as for Jane's ambitious soul, I believe it is already considering the mastery of the frame business in connection, if not the establishment of a factory of our own! But our specialty seems to be in the *passe-partout* line, so far. Of course it is an experiment yet, but while we are doing so well we half forget that.

I work very hard; for who would not? But I am very happy; who would not be happy? Under my private cash-draw in the store I have nailed a little private motto which I made not long ago. Nobody would see it but the burglars, — and we keep a burglar alarm. And if they did, it only says: —

"A home for her mother, and a woman of herself. Hannah Colby's chance has come!"

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

MODERN KNIGHTHOOD.

"DO that which I ought, let there happen what may,"
Was an old knightly motto in Chivalry's day;
And, though tiltings and tournaments now are no more,
Love, honor, and courage are fair as of yore.

Long years those brave knights have been crumbling in dust;
Their armor, forgotten, hangs cankering with rust;
But their deeds live for aye in our hearts and our rhymes,
And their spirit may animate even these times!

The monsters Intemperance, Tyranny, Greed,
Are still to be conquered; how glorious the meed
Of him who shall trample them down to the dust,
With these words on his banner, "In God is my trust"!

O boys of to-day! be ye truthful and pure!
In the cause of the right nobly dare and endure!
Be faithful in duty, be temperate, be strong, —
And the glory of knighthood to you shall belong!

Laura D. Nichols.

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PAP CHIPPEWA AND THE WOLVES.

THE sheep were disappearing like hot cakes. Every evening new precautions were taken to secure the fold, and every morning Toy looked more and more perplexed. It was decided that no wild beast could get in through the high, thick hedge that surrounded the fold; hence some human cunning must be working devastation among the sheep.

For several nights watch was kept, Toy acting as sentinel. During this time our sheep were undisturbed, while another fold in the vicinity suffered invasion.

The inquiry may arise why Grip, the shepherd's dog, did not protect the sheep by holding nightly guard about the fold. Now Grip was an industrious dog by day, but, like his ancestors across the sea, he had always been accustomed to enjoy the snuggest corner at his master's fireside by night; therefore Grip refused to act in this emergency. If he was driven from the house, he returned and whined importunately at the door until we were glad to admit him for the sake of quietude. When the family retired, he sought his kennel and slumbered unconcerned till morning.

After a while Toy got tired out and the watch was discontinued. Then the robbery went on again as brisk as ever. Finally Toy came to me one day, and said, "Red-skinned imp steal sheep."

"How do you know? Have you caught him?" I inquired.

"No catch imp. Catch sheepskins. Wolves eat sheep's insides. Imp feed wolves, — many, many hungry wolves, — snarl, growl, bite, scratch, snap." And Toy went through with various ugly sounds and motions to illustrate his statement.

"But how do you know Pap Chippewa feeds the wolves?" I questioned further. (Toy always called Pap Chippewa the "red-skinned imp," if you will remember.)

"Catch imp's pony, imp's dog round wolf's den. Toy watch long time, — imp no come; gone off stealin' sheep maybe. Toy hurry home, — watch sheepfold; so he no catch imp."

An absurd report it seemed. Pap Chippewa stealing food for wolves! As if the creatures were not capable of thieving for themselves! They infested the timber, and prowled abroad on the prairie, and skulked about the farm-yards nightly, pestering the farmers to distraction; and yet these were the arch-marauders that were being fostered with tender stolen lambs!

"Miss Do keep mouth shut tight. No tell squaw mother, 'cause she say no, no. Dark come. Squaw Osewa, Miss Do, skulk out, mount ponies, ride far off, watch imp feed wolves. Toy catch him, lick him, scalp him maybe."

I 'm rather ashamed to say that, "being ripe for folly," I agreed to carry out Toy's plan, and steal away with him and Osewa after pa and ma had gone to sleep that night.

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It was a gusty night in late November; a suitable time for the uncanny errand we were bound upon. A murky moonlight struggled through the hurrying clouds, casting weird shadows everywhere. A single tall old hickory, standing out upon the prairie, tossed its arms like a disturbed ghost in the rasping wind. We had gone about three miles, when I inquired how far our journey was to stretch.

"Black fire-hole in big valley," Toy replied, pointing beyond a stand of timber which we were approaching.

The "black fire-hole" was an enormous excavation which some sanguine speculator had made in the side of a deep ravine, with a view to opening a coal mine in that direction. Failing to find coal in paying quantities, he had given up the scheme, leaving this dismal relic of collapsed expectations. It was a wild, deserted place, remote from any habitation. Pap Chippewa could n't have chosen a more covert retreat in which to carry out the mischievous purpose of which Toy accused him.

"Red-skinned imp hear ponies tramp. Two feet skulk round black fire-hole," Toy said, as we rode over the summit of the ravine. Accordingly we dismounted, and, securing our ponies, pursued our way on foot.

"What if the wolves should scent our approach and attack us in a body?" I said, when we were not far distant from the cave.

Osewa scowled ferociously, and uplifted a ponderous club with which she had fortified herself before leaving home. Toy grinned contemptuously at this display, and said: "Big she-wolves lariated. Little ones no fight. Hark, hark!"

Listening, we heard a volley of short, quick barks resembling the noise that might arise from a pack of quarrelsome pups. These were followed by low, continuous growls, which gradually grew louder until the cave resounded with the voices of a seeming multitude of wolves. Toy pushed forward through the mouth of this wild beasts' den. Osewa followed, and I dared not lag behind. In the remotest corner of the cave a flickering torch was just expiring, and by the light of this scores of gleaming eyes were warily watching our approach. A champing sound was audible amid the growls and barks that greeted us.

Toy lit a lantern which he carried in his hand, and we made a closer inspection. Four families of wolves occupied the cave. Each family had a separate pen, made of logs and bark and other rough material. As Toy had said, the old she-wolves were "lariated" or chained to stakes driven into the ground inside the pens. The young ones ranged in and out with freedom. There were twenty-six young wolves, varying from tiny animals to half-grown cubs. The cave was strewn with sheepskins, many of which we recognized as coming from our own flock.

Evidently a change of diet had been made. The wolves were greedily feasting on a young donkey which had been divided among the four families. From this and the expiring torch we judged that the keeper of the animals had but lately taken his departure from the place. Toy was hugely disappointed.

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"Humph! No catch imp. Toy mad. Kill wolves," he growled, seizing Osewa's club, and raising it above an old she-wolf, with murder written in his face.

"No, no! You must n't beat their brains out, Toy!" I interposed.

With much difficulty he was restrained. I had two reasons for sparing the creatures' lives. I wanted their keeper to be caught and punished for his atrocious raids upon our sheepfold; and then I was curious to learn what Pap Chippewa was going to do with them. We determined to ferret the matter out if possible.

The next night Toy and Osewa made another trip, this time with pa's knowledge and consent. They returned, reporting that the wolves had disappeared, together with every vestige of evidence concerning the sheep-fold robberies. Toy handed me a scarf which I had not missed before.

"I hope I did n't drop it inside the cave," I said.

Toy assured me that I did, looking as if he 'd like to hang me with that very scarf.

"Imp see little long blanket, — scare him, — run off wolves so Toy no catch him," he grumbled.

I was thoroughly provoked at my carelessness; it had lost us a valuable game.

Henceforward our sheep were unmolested. My curiosity concerning the disposal of the wolves had nearly expired, when pa opened the "Pioneer Newsteller" one day with a queer expression on his face. He read as follows: —

"'A YOUNG INDIAN GOES FOR THE WOLF BOUNTY! — On Tuesday last, an Indian boy known to the community as Pap Chippewa brought into the clerk's office thirty wolf-scalps, claiming the bounty thereon which the extermination law allows him. $2.50 per head, or a total of $75, was handed him, and he went on his way rejoicing. The sheep-raisers of the vicinity should render this young buck a vote of thanks for ridding the country of so large a number of these terrible pests at one swoop. If more of our pioneer boys who delight in hunting would follow his example, wolves would grow delightfully scarce among us, and the boys might reap large profits to themselves, especially if they met with the success which has rewarded young Chippewa.'

"A neat joke upon the government, truly! Pap has been breeding wolves for the express purpose of exterminating them and winning a tall bounty on their precious scalps," pa said, when he had finished the account. "He 's robbed the community of stock twice the value of the bounty to feed the worthless creatures."

Pap had doubtless trapped the old she-wolves while they were without families, and imprisoned them in the cave, expecting to realize a snug fortune from them in the course of time. Toy's discovery of the den had cut off his calculations very suddenly.

And this was the energetic hunter to whom the sheep-raisers should have tendered a vote of thanks!

Theodora.

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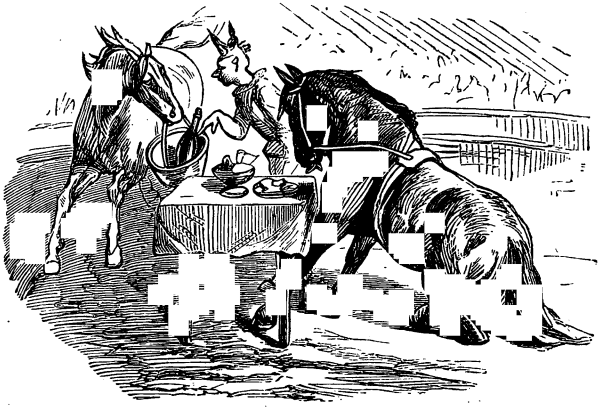
WHAT SUSIE SAW AT THE CIRCUS.

O LISTEN, mamma, and hear me say
What I saw at the circus to-day!

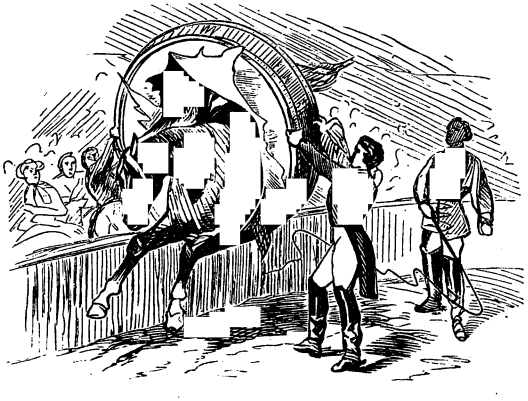
I saw two horses sitting down
And eating their dinner with the clown.



One opened a bottle of wine, and one
Ran off with the basket, and made such fun!

And the clown was such a curious fellow,
All painted and striped with red and yellow!

Then you should have seen two tall men come,
With, O, such a hoop! like the Jubilee drum!



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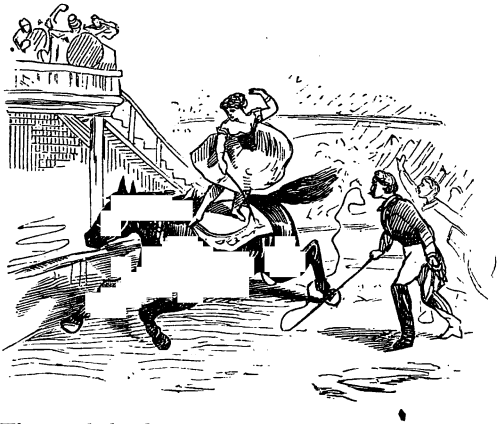
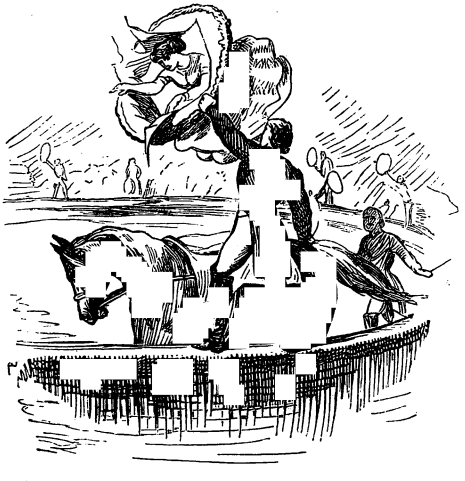
They held the hoop, and the first you knew,
One horse ran round and jumped right through!



Then a lady danced on a pony's back,
And the pony cantered all round the track.

Right up on the saddle the lady stood,
And the pony galloped as fast as he could.



Then thirteen men, all round the ring,
Held thirteen hoops, and — the strangest thing! —

The beautiful lady leaped through them all,
And rode all the while, and did not fall.

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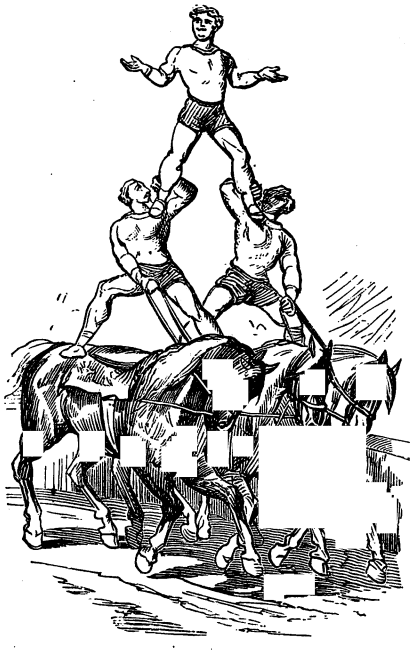

Then on three horses rode two men,—
This is n't a riddle, O no!—and then

Another ran out, and sprang from the ground,
And stood on their shoulders, and rode all round!

Then some laid carpets, and some spread straw,
And, O, such capers you never saw!

Backwards and forwards, and head over heels,
They turned and tumbled, and whirled like wheels.

And a child, not half so big as I,—
Just a tiny thing, about so high,—

Made somersets, and stood on his head,
And looked so limber, the old clown said,—

"He has never a bone in his body, unless
He eats fish"; but that is n't so, I guess!

One walked a rope, and one swung in the air,
Till I grew dizzy watching him there.

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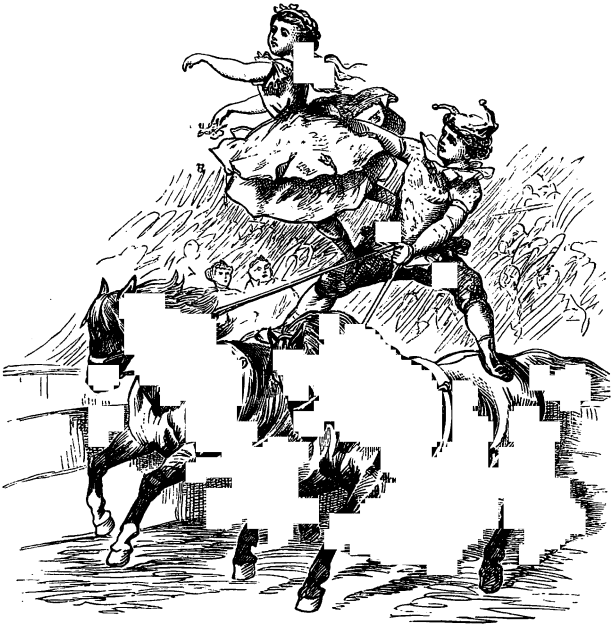
Then, O, what would n't I give to have been
A lovely girl that came riding in!

Her dress was all spangles and gauzy rings,
And she looked like an angel without the wings.

A boy came next, and I saw them ride
And dance on their horses, side by side.



He took the reins, and rode the pair,
And lifted the girl high up in the air!

His feet on the saddles, her foot on his knee,—
How lovely she looked as she smiled on me!

Uncle Edgar laughed, and pulled my curl,
When I wished that I was a circus girl.

"'T is a hard, hard life she lives," said he:
"'T is only the pretty outside you see.

"You would find it no play to learn those things,
And be an angel without the wings!"

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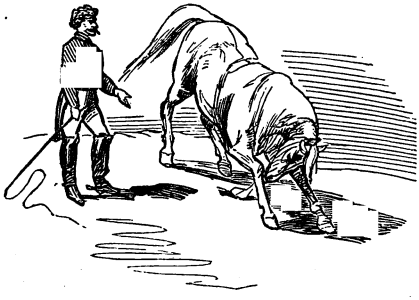
And as uncle says, I know it must be;
But O, they are beautiful things to see!

I 'll wait till the circus comes again,
And be a good girl at home till then.



MINNIE'S BEDTIME.

MINNIE was keeping house in the bay-window, and talking with great animation to her dolls, Hosanna, Claudia, and Seraphine. Hosanna, her latest acquisition in the doll line, was a beautiful wax blonde, arrayed in the latest style; Claudia, propped up on a little stool in the corner, was attired in a limp dress that gave her rather a dejected air; while poor Seraphine was a battered and limbless wreck, dear to the maternal heart of Minnie, who said that when Seraph was in bed and covered up she looked as well as any doll. As a consequence, Seraph was usually on the sick-list.

"Now, Hosanna, you must be as still as a mouse," said Minnie; "and, Cloddy, you must not run about any more, for your poor sister Seraph is dreffful sick with the measles, and I must undress her and put her to bed, and give her some saffum tea."

"The clock has just struck seven," said Mrs. Gray, laying aside the book she had been reading. "It is Minnie's bedtime."

"O mamma!" and the merry voice of a minute before was now one of mournful pleading, which sounded as if tears were not far off. "I don't want to go to bed. I is n't seepy. I want to play with my dolls."

No matter what the hour was, little Minnie was never quite ready to go to bed, and she always entreated that she might sit up a little longer. Indeed, when her head was so heavy that she could not keep it from nodding, and the "sand-man" had sprinkled so much sand in her eyes that she could by no possibility keep them open, she would say, all the same, "I

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don't want to go to bed yet. I is n't seepy, mamma!" And even when she had fallen sound asleep on the sofa, and her mamma began to undress her, being quite unable to get her eyes open or to command her voice in uttering her usual protest against going to bed, Minnie would instinctively put her little fat hands behind her, covering the buttons to her dress so that her mamma should not unfasten it. I wonder if there are any other little girls like Minnie.

"What!" said Mrs. Gray, "has my little girl been playing all this long day without being tired of play yet?"

"Pease, dear mamma," said Minnie, prolonging the "pease" in a tone of most persuasive sweetness, "let me play just a tiny little while longer, and then I will go to bed."

"Very well," said Mrs. Gray. "Suppose you leave your dolls and come and play with me a little while."

"O yes, that will be so nice," said Minnie; and she dropped Seraphine and her clothes in a confused heap on the little bed, and turned towards her mamma, with whom she was always delighted to play.

"What shall we play?" asked Mrs. Gray.

"I 'll be a young lady come to visit you," responded Minnie, promptly. "I 'll be Miss Hosanna Lane, and I 'll rap on the corner of the piano for the door, you know, and you will say, 'How do you do, Miss Lane? Won't you walk in?'"

So presently Miss Lane, with a queer little bonnet of her own manufacture atop of her curls, and carrying in her hand a tiny blue parasol which was one of her most fondly cherished possessions, was politely invited in by Mrs. Gray, and seated with much ceremony in a large arm-chair.

"I am very glad to see you, Miss Lane," said Mrs. Gray; "I was hoping some one would call in. Is not this a beautiful day?"

"Yes, it 's booful weather," responded Miss Lane; adding, after a very brief pause, with a fond look at the blue parasol, "It rains dreffuL hard, so I had to bring my umbrella."

"It is a very nice umbrella, I think," said Mrs. Gray, smiling. "How do your folks do? I hope they are all well."

"My chillun are very well, I thank you. No — I forgot — Seraph is sick with the measles, and Cloddy's leg is broken!"

"I am very sorry to hear that," said Mrs. Gray; "it must occupy most of your time to take care of them."

"No, it does n't," said Miss Lane, with a little laugh. "They are very good. They take care of themselves. And," with a long-drawn sigh, "I 'm dreffuL busy sewing. I am going to be married pretty soon!" And here Miss Lane dropped her company tone and confidentially explained, "It 's all make-believe, you know, mamma." Mrs. Gray smiled and nodded.

"I am quite surprised to hear it," she said. "I had not thought of such a thing. When does your wedding take place?"

"O, a — a Frursday!" rejoined Miss Lane, with some little hesitation, — "a Frursday in November," she concluded, with a smile of satisfaction.

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"And since you are so busy sewing, I conclude that you are making a great many pretty clothes for the occasion."

"O yes, I shall have a great many booful cloves."

"Tell me about some of them, please," said Mrs. Gray.

Miss Lane became very thoughtful. "Well," said she, slowly, "I have got sixteen oversquirts, and I — I am going to have — to have lots and lots of hamerchiefs, and — and — and — " Here, fortunately, her eye rested on the blue parasol, and her thoughtful face relaxed into a smile of supreme satisfaction as she extricated herself from her dilemma and concluded her list with "and two free umbrellas."

Mrs. Gray had considerable difficulty in restraining the laugh which was ready to break forth in hearing of this extraordinary trousseau; but she knew that Miss Lane would consider a laugh quite unpardonable. She turned her face aside and had recourse to her handkerchief for a minute. Miss Lane waited with exemplary patience. As soon as Mrs. Gray could trust her voice, she said, "And what is your wedding dress to be, — silk or satin?"

"It's going to be lavumder," responded Miss Lane with triumphant promptness. Mrs. Gray had recently had a suit of lavender poplin, and Minnie, hearing the word "lavender" several times, had fallen in love with it, and added it to her vocabulary, without understanding in the least what it meant. In the same way the word "hosanna" had arrested her attention one Sunday in church, and she instantly adopted it, believing it to be something very nice.

"But brides are usually dressed in white," said Mrs. Gray. "Don't you think you would prefer a white bridal dress?"

"O yes, 'm," said Minnie, serenely. "It's going to be white, — white lavumder!" By this time Minnie's blue eyes looked so very sleepy that Mrs. Gray did not think it best to attempt to explain the impossibility of a dress being at the same time white and lavender.

"And what is the name of the gentleman you are to marry?"

A blank look spread over Miss Lane's face. "I don't know," said she; "I have n't made — " and here, in spite of herself, the rosy mouth would open wide, making a perfect round O for I can't tell how many seconds, — "I have n't made up my mind yet."

"Minnie darling," said Mrs. Gray, "don't you remember, when Aunt Mary was married, that her train was carried by her bridemaids as she walked up the church aisle? Let us play that you are a bride now, and I will be your bridemaid and carry your train as we go up stairs. And let us play that this is the bridal dress." And Mrs. Gray produced, with some trepidation as to the result, a suspicious-looking white roll that until now had been concealed behind her.

"O yes," said Minnie, slipping down from her chair, "that will be so nice." So Minnie was undressed, and the long white nightdress put on. "But, mamma, I must have a white veil, you know!" she said.

"Of course," said Mrs. Gray, "and this will make such a nice one," pro-

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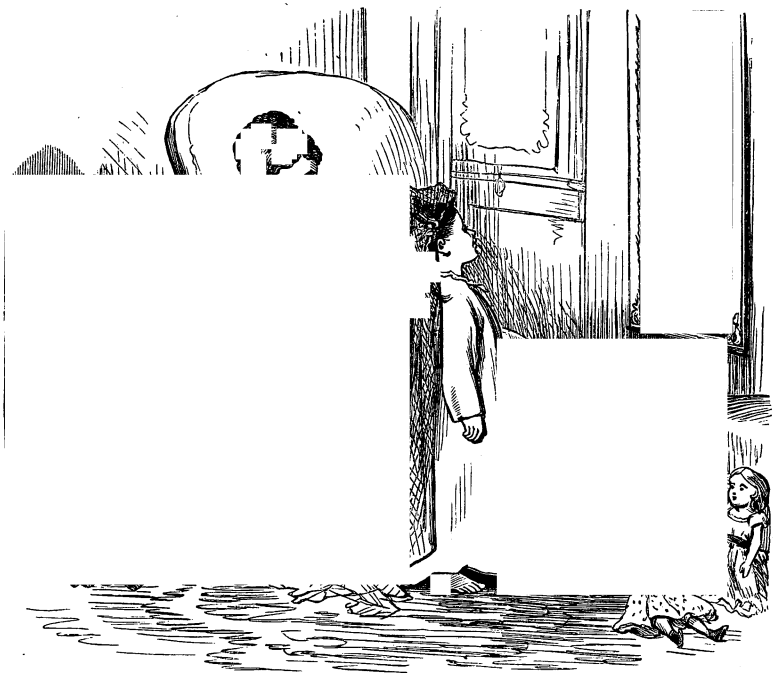

ducing, as she spoke, a piece of white mosquito-netting from her work-basket, and with a couple of hair-pins she fastened it to Minnie's curls. Minnie looked in the mirror and was well satisfied as to the result; and seldom does a mirror reflect a sweeter, fairer, or younger bride. Then the bridal procession moved out of the sitting-room and up the stairs, the soft little white hand of the bride clasping one baluster after another to assist her on her upward way, while the bridemaid behind bore the train of the bridal dress with becoming grace and gravity.

When they reached the chamber, Mrs. Gray lifted Minnie, and seated her on the side of the bed to take off her shoes and stockings.

"O mamma, do brides be—" Just there sleepy Minnie's mouth made another round O, and she applied the knuckles of both hands to her eyes in a vain endeavor to hold apart the lids that would keep drawing together. It was so long a pause, that both shoes and both stockings were off before she completed her question with "barefoot?"

"What is it, darling?" asked Mrs. Gray.

"Do brides be barefoot?" repeated Minnie.

Mrs. Gray laughed; and, cuddling both of the dimpled little pink feet in the palm of one hand, she said she had seen a great many brides, but never one before who had such cunning little feet, and she thought any bride having such would not mind going barefoot.

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By this time Minnie was too sleepy to get through with "Now I lay me" by herself, and her mamma had to help her to what came next more than once; and in just two minutes after her head was on her pillow the dear little barefoot bride was fast asleep.

Sarah G. Duley.

JOHNNY'S COMPLAINT.

RAINDROPS pattering,
Hailstones clattering,
Steady for a week!
Not a single streak,
In the sky, of blue!
Why don't the sun shine through?
I 've got a bat and ball
I haven't used at all.
My famous swallow kite
Would fly up out of sight,
With half a mile of string,
Sure as anything!
I want to show Bill Reed
My new velocipede.
I tell you it 's a *goer*, —
Streak of lightning 's slower!
Then my peg-tops! Why,
I 've had no chance to try
My boxwood, nor my Jenny
I bought for just a penny.
She spins as neat and true, sir,
As any bully *twozer!*
Ma says I spoil the floors
And batter all the doors;
And everybody falls
On marbles in the halls.
If I drum or toot or shout,
"Dear me! what 's that boy about?"
Think a fellow in the house
Can be quiet as a mouse?
I guess, Old Probabilities,
If I had your facilities,
That barometer I 'd send
Up higher! Things would mend!

Ellis Gray.

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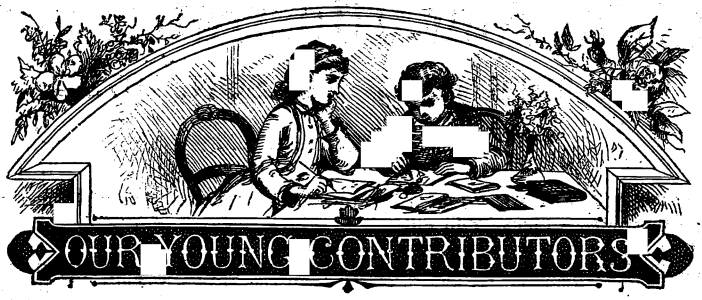

SWEET SIXTEEN.

TRULY, as the poet says, we do stand with "reluctant feet" at that boundary to which most girls come on their sixteenth birthday. Here I must put on long dresses, do up my hair, forego all running games, and become very dignified and lady-like. Those things which looked very graceful in a child in short dresses seem rude and ill-bred in a young lady of sixteen. Good by to all fun now, for who wants to go into the woods with a long dress to manage, so that she can walk only in the path, and must pass by the nicest trees and fences without even attempting to climb them? No more jumping rope or playing tag for me; I must move along sedately, as should a girl of sixteen. I must stay in the house hot days, for mamma does not mean that I shall be a second time mistaken for a gypsy, as I have been once. If by any chance I do get out, I wear a thick veil and gloves, and carry an immense sun-umbrella, *with* which, to my mind, it is much warmer than *without*.

No longer to be in blissful ignorance of how all cooking is done, I am taken into the kitchen Saturday morning to be initiated into the mysteries of that place. I stand by while mamma measures out the flour, talking all the time to me, explaining how rolls are made. I say I rather like cooking, and on the strength of that statement am taken into the kitchen every Saturday morning thereafter; for mamma says that, if she has an ambition, it is for me to be a good cook. When I have a house of my own, even though I do not cook myself, she wishes me to know when things are done rightly. I say I mean to board; but nevertheless, when the time comes, I put on my big apron and meekly depart to the kitchen.

Sewing is another of my miseries. I *hate* sewing, but mamma's only answer to my entreaties is, "Sixteen years old and never made yourself an entire garment yet! I am ashamed of you." "I don't want it, any way," I say; but mamma calmly answers, "Why, yes, dear, you want it, — in fact, you really need it." I try every way to get rid of the task, but in vain. I don't know where my thimble is — mamma finds it; I lose my work — mamma brings it to light; I drop my needle — mamma picks it up; then, feeling that it is inevitable, I sit down and begin to sew, setting a stitch once in two or three minutes. I have a hidden book — a thrilling love-story, for maidens of sixteen are proverbially fond of romances — at which I take a peep between stitches; but mamma catches me, and the book is confiscated. Presently I hear Fritz, my dog, under the window; so, leaning out, I lift him in. I must play with him a little while; poor fellow! I've hardly noticed him to-day. I hear mamma's voice, "You will never finish that work if you stop every five minutes"; and then, spying Fritz, she asks how he came there and orders him out. So Fritz is banished, and I am once more left to my sewing. Thinking that if I ever mean to finish my work I had better be about it, I sew steadily on and soon find it done, then

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receive permission to go out for a short time before dark. Not to play mossy or prinny or to do anything that my heart delights in; but I may play croquet, or take a walk, or do anything else that is stupid.

However, "half a loaf is better than no bread at all"; so I go out to the croquet-ground, where I play nine games, in every one of which I am beaten. If it was mossy or tag I could beat at them all; but I don't like croquet, — because I am a poor player, I suppose.

Fritz comes round the house and I am beguiled into a race with him, which is interrupted by papa's coming to the door and asking if that harum-scarum-looking creature is his sixteen-year-old girl.

"Indeed I am," I say; but as I enter the house I feel that when papa corrects me for running, the days of my childhood are surely past.

Rosabel.

A LAKE SCENE.

It is October, the most gorgeous month of the year. We will imagine ourselves on the edge of a deep pine forest, away up in the northern part of Maine. There is a road leading through it, or rather a cart-track, and we will follow it and see where it will bring us out.

When we have gone some distance we come to a clearing, and here the road becomes a mere path. We push on through the underbrush till we find that the trees are not all pine and hemlock; there are many birches and maples. As we proceed still farther, they become all maples and birches, with here and there an elm, but no evergreens. The ground is mossy and damp, too, and we find flowers here and there.

Suddenly the path takes an abrupt turn, and we come upon a most beautiful lake. It is not very large, and is shut in on three sides by high hills, one of which is so high as to be called a mountain, all covered with forests as far as the eye can reach. The trees are splendid in their autumn dresses of scarlet, gold, purple, and crimson, with now and then a rich brown mingling with the brighter colors. All these are pictured in the clear waters, which lie calm and undisturbed, except when a light breeze causes a ripple near the shore. The sky is of that deep blue tint so peculiar to this season, and it finds its reflection in the lake.

On the right shore, where an unusually splendid grove of maples casts its shade, we can see a little, old, brown hut. Time has evidently dealt gently with it, for, though deserted, it is in tolerable repair.

There is a sad story connected with the picturesque spot. Years ago, a party of young men came up to this lake to hunt and fish. They built the little hut, and for some months carried on their sport unmolested. One day, as three of them were fishing in a small boat on the lake, suddenly a squall, common to this region, came up, the boat was upset, and the young men were all drowned. That misfortune left only two in the hut. Fate seemed to be against them, for one day, as they were hunting, one accidentally killed the other.

Stung by remorse, and overcome with grief, the remaining one of that gay party started for home. Not knowing the way, he wandered around in the forests, till at last he came to his hut again. He resolved never to leave it, and remained there year after year, till he grew to be an old man. Gradually people came to find this

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lake and the lonely hermit. At last he died, and the settlers buried him, and his sad history was for a long time unknown; but one day a *board* was found in the hut, with a sort of journal kept on it, from which these facts were gathered. His grave is under that noble old pine, and the settlers say that on stormy nights they can hear a report, as that of a gun, and a fearful cry following it. Whether this is true or not, this is the same lake with its tranquil waters, the same grand old forests and blue sky, that once smiled upon that fated party. We can but linger near the scene while the October sunset tinges the water; then as the glorious "harvest moon" slowly rises from behind those hills, we will retrace our steps homeward.

E. L. W., age 16.

BURNED TO THE WATER'S EDGE.

My home in Hamilton is on the heights above Burlington Bay. As I sit now at my window, looking to the east, I can see the blue waters of Ontario stretching away toward the horizon. To the west, the southern shore of the bay is lined with wharves, and the workshops and elevators of the Great Western Railway. Steam and sailing vessels are constantly passing to and fro, and there is any amount of boating.

We see many fine sights from our elevated position, and not a few accidents. Just a day or two ago we saw the beautiful little yacht "Gypsy" upset, and the heads of her crew bobbing up and down in the water, as they clung to her. But the grandest sight of all was one evening in the early part of June.

It was after eleven o'clock, and Nell and I had been sleeping soundly for some time, when, as if in my dreams, I heard a most terrific screeching and yelling of steam-whistles. Up I started, and ran to the window. All the western sky was lighted up with a lurid glare. I roused Nell, and we stood and watched. The whole of the railway buildings appeared to be on fire. We heard the front door slam, and saw papa go out at the gate. Presently he came back.

"It is a propeller lying at the railway wharf, and they are tugging her out into the bay to save the elevator," he said. "Come to the top of the hill, and you can see it."

So, hastily putting on something warm, we all went out. What a sight it was! The whole steamer was one mass of flames, that leaped higher and higher, reaching to the very top of the smoke-pipe. By this time the noise was deafening, — locomotives rushing to and fro on the track, screeching with all their might and main, horns blowing, fire-bells clanging; and, heard above all, the propeller's own little steam-whistle contributing its share to the general clamor.

The city was now all awake, and thousands of people were on the hills viewing the wreck. The fire lit up the surrounding heights, and showed plainly the crowd of watching faces on the one shore, and shone away across to the other side that was so quiet and still.

Gradually the noise died down, and there was nothing heard but the shrill whistle of the burning boat, that kept up a quivering wail like a human voice crying for help. The fire brigades stood and watched her, helpless to save, while the boats tugged her slowly out of harm's way and left her to her fate.

By'and by the flames got lower and lower, the crowd began to disperse, and we returned to our bedroom window. Soon they died down altogether, and there was

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nothing left but a red glow; but to the very last the little steam-whistle kept up its plaintive, wailing cry.

Next morning we saw, stranded on the far shore, the charred remains of the propeller "City of Chatham," burned to the water's edge.

Jeannie Newton, age 14.

HAMILTON, CANADA.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

I.

DAWNING came with rosy radiance;
Song-birds carolled sweet and wild;
Little blossoms, gemmed with dewdrops,
In the sunshine blushed and smiled.

But we grieved 'mid all the sunshine;
We were sad, though all was gay;
Mourning seemed in all the music,
Darkness seemed in all the day.

For a little flower was drooping,
And a birdlike voice was gone;
And we missed a little sunbeam
From the rosy light of dawn.

For we watched beside our darling,
Watched beside her couch of pain;
And we saw our floweret drooping
As a blossom droops for rain.

II.

Morning dawned, so dark, so dreary;
Veiled in gray was all the blue;
And the rain-storm, drifting onward,
Hid the landscape from our view.

But the rain seemed full of music,
And the clouds seemed full of light;
Scarce we missed the flowery landscape
That was hidden from our sight.

For our little sunbeam cheered us,
And our floweret drooped no more,
And a birdlike voice was singing,
Singing sweetly as before.

And I thought, the while I marvelled
That the darkness seemed so bright,
"Yesterday the light was shadow,
But to-day the shade is light."

Eudora May Stone, age 12.

EMERSON, NEB.

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LITTLE MARIE.

A TRUE STORY.

Now listen, my children, and you shall hear — No, you need n't pout, and say, "Pshaw ! we have all read about 'the midnight ride of Paul Revere,' " for it is not going to be about that worthy gentleman, but just about a very worthy little girl, that lives far, far away across the sea. You want it to begin with "Once upon a time"?

Well, once upon a time there dwelt among the mountains of Germany a little girl named Marie. You say there are many Maries. Yes, many, but not many such as this one.

The father and mother of little Marie had for many years been with the good Father in heaven, and she, together with her much-loved brother Friedrich, dwelt with a poor but good old man. Yes, good, but O so poor ! The brother and sister had to work very hard to get even the necessary things of life. The *very* needful things, you know ; not the last copy of the "Young Folks," or Miss Alcott's last book, or a pair of kid gloves every three weeks, for these one might possibly get on without. Although it was a great deal easier for "Die kleine *Marie*" to go without the first one of the three than it would be for *one* girl at least that I know of, as *she* had not taken the "Young Folks" ever since it was born.

Marie was every day busy on the Bohemian glass ; and although she worked, and her brother Friedrich also, it was very hard to keep the wolf away from the door.

One morning — it was June, and quite warm and pleasant — Marie started with her basket of glass for the factory. It was quite early, and the sun was just looking over the mountain behind the little village. But Marie is used to being up early, and besides she has many miles to walk. She sees many men and women working in the fields. They nod to her as she passes, for all love the little maiden with the sunny face and the blue eyes, out of which there seems to shine a love and compassion for all of God's creatures. Marie also sees many on the road to the factory like herself, and many kneeling at the wooden crosses, muttering their morning prayers. She will also repeat her prayers, but not here ; farther on, where there is a rough image of the Virgin with the little child Jesus in her arms. Here will she give thanks for her blessings and ask the Holy Mother to help her.

She has almost reached the shrine. There is only a little stream which separates them. Marie does not have to stop to take off shoes and stockings. On week days she wears none.

She has crossed the stream, but her feet are still wet, and as she turns to leave her basket by the side of the road she slips and falls. Her basket hitting against a stone, the precious contents are shattered. Marie does not notice the poor little scratched hands, or the dust on the clean white apron ; she only looks in dismay at her broken glass. Then the hot tears come slowly down from out the blue eyes. She picks up the remains of her poor little store, and, going over to the cross, throws herself at the feet of the Virgin. The tearful face is turned upwards and the brown hands clasped, as the little one in her sore trouble pours forth her petition. Even after she has finished her prayer, she still sits at the foot of the cross, and with her head bowed in her lap cries out her grief.

Two gentlemen approach ; they ride on horseback and appear as strangers. Marie forgets for a moment her grief, as she raises her head to look at them. The gentle-

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men stop their horses, and one says kindly, "What is the matter, my child?" With many sobs Marie tells the story of her loss. Then comes the question, "How much were your wares worth?"

"Four dollars," answers Marie.

Then the gentlemen say to each other, "Come, let us to-day make one person happy; four dollars is such a small amount, we shall not miss it." So they give Marie the money.

She is in an ecstasy of joy; she laughs already through her tears. "How good are the gentlemen!" cries she. "The Holy Mother must truly have made them think of it. Where do you live, good gentlemen? will you tell me?"

"In America," is the answer.

"In America? Ah, but there are many places in America!"

Then she is told, "In Chicago." She is asked where she lives, and she tells her little story. Soon the gentlemen ride off and leave her still sitting there, but they carry her blessing with them.

Marie goes home very happy, saying to herself, "I had not thought that there were such good people in the world." Friedrich and the old man had to hear the story many times, and the gentlemen were soon known among the peasants for miles around.

Summer goes by, and one evening as Marie, Friedrich, and the old man are sitting by their fireside, there comes to see them Hans, the doctor's son. Hans accompanies his father on his rounds, and so hears wonderful news. They are all glad to see him, for he is a merry fellow, and has been right kind to them all; particularly so to Marie. Perhaps it is because of the blueness of her eyes, perhaps because of the dimples in her cheeks; there is no telling.

This evening he is not so gay as usual; he says first, "Friends, do you know there has been a great fire in America? The homes of over ninety-eight thousand people were destroyed."

Marie is at once interested, and it almost brings the tears to her eyes when she thinks her friends may be among the sufferers. "I pray you tell me where this dreadful fire was," says she.

"In Chicago, Marie. Is not that where your good gentlemen live?"

Friedrich, the old man, and Marie talked much about the fire that night, and wished much they could do something for those that had suffered. But, alas! there was no way; they were too poor. Marie retired early, and there in her bed in her low room she lay awake for a long time, trying to think of some plan by which she could repay her friends in this their hour of need.

At last she resolved to give up her work and go and beg money to send to America. She had never begged before, but this was different; she was willing to do anything to show how grateful she was to the gentlemen.

The peasants could only give each a little, and the poor bare feet had to walk many a mile before the errand of love was accomplished; but one day there went across the sea a letter, directed to Mr. —— of Chicago, containing a hundred and fifty dollars to be used for those whom the fire-fiend had deprived of their homes.

And may God bless the kind hearts of little Marie and her friends, and only allow us on this side of the Atlantic to be as charitable and generous as they on that.

L. L. S., age 15.

WINNETKA, ILL.

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THE CHICKADEE.

Words by EUDORA M. STONE (from *Our Young Contributors*). Music by T. CRAMPTON.

Andante Moderato.
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. The birds have all flown to their homes in the south, The flowers are all withered and
dead, The feath - er - y snow-flakes come hur - ry - ing down, And the
f
pleasant south breezes have fled: But the brave lit - tle chicka - dee, cheery and bold, Stays
f
with us all winter, not minding the cold.

2. Though the meadow-lark's carol is sweeter by far,
And the bluebird is gaylier dressed,
Still of all the sweet songs of all the bright throngs,
Little chickadee's song is the best.
For this brave little chickadee, etc.

3. When the birds have all flown to their homes in the south,
And the snow-flakes have earth gently pressed,
The chickadee comes in the winter to stay,
And that 's why I like him the best.
Yes, the brave little chickadee, etc.

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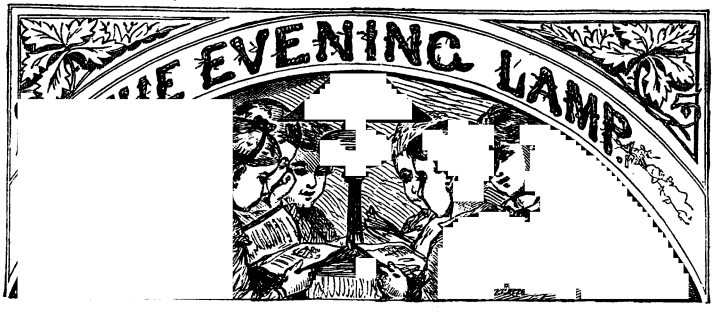

THE MAGIC MIRROR.

THIS beautiful scene is intended to illustrate an old legend, which should be related to the audience in advance. A great prince once lost his beloved bride, who was stolen by the fairies. In despair he applied to a famous magician, who for a handsome reward agreed to show him a vision of his lost love. For this purpose he conjured up in turn many pictures of fair women, each one of which served only to increase the disappointment of the unhappy lover, until at last his enraptured eyes beheld the likeness of the lost lady in full bridal costume. Overcome with joy, the prince fell upon his knees before the portrait, which seemed to look lovingly upon him. The magician waved his wand, and the picture seemed to start from the canvas and slowly become a living reality. She extended her arms to the happy prince, and they were united, never again to be parted.

This scene can be produced in any room by using the frame described in this magazine for April, 1871; but if it is desirable to prepare it hastily, place tables close against the back wall, to make a platform across the end of the room. Next procure two strips of wood, of a length just equal to the height of the room, and not over one inch thick and five inches wide. Lay them upon the floor, and fasten a large portrait-frame on them with screws, in such a manner that, when raised, the lower edge of the frame will be level with the top of the platform. This frame should be seven feet in height and five feet wide; it can be made of pine boards five inches wide and half an inch thick, and covered with gilt paper or yellow paint, in case a real frame cannot be procured. Fasten these strips upright in the centre of the room, close in front of the platform, and drape all the space around it with dark shawls extending to the walls, the floor, and the ceiling. Hang a dark shawl behind the frame upon the wall for a background.

The magician occupies the right side of the stage and the prince the left, each standing upon the floor in such a position that he can look upon the frame without turning the back upon the audience. The frame is, of course, between them, in the centre, and about two feet from the floor. The girls who are to appear as visions stand upon the platform, on the right of the frame, concealed by the drapery. The first one glides slowly across the frame from right to left, as slowly as possible, and with an almost imperceptible motion of the body. When she reaches the centre of the frame, she turns very slowly, and looks upon the prince, who makes a gesture of disappointment; upon which she turns toward the left again, and disappears, gliding upon the platform behind the drapery at the left of the frame. As soon as she has disappeared, the second follows, and all proceed in turn in the same manner. The

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magician waves his wand as each one passes by, and whispers to them when they have reached the centre, so that they may know when to turn. When the bride appears to have reached the centre of the frame, the magician makes motions in the air with his wand, as if to recall her to life, and the prince kneels before her as she slowly extends her arms. Any number may participate in this vision, as the curtain can be lowered while the persons upon the concealed platform are changed. The story should be related to the audience while waiting, and a waltz or march should be played upon the piano.

The magician's robe may be made of a curtain, and his wig and beard of cotton or wool. He should have a bright turban, and a cane wound with gilt paper for a wand.

The prince should wear dark, short pantaloons, with long white stockings, loose white shirt trimmed with gold-paper fringe, and an opera-cape over the left shoulder.

The girls should display as much variety as possible in their dress; some appearing with long trains and with powdered hair, and some in simple muslin. The bride should wear white, and, if possible, a long veil also.

This entertainment has been produced in New York with great brilliancy during the winter, at charitable entertainments for several good objects. At a beautiful village on the Hudson River it also formed the chief attraction of a series of performances for the benefit of a church fund. On this occasion, when the curtain rose, a large frame formed the only ornament of a small room draped in black, lighted from the top by twenty powerful gas-jets, which were invisible to the audience. The prince — a handsome young gentleman, in a costume of blue satin richly embroidered in silver — stood upon the left, and a member of the New York bar, dressed in a long crimson robe, occupied the right of the stage. A flowing white beard and wig concealed his features, and he slowly waved a golden wand in his right hand. A graceful lady, in a brilliant cherry-colored silk dress, glided across the frame so slowly that she scarcely seemed to move; and as the light gradually increased, she seemed to have come out of the shadowy background by magic. In the centre of the frame she turned toward the prince, showing her exquisite profile to the audience, and disappeared as she had come, seeming to melt away, and was followed by a stately lady in a rich dress of black and orange satin. Next came a queen in dress and presence, with crown and jewels to match. Then a train of court ladies in alternate blue, pink, buff, lilac, and scarlet costumes were followed by a lovely blonde in green, whose powdered hair and diamond ornaments well became their various styles of beauty. Strange as it may seem, to each one of these the fastidious prince showed his disappointment; but when the beautiful bride — attired in white satin, with a flowing veil — made her appearance, he fell upon his knees as she slowly bent forward toward him, and the curtain descended to the music of a dreamy waltz, which had accompanied the entire performance.

G. B. Bartlett.

DIAMOND PUZZLE. — No. 187.

A consonant.
A verb in the past tense.
A river in Italy.
A cave of a wild beast.
A consonant. *Canary.*

METAGRAM. — No. 188.

First, my face is seen in every house. Behead, and I keep out thieves. Change my head, and I am a good foundation. Change again, and I am something to wear. *Canary.*

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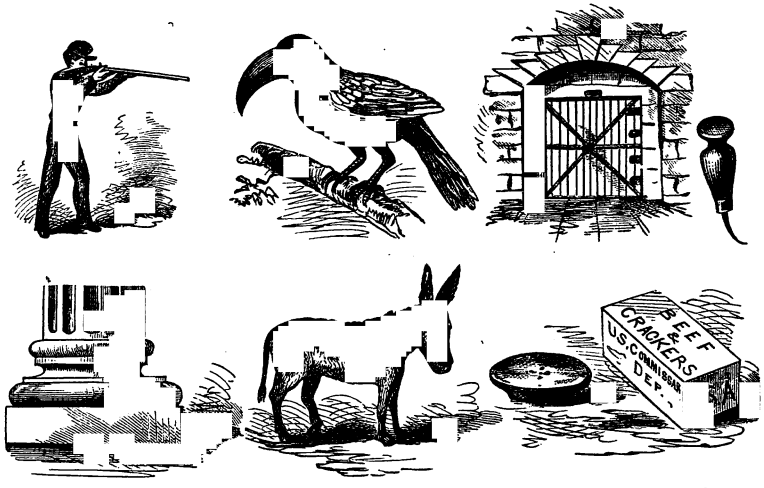
ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 189.



Empire State.

PUZZLE.—No. 190.

1. You will find, if you 've leisure,
   That my *first* is a measure.
2. In schools it is taught
   That my *second* is nought.
3. A cockney absurd
   Would call it a bird.
4. Howe'er strange it may seem,
   You will find it a stream.
5. My *fifth* is oft reckoned
   To be like my second.
6. I declare, on my word,
   That my *sixth* is my third.

   If you 're wise, if you 're witty,
   You discover a city.

Jack Straw.

METAGRAM.—No. 191.

First, I am a useful article. Change my head, and I am a relative. Again, and I am a metal. Again, and I am something wrong. Again, and I am a noise. Again, and I conquer. Again, and I am a receptacle. Again, and I pertain to a fish. Change again, and I am a liquor.

Kitty A. Loomis.

ENIGMA.—No. 192.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 2, 3, 5, 4, is a part of the human body.

My 1, 3, 5, is a beverage.

My 10, 7, 9, 13, is a garden tool.

My 6, 5, 1, 13, is a companion.

My 11, 7, 1, 12, is a kind of grain.

My 8, 7, 6, is a boy's nickname.

My *whole* is a beautiful flower which blooms in June.

M. M. and *M. K.*

METAGRAM.—No. 193.

First, I am a body of water. Change my head, and I am what the cook does. Again, and I am a boy's name. Again, and I am what children like. Again, and I create. Again, and I help a gardener. Again, and I receive.

Georgie Hays, age 9.

CHARADE.—No. 194.

My *first* is a religious ceremony.

My *second* is a member of the human body.

My *third* is a foreign gentleman.

My *whole* is an extinct animal.

Walter.

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ILLUSTRATED REBUS.

No. 195.

A subject known to Our Young Folks.

Clarence Arey.

WORD SQUARE. — No. 196.

My *first* is a girl's name.
My *second* is an article of food.
My *third* is a part of a ship.
My *fourth* is a part in singing.

Maud King, age 8.

ENIGMA. — No. 197.

My *first* is in grass, but not in reed.
My *second* in plant, but not in weed.
My *third* is in maiden, but not in girl.
My *fourth* is in diamond, but not in pearl.
My *fifth* is in blast, but not in blow.
My *sixth* is in stern, but not in prow.
My *seventh* is in brave, but not in bold.
My *whole* is the name of a poet of old.

Aleck, age 10.

HIDDEN RIVERS. — No. 198.

1. Don't leave it there, brother.
2. Edwin, are you going with us?
3. The whole gang escaped without difficulty.
4. My dear Murillo, I rejoice greatly at your good fortune.
5. Pa ran a stick into the ground for the honeysuckle to climb on.

Flossie May.

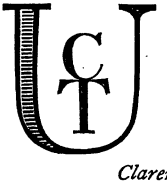
ENIGMA. — No. 199.

My *first* is in cloth, but not in silk.
My *second* is in water, but not in milk.
My *third* is in gulf, but not in bay.
My *fourth* is in white, but not in gray.
My *fifth* is in cord, but not in string.
My *sixth* is in brooch, but not in ring.
My *seventh* is in new, but not in old.
My *eighth* is in tin, but not in gold.
My *ninth* is in gate, but not in door.
My *tenth* is in one, but not in four.
My *eleventh* is in spear, but not in lance.
My *whole* is the name of a popular dance.

Kate Hamilton.

REBUS. — No. 200.

A Word to Subscribers.



Clarence Arey.

ANSWERS.

170. "When shall we three meet again? In thunder, lightning, and in rain!" [(W hen) (S hall) (wee 3) (mee tea) (A ga in T H under light N in G) (& in rain).]

171. Fat, cat, rat, at.

172.

M I N E
E D E N
L E A D
T A R S

173. Sunshade.

174. "Innocents Abroad." [(*In* O cents) (A broad).]

175. Victoria, Socrates. VenuS, IO, CambriC, TartaR, OmegA, RioT, IncitE, ÆneaS.

176. Dog. Og, do, O; delight (d-light), gee (g), D. G. (*Dei gratia*, — "By the grace of God").

177. Captain Marryat.

178.

C H A T
H A I R
A I D E
T R E S

179. Christmas.

180. Long Island, New York. [Long I's L & N E w Y o'er K.]

181. Thunder.

182. Acorn.

183.

A
A B E
A G A I N
A B A N D O N
E I D E R
N O R
N

184. 1. Taunton. 2. Reading. 3. Hartford. 4. Paris.

185. Baltic.

186. Quito (quay toe).

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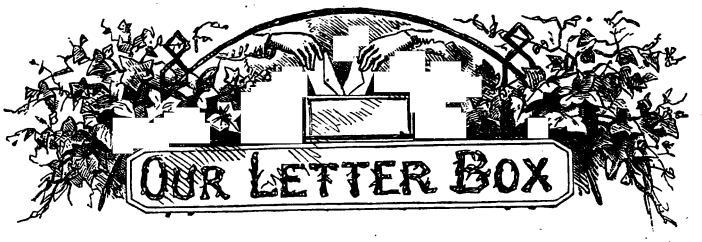

"FAST FRIENDS."

THIS new serial story, by the author of "Jack Hazard," "A Chance for Himself," and "Doing his Best," will be commenced in our next number, — January, 1874, — and be continued throughout the year.

Like each of the previous stories of the series, "Fast Friends" will be complete in itself; and though in the course of it we may learn something of Jack's subsequent adventures, and perhaps fall in once more with Phin and the "'Lectrical 'Lixir man," the reader will at the same time be introduced to an entirely new range of scenes and characters.

Along with this serial will appear an unusually interesting variety of articles by our best writers, — shorter serials, stories for girls, sketches of travel, adventure, and wild sports, recreations, poems, and entertaining scientific papers. Among other good things, the January number will contain the first chapter of a thrilling story of a Western girl's adventures, by Theodora.

For the special benefit of youngest readers, we shall next year carry out a novel plan which we have long had in contemplation. The little ones, we are sure, will be delighted with it; and friends who have had a peep at the design declare that it will be no less entertaining to all.

Particular attention is called to the publishers' promise of a chromo to every subscriber, new or old, sending the full subscription price for "Our Young Folks" for 1874. A choice of two chromos is offered; and, that readers may be enabled to decide between them, engravings of both will appear in our January number. One — "The First Parasol," a most charming subject — will be especially interesting to girls. A little barefoot maiden steps out through the garden gate, proud and happy, lifting one side of her dress with an assumed lady-like grace (which is quite amusing in view of the shortness of her skirts), and holding over her head a broken sunshade, the crimson lining of which casts a ruddy glow upon her brown cheeks and neck. The other picture — "Feeding the Pets" — is a subject which will interest both boys and girls.

For full particulars see the Publishers' Prospectus of "Our Young Folks" for 1874.

We have the satisfaction to announce that "Our Young Folks" will bid its readers a Happy New Year in an entirely new suit of beautiful type; and that there will be other improvements in the mechanical appearance of the magazine, to correspond with its more elegant dress.

Annie Gatch. — "Will you be kind enough to tell me when the 'Pilgrim Fathers' landed at Plymouth? Some histories say it was on the 11th of December, 1620, and others on the 21st and 22d."

They landed December 11, Old Style, which corresponds to December 22, New Style. By act of Parliament, in 1752 a change of eleven days was made in the calendar; Pope Gregory XIII. had already, in 1582, made a change of ten days; so that December 11, O. S., is the same as December 21, N. S., before 1752, or December 22, N. S., afterwards.

C. H. T. — The story of "Young Abe," in the March number of "Our Young Folks," is no doubt the true one. The book you speak of, which purports to be a history of Mr. Lincoln's boyhood, is mostly fiction.

Wallace, Susan, and Mary. — The lines beginning, —

> "O, ever thus, from childhood's hour,"

occur in Moore's "Fire-Worshippers." There have been many parodies written upon them, we cannot say by whom.

ALL of Our Young Folks who have ever known and loved a Newfoundland dog will appreciate this pleasant picture of

OUR TRUSTY.

Seven months old and black as night,
Of the true Newfoundland breed and race, —
"Up on your hind-legs, Trusty, dog,
And let Our Young Folks see your face."

Such a grave, good face, with its great brown eyes,
And look of eager, wistful appeal;
There 's a full round throat for a ringing bark!
There are strong white teeth for a foe or a meal!

A paw on this knee, a paw on that, —
Is n't he handsome, this dog of mine?
See how he wags his honest tail!
See how his soft eyes glint and shine!

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Up, and out on the sunny porch,
With the children running a breezy race;
"Hey! Trusty," here, — "Ho! Trusty," there, —
You cannot match him about the place.

When the sleigh shoots over the snowy road,
And the horses neigh at the fastened gate,
Who hears the sound of the bells the first? —
Greets us early and greets us late?

Who but Trusty? "Down, dog, good dog!"
A voice from the sleigh cries; "hold! enough!
You 'll scatter the mail on the frozen ground;
You 'll tear my dress with your gambols rough."

His breath on my cheek, — his tongue on my hand, —
They are but trifles; yet, somehow, sirs,
I never feel them, but deep in my heart
A something tender and loving stirs.

Think of the difference 'twixt the two,
The boy and the dog, the dog and the man,
(I say to the children gathered round, —
Long-haired Mary and 'Nace and Stan); —

Think what *you* were at seven months old, —
A chubby baby, dimpled and pink,
Gurgling away on your mamma's lap,
Without the power to walk or think!

And here is Trusty but seven months old, —
"Hey! dog, there 's a mouse behind yon boot!
Hey! dog, there 's a strange cat under the barn!"
And away he bounds like a grown-up brute.

Come, children, clasp your hands in mine:
This baby don't know where his mother lives,
But we 'll make his childhood a sunny one,
If ever kindness a sunshine gives.

No cuff, no curse, no brutal blows,
No taxing the dumb brute past his powers;
But plenty of meat and plenty of love,
And a bright, glad life for this dog of ours.

And down on the bank where the violets blow,
When the spring is flinging her silver rain,
If your foot should slip on the river-brink,
'T is Trusty will fetch you out again.

And all through the long, bright, summer days,
In roadside ramble, in woodland walk,
He 'll follow your footsteps, far and near,
His quick bark chiming in with your talk.

Lift up your silken head, good dog,
And look at us all with your deep brown eyes;
Children! the bond is made and sealed,
And Trusty 's a nobleman in disguise.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

BALTIMORE, MD.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

Perhaps it will interest your flower-loving readers, if I relate to them my experiences in the winter-gardening line.

My plan is to have a movable shelf, with a narrow rim, and lined with zinc, fitted in a sunny window with a southern exposure, and in this I place my pets; most of them hardy and well adapted to winter culture.

Geraniums I find very satisfactory, for they do much towards brightening up a room, and stand rough treatment well. Hyacinths also rank high in my estimation; I find that they are just as pretty, and give much less trouble, when grown in pots instead of the usual hyacinth glasses. The soil in the pots should be rich, and at least one third of the bulb must remain uncovered; when first planted they may be placed in a dry, dark cellar, and allowed to remain undisturbed for about three weeks, after which they should be brought into a sunny, well-aired, and not too warm room.

A moss basket can be easily managed if hung in some sunny window; some persons prefer using grass instead of moss, and the effect is much the same. In watering my plants I find that soap-suds is very beneficial; and a few drops of ammonia in a pint of water will impart a beautiful green to the leaves.

Very often plants which have fallen victims to Jack Frost can be restored by setting them in a dark room for twenty-four hours, first watering them profusely with cold cistern water; if a few drops of camphor are thrown into the water before sprinkling, it will be all the better.

"Now one word more," as the minister said before concluding his sermon. Do not be discouraged if at first you don't succeed with your plants, for in the end you will feel more than repaid for your trouble by the pleasure they give both to yourself and to all in the house.

"JOHNNY JUMP UP."

ST. JOSEPH, MO., September 22, 1873.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

From time to time, since the first appearance of Mr. Charles Reade's novel, "The Wandering Heir," articles have appeared in the press both of America and Europe charging him with plagiarism. The more general belief appears to be that the novel was founded upon the Tichborne case; and of the score or more of articles that I have read, for or against the novel, not one appears to have touched the truth.

The groundwork, plot, and incidents are taken bodily from Tobias Smollett's "Peregrine Pickle," Chapter XCVIII., William P. Nimms, Edinburgh, edition of 1871, which gives the full name and titles of the following characters (the preceding editions giving only first and last letters of the names): Mackercher (C. R., "*M'Kercher*"); Earl of Anglesea; James Annesley, the wandering heir; Lord Altham; Higginson, the agent; Mary Sheffield, the mother; Mary Heath, the maid; and others of minor importance.

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